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1999

THE YEAR OF GOD THE FATHER



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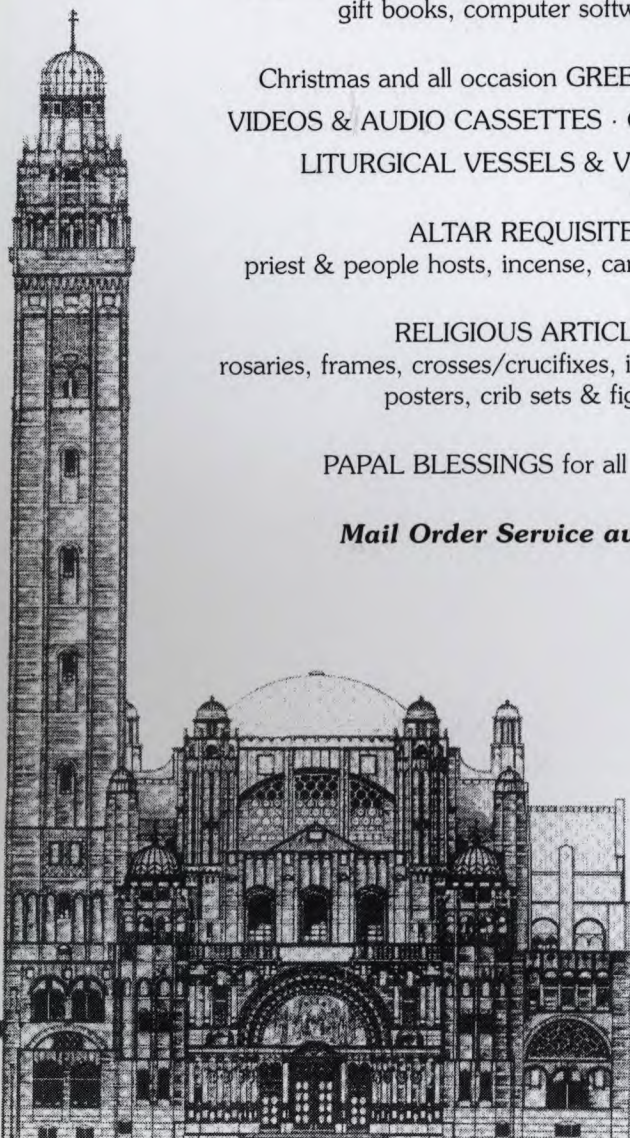
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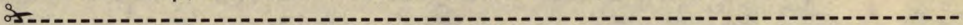
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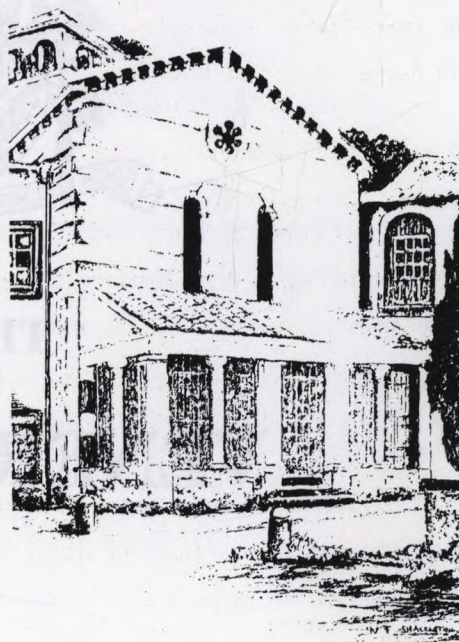
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The Year of God the Father

‘**F**or all who are led by the Spirit of God are sons and daughters of God. For you did not receive the spirit of slavery to fall back into fear, but you have received the spirit of sonship. When we cry, ‘Abba! Father!’ it is the Spirit himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and fellow heirs with Christ, provided we suffer with him in order that we may be glorified with him.’ (Rom 8:14-17)

In the last couple of years, the Church has been meditating upon the mystery of God the Son (1997) and God the Holy Spirit (1998). The final year before the Great Jubilee sees us meditating upon God the Father, the source of life. In a sense, it is our meditation upon the mystery of God the Father that throws a universal and dynamic light on our meditation upon the mystery of the Son and the Holy Spirit, as the Three Persons can never be separated.

Each human being has been made in the image and likeness of Almighty God (cf. Gen 1:26-27); he is the Creator, and the whole of creation is his. Therefore, human life is ordered towards him, and our hearts are restless until they find rest and peace in him.¹ In particular, as can be seen in St Paul’s Letter to the Romans, the Christian life is ordered towards eternal life in the communion of the Most Holy Trinity. Our life here on earth is both a preparation for and a pale reflection of this heavenly life. When we received the sacrament of Baptism, we received the precious gift of divine sonship. By becoming the children of God, we have been conformed to Jesus Christ in his death and Resurrection; sacramentally, we are members of the Body of Christ. Filled with the Holy Spirit, our lives are ordered *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*; in the Son and by the power of the Holy Spirit, we are on a journey towards the Father. We are ‘heirs of God and fellow heirs with Christ’ (Rom 8:17). As the Holy Father says:

The whole of the Christian life is like a *great pilgrimage to the house of the Father*, whose unconditional love for every human creature, and in particular for the ‘prodigal son’, we discover anew each day.²

This journey can only be made in the context of the Holy Trinity, which ‘is the central mystery of the Christian faith and life.’³ The mystery of the Holy Trinity is the mystery of God as he is in himself. Objectively, we can only relate to God as the Holy Trinity, because that is how he is and who he is. He is one God in Three Persons, supreme in majesty, glory and might, the God of love and truth.

Many religions invoke God as ‘Father’. However, Christian Revelation goes beyond this and transforms this, as Jesus Christ has revealed God as ‘Abba’, his Father in eternity. This language of faith reminds us of God’s utter transcendence; he is immortal, invisible, all-wise and all-loving. As the First

Letter of John says, 'God is love' (1 Jn 4:8,16). This is not an abstract love; rather, it is the most perfect love, and it has been revealed to us in Jesus Christ. While God 'can be known with certainty from the created world by the natural light of human reason',⁴ it is only Revelation and the act of faith, which is our response to God's call, that can take us beyond the superficiality of the here and now to share in God's life. In the words of the Second Vatican Council:

It pleased God, in his goodness and wisdom, to reveal himself and to make known the mystery of his will, which was that people can draw near to the Father, through Christ, the Word made flesh, in the Holy Spirit, and thus become sharers in the divine nature. By this Revelation, then, the invisible God, from the fullness of his love, addresses men and women as his friends, and lives among them, in order to invite and receive them into his own company.⁵

By invoking God as 'Father' we are doing what Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, did. Jesus taught us to call God 'Our Father'.

In an era which is marked by the increasing separation between dogmatic theology and spirituality, to the detriment of both, it is good to remind ourselves of what the Second Vatican Council has to say. Indeed, Pope John Paul II asks us to do so, so that we can live more fully by the Council's teachings.⁶ The whole of Christian Revelation is suffering in its reception by warped notions about who God is and how he relates to us. The ancient – and not so ancient – heresies rear their ugly heads from time to time: Arianism, with its false notion of the relationship between Father and Son, Patripassionism, which confuses the way in which God suffers in Christ; Pelagianism and Jansenism, which place us above God in the journey to salvation. These must cause us to reflect on and pray about who God is, who we are and how we relate to him. One criticism of the practice of medicine is that doctors – and health service managers – are 'playing God' with people's lives, and it is true, proper and right that we should defend the Christian teaching on human life. However, 'playing God' is not reserved to those with degrees in medicine. It is a sin to which many people – including Christians – are prone. There are two extremes which have always been there and which we must work hard to avoid, and lead others to avoid. First, it is easy to think that God does not care; he cannot save us. Second, it is easy to put ourselves in the place of God, and to create him in our image and likeness. For many, God has been written out of the equation of their lives; he does not mean anything, and has nothing to say. In the words of Pope John Paul II, there is a

crisis of civilisation, which has become apparent especially in the West, which is highly developed from the standpoint of technology but is interiorly impoverished by its tendency to forget God or to keep him at a distance.⁷

The United Kingdom in which we live and to which we are called to bring the Good News is a post-Christian country. Religion is at best ignored, and at worst ridiculed. Even within the Church, less and less people celebrate Mass on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation, and many Catholics do not wholeheartedly accept some of the central tenets of their faith. For many people, Christianity is nothing more than being 'nice' to other people, and those who wish to

do so should be free to meet in their 'holy huddles' on a Sunday morning for mutual affirmation.

Is it any wonder that the world is in such a mess when so many people, including those who follow God, seem to ignore the truth of what he has to say to us? For God has objectively triumphed over evil in the Paschal Mystery. Evil cannot win. Having said that, religion has many enemies, all of which are delighted at any scandal, any hypocrisy or any failing which the Church – and in particular her ministers – are deemed to suffer. It is right for us to condemn scandal, just as the Lord did (cf. Mt 18:6-9), but it is also important for us to fight God's enemies; as the children of God, we fall short of our high calling if we do not do his will, as individuals and a community. It is not enough to leave this to other people or pressure groups. However, it is easy to do all this out of self-righteousness, with a judgmental attitude which has nothing to do with the Gospel. Just as Jesus was sent by his Father 'not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him' (Jn 3:17), as disciples of Jesus Christ we must do everything out of love. We must model our lives on him – and on him alone. Indeed, this is the only response we can and must give to the crisis which we can see all around us:

This crisis of civilisation must be countered by the *civilisation of love*, founded on the universal values of peace, solidarity, justice and liberty, which find their full attainment in Christ.⁸

This, of course, may involve suffering on our part. Preaching the Gospel is not reserved to the Pope and Bishops. We are *all* called to be a prophetic voice crying in the wilderness to prepare the way of the Lord (cf. Mk 1:3). We can only call people to turn away from sin and be faithful to the Gospel if we do so ourselves. St Paul is keen to remind us that we will receive our inheritance if 'we suffer with [Christ] in order that we may also be glorified with him' (Rom 8:17). Paul goes on to say that this suffering is a price worth paying (Rom 8:18-30).

The Christian life *is* a life worth living. In thanking the Father for sending his Son to save us, we unite ourselves with his mission. It is not enough to thank him that there are people willing to lay down their lives for the Gospel. In our own individual contexts, we must all lay down our lives for the Gospel. God chooses the weak and makes them strong in bearing witness to him, and calls us all to lay down our lives for the glory of his name.⁹ In doing so, we follow Jesus Christ – that is our Christian calling. He is the Son of the Father from eternity, but we share in his Sonship by adoption. God has adopted us, unworthy though we are, to transform us into something beautiful, so that, in worshipping him, we will not just be singing hymns of praise to him but will actually *be* a hymn of praise to him. God is love, and he does this out of love.

It is love which has called us out of the darkness of sin into the bright light of immortality. It is our sharing in the Paschal Mystery which is our salvation and the inspiration for us to work for the salvation of other people. There is only one thing which can dispel the darkness which clouds our hearts and our minds: the Risen Christ. It is Christ who shows us how to be dead to sin and alive to the Father (cf. Rom 6:11). As the late Cardinal Hume says:

The Easter fire at the entrance to a cathedral or church is like a great explosion of warmth and light overcoming the darkness...

Darkness and coldness are powerful symbols of the society in which we live – symbols of a world which neglects God because without God the world is dark and cold. It is a terrible thing when there is darkness in our minds and coldness in our hearts. Light in our minds is the sense of God, the truth about him and the truth that comes from him. We call it faith. Warmth in the heart is a wanting of God, a desiring of him. It is the beginning of love. We call it charity.¹⁰

So where does this leave us? We must live by the light of Christ; we must not hide it, and we must not put our own light in its place. We are not so much called to save the world as to remind the world that it has been saved – by God the Father, in Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit. Indeed, we must use the many gifts which he has given to us to do his work. In other words, God calls us to love one another as he has loved us (cf. Jn 15:12). God has reconciled all people to himself, and has entrusted the good news of that reconciliation to us (cf. 2 Cor 5:19). In Jesus Christ, we are a new creation, and we do not stand condemned before the Father (cf. Rom 8:1). The Father loves us, and has called us out of darkness into his own wonderful light so that we can stand and praise him now and in eternity as the People of God, the Body of Christ. Thus we read the signs of the times and fight the good fight out of love, knowing that Jesus Christ is interceding for us with the Father, surrounded by the cloud of witnesses who have gone before us marked with the sign of faith.

It is in the Mass that this is perfected. We gather before the Father, unworthy as we are, to worship him in the way in which he has asked to be worshipped. Our backgrounds, opinions and status all fall into insignificance as we gather before him. We listen to his word and proclaim our faith. We offer our gifts of bread and wine, and witness their transformation into the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whose command we celebrate the Eucharist, the sacrament, sacrifice and supper of our redemption. United with him in baptism, we partake of his very self: the consecrated bread and wine is offered to our heavenly Father, and we offer ourselves that we may be transformed by our Holy Communion with God and with each other. May our lives may be a Great Doxology, a hymn of praise to the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, from whom all good things come and to whom all things are ordered:

Through him,
with him,
in him,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
all glory and honour is yours,
Almighty Father,
for ever and ever. Amen.

Andrew Cole
Editor

1. Cf. AUGUSTINE, *Confessiones*, 1, 1, 1, PG 32, 659-661.
2. JOHN PAUL II, Apostolic Letter *Tertio Millennio Adveniente*, 10 Nov 1994, Vatican City, 1994, n. 49, 61.

3. *Catechism of the Catholic Church*, English translation, London, 1994, n. 234, 56.
4. FIRST VATICAN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, Dogmatic Constitution *Dei Filius*, 2, DS 30004.
5. SECOND VATICAN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, Dogmatic Constitution on Divine Revelation *Dei Verbum*, 2, in A. FLANNERY (ed.), *Vatican Council II: Constitutions, Decrees, Declarations*, Dublin, 1996, 97-98.
6. JOHN PAUL II, Apostolic Letter *Tertio Millennio Adveniente.*, *op. cit.*, n. 36, 48.
7. *Ibid.*, n. 52, 63.
8. *Ibid.*, n. 52, 63-64.
9. Cf. *Roman Missal*, Preface of Martyrs.
10. G. B. HUME, *The Mystery of the Cross*, London, 1998, 110.

‘Not Accepted by Men, but Chosen by the Will of God’: The Cardinal Duke of York

Ask the average Catholic to give a list of famous Marian shrines, and it is likely to include Lourdes, Fatima, Loreto and Walsingham. A *Romano* might add *Divin’Amore*. But very few, I think, would mention the miraculous shrine of Our Lady at the Venerable English College’s old villa, at Monte Porzio.

Set in 1796, as revolutionary clouds loom, it is a drama in two acts for which our main source is a letter from Fr Robert Smelt, the English and Welsh bishops’ agent in Rome.¹

Act One: an image of Our Lady is put up on the exterior walls of the Monte Porzio house. It soon begins to attract the devotion of the locals. One devotee of the image reports to see Our Lady open her eyes. Word of this wonderful happening spreads round the small Castelli town of Monte Porzio like wild fire, and, before long, ‘a great number of knives and offensive weapons’ are hung up around the image, presumably as votive offerings. The Rector of the English College, Stefano Felici (Rector 1787-98), ‘much pleased with all this, prepared a fine canopy and other ornaments’. Curtains close on the first act; all seems well.

Act Two: the main character of the drama, at least as far as this article is concerned, makes a grand entrance – the Bishop of Frascati, in which diocese Monte Porzio lies, Cardinal Henry Benedict Stuart, known to his supporters as King Henry IX. He orders the local curate to take the miraculous image into the parish church, just down the street. However, Rector Felici is not keen to lose the wonder-working picture, and produces the College's Bull of Foundation to show that it is exempt from the jurisdiction of the Ordinary. However, the Bishop still orders the curate to obey his mandate, and reminds Felici that he is 'both Bishop and King'. In the end, Felici wins after forbidding the curate to come near the villa and threatening that, should the picture be removed to the church, 'he would carry the boys in a body to the church, and take it away by force'.

As an epilogue, Smelt, who seems suspicious of the Cardinal King, adds that 'King Henry IX, who is as despotic a monarch as his ancestor Henry VIII, and full of logical contradiction, was violently enraged at the Rector and now abuses him like a pickpocket.' The shrine can still be seen, next door to what is now the *carabinieri* station.²

Brother of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' and great-grandson of the unfortunate Charles I, failed military commander in the 'Forty-Five' and Dean of the College of Cardinals, Bishop of Frascati and King of Great Britain, Cardinal York is a surprisingly neglected figure who deserves a re-examination. Since historical articles often depend upon the presence of an anniversary, the fact that 1799 found the Cardinal King in exile from his diocese, over-run by Napoleonic forces,

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and a key figure in the Venetian conclave that followed Pius VI's death provides some excuse, no matter how weak, to write about him.

The Early Years

Henry Benedict Stuart was born on 6 March 1725 to 'James III', the 'Old Pretender', and Clementina Sobieska, granddaughter of John Sobieska, King of Poland, at the Palazzo Muti Savorelli, sometimes called the Palazzo dei Pretendenti, opposite the Basilica of the Dodici Apostoli. Baptised by Benedict XIII, he was proclaimed Duke of York – not a good omen, since of the previous two, one had lost his head and the other his throne. As a child, he was noted for his handsomeness and charm, though he lacked his brother Charles' courage and adventurousness. He was also very pious. During the campaigns of 1745, the Marquis d'Argenson wrote that he 'never passes before a crucifix or an altar without genuflecting like a sacristan', whilst the Duc de Richelieu is reported to have told Henry that 'Your Royal Highness may perhaps win the Kingdom of Heaven by your prayers, but never the Kingdom of Great Britain.'

This is not surprising, given the religiosity of his parents. His mother, encouraged by her Franciscan confessor, St Leonard of Port Maurice, spent her last years establishing needlework guilds which supplied needy churches with vestments and altar linen, and relieving destitute families. After her death in 1735, there was even talk of beatification – as late as 1771, Baron Ferdinand Sturm, 'noble of Hirschfeld and a Doctor of Medicine', attested to the curing of his son's 'putrid fever' through her intercession.³ 'James III's' piety can be seen from the fact that he spent many a morning in prayer at his wife's monument at Dodici Apostoli. Her funeral served as one of the most poignant displays of honour to the exiled Stuarts. After lying in state for three days at Dodici Apostoli, surrounded by twenty-four wax candles and papal guards with drawn swords, she was taken to be buried at St Peter's, in the Vatican, in luscious robes and royal insignia, being followed by her household, various confraternities, as well as students of the Venerabile and the Irish and Scots Colleges.

The Forty-Five

The pseudo-court at Palazzo Muti was the centre of the Jacobite world. Given to the Stuarts by Clement XI (1700-1721) in 1717, its entrance was guarded by papal cuirassiers, as at the Pope's own residence. In Rome, 'James III' was treated with every mark of royal sovereignty. Jacobite contacts spread out north-westwards from this gloomy palace like a complex spider's web. The first half of the eighteenth century saw repeated Jacobite attempts to regain the British throne, often in alliance with other rulers who had an eye on Europe's ever-shifting balance of power. Jacobitism was a vague and fluid movement, linked to a variety of conservative causes such as the divine right of kings, Catholicism and Scottish interest in a Stuart restoration, as well as the age-old factor of personal interest. Motives for supporting the Stuarts were tremendously variable. Protestants and Catholics fought for the cause side-by-side in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and perhaps as many as eight of London's Lord Mayors in the 1740s were 'Jacobite'. Even Dr Johnson could be numbered amongst its

adherents, although he told Boswell on the reception of his royal pension that he thought 'the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover and drinking King James' health are amply overbalanced by £300 a year'.⁴ As a military force, Jacobitism was largely dependent on the support of the Highland clans and French aid in the form of money, arms and personnel. Indeed, fear of a Franco-Jacobite invasion of England was a political constant during these years: in 1739 Walpole was unwilling to send a strong fleet to the West Indies during a war with Spain for this very reason. The happenings inside the Palazzo Muti were thus of international import and not just a curiosity concerning royal might-have-beens.

The last great Jacobite push, the celebrated 'Forty-Five', coincided with Henry's youth and marked a turning point in his life and Stuart fortunes. It originated with Louis XV's invitation to Charles to discuss an invasion in December 1743. With the fall of Walpole, the emergence of a sympathetic French Chief Minister, the Cardinal de Tencin (who owed his red hat to James' influence at the Vatican), and English involvement in the War of the Austrian Succession (including the recent French defeat at Dettingen, the Anglo-Austrians having been led personally by George II), it seemed like a good time. Charles left for Paris in complete secrecy during a shooting expedition at Cisterna with his brother, who only found out what had happened several days later. An initial attempt to open hostilities was foiled by the weather, which had driven back the Jacobite fleet, the two chief commanders, Charles and the talented Comte de Saxe, narrowly escaping death. There followed a considerable period during which Charles waited at Gravelines, convinced of the loss of French interest and that he should perhaps act alone. The moment came in the summer of 1745 – Saxe had defeated the British at Fontenoy, George II was in Hanover, the army in Flanders was in disarray, and the domestic military presence weak. Charles set off from Belle-Île for Scotland on 5 July 1745. His early successes – his entry into Edinburgh, his victory at Prestonpans, his invasion of England, which would get as far south as Derby – re-awakened the French from their slumbers, and Prince Henry represented Stuart interests at a meeting with Louis XV at Fontainebleau in the October of that year. Henry was given nominal command of a French-supported invasion force of 10,000 which would assemble at Dunkirk, though the Duc de Richelieu was in real control. However, the expedition was delayed and finally called-off after Charles' defeat – indeed, for many years, Jacobites accused Richelieu of being a Hanoverian puppet, eager to put off action. It became clear at this juncture that Henry was not a second 'Bonnie Prince', for he lacked his brother's military ardour and political talent, and preferred religion – Richelieu called him an 'Italian bigot'. Having said that, it is certainly true that he bore himself well at his only military engagement, Saxe's siege of Antwerp, though he displayed little personal bravery. However, over the Channel the hopes engendered by Charles' early triumphs were soon ended – without French aid, he withdrew from Derby, and it was back in the Highlands at Culloden that his great adventure was crushed in little over forty minutes.

Cardinal

Charles saw Culloden as a temporary set-back and began thinking of plans of recovery. Meanwhile Henry thought it time to announce a step he had been long

meditating upon – entrance to the clerical state. He became a Cardinal on 3 July 1747, and was ordained on 1 September 1748. This move has often been seen as a ‘second Culloden’ to the Stuart cause, and resulted in an eighteen year separation from his furious brother. Having the second-in-line to the throne as a unmarriedable Roman Cardinal was anything but a plus for the Jacobites, who hoped to regain a Protestant crown, and Charles’ feelings on the matter may partly explain his temporary conversion to Anglicanism during a trip to London in 1750 in the hope of increasing support. However, though it is dangerous to dabble in the realm of historical ‘ifs’, it is unlikely that a Jacobite king would have been plausible after the disaster of 1745, and one can see Henry’s move from crown to cross as the result of personal discernment and political realism.

Thus the Duke of York received the red hat at the age of twenty-two. He was not the first English royal to assume the sacred purple, for Cardinal Beaufort, the son of John of Gaunt, and Cardinal Pole, Edward IV’s great-nephew, had gone before him. In consideration of York’s high rank, he was given various special privileges. Addressed as *Altezza* rather than *Eminenza*, he could sit in the Pope’s presence on a chair with an embroidered cushion rather than a wooden stool, and wore the royal ermine on his mozetta. He was also given precedence after the Dean of the College of Cardinals. These privileges were taken seriously by Henry, though they greatly annoyed many of the other cardinals, and led to various disputes over matters of ecclesiastical etiquette which might seem trivial to us but which were important in an age of hierarchy and order.

Cardinal York was given the titular church of Santa Maria in Campitelli, famous for the *Madonna del Portico* and the tomb of St John Leonardi. In 1751, James III granted a sum of money to the church for the purpose of promoting a society which met there weekly to pray for the conversion of Great Britain, and it seems that both James and Henry regularly attended these services, together, no doubt, with students from the English-speaking colleges in Rome. These services continued into the twentieth century.⁵ This spiritual concern for Britain is also revealed in Benedict XIV’s extension in January 1749 of the feasts of Saints George, Augustine, Edward, Ursula, Edmund and Thomas to ‘all ecclesiastics of the English nation wheresoever living’, at the instigation of the new Cardinal. These feasts had previously only been granted to the English College and the English Province of the Jesuits.⁶

In the great epic of the College’s history, Cardinal York makes only fleeting appearances. We know that he was present at the Requiem Mass offered for the ‘Old Pretender’ at the College on 24 January 1766, and in 1791 he congratulated the Venerabile after the repeal of the Penal Laws. The Cardinal King also seems to have supported the 1792-1794 campaign to obtain English seculars for the College staff.⁷ Otherwise, we can only speculate about his relationship with the Venerabile. The College, no doubt, had to be careful about its Jacobite links. On 31 March 1766, ‘Bonnie Prince Charlie’ visited the College, attended Mass in the Tribune and allowed students to kiss his hand, but the rumour then spread that he had been crowned in the church as ‘Charles III’ and consequently the Rector, Charles Booth, was expelled.⁸ Having said that, as one of the longest-ever serving cardinals (1747-1807) and an inhabitant of the nearby Cancelleria, he would have been a familiar figure to the students.



Given his position, it is little surprise that York quickly became loaded with honours and titles. He was made Archpriest of St Peter's (1749), Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church (1758-1759), which brought him extensive powers during the 1758 Conclave, Vice-Chancellor (1763), an office which gave him the residence of the Cancelleria,⁹ and eventually Dean of the College of Cardinals (1803). From Louis XV, he received the rich abbeys of Auchin (1748) and St Amand (1752), and he also possessed prebends and benefices in Spain and Mexico. In 1767, Sir William Hamilton estimated his income from his Roman and French benefices to have been around £18,000 a year,¹⁰ and his Spanish benefices and private fortune must have put that figure up to at least £30,000.

Eighteenth century cardinals were wealthy, cultured and often worldly. Cardinal Ottoboni, for example, wrote an opera entitled *Colombo*, and supposedly had his bedroom painted with the portraits of his various mistresses disguised as virgin saints. York, though not going this far, was highly refined and became an important figure on the Roman social circuit. He relished the society of musicians, commissioning pieces such as Porpora's *Magnificat*, and entered into a feud with his father after he privately entertained the choir master at Santa Maria in Campitelli, the son of a mere barber. However, despite his evident hospitality he seems to have had a reputation of being a bore – Benedict XIV once exclaimed that 'if all the Stuarts were as boring as he, no wonder the English drove them out'.

Doubts have often been raised over his sexuality. In 1794, Mrs Piozzi reported rumours that York kept 'a catamite publicly at Rome', and Benedict XIV (1740-1758) thought that he was a good priest in need of a guiding hand, even hoping in a letter of January 1756 that he would not use money from a recently acquired French abbey *en choses criminelles*.¹¹ It is unlikely that York was as corrupt as these statements imply. It is certainly true that, as Count Goranni reported, his palace was 'filled with young adolescents of beautiful aspect, but in clerical dress'. His 'favourites' included Father Lercari, his *maestro di camera*, to whom, as Horace Walpole commented, the young Cardinal 'entirely abandoned himself', and the future Cardinal Ercole Consalvi, an orphan educated at Frascati seminary and treated like a son in York's household. But we should not read too much into such reports, for equally clear in contemporary sources is York's proper and virtuous nature and horror of all impropriety. His biographer, Mastrofini, called him, in the exaggerated language of the time, 'spotless as the morning snow, virgin as the lily-of-the-valley'.¹²

Bishop of Frascati

In 1758, the newly-elected Clement XIII (1758-1769) nominated York Archbishop of Corinth *in partibus infidelium*, and the following year he renounced his 'title' of Santa Maria in Campitelli, taking up in its place Santa Maria in Trastevere (where one can still see his coat of arms on the right of the Altar). On 13 July 1761, York was nominated Bishop of Frascati, one of the six suburbicarian sees of Rome. Six days later, he solemnly took possession of the Diocese; his father, as 'King of England', occupied a throne on the right of the sanctuary, and the locals celebrated with bonfires and illuminations. The fountain in the Piazza Maggiore was made to flow red wine. He took up residence at the episcopal palace, *La Rocca*, which was in such bad repair that at a banquet in 1775 the floor gave way throwing the guests into the coach-house below, killing one of the guests, though the Cardinal fortunately landed safely on a coach roof. Not surprisingly, the Cardinal Bishop decided to make several alterations.

One biographer has spoken of his days at Frascati as spent 'in pious meditation, in vast and varied charity, and in princely entertainment'.¹³ Though sounding somewhat simplistic and idyllic, there is some truth in this. As one of the richest Italian cardinal bishops, he could afford to keep a sumptuous court. His stables contained sixty horses, ready for the regular trips in and out of Rome, and the Cardinal's love of speed became legendary during his own day. For example, on the way to a reception held by Cardinal de Bernis to celebrate the birth of Louis XVI's heir, one of York's *lacqueys*, known as 'Gigi', thrust a burning torch into the faces of Princess Rezzonico's steeds in order to prevent her carriage from arriving there first. At the same time, we find something of the contemplative in him, as seen in the long hours he spent at prayer or in his library.

Perhaps most remarkable, though, was the Cardinal's considerable pastoral ability and zeal. As a consequence, Cardinal Wiseman could write that 'the Diocese of Frascati was full, when I first knew it, of recollections of the Cardinal Duke, all demonstrative of his singular goodness and simplicity of character',¹⁴ and by the time of his death he was known as 'Protector of the Poor'. He founded schools and orphanages, and was generous in giving alms. This extended beyond the confines of Frascati: a chemist shop (which still exists, and which the College uses today) opposite the Cancelleria had an arrangement whereby the poor could obtain whatever medicines they needed at his expense. He called diocesan synods in 1763 and 1776, which not only dealt with clerical discipline and theological and sacramental questions, but with issues such as blasphemy, swearing, alcoholism, violence to women and rape. He published a pamphlet entitled *Sins of the Drunkard*.¹⁵ York rebuilt the diocesan seminary which had been founded by Cardinal Cesi in the mid-sixteenth century, founded bursaries for poor students, and established a fine library there, the *Biblioteca Eboracense*. This seminary, like the Cathedral, was severely damaged in the bombing of 1943-1944. Less happy was his building of a Passionist monastery on Monte Cavo in 1788, requiring the demolition of the important Roman temple of Jupiter Latialis, thus making York guilty of one of the great acts of eighteenth century 'ecclesiastical vandalism', and open to the abuse of modern classicists and art-lovers.

The Cardinal King

'Bonnie Prince Charlie' died in 1788 at the age of sixty-eight. His life after Culloden had been disastrous. Banished from France in 1748, he had plunged into the depths of alcoholism after the failure of the 'Elibank Conspiracy', a plot to capture the Royal Family in 1751. Two years later, a daughter, Charlotte, was provided by his mistress, Clementina Walkinshaw. Legitimised as the Duchess of Albany in 1784, she went on to bear three daughters as mistress to the Prince Archbishop of Bordeaux. In 1772, Charles married Louise of Stolberg, but she took lovers, retired to a convent with half of his annual pension, and after his death had relationships with the poet Alfieri and the painter Fabre.

The Cardinal arranged a Solemn Requiem Mass for his brother at Frascati Cathedral, where Bonnie Prince Charlie was laid to rest until he was transferred to St Peter's Basilica in 1807. The Cardinal, who remained a great stickler for royal titles and prerogatives, decided to strike medals to celebrate his succession with the inscription: *Hen IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. Fid. Def. Card. Ep. Tusc.* On the reverse was an allegory of Religion, with a lion at her feet, holding a large cross and looking sadly at a crown and a red hat lying on the ground, and the words: *Non Desideriis Hominum sed Voluntate Dei* ('Not accepted by men, but chosen by the will of God'). He added a crown to his coat of arms and his Household was instructed to call him 'Your Majesty'. A Scots visitor of 1802-1803, Joseph Forsyth, tells us that the Cardinal paid no visits except to the Pope and the ex-King of Sardinia, and that during meals guests did not break the silence until Henry IX had first spoken, both vestiges of royal ceremony.¹⁶ Most strikingly, he revived the ancient practice, last used by Queen Anne but continued by the exiled Stuarts, of touching (with medals) sufferers of the 'King's Evil', scrofula. The story even abounded that he touched the Duke of Gloucester, George III's delinquent brother, present at one of the ceremonies, though he pretended not to notice. Indeed, the College pilgrim books for the period contain the names of those who travelled to Rome for these ceremonies.¹⁷ As late as 1901, a handkerchief stained with the Cardinal King's blood kept in Ireland was thought to cure the 'King's Evil'.¹⁸ The Cardinal King became the last British 'monarch' to subscribe to this rite, which implied a deep belief in the divine right of kings, although it lingered on in France until the reign of Charles X.

The succession of Henry IX, though expressed in the unmistakable language of *de jure* kingship, was treated as a subject of pleasantry and curiosity by the few of his subjects who had heard of it. This showed how much things had changed since the heady days of 1745 when the son of the Earl of Derwentwater, freshly captured off the Kentish coast, was nearly lynched by a London mob who believed this young Jacobite to be none other than the Duke of York himself. A combination of increasingly good relations between the Vatican and the Court of St James, following papal recognition of the House of Hanover on the death of the 'Old Pretender', and the realisation that a celibate Roman Cardinal posed little threat to a Protestant monarch such as George III, meant that ambivalent attitudes towards the Stuart claimants were watered down. The new pretender, Henry IX, was seen as little more than a charming relic of a noble House which had suffered countless misfortunes over the years. How could an old celibate

Cardinal who did not even have English as a first language pose as a threat to a well-established King born and bred in England with many children?

Revolution

In the year after the Cardinal's succession, the Bastille was stormed and France was plunged into revolution. In 1793, Louis XVI went to the scaffold – just as York's great-grandfather had in 1649. The Cardinal held a solemn Mass for the King's soul at Frascati. In 1794, he learnt that he had lost the important incomes from his French abbeys, and in 1796 Napoleon invaded Italy. To aid the Pope, Pius VI (1775-1799), York disposed of the Stuart jewels, including the Sobieski ruby valued at £50,000, and was reduced to a state of some distress. With Berthier's occupation of Rome in 1798 and Pius' flight, the Cardinal took refuge, first at Naples, and then, after brief stays in Messina and Corfu, Venice.

There is a tradition that Henry, now in desperate straits, was entangled in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. There is little evidence for his active involvement, and it would seem to go against his character, although it is true that Napoleon, reviving the Bourbon policy of using Jacobite rhetoric to harass England, threatened to forcefully set the Cardinal on the throne through the backstairs of Ireland. However, rather like the earlier idea of setting Charles up as ruler of a newly independent America, this came to nothing, and the period actually saw the strengthening of Henry's relations with Great Britain. This was partly because the various crises of the 1780s and 1790s drew traditional elites closer together, whatever their previous differences had been – indeed, in 1794 a detachment of British troops was even stationed at Civitavecchia to aid the harassed Pope. An article in *The Times* of 28 February 1800 sums up this sympathetic opinion. Quoting Voltaire's famous statement about the House of Stuart that 'there is no instance in history of any family being unfortunate for so great a length of time', it adds to his account of misfortunes the 'placid, humane, and temperate' Cardinal York who, 'at a period of life when least able to struggle with misfortune', found himself 'driven from his episcopal residence; his houses sacked; his property confiscated, and driven to seek his personal safety in flight upon the seas, under every aggravated circumstance that could affect his health and fortunes'.¹⁹

With the help of the representations of Cardinal Borgia, a fellow exile in Venice, and Sir John Coxe-Hippisley, the Cardinal was granted a royal pension by George III of £5,000 annually as a proof of his affection and esteem. The Cardinal was deeply appreciative of this mark of royal favour from his rival, although he cannot have helped but think of the £50,000 life annuity voted by Parliament to his grandmother, Mary of Modena, in 1685, which had never been paid.

The Twilight Years

Pius VI died a prisoner in the citadel of Valence on 29 August 1799. Many assumed the demise of the Holy See, but Pius had left instructions for the holding of a conclave in emergency conditions. As *Camertengo*, York summoned the cardinals to meet at San Georgio in Venice, under Austrian protection. Although as a senior cardinal York stood a reasonable chance of becoming England's first

King-Pope, the Benedictine Cardinal Chiaramonte was elected as Pius VII (1800-1823) after a fourteen-week stalemate. He re-entered Rome on 3 July 1800, being welcomed by York on the steps of St Peter's, and named Consalvi, a scion of Frascati seminary, as his Secretary of State. The Cardinal King was thus able to take re-possession of his Diocese, and returned to his old life, though limited by increasing frailty. We see in Cesarini's detailed diary that York continued to attend to his episcopal duties, touch for the 'King's evil' and receive guests at his open table – especially travellers from his Kingdom he had never visited. At Easter 1807, he was especially pleased to receive William Pitt's niece. One of the Cardinal's favourite companions during these last years was a stray dog that had attached itself to him at the gate of St Peter's – an occurrence which was interpreted as a recognition of his royal blood since the dog, being supposed a King Charles spaniel, was instinctively acquainted with the Stuarts.²⁰

In 1803, York was made Dean of the College of Cardinals, and therefore Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, but given his venerable age this was little more than an honorary title and made little difference to his way of life. With the permission of the Pope, he was allowed to keep his Frascati residence, though no longer Bishop there. During these last years, York suffered from a mild form of epilepsy, causing long lapses of memory and putting control of his Diocese into the hands of his Vicar General. York was seen in 1804 entering St Peter's in procession 'with a far away look in his eyes'. The end, however, was sudden. Taken ill on 10 July 1807, Cardinal York died peacefully at La Rocca on the fourth day of his illness, the forty-sixth anniversary of his translation to Frascati. The *de jure* 'Crown' passed to Henry's cousin, Charles Emmanuel IV of Savoy.

Thus died the last of the Stuarts. Taken to Rome the following day, his body lay in state at the Cancelleria for three days, not so much as King but as an eminent Roman Cardinal, a veritable dinosaur from the *ancien régime*. The Requiem Mass was sung at Sant'Andrea della Valle, and the Cardinal was buried in St Peter's, where his brother joined him from his temporary place of rest at Frascati. At the instigation of Pius VII, Canova's magnificent classical monument was erected in memory of *Jacobo III, Karolo Eduardo, and Henrico Decano Patrum Cardinalium*, financed partly by King George IV.

So perished the House of Stuart. Voltaire marvelled at the tragedy of the dynasty, drawing up a long list of doom stretching from the assassinated James I (of Scotland), through two family encounters with the headsman on the scaffold, to the failures of the exiled Jacobites. 'If anything', he added, 'could justify those who believe in an unavoidable fatality, it would be the continued succession of misfortunes which have befallen the House of Stuart during the space of above three hundred years'. Surely the person of Henry Stuart, a dignified, pious, even courageous Cardinal full of pastoral zeal, though far from perfect, shed a ray of light as the sun set upon the tired Stuart day.

Nicholas Schofield

Further Reading

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J. LEES-MILNE, *The Last Stuarts*, London, 1983.

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1. The main source for this account of this incident is a letter dated 15 October 1796, from Fr Robert Smelt, agent of the English and Welsh bishops in Rome, quoted in *The Venerabile*, Vol. III, No. 3, October 1927, 265-266.
2. In 1905, Pius X granted an indulgence for the shrine on the third Sunday in July and on the Solemnity of the Immaculate Conception. Cf. VEC Archives, M433. It remains a spiritual focus in the town to this day.
3. H. M. VAUGHAN, *The Last of the Royal Stuarts*, London, 1906, 9-10, quoting the British Library *Add. Ms.* 34,638, f.247 (1781).
4. BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*, New York, 1917, 112.
5. In 1898, Leo XIII ordered a solemn triduum of prayer at the church for the conversion of England. The Campitelli prayers seem to have been said until recently. Cf. J. CARTMELL, 'Santa Maria in Portico', in *The Venerabile*, Vol. II, No. 1, October 1924, 29-30, and VEC Archives Scr.73.8.1.
6. H. THURSTON, writing in *The Month*, Vol. CXI, March 1908, 280, quoting Fr Morris in *Archaeologia*, Vol. LII, 123.
7. Cf. B. TUCKER, 'The Cardinal King of England', in *The Venerabile*, Vol. XVIII, No. 3, Nov. 1957, 135-149.
8. Cf. *ibid.*, 138, and R. L. STEWART, '1766 and All That', in *The Venerabile*, Vol. XV, No. 4, May 1952, 266-270.
9. The altar in the private chapel on the *piano nobile* was consecrated by Cardinal York, and contains the inscription: *Henr. Epis. Tusc. S. R. E. Vicecan. Card. Dux. Eborac. Alt. Hoc. Consecr. Die. X. Nov. MDCCLXIV.*
10. Cf. VAUGHAN, *op. cit.*, 65.
11. Cf. J. LEES-MILNE, *The Last Stuarts*, London, 1983, 151-154.
12. Cf. VAUGHAN, *op. cit.*, 149.
13. *Ibid.*, 71.
14. N. WISEMAN, *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, quoted in VAUGHAN, *op. cit.*, 72.
15. A. SHIELD, *Henry Stuart Cardinal of York*, London, 1908, footnote on p. 274.
16. Cf. VAUGHAN, *op. cit.*, 257-258.
17. VEC Archives *Liber* 292. Cf. also *Liber* 1680, 'The Estates of Cardinal York, 1786-1839', which records the striking of scrofula medals (*medagline delle scrofole*) by the *incisore camerale*, Giovanni Hamerani, in July and August 1801, May 1802 and October 1803.
18. M. BLOCH, *The Royal Touch*, London, 233.
19. *The Times*, 28 February 1800, quoted in P. BINDELLI, *Enrico Stuart, Cardinale Duca di York*, Frascati, 1982, 256-257.
20. Cf. SHIELD, *op. cit.*, 291, and VAUGHAN, *op. cit.*, 258-159.

Hope and the Priesthood

The health of the priesthood has had a diagnosis and prognosis from just about every specialist in and outside of the 'profession'. It is difficult to say anything new. However, after five years here at the English College, I want at least to say something. What I have to say is a personal opinion. I hope that it represents some of the feelings of those going through the much-critiqued seminary system, and perhaps some of those already living out the ministerial priesthood. I also hope that I don't presume too much.

This critical time in my formation has led me to reflect deeply upon hope and the priesthood. There has always been much talk about the priesthood. However, it seems that in recent times the talk has increased and intensified. Numerous individuals and groups have offered opinions, solutions and ideas in response to the so-called 'crisis in the priesthood'. What is this crisis? Daniel O'Leary, in his excellent book, *New Hearts, New Models*, summarises part of the crisis as follows:

To begin with, there is a growing sense of isolation, confusion and disillusionment among many priests today. For a variety of reasons including diminishing congregations, shortage of priests, scandals within the ranks, and a growing sense of responsibility among the laity, an ever increasing number of priests feel that their role is becoming either distorted or diminished, and their unique contribution undervalued.¹

As a seminarian then, still preparing to join 'the ranks', I find myself seeking - not seeking a way out in despair, but a way in through hope. Hope is that which took me from one thing to another, from standing still to moving on. Hope brought me to seminary.

As a child, I was fascinated by the priesthood. I asked myself, who were these men, so trusted, revered, happy, full of joy? They were alive with hope. As I grew up and my own sense of vocation grew within, I saw that above all the role of the priest was to be a sign of hope. It was not that these men were able to make everything alright, but more importantly, they helped me and many others to view difficulties in a different way. At the ages of seven, thirteen, sixteen and eighteen, different priests through their lives helped me to allow the call within to reveal itself. That, thankfully, has continued.

The desire I had and have within me was and is a desire for Christ, which is a desire for the very essence of hope, union with him eternally. I wonder then if the crisis we are experiencing is not just about all the above, but something deeper and more fundamental. Could it be that the crisis of our time is one of a loss of hope? A loss of desire for Christ who is our hope? This crisis is not just present in the Church but has its source in our present culture. The Church is not immune.

We often confuse hope with optimism, which is so easily disappointed. Optimism sees its fulfilment in concrete things, which we can plan and over which we can have a certain level of control. When these plans go wrong, we can find ourselves deflated. Our many unfulfilled wishes, shattered plans and failed projects can lead us to think that we have no hope and that hope is not possible. Hope, though, is not in the things that our efficiency can master; they can be signs of hope, but they are not our hope. Christ is our Hope:

When we live with hope we do not get tangled up with concerns for how our wishes will be fulfilled. So, too, our prayers are not directed toward the gift, but toward the one who gives it. Our prayers might still contain just as many desires, but ultimately it is not a question of having a wish come true but of expressing an unlimited faith in the giver of all good things. You wish that... but you hope in...²

Our hope cannot be in an increase in Mass attendance, priests, an end to scandals; nor can it be in having a fixed role. We can wish for those things. Our hope has to be in Christ. We are human and these difficult visible realities hurt, and make us feel like packing in. The gift of hope, however, has to be alive and active within us, whether or not our feelings are good and our churches full. This does not mean living in the clouds; it does not mean ceasing to question our present systems and structures of formation, ignoring the realities of isolation and loneliness in parishes. On the contrary, hope means looking at these things through a different lens. This lens does not just see the negative and resort to moaning, clerical cynicism and useless griping. Nor does it resort to tabloid-like 'fire at will' articles. The lens is a lens of hope, which will help us to view all things in such a way that the changes we might make will not throw the many good things out with the bad. We must believe that hope will lead to change, not change to hope. If it is the latter we will remain dependent upon the visible, 'feel good factor', optimism boosts.

Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe (Jn 20:29).

Our hope is in One we have not seen. Our hope, our calling, our unique vocation is not based upon the visible. It cannot be touched, felt or seen. It is no less real though. We know that, or at least we knew that. Hope lies in a re-assessment and sifting through the depths of our priestly call. At some stage in our lives, we accepted the seemingly ridiculous and it gave us hope. It gave us hope because, at the heart of our vocation was a deep desire for Christ. We may or may not have known it, but that desire was a desire for heaven. We were being called to lead people to discover that desire, to be living signs of that desire, that hope. We were welcomed into a great company of those called by God - Abraham, Moses, David, Mary, Peter and Paul, Teresa of Avila, John of the Cross and Therese of Lisieux, to name just a few.

God said to us:

Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you;
before you came to birth, I consecrated you;
I appointed you as prophet to the nations (Jer 1:5).

Of course, we pointed out to God the physical impossibilities of our call, but God has always responded:

I am with you to rescue you...

I have put my words into your mouth (Jer 1:8-9).

We all know that when we rely solely on our own strengths, we grow tired quickly and vocation seems to fade. Difficulties begin to crowd the scene, without objectivity. Things begin to go wrong.

I mentioned above that these final years before ordination are critical. I have never been more aware of my limitations, weaknesses and unworthiness. This has brought to a point of sitting down and saying to God, 'There are good reasons for me to become a priest, and good reasons (if not even better reasons) for me to run now.' He responded, 'Did I not choose you, that is the only reason for you to be a priest' (cf. Jn 6:67-70). Now I find that I do not say, 'I will be ordained.' I now say, 'I hope to be ordained.' I hope because he has continued to call me despite the visible realities, which make me who I am. My hope lies mysteriously in my desire for him: if it were in me, I should have left by now, leaving much undiscovered.

The assessment of our vocation as something completely dependent upon God is the beginning of hope. The assessment has to go on everyday, before and after ordination, and it can only be done in prayer. We cannot discern anything without prayer.

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We have to admit our need for contemplation of the One who called and continues to call us. This contemplation will not provide 'quick fix' solutions to visible difficulties, but it will provide the lens of hope of which our Church is so desperately in need. This contemplation cannot be based upon our agenda, but on God's agenda, which is altogether more challenging. He will not allow us to remain static, but will push us on:

In prayer we commit ourselves in trust to God, granting him a free hand to remove all obstacles to the fulfilment of his promises.³

Roles, expectations, workloads and statistics will change and develop for better or worse and we must not be afraid of that:

For if what was transitory had any glory, how much greater is the glory of that which lasts forever (2 Cor 3:11).

We are invited in these difficult and uncertain times to contemplate Jesus now. To discern his will, now. The temptation is to run to the past or fantasise about the future, but we may miss an enormous opportunity. The essence of the past and the key to the future both lie in the present. As one priest writes:

Perhaps for the diocesan priesthood this is the worst of times. I really do not know. However, for those of us who are and who will be caught up in them, perhaps they may be the best of times. They are times in which we are asked to meet grave demands generously in trust and confidence. A vocation to the priesthood will always be a call into the unknown. Must we count a troubled time filled with serious trials of uncertainty as the wrong moment to answer a true call from God?⁴

Our present systems of formation, our parish structures and the institutional Church in general may or may not fill us with optimism. Some of us may find ourselves constantly swimming against a tide of rigidity, and some of us may feel as though we are drowning under the waves of change, but these things do not affect true hope:

Prayer and hope are naturally ordered to each other. Prayer is the expression and proclamation of hope; it is *interpretiva spei*; hope itself speaks through it.⁵

All we can truly rely upon and hope in is God. The only thing that can make us confident in that hope is prayer:

In him we are bold enough to approach God in complete confidence (Eph 3:12).

That same confidence will help us to encourage others to join the Church and to step forward for the priesthood. The call that is within them is not there because of what they have seen; nor is it there because of what we have done. Something we have done or that they have seen may have awakened them to the call. Nevertheless, primarily, the call is there for the same reason that it is in our hearts; God chose them. It's as simple as that. Surely we must not dare to discourage actively someone approaching us who senses a vocation, or we may

find ourselves guilty of leading little ones astray. Whatever feelings we might have at particular times must not lead us to attempt to stifle the Spirit.

We are human, weak and easily discouraged. The Church is in a seemingly difficult time. Dare we say, then, that this could be the best of times? Would our martyrs of 2000 years of Christian history dared to have said, 'These are the best of times'? I believe they would and I believe these are. To hope demands a martyrdom of the heart, for we who are called to this Order have much stone to be painfully removed before we discover the true contours of our hearts, which desire in their depths to hope beyond hope. If we dare to be martyred by hoping, then the fruits of our hope-filled hearts will be great. Perhaps not immediately visible, but truly great.

The only genuine hope is that which is directed towards something not dependent on ourselves.⁶

To depend completely on another is not something to which we are accustomed, unless at some stage we have been seriously ill, or in some way incapacitated. That dependence is martyrdom. I suspect we could be dependent more often. Priests and seminarians in general are quite bad at depending on others, as so much depends on them. If we were to depend on others a little more we might discover and awaken a few more signs of hope around us and within us. Martyrdom of the heart is not about a stiff upper lip, 'Let's get on with the execution chaps'; nor is it about wandering around like wet leaves expecting the worst. Martyrdom of the heart removes the barriers that stop us depending, and therefore hoping in God and others. Why would anyone protect themselves from God? But we do.

This could all be dismissed as 'pie-in-the-sky', the idealistic ramblings of a seminarian with no dust on his shoes. However, I have nothing to lose in writing. If it is true that we are visibly deteriorating as a Church, then what have we to lose by seeking to hope? Seeking to let go completely in trust? If we do not we will wear ourselves out clinging on to our finite certainties. Letting go of certainty will make us uncomfortable. Prayer will make us uncomfortable. It will create in us what Bernard Haring called 'a holy insecurity'.⁷ The more we hope, the less self-certain we will become - but there will be a confidence about us. A confidence we cannot describe. A confidence in our hope, which is Christ. That type of confident hope is the most attractive form of advertising we can offer, it speaks for itself.

I do see things that could lead to disappointment. The exterior realities cannot fail to impinge on my life. Hope does not give a *Teflon* coat for protection. In fact, hope is something I will never fully get hold of, never fully possess. That's the point: it's an ongoing process. I have to hope to hope. Hope is a gift that I must beg for, or else I fear that, without it, I will not be all that God wants me to be - a hope-filled priest.

I also see much that inspires. It is important not to forget that while people write books, articles, formulate questionnaires and give conferences, many priests are joyfully, faithfully and with hope getting on with the job. I know lots of them, and I live with hope-filled men. We need to use the lens of hope more, and start smashing our negative magnifying glasses. They do not help us at all. It is not a

case of *A Few Good Men* living like saints, with a ragged band of failures attached. The situation is this: good men, from different backgrounds, with different outlooks and attitudes, but all, even without knowing it, desiring the same thing - Jesus Christ. We did not choose our hearts, we were given them. The hearts we were given were made for hope, and no matter what we do or become, that is how they will remain. The question is not: how do I learn to hope? Rather, it is: how do I allow it to happen? The answer remains the same: we pray.

Hope, O my soul, hope. You know neither the day nor the hour. Watch carefully, for everything passes quickly, even though your impatience makes doubtful what is certain, and turns a very short time into a long one. Dream that the more you struggle, the more you prove the love that you bear your God, and the more you will rejoice one day with your Beloved, in a happiness and rapture that can never end.'

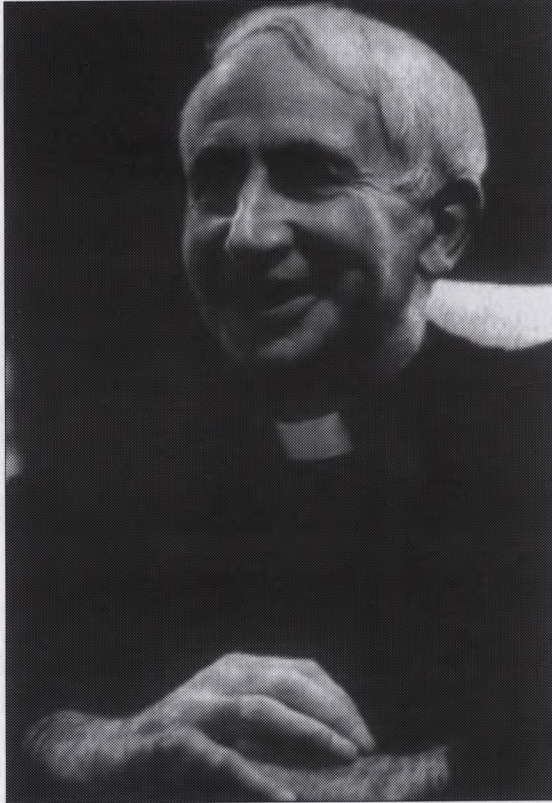
Rather than avoiding the 'struggle', or rather struggling against our deepest desire, let's hope! In hoping we find what it's really about, a desire for 'happiness and rapture that can never end'. This hoping must begin now; if it does not, we may find ourselves taken by surprise when 'the day' and 'the hour' are upon us. 'Watch carefully.' We were made for hope, and while crisis may be a reality, it is not our final destination. Fulfilment of hope is our destination, and we must keep on working to make that the visible reality of our time - for our sake and for the sake of those who look to us for guidance.

May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ enlighten the eyes of our mind, so that we can see what hope his call holds for us.
(Eph 1:17.18).

Andrew Stringfellow

1. D. J. O'LEARY, *New Hearts, New Models: A Spirituality for Priests*, Dublin, 1997, 13.
2. H. J. M. NOUWEN, *With Open Hands*, Notre Dame, 1995, 69.
3. B. HÄRING, *Hope is the Remedy*, Slough, 1971, 177
4. J. DUNNE, 'Is the Priesthood in Crisis?' in *The Tablet*, 1 May 1999, 590.
5. J. PIEPER, *Faith, Hope and Love*, San Francisco, 107.
6. G MARCEL, 'Position et approches concretes du mystere ontologique', Paris, 1949, cited in J. PIEPER, *Hope and History*, Eng. trans., London, 1969, 22.
7. HÄRING, *op. cit.*, 174.
8. TERESA OF AVILA, 'Exclamaciones del alma a Dios', 15, 3, quoted in *Catechism of the Catholic Church*, Eng. trans., London, n. 1821, 404.

Cardinal George Basil Hume, OSB, OM, 1923-1999



Ninth Archbishop of Westminster 1976 – 1999

Cardinal Priest of San Silvestro in Capite

Born 2 March 1923

Died 17 June 1999

Requiescat in pace

*Like the deer that yearns
for running streams,
so my soul is thirsting
for you, my God.*

(Ps 42:1)

To my Venerable Brother
Cardinal George Basil Hume
Archbishop of Westminster

I have just learned of the serious illness which the Lord, in his all-seeing Providence, has permitted in your life, and I wish to assure you of my support and closeness in prayer at this difficult time.

I know that you have accepted this new trial with courage and spiritual obedience to the Father, and the words of the Psalm will surely accompany you in the days ahead: 'I kept my faith even when I said, "I am greatly afflicted."' (Ps 116: 10)

You have lived the greater part of your life according to the great Benedictine ideal of 'Peace'. May this be the divine gift which fills your heart as you look back over your dedicated priestly service of God's people as Archbishop of Westminster, and as you now prepare to seal that service in total self-giving, in union with the Crucified Lord.

Commending you to the loving care of our Blessed Mother, I impart with affection my Apostolic Blessing as a pledge of grace and comfort in the Risen Saviour.

From the Vatican, April 1999

IOANNES PAULUS II

A Tribute

I trusted, even when I said:
'I am sorely afflicted,'
and when I said in my alarm:
'No man can be trusted.' (Ps. 116:10-11)

Learning of the gravity of his illness, Cardinal George Basil Hume, O.S.B., went straight to the hospital chapel and prayed. The dawn so longed for by all monks was fast approaching. Writing to his brother priests in his Archdiocese, he spoke of the two graces which he had received: time to prepare himself for death, and the gift of peace.

For a while, he continued to fulfil as many engagements as possible, but soon, sooner than expected, the cancer took hold. Sitting in his study in Archbishop's House, he called a passing priest to come in. The Cardinal said that he could no longer pray; all he could do was look at the crucifix. This form of prayer he had often spoken about in healthier days – when words fail, just look upon the cross, just kiss that cross. His last public engagement was to receive the Order of Merit from Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace, an engagement he had ardently wished to fulfil. Even though permanently confined to hospital, he left for the Palace from Archbishop's House, and returned there afterwards to celebrate and bid farewell to his staff. During these days of his suffering, there occurred so many moments of humour and kindness, which could only be expressed by one who trusted in his Lord. At 5.20 p.m. on Thursday 17 June, fortified by the love and prayers of the Church, he passed away. How quickly he went; two weeks later, it still feels unreal.

* * * * *

How can I repay the Lord
for his goodness to me?
The cup of salvation I will raise;
I will call on the Lord's name. (Ps 116:12-13)

George Hume – he took the name Basil when he was clothed with the habit – was born on 2 March 1923 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the son of Sir William Errington Hume, C.M.G., F.R.C.P., a distinguished physician, and Marie Elisabeth, his devout French wife. The children were raised bilingually.

George was aware of his Benedictine calling from the age of eleven, when he was enrolled as a pupil at Ampleforth College; he entered the monastery immediately upon leaving the school in 1941. Years later, talking with his seminarians, he would recall how, during the long hours of prayer and meditation, he would sit in the Abbey Church, bored stiff. Yet, looking across at his fellow novices, they seemed to be so angelic in their countenances that they must have been deep in prayer. It was some time before he had the courage to ask them the secret, admitting that his prayer life did not seem so rich. Sadly, whatever they might have looked like, they were suffering in much the same way. To his students, the Cardinal always advocated fixed times of community meditation – the need to sit there, whether easy or hard. It certainly became very hard for him, and, one time, he approached a wise old monk telling him of his intention to leave the monastery. The monk listened and discussed his problems, finally making the novice promise that he would not leave until he (the old monk) returned from hospital from what was expected to be a relatively minor operation. The old monk died – and so Dom Basil remained!

During his studies at St Benet's Hall, Oxford (1944-1947), Dom Basil took his Solemn Vows in 1945. He completed his studies with a licentiate in theology at the University of Freiburg in Switzerland (1951). He was ordained priest at Ampleforth on 23 July 1950. The life of a monk is popularly misconstrued as one of total peace and tranquility – lines of hooded black-cowled monks holding candles in a nocturnal procession with sonorous abbey bells and profound murmured chants. By way of contrast, Dom Basil was hurled into the life of the Abbey and College, a life which is indeed busy. For a while, he was assistant priest at Ampleforth village, whilst teaching at the school. Then, he became housemaster of one of the boarding houses, and head of modern languages. He taught the monks dogmatic theology, and was elected *Magister Scholorum* of the English Benedictine Congregation by their 1957 General Chapter. Later, he would say that these were some of the happiest years of his life: he was responsible yet free, and not weighed down with office – too good, he thought, to last.

* * * * *

My vows to the Lord I will fulfil
before all his people. (Ps 116:14)

In 1963, Dom Basil was elected Abbot of Ampleforth. He succeeded Abbot Byrne, a monk of great age who had been Abbot for many years, and whom Dom Basil greatly respected. Forty is a young age to be elected Abbot – in total, the late

Cardinal served for 36 years as a major superior or bishop. The times were also seemingly inauspicious. The very first document to come out of the Second Vatican Council (1962-1965), the Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy, *Sacrosanctum Concilium* (4 Dec 1963), cut through to the heart of the monks' daily life, the praise of God in the liturgy. Soon, the manner of formation and the monastic life itself were to be the subjects of reform. As every seminarian knows, that which should so deeply unite is often where the Devil is so quick to cause division. In later years, the Cardinal reflected on such problems:

How can you be a bishop in such situations without falling between stools or sitting on the fence? I experienced division when I was an abbot. I decided that what united people has to be very deep. It is the life of prayer. Get that right and much else falls into place.

The unity of the monastery was to be a strong signal to Archbishop Bruno Heim, the Apostolic Delegate, when he was looking for a helmsman to succeed Cardinal John Carmel Heenan in steering the Church in England and Wales away from the potentially perilous rocks of extremism that lay hidden in the choppy waters of European Catholicism in the wake of the Council. Ampleforth Abbey is a testimony to Abbot Hume's wise leadership. The community is thriving, and no age range is unrepresented. Wisdom seems to percolate down through the generations of monks, from eldest to youngest, in what is an ideal and natural model for formation. In prayer, it seems that Abbot Hume discerned with his monks the way ahead, conserving and renewing, not clinging to traditions simply because they were monastic, but exalting those which were thought to be good. The image of the Abbot, like that of the monk, is largely and popularly one of the contemplative. At the heart of the matter, this must be true. But from contemplation Abbot Hume was to guide over 150 monks in his community. There was the school, twenty far-flung parishes, a daughter house in St Louis, U.S.A., and, of course, all the mundane but necessary issues that would be discussed in Council and Chapter meetings, such as fundraising, planning, building, the farm, etc. His preparation for Westminster – indeed, his life in Westminster – was far more practical than usually suspected. Nevertheless, administration was not his main task. Dom Dominic Milroy, a monk of Ampleforth, describes what the Rule of St Benedict asks of the Abbot, in Carolyn Butler's *Basil Hume: By His Friends*:

St Benedict requires him to be, not a chief executive, but a loving father of the community; not the manager of a production line, but a discerning guide, who treats each monk 'in the way which may seem best in each case' (Ch. 64), and who takes special care of those who are most vulnerable – the elderly, the sick, the young, the troubled in spirit. Here lies the greatest challenge to the Abbot: the complete network of human relationships of which he is the focus, and which will make relentless demands on his time, his patience and his good humour.¹

In abiding by these essential words of the Rule, Abbot Hume fulfilled his monastic vows and came to Westminster witnessing to the wonderful model of Christian leadership offered by St Benedict.

* * * * *

Your servant, Lord, your servant am I;
you have loosened my bonds.

A thanksgiving sacrifice I make:

I will call on the Lord's name. (Ps 116:16-17)

Like so many ecclesiastical legends, there are many versions of the story concerning Abbot Hume's appointment as Archbishop of Westminster in 1976. In the last months of his life, Cardinal Heenan had invited all to consult with the Apostolic Delegate over who should be his successor. Among over ninety names proffered, the name of the Abbot of Ampleforth emerged as a promising possibility. So, Archbishop Heim sent his secretary to Ampleforth on retreat to investigate. The soundings were good, so, while Abbot Hume was attending a conference of abbots near Windsor, he was summoned by Archbishop Heim to be consulted as to whom he thought should be the next Archbishop of Westminster. Flattered but oblivious to any danger of being asked himself, he proffered his opinion. However, in the same meeting, he was asked by the Apostolic Delegate if he would accept an offer from the Holy Father to fulfil a particular mission. The obedient monk replied 'yes', suspecting that possibly he was to be asked to become an Auxiliary Bishop somewhere. Meanwhile, as part of the consultation process, even though unofficial, *The Times* ran an article mentioning a number of names – including Abbot Hume. The Abbot was in America at the time; on returning to the United Kingdom, he saw the article, felt flattered (and is it not an expression of his humility that he could say when he was flattered?) and telephoned his mother, who laughed. Feeling a little humbled and confident that he was safe, life continued as normal until he was asked straight.

Upon the announcement of his appointment in February 1976, the Archbishop-Elect travelled down to London to familiarise himself with the people whom he was to serve. He introduced himself to Mr Murphy at the door of Archbishop's house, and asked to be shown around. He spoke of the spirit of prayer imbued in the place by the late Cardinal Heenan. Despite having been used to many practical problems, he had to ask what the initials 'H.E.' stood for in the internal telephone directory. By late May 1976, he would know.

From the rolling hills of Ampleforth to the streets of Victoria, from a community of over 150 to a massive Archdiocese with over 400 secular priests, let alone the hundreds of religious sisters, brothers and priests – no wonder he nearly wept as he passed his brother monks, processing into his Mass of Ordination in Westminster Cathedral on 25 March 1976, the Solemnity of the Annunciation of the Lord. However, the homily he preached, declaring his service to the Lord and his people, flowed naturally from one who for thirteen years had been a fatherly guide:

A great bishop of the fourth century had an uncanny knack of saying important things aptly and briefly. In one of his sermons, St Augustine said of himself: *Vobis sum episcopus, vobiscum christianus*. 'I am a bishop for you, I am a Christian like you.'

As those listening were to discover, the 'uncanny knack' of Augustine was also that of Archbishop Hume.

Pope Paul VI had settled the troubled mind of his latest Archbishop, and it was he who, two months later, created him the Cardinal Priest of San Silvestro in Capite, on 24 May 1976. In this capacity, Cardinal Hume participated in the two

conclaves of 1978. In 1979, he became President of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales, an office he was to hold until his death. In the international field, he was President of the Council of European Bishops' Conferences from 1978 until 1987, and was Relator for the Synod of Bishops on Consecrated Life in 1994, during which he resided at the English College for almost a month.

He was a frequent visitor to Rome, and would always try to stay at the College. He did not care for long absences from his Diocese, but would travel when required and seemed to feel very much at home among the English and Welsh seminarians. He used to say that he always had an empathy for the loser, a liking for the rogue: 'A rogue is rarely conceited.' In the easy company of good-humoured students, he may have tasted a little of the rogue's recipe. Perhaps it reminded him of the boarding house and the monastery. His presence among us was always looked forward to. He would chat with the lads, serve at table, give retreats, sit down and watch the football, show that to be a man of prayer was important, and fun. Sometimes, his visits were known in advance; at other times, particularly while negotiating with the Holy See with regard to the special arrangements for former Anglican clergymen, they would be unexpected and frequent. It was a great privilege that one of his last visits to the College was to ordain five students to the diaconate at Palazzola in July 1998.

The National Pastoral Congress (1980) in Liverpool was one of the supreme examples of a father listening to what the family had to say, and attempting to speak with Rome about this in a language that both might understand. This was particularly important when relating the teaching of Peter to his communities in England and Wales. Particularly after the press conference in which he presented the Pope John Paul II's Encyclical Letter *Evangelium Vitæ* (25 March 1995), it was good to note that even the most hardened editors and journalists had to comment that, without mitigating anything which had to be said, the Cardinal spoke to us in love and truth, in a manner attuned to the British ear.

The happiest highlight of his ministry must surely have been the first visit of a reigning Pope to Great Britain in 1982. Deftly the Cardinal had to move to ensure the success of the visit, which came shortly after the conflict in the Falkland Islands. The visit of Pope John Paul II was a marvellous festival of faith, centred on the seven sacraments. Other highlights of his time as Archbishop of Westminster include the centenary of the laying of the foundation stone of his Cathedral. Much happened during that year of celebration: the Cathedral Choir – which he saved – gave concerts; decoration of the interior recommenced; six European cardinals gave Lenten reflections. But perhaps most wonderful of all were the 'Area Days', when each of the five Pastoral Areas of the Archdiocese came to the Cathedral to celebrate together. Nothing was more apparent than the love in which the people held their Bishop, and the love which he had for them. He held them in his prayers, calling on the Lord's name. This love was to express itself again as the pilgrim Cardinal prepared to be taken by the Lord.

* * * * *

My vows to the Lord I will fulfil
before all his people,
in the courts of the house of the Lord,
in your midst, O Jerusalem. (Ps 116:16-17)

Some years ago, the Administrator of Westminster Cathedral, approached the sculptor Elizabeth Frink, about commissioning her to create two bronze sculptures for the Cathedral, one of St Vincent de Paul, and the other of St Benedict. Both saints have inspired many within the Cathedral's family: a very active S.V.P. group bears testimony to the former, and the witness of our beloved Father in Christ, Cardinal Hume, spoke eloquently of the latter. Sadly, Elizabeth Frink was to die shortly after receiving her commission, and the project went into abeyance.

Two years later, however, the project sprang to life again, and last September a fine bronze of St Vincent de Paul by Bryan Kneale was unveiled. A few months earlier, the Cardinal had been approached with regard to fundraising among the Benedictine schools for the bronze of St Benedict. 'I thought that that would be a memorial to me!' he quipped before giving the go-ahead. But, before the sculptor could proceed, he asked the Cardinal's advice on how St Benedict should be represented. The Cardinal told him the story of a vision St Benedict had towards the close of his earthly life. The Saint had been looking out of his window when he saw what first appeared to be a great shaft of light proceeding from heaven and drawing the whole world into its beam – the *reditus* of redeemed humanity. The Cardinal did not mention that, according to St Gregory the Great, he then saw the soul of the holy Bishop of Capua, Germanus, ascending to heaven; the next morning, it was verified that Germanus had indeed passed away during the previous night. So, the Cardinal said, the Saint must be looking up. And so it has come to pass – the bronze of St Benedict looking to the heavens was ready to be unveiled as the Cardinal died.

In his dying, the Cardinal fulfilled his vows to the Lord, uniting his suffering with that of the Holy Father to the saving sacrifice of Our Lord on his cross. Speaking of the late Fr Anthony O'Sullivan, he said that in living he taught us to live, and that in dying he taught us how to die. This teaching, this witness, was brought to the nation and many beyond our shores by the Cardinal's trust in the Lord during his final days. His body now lies in the Chapel of St Gregory and St Augustine in his Cathedral Church. These two saints look down upon him, along with St Cuthbert, St Bede the Venerable, St Paulinus, and many other monk-bishops of the North of England so dearly loved by Cardinal Hume. He lies in his monastic habit, the pallium around his neck. Some distance away, St Benedict gazes into the night sky, seeing the glory of the heavens and, I pray, the soul of our holy Bishop moving swiftly towards his heavenly home. May he rest in peace. Amen.

Gerard Skinner

The Requiem Mass, 25 May 1999

Since the demise of mealtime readings in the late 1960s, I do not suppose that there have been many occasions when the College Refectory has fallen into silence. But this is precisely what happened at about 8.00 p.m. on Thursday 17 June 1999.

It had been a hot, sticky day, and most of us were reeling from the *Blitzkrieg*-esque onslaught of exams. About three tables were occupied at supper, and we had begun to munch our pasta, sip our *vino* and chat about this and that. It seemed like just another Thursday. Suddenly, the door handle turned, and the Vice-Rector walked in, looking slightly perturbed. He tapped a glass, and we stopped munching, sipping and chatting. His words echoed around the room, as St George, Gregory XIII and Cardinal William Allen looked on: 'The Cardinal died at 5.20 this evening.' The Saint, Pope and Cardinal remained expressionless. A poignant silence enveloped the Refectory, broken only by a few sighs; it lasted two minutes – an eloquent testimony to the respect in which Basil Hume is held.

It was a great shock to all of us, but not perhaps, a great surprise. Only that afternoon, the Auxiliary Bishops of Westminster had asked for our renewed prayers as the Cardinal's illness entered its last stages. Exactly two months previously, he had written to his priests, asking for 'no fuss' and thanking God for his state of peace and the grace of time to prepare for a 'new future'. Yet, it still seemed unreal. Hume had led the Catholics of England and Wales ever since I could remember – indeed, Heenan had died a couple of weeks before I was born. I had first become aware of him during Pope John Paul II's visit to Great Britain in 1982. Since then, he has occasionally flitted into my life: school presentation evenings, parish visitations, pre-seminary interviews, solemn Cathedral liturgies... Most recently, in July 1998, I had watched him walk down the garden at Palazzola for a dip in the pool built by his predecessor, Cardinal Arthur Hinsley, one-time Rector, and saw him tower over the deacons he had ordained that morning. And now, he has gone to receive the reward of his labours, and we await someone else to break open the Jubilee Door into Westminster Cathedral.

In Rome, the torrent of Greg exams and the uncompromising glare of the sun continued. It was only back in London that I became aware of what had happened. The papers were full of tributes. Her Majesty the Queen praised his 'outstanding contribution to the Christian life of the nation'. The Prime Minister, Rt Hon. Tony Blair, M.P., spoke of him as 'goodness personified'. The Holy Father, in a telegram of condolence to the Archdiocesan Administrator, dated 18 June 1999, wrote:

With great sadness I have received the news of the death of Cardinal George Basil Hume. I offer prayerful condolences to the Auxiliary Bishops, priests, religious and laity of the Archdiocese of Westminster and to the entire Church in England and Wales. Commending the Cardinal's noble soul to our heavenly Father's eternal love, I thank the Lord for having given the Church a shepherd of great spiritual and moral character, of sensitive and unflinching ecumenical commitment and firm leadership in helping people of all beliefs to face the challenges of the last part of this difficult century.

I am confident that the example of the Cardinal's devoted service as Benedictine monk and abbot at Ampleforth, and as Archbishop of Westminster, his untiring work as President of the Bishops' Conference, as well as his witness of dignity and hope in the face of the mystery of suffering and death will inspire all who knew him

to ever greater fidelity to the gospel of salvation. Invoking the comforting gifts of the Holy Spirit upon the Cardinal's family and upon all who mourn him in the hope of resurrection, I cordially impart my apostolic blessing as a pledge of peace in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Cardinal Carlo Maria Martini, S.J., Archbishop of Milan, wrote of Hume's 'luminous witness to the Gospel', the Auxiliary Bishops of Westminster said that they would 'miss his calm and reassuring presence', and Newcastle United Football Club called him 'a greatly valued fan'. The list could go on. Comparable to Cardinals Manning and Hinsley, such grief and so many glowing tributes would possibly have amazed a Challoner or Wiseman in less certain days.

At Archbishop's House, the yellow and white papal flag hung at half-mast. Between the Monday and Thursday following his death, the Cardinal's body lay in state in the Cathedral Hall, his coffin covered in a white pall made by the Benedictine nuns of Tyburn. On the top sat the red biretta given to him by Paul VI in 1976, whilst Stultien's portrait of the Cardinal reading his breviary, usually on display at the National Portrait Gallery, was displayed nearby, along with the Order of Merit presented to him by Her Majesty the Queen a few weeks before at his last official engagement. Thousands turned out to pay their respects, and throughout the country Masses were celebrated for the repose of his soul.

At Ampleforth Abbey, the monks began their traditional thirty-day period of prayer for a deceased brother, with Requiem Masses celebrated on the third, seventh and thirtieth days after a monk's death. The Abbot, Dom Timothy Wright, O.S.B., had already told Radio Four listeners how he reacted to the news of the Cardinal's illness. When Hume said, 'It's cancer,' Wright replied: 'Life is much better on the other side than it is here, and I am delighted for you.' Hume was relieved – 'So many people burst into tears when I tell them. I find it very disturbing.'

At 5.00 p.m. on Thursday 24 June, the Solemnity of the Birth of St John the Baptist, the Cardinal's body was received into his Cathedral Church for the last time. First Vespers of the Dead were sung – including a striking setting of the *Magnificat* by David Bevan, a former member of the Cathedral's music staff. In his homily, Bishop Vincent Nichols, the newly-elected Diocesan Administrator, paid tribute to Basil Hume as a man of prayer, especially as he approached death. He spoke of how, as the sickness began to take hold, all the Cardinal could do was sit and look at a crucifix, how 'he was determined to die empty-handed', and, before he died, he carefully gave away the little money he had. It was little wonder that Patrick McGuire, one of the seven people wrongly imprisoned for the I.R.A. bombings, said that when he first met the Cardinal, 'the room lifted up as if a thousand lights had been turned on' – he could feel real 'love, goodness and holiness'.

Later that evening, the monks of Ampleforth sang the traditional dirge, in the darkening Cathedral, with the Abbot as Officiant. There was a reading from one of the Cardinal's books and, as with all the liturgies during the week, the atmosphere was hushed, prayerful and reverent.

Friday 25 June, the day of the Requiem Mass, found the piazza outside the Cathedral like a mini-St Peter's Square. A policeman stood guard at the West

Door as if it were 10 Downing Street, and a collection of news reporters filmed their bulletins and walked around, expecting to be recognised by the throng. A large number of Catholics and non-Catholics alike had gathered, fumbling rosaries, singing hymns, staring curiously, smoking hesitantly. The clergy and seminarians vested in the Cathedral Hall, and we were soon divided into various categories – priests with or without diocesan chasubles, monks and seminarians. Present were various Old Romans, including at least three rectors – past (Mons. Jack Kennedy), present (Mons. Adrian Toffolo) and future (Fr Pat Kilgarriff). Soon after 10.00 a.m., we processed down Ambrosden Avenue to the West Door; the bell was tolling slowly; the crowds were silent here and singing *Hail, Queen of Heaven* there; TV cameras pointed worryingly in our direction. The Cathedral was already full when I entered, and I was conscious of passing many of the entrants of *Who's Who*. From my seat, I could see little except William Hague, M.P., Leader of the Opposition, Paddy Ashdown, M.P., and the Cardinal's red biretta perched on top of his pine coffin, but I felt the wonderfully tranquil atmosphere. As the BBC went 'live' in the middle of the Wimbledon fortnight, the processions of dignitaries scurried by, rather like stations on an express train – Runcie, Carey, Chartres, the bearded Orthodox, abbots and representatives of European Bishops' Conferences. The Duchess of Kent represented the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Michael of Kent was also present, whilst the Chief Rabbi watched from Archbishop's House.

At 11.00, the main procession entered, with Cardinal Edward Cassidy, President of the Pontifical Council for the Promotion of Christian Unity, the Special Envoy of the Holy Father, as Presider. He was accompanied by five other cardinals – including Thomas Winning, Archbishop of Glasgow and Cahal Daly, Archbishop Emeritus of Armagh – and the Apostolic Nuncio, Archbishop Pablo Puente. Newman's *Praise to the Holiest*, one of Hume's favourite hymns, was followed by the sublime plainchant introtit, *Requiem Aeternam dona eis, Domine* ('Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.'), and the Kyrie from Vittoria's *Missa pro Defunctis*.

The readings were all chosen by the Cardinal in his final weeks, and summed up his characteristic humility and search for God: 'Let him who boasts, boast of the Lord' (1 Cor 1:31); 'He who humbles himself will be exalted' (Lk 18:41); 'They trust in what they see, because the things that are seen are beautiful' (Wis 13:7). Even the readers had been carefully selected: his nephew, William Charles, and a friend he had met at Lourdes, Maeve Lynch.

The Bishop of Middlesbrough, Mons. John Crowley, a former private secretary to Hume, started the homily by saying that on hearing of his illness, the Cardinal was tempted to feel 'if only...' 'If only I could start all over again I would be a much better monk, a much better abbot, a much better bishop.' Then he realised it was better to come before God as he was, and plead, like the tax collector in the Gospel, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.' Then he would be ready to receive God's gifts empty-handed. Many other *vignettes* were presented to us: how he would tell a friend who was being praised for his virtues, 'Enjoy yourself, but don't inhale please!'; how he spent half an hour in the hospital chapel when first told of his advanced cancer; and how he reached a deeper understanding of the Seven Last Words and the Lord's Prayer as he contemplated the mystery of the cross:

But for the Cardinal a new future beckons. All his life he has been a

pilgrim, searching restlessly for glimpses of God... Now that journey is over. He is safely home behind the curtain, face to face. Our deep love for him and our gratitude for the gift he was provokes this final thought: if such were the gift, what must God be like, the Giver of that gift.

The Mass ended with the Final Commendation and Farewell. A group of monks from Ampleforth sang the *Suscipe me, Domine* (Receive me, O Lord), which is sung at a monk's first profession as he offers his life in service of the Lord, and then at his Funeral as he is commended to God. We were reminded that, although he was raised to the grandeur of the College of Cardinals, he remained a simple and faithful monk – indeed, he was buried in his habit, together with his pallium, in the Chapel of St Gregory and St Augustine, to which his coffin was carried to Fauré's beautiful *In Paradisum*. In this chapel, towards the back of the Cathedral, he was watched by the still friendly faces of a whole medley of Benedictine saints – Benedict, Gregory, Augustine, Bede, Wilfrid and Cuthbert. Nearby was another great worker in the London vineyard, Bishop Richard Challoner, the eighteenth century Vicar Apostolic for the London District. 'May the angels receive you into paradise,' we heard the Choir sing, 'at your coming, may the martyrs receive you.'

And so, the Cardinal was taken to his final resting place; the coffin was flanked by Fr Jim Curry, his private secretary, who carried the biretta on a cushion, and Mr Bartlett, the last functioning Cardinal's *gentiluomo*, who had served several Archbishops of Westminster and who proudly carried Hume's Order of Merit. We thus bade 'farewell' to Fr Basil – a great leader, a great model for the patient bearing of suffering, and, we hope, a great friend for us in the Kingdom of Heaven. Let the final words go to him:

Death is a formidable foe until we learn to make it a friend. Death is to be feared if we do not learn to welcome it. Death is the ultimate absurdity if we do not see it as fulfilment. Death haunts us when viewed as a journey into nothingness rather than a pilgrimage to a place where true happiness is to be found.

The human mind cannot understand death. We face it with fear and uncertainty, revulsion even; or we turn away from the thought for it is too hard to bear. But faith gives answers when reason fails. The strong instinct for it is too hard to bear. But faith gives answers when reason fails. The strong instinct to live points to immortality. Faith admits us into death's secrets. Death is not the end of the road, but a gateway to a better place. It is this place that our noblest aspirations will be realised. It is here that we will understand how our experiences of goodness, love, beauty and joy are realities which exist perfectly in God. It is in heaven that we shall rest in him and our hearts will be restless until they rest in God.²

Nicholas Schofield

1. D. MILROY, 'Hume the Abbot, 1963-1976', in C. BUTLER (ed.), *Basil Hume: By His Friends*, London, 1998, 12.
2. G. B. HUME, *The Mystery of the Cross*, London, 1998, 72-73.

In Search of Giles

Take a look at the earliest photographs of College groups, and the familiar face of Dr Giles gazes out at you. 'Giles' is a name which has gathered a certain renown over the years, not least as the



Two views of mountain villages by Bishop William Giles (1830-1913).

painter of the many fine watercolours brightening the College corridors. As is so often the way when it comes to recording the name of an artist, Giles is more often than not now referred to by his surname alone, although during his career at the College, William Samuel Giles was known by many names. Dr Giles became Monsignor Giles in 1891,¹ and then Bishop Giles in 1904;² but he was also referred to as 'our beloved Rector', 'The Gi', and even 'the heathen Giles' – not to mention 'Pa' along with 'Ma', his Vice-Rector, Monsignor John Prior.³ The College itself 'was referred to when greater formality became necessary as the Palazzo Giles'⁴ We are fortunate to have first-hand accounts of life in the College during Giles' time as Vice-Rector (1863-1888), and as Rector (from 1888 until his death at the age of 83 in 1913). These, however, usually relate to Giles in his official roles; even his personal letters more often than not provide a record of external events like Holy Week at the Vatican and other papal festivities.⁵

There is very little mention of Giles the Painter. This could be due to the fact that painting was not an unusual past-time in the nineteenth century, and it must be remembered that, for Giles, painting was a past-time. It was his way of relaxing, and a great part of his enjoyment must also simply have been in sitting before his subject, absorbing, painting and sketching what lay before his eyes. It is perhaps not surprising, therefore, that such a large proportion of his watercolours remained unfinished, especially when we consider what Mons. Prior⁶ informs us in his obituary of Giles:

He used to sketch his subject on the spot, lay the first colours, and finish the picture in his leisure hours at home. Many of them, however, remained unfinished. He spent many holidays in his younger days, roaming from one remote village to another in the Italian hills, with his knapsack on his back and his sketchbook under his arm. He would take a room in a cottage, and live on the hard fare of the peasants, while on his quest of the picturesque.⁷

At the same time, the watercolours were not simply put away in a folder: on the contrary, the rest of the College 'delighted to inspect [them] on "Coffee and Rosolio" days'.⁸ Later, of course, when he was Vice-Rector and then Rector, he had the College Villa at Monte Porzio as a base during the long summer *villeggiatura*, and thus a goodly proportion of the watercolours of that area were completed.

In 1861, he spent at least a month in Olevano, a village some 40 miles east of Rome. It can be assumed that the many unfinished landscapes including Olevano and its very characteristic outline date from that time. A letter from there to his parents reveals that he was held there for longer than intended because one of the 'boys' in his charge was sick. Giles did not, however, spend all his time sketching while passively waiting for the boy to recover, as he himself relates:



Sunset from Monte Porzio.

I am still here & shall be for another fortnight. We were to have gone this week to Tivoli for one month but one of the boys has had a severe attack of fever. It has been an anxious time as no great confidence could be reposed in the doctor here & the place is sadly devoid of comforts wh. one hardly finds out till some such emergency occurs. Once I went in to Rome to get some medicines & consult a physician as to the treatment. The coach only goes 2 or 3 times a week & that was not the day, so I had to walk to Palestrina (11 or 12 miles) where I found a carriage & got to Rome in the evening. The next morning I got too late for the coach having indeed mistaken the hour. So as I was anxious to reach Olevano that evening I went by train to Frascati & performed the rest of the way on foot arriving at about 9p.m.: distance 24 or 25 miles. I mention these facts just to show that the hot weather has not robbed me of all my strength.⁹

Prior goes on in his obituary to relate an incident which serves to demonstrate the precarious nature of the times. Although it is long, it is worth quoting here in its entirety:

It was on a trip of this kind, not long after the year 1870, when war's alarms had not altogether subsided, that he was arrested by Italian soldiers and put in prison. After a day's sketching he had retired for the night at the house of the old woman where he had just put up, and late in the evening she was frightened out of her wits by the loud knocking of soldiers who demanded that the *forestiere* should be given up to them. He was already in bed, but had to get up and submit to examination and cross-questioning. His trunk was searched, and his sketches all scattered about. He showed his

English passport in self defence "William Giles, British subject, travelling on the continent" - but it only seemed to confirm their suspicions. They did not know English but they considered they had common sense enough to know that a passport with only one line of writing on it could not be in order. 'Where were his generalities' as the Italians call them, - the names of his parents, the date and place of his birth? Where the description of his person? The colour of his eyes and hair, his complexion, stature and the rest? Besides, they pointed out to him that he had given his name as 'Guglielmo', and in the passport it was 'William'. He was marched off between two soldiers, and, having been deprived of his watch and purse, was locked up in a filthy room where the cleanest spot was a dirty table, on which he spent the night. In the morning he knocked loudly at the door and called for his breakfast, after which he was marched off again to another place where a little pompous official prepared to interrogate him. Objecting to this, Dr Giles asked to see the superior officer, whereupon the little man bowed, and, pointing to himself, said: 'I am the superior officer.' Dr Giles then insisted on sending a telegram to the English College, which apparently frightened them, for when the telegram was despatched, without waiting for superior orders, they restored his watch and purse, minus the cost of the telegram, and set him free. He went on to another village, only to be again arrested under similar conditions. This time, on regaining his liberty, to escape further annoyance, he went straight back to Rome. The incident attracted a good deal of public notice, as a letter from their Rome correspondent and a leader on it appeared in *The Times*, which was quite enough in those days to alarm the Italian government.¹⁰

So we see that Giles had no need to write about his journeys beyond their actual logistics: he painted what he saw and we have a visual record of not just Rome and the surrounding area, but also of the Amalfi coast, for example, or Tuscany - Siena, San Gimignano. Many of the buildings or ruins depicted can still be seen in some form today, although some no longer exist: in the painting of 'The Barberini Pine',¹¹ neither the tree nor the church of San Caio behind remain standing. This is also a significant painting because it is the only one that is actually signed, although most of the others are initialled on the reverse.

An article about Giles' paintings appeared in *The Venerable* in 1931.¹² It stressed the sentimental value to the College of his legacy of watercolours, while almost deploring the standard of their execution. It is also rumoured that a Rector of the College at some time this century put the paintings in a pile and told the students to help themselves. Since this story is as yet unsubstantiated, we cannot know if this offer was taken up, and if so, how many watercolours, if any, disappeared. The majority, however, would appear to have been rejected! Both of the above serve to show how perhaps times have changed: Giles' talent as an artist is established, and should a contemporary rector rashly consider making such an offer, the College would probably be left with a handful of scratchy sketches!

Let us take a closer look at Giles' paintings. We can perhaps concur with the above-mentioned article in one instance: Giles' depiction of people and animals

is not particularly successful, although he himself would appear to have been aware of and unconcerned by this. The very few figures throughout his work are usually incidental to the landscape, offering a mere suggestion, as in his painting of the Church of the Riformati in Castel Gandolfo. However, what is extraordinary is the quality of light in the paintings; their depth as we gaze far into the distance; and the attention to tiny details, whether of the architecture or the flora. In one painting, we look down the hill from Monte Porzio as the view falls away to take in Rome far away in the valley below: and there, integral to the grey shimmer of the city, yet distinctly discernible, is the dome of St Peter's. What today's observer will find striking is how isolated many of the Roman monuments are. We, who are accustomed to chancing upon a glimpse of San Giovanni in Laterano or the Colosseum as we wander the city, are reminded of how much of Rome sprang up post-1870; of how Pope Sixtus V's pilgrim-guiding obelisks really did stand out as landmarks. Giles painted St Peter's from behind, possibly from Monte Mario, and suddenly that residential area now called Prati really is the fields the name suggests.

As we might expect, churches and monasteries figure largely; there are cloisters, remote chapels set in their landscapes and mountain villages with their *campanili*. There are several of Palazzola, viewed from across Lago di Albano, though unfortunately only one is finished and that one is damaged. One of his sketchbooks,¹³ which spans the years 1874-1882, contains detailed sketches of Sant'Antimo in Tuscany, including a floor plan. His painting of San Pietro in Tuscania is remarkable in that it pulls the church right into the foreground, without setting it into its landscape: save for a stretch of green dropping away to the right, leading the eye towards the tiny outline of Tuscania's other famous mediæval church, Santa Maria Maggiore. Giles also loved painting water – the turquoise sea at Anzio; boats sailing on a gentle, blue sea, lapping against the Amalfi Coast; or the evening sun shining on the village of Nemi and drawing long shadows of Genzano in the deep blue of the Lago di Nemi – but also waterfalls and fountains. In his painting of a courtyard in Fiano Romano, the jet of water gushing into the fountain is almost jagged in comparison with the usually smooth style of his watercolours.

We can see in his paintings that Giles sought to portray what he saw with painstaking attention to detail. It should, therefore, come as no surprise to learn that Giles also took up photography. Francis O'Farrell in his reminiscences of College life in 1890-1891 recalls how he first met the Rector:

The green inner door swung open and Augusto the porter was there with a smile of welcome. He bade me wait a few moments while he informed Monsignore of the new arrival. Then the sound of footsteps descending the stairs and the vision of a sturdy figure in a plain black cassock, with a pink fresh face, a halo of pure white hair and another smile of welcome, and at once: 'What camera is that? I take photos, too.'¹⁴

Bishop Burton, too, in his diary refers to Giles taking photographs, while he, Burton, sketched.¹⁵ Giles' photography is mentioned in amusingly irreverent tones in two different articles by John O'Connor:

The Rector's balcony [at Monte Porzio] was spacious, and the room behind it elegant, but an incredibly large telescopic camera took up the space and the view for about ten weeks at a time. It was focused on Salomone and Tusculum, and it may have been intended to snap us at our nicotinish moments, but these did not arise.¹⁶

The old bathroom on the first landing was his photographic glory-hole. We counted eight cameras mouldering in the marble bath. He took six with him to England once, but he brought back eight, and then there were ten. A magnificent telescopic camera was on his balcony at Porzio all through the summer months, but we never heard if even one photograph were the result.¹⁷



A painting of the terrace in question, looking out towards Tusculum.

However, we are fortunate to have an index written by Giles, which accompanied a set of photographs returned to the College in 1949. Perhaps Giles had sent the photographs with their accompanying explanation back to show his family in England. This list is particularly useful in that it enables us to identify other photographs in the College Archives as Giles', as well as to have an idea of those that have been lost – and in it he describes one photograph in the following terms:

Part of the View at the back of the same country [house, the villa at Monte Porzio], taken from a terrace overlooking the garden, which is not visible, but only the tops of trees just beyond it. To the left is a curious old chimney standing just on the garden wall, & reaching

down to the oil and wine press underneath, to the extreme right just the top of a gateway on the other side of the lane which runs just behind the garden & between its wall and the trees in the foreground above mentioned. Over these you look down into the valley seeing mostly its opposite slope, planted mostly with vines & olives. On the hill to the left two cypresses standing on our ground. The next hill is the site of Tusculum, and on [it] raised on a pile of stones the English College Cross. To its right, woods, till you to come to the Camaldolese hermitage or monastery.

So Giles did use the camera on his balcony/terrace after all!

Giles' love of painting overlapped, then, with his pioneering love of photography, to the extent that some of the views are in fact the same. The main difference between the two is that there are more people in the photographs. We can imagine the excitement when the camera was brought out at some village festa in Monte Porzio and the curiosity of the children. Various rambles through the countryside seem to have been recorded, judging by the tired expressions on some of the faces beneath their birettas. And was it Giles' cameras which recorded those College groups; that glorious picnic, or Giles' eightieth birthday tea? And the College Church under construction? Photography was in its infancy at the time and the appeal of its immediacy and scientific innovation would have drawn the crowds; painting and sketching remained solitary and contemplative. Giles lived at a fascinating time in the history of Rome and the birth of Italy. He has handed down to us a record of his witness of this world which should not be taken for granted, but actively enjoyed by future generations of *Venerabilini*, friends of the College and historians, topographers and art lovers alike.

Following the Trustees' meeting in November 1997, a project was set up to catalogue, research, etc., the Giles watercolours. At the time, for example, it was not known that Giles was also a photographer, and certainly his role in the College, which spanned more than half a century, means that research into his life and works is also fascinating for the span of history he encompassed. This research is on-going. Part of the project is also to bring Giles to a wider audience, and to that end it is intended that an exhibition of his work be held in the future. We know that the College does not have all his paintings: Mons. Prior, in his obituary, says that the watercolours, 'with a few exceptions, remain in the possession of the College'.¹⁸ We would very much like to trace these and any other of Giles' paintings, for example, the painting used to illustrate G. P. Dwyer's article in *The Venerabile* in 1931, in order to be able to create as complete a catalogue as possible. Thanks are due not only to the Trustees, in particular the Rector and Vice-Rector, but also to the Roman Association and the Friends of the Venerabile for their support of this project.

Mrs Marjorie Coughlan

1. To the delight of the students, both past and present, who presented Giles with a beautifully bound letter of congratulations. Cf. VEC Archives *Liber* 858.
2. Pope Pius X appointed Giles Titular Bishop of Philadelphia in recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.
3. Cf. 'Nova et Vetera', *The Venerabile*, Vol. VI, No. 1, 49.

4. *Ibid.*, 49.
5. In a letter to his parents dated 18 April 1855, Giles recounts, with a certain amount of sang-froid, the following event during that year's Easter Week: 'An accident happened on Thursday. The great doors of St Peter's being opened for the procession, it created a draft[sic] and the ends of one of the blinds of some window high up in the dome got loose and smashed the glass, and down came several large pieces of very thick glass, right among the ladies who are in separate place. One piece struck a poor French lady on the forehead and laid it bare to the bone and almost cut off her nose, and had it fallen a little further back on her head must have killed her outright. She did not scream but bore it wonderfully and was taken into the Sacristy and I have not heard of her since, except this, the Pope to console her sent her his own palm, wh. he had carried in the procession. I believe another was also cut. On Friday morning I went to the Sistine Chapel & I think it is the most beautiful function which ever takes place there. The Passion & the *Reproaches* are exquisite. Thursday was very fine wh. was fortunate for the benediction. But the other days were very bad.' *Scr* 81:13.
6. Mons. John Prior first met Giles when he came out to Rome as a student of the VEC in 1878. Ten years later, Giles appointed him his Vice-Rector, a role he filled until 1908 when he became the English-speaking Auditor of the Sacred Roman Rota. Prior was present at Giles' deathbed in 1913 and dealt with all the ensuing funeral arrangements, etc.
7. *The Venerabile*, Vol. II, No. 4, 279.
8. *Ibid.*, 279
9. Letter from Giles to his parents dated 25 September 1861, *Scr* 81:14.
10. *The Venerabile*, Vol. II, No. 4, 279-80.
11. A reproduction of this painting can be seen in the new edition of the College guide book.
12. 'Bishop Giles' Watercolours', by G. P. Dwyer in *The Venerabile*, Vol. VI, No. 1, 21-24.
13. *Liber* 645. This is one of only two sketchbooks surviving in the College Archives: the other, *Liber* 646, spans at least 1832-1868.
14. 'Fifty Years Ago (1890-91)', by Francis O'Farrell in *The Venerabile*, Vol. X, No. 2, 136.
15. 12 Feb. 1887: 'After alighting at *gratum Antium*, leaving the station we walked along the water's side & by the numerous fishing-smacks to the breakwater & lighthouse, which latter I rudely sketched, while Dr Giles took a photo of it.' 20 September 1887: 'Reached Pantano about 9. [...] The first spot we made for, after having crossed the marsh, was the church of St Primus, of which I took a sketch, whilst Dr Giles busied himself about the photography.' 21 October 1887: 'Sketched St Antony's gate before dinner, whilst Dr Giles photographed it.' Bishop Burton's Roman Diary 1884-90, *Liber* 824.
16. 'Monte Porzio Catone', by John O'Connor in *The Venerabile*, Vol. X, No. 2, 121.
17. 'The Right Reverend William Giles', by John O'Connor in *The Venerabile*, Vol. IX, No. 4, 293.
18. Cf. above, Footnote 7.

Julian Watts-Russell and the Papal Zouaves

Standing just inside the door to the College Church, the visitor finds the plain and rather battered monument to an almost forgotten Englishman. The words carved on the marble cylinder state the bare facts of the case:

Julian Watts-Russell – Papal Zouave – died aged seventeen years and ten months – the youngest to fall at the battlefield of Mentana.

As a monument, it scarcely bears comparison with the baroque splendours of the Dereham memorial nearby, nor does the epitaph compare with the one adjacent, composed to commemorate that pattern of perfection, Martha Swinburne. Yet, there was a time when the name of Julian Watts-Russell seemed destined to shine among the ranks of the canonised saints – at least if one energetic English cleric had had his way. So, what is the story of this youthful martyr for papal sovereignty, or that of the strangely named band of troops with which he fought?

The context is that of the final years of the Papal States, when Pius IX (1846-1878) still ruled as Pope and King over Rome and its adjoining regions. Confiscated by Napoleon I (1809), but restored by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, this temporal power of the Pope was at once the Papacy's burden and its guarantee of security. Menaced by the dread approaches of modernity, the popes clung to this remnant of civil monarchy in the fear that, were the occupant of the Holy See to be the subject of any other sovereign, the papacy's freedom of action would be completely lost, especially if – God forbid – the ruler in question was a disciple of the revolutionary principles of 1789. And so, in the face of liberal opinion, and, above all, in opposition to those who longed for a unified Italy governed by a single ruler, the popes did all they could to maintain intact their temporal authority, and to resist anything that seemed to challenge it. Pius VII (1800-1823) changed the papal flag – previously the red and gold banner now used by the *Comune di Roma* – and adopted the white and gold colours we know today, since revolutionary red clearly had no place in the insignia of a Pope. Gregory XVI (1831-1846) opposed any modernisation whatsoever, declaring that the Papal States were lost forever if a single railway line were to be allowed to pass through them, and regarding with horror such innovations as gas lighting for the streets. Spies, censors and police officers enforced obedience. By the beginning of the reign of Pius IX (he was crowned in 1846), the citizens of Rome were ready for a change. At first, *Pio Nono* seemed willing to provide it.

The new Pope was humble, friendly, out-going and open. He left his palaces of the *Quirinale* and the Vatican to visit the ordinary people, celebrating Mass in convents and parish churches. He introduced gas lamps, and even built some railway lines, along which he travelled in his specially constructed pontifical coach. Finally – a thing unthinkable to his conservative predecessors – he granted



Julian Watts-Russell and his Uniform.

the Papal States a Constitution. Never before, perhaps, had any pope been such a popular ruler. But then, disaster struck.

1848 was a year of revolution all over Europe. As it came closer to home, Pius IX panicked, and began to regret his earlier reforms. He abjured the principles of liberalism, and appointed the authoritarian Pellegrino Rossi as Prime Minister. It was not a popular move. On 16 November 1848, Rossi was assassinated as he arrived for work at the *Cancellaria*.

It is now that the Papal *Zouaves* begin to enter the picture. Living in Rome in 1848 was a former soldier turned priest, named Frederic Ghislain de Merode. Upon hearing of Rossi's assassination, Merode doffed his cassock and, armed to the teeth, hurried up to the *Quirinale*, where Pius IX was now besieged, and offered to defend him against all comers. Pius decided discretion was the better part of valour; he slipped away in disguise, and took refuge with the King of Naples. Just over a year later, a short-lived Roman Republic having been crushed by Neapolitan troops, Pius returned as sovereign to rule once more, now thoroughly reactionary in outlook, and seeking eagerly for allies. He remembered de Merode, realised he could trust him, and appointed him as 'Minister for War' to the Papal States.

The Papal Army over which de Merode assumed control, was more a picturesque than a formidable fighting force. Swiss Guards, Noble Guards, Palatines and Grenadiers looked wonderful on parade or doing guard duty at the *Quirinale*, but they were hardly a match for the more modern forces which opposed them. It was the wealthy north of Italy, dominated by the Kingdom of Piedmont and its ruthless chancellor Cavour, which posed the biggest threat to the Papal States, and Piedmont had the money and resources to fund a large and professional army. De Merode needed help in forming some sort of similar force. He persuaded Pius IX to appoint General Louis La Morciere as Commander-in-chief to the Papal Army, and actively to appeal for foreign volunteers to help defend the Papal States.

La Morciere, like de Merode himself, was a veteran of the French wars in Algeria, and it was he who chose the name *Zouaves* for these foreign volunteers, taking the name from an Algerian light infantry corps. From the same source, the *Zouaves* delivered their rather unusual uniforms, which had a slightly Middle Eastern look, including enormously baggy trousers. The first volunteers were French and Irish. Later, there arrived Belgians, unashamedly describing themselves as 'crusaders', and, as the fame of the *Zouaves* grew, so volunteers began to come from further and further afield. There were *Zouaves* from Holland, Scotland, Canada, Germany and (which is where Julian Watts-Russell enters our story) England.

The English and Welsh hierarchy had only just been restored (1850), and, encouraged by Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning, English Catholicism had a markedly *ultramontane* streak, devoted to the cause of the Holy Father and to the defence of his temporal power. It is no surprise, therefore, that a large number of Englishmen joined the ranks of the Papal *Zouaves*, and they soon formed a distinct section of the army. The English *Zouaves* even had their own marching song, the first verse of which ran as follows:

St George and old England forever!
Once more arm her sons for the fight!
With the cross on their breasts to do battle,
for God, Holy Church and the right!

There was also a special club for English *Zouaves* in the heart of Rome, and, of course, they were always welcome at the Venerabile, where the Rector, Monsignor Neve, was a genial host, although he discouraged his own students from joining the corps.

In the memoirs of a Joseph Powell, one of these English *Zouaves*, we read of a trip to the old English College villa at Monte Porzio:

We made two excursions to Monte Porzio, where the English College were staying for their *villeggiatura*. They received us, as usual, most kindly, and accompanied us part of the way back. We passed by the ruins of Tusculum... On the site of the ruined city, a cross has been erected by the College and is visible for some miles.

Powell also visited Palazzola (then still a Franciscan friary) and went with some other *Zouaves* to Nemi, where they enjoyed the strawberries and local wine, which 'we pronounced *excellent*'.

But what of Julian Watts-Russell? Born on 6 January 1850, he was educated as a young man at Ushaw College, where he seems to have been of a somewhat pious disposition, but also pleasure-loving and active. At any rate, soon after leaving Ushaw in 1863, he took the decision to join the Papal *Zouaves*, and hurried off



LELLI GAREY
104, piazza farnese
rome (italy)

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to Italy to enlist. His elder brother, Wilfrid, accompanied him, and together they were enrolled in the Papal Army.

During his military training, Julian combined the usual life of a soldier (weapons, drill, mock battles, bivouacs and manoeuvres) with outstanding prayer and devotion, attending Mass daily, saying his rosary every evening, and regularly confessing his sins. Such practices were not unusual among the *Zouaves*, who sincerely saw themselves as crusaders against a tide of infidelity, and looked forward to a martyr's crown if they died in battle.

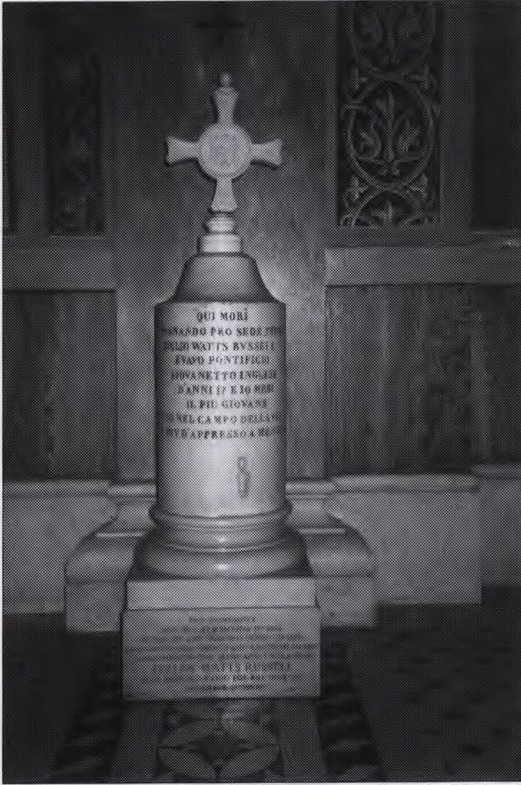
A saying of Julian himself illustrates the point. Loading his gun one day, he remarked, as he pushed in the bullet, 'What a capital present that would be for Garibaldi!' 'Yes,' retorted a friend, 'but perhaps he may send you one instead.' 'So much the better,' replied Julian, 'for then I hope I should go straight to heaven.'

Julian's desire for an early death was to be granted him. On 2 November 1867, the *Zouaves* marched out to confront the Piedmontese forces at Mentana, a small town sixteen miles outside Rome on the banks of the Tiber. In the ensuing battle, Julian displayed great courage, as well as considerable charity, since whenever he fitted his gun he insisted on saying a 'Hail Mary' for whoever he might be dispatching into eternity. He himself died just outside the walls of Mentana. The papal forces were advancing successfully, and the enemy was compelled to give ground and fall back. As the *zouaves* pushed forward, an enemy bullet struck Julian Watts-Russell in the eye, and he died immediately. When the battle was over, three Sisters of Mercy collected his body and sent it back to Rome, where it was buried in the cemetery of *San Lorenzo*. A little later, the monument, which today lies in the College Church, was erected on the site where he fell.

How this monument came to rest in the College requires some explanation. The first factor to be considered is the fall of the Papal States. Although they won the battle of Mentana, the *Zouaves* enjoyed very few military victories. Little by little, the forces of a united Italy encroached upon what remained of the temporal power of the Pope and dealt his armies a series of humiliating defeats. Minister of War de Merode remained a favourite of Pius IX, but he was hated by the Pope's wily Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli ('the Italian Richelieu'), who eventually forced his rival to resign. General La Morciere was also forced to go, but the departure of these two hardly did anything to help the situation. At last, nothing was left of the Papal States but Rome itself, besieged by the opposing army. In the last days of Papal Rome, a sharp-eyed student on the roof of the English College



The Medal awarded to Papal Troops following the Battle of Mentana.



The Monument to Julian Watts-Russell
in the College Church.

could have seen the white-clad figure of the Pope blessing the faithful from his balcony at the Vatican, while the white tents of the enemy were clearly visible on the surrounding hills. The end came on 16 September 1870. After a preliminary bombardment, the Italian forces swept down upon the city, and Pius IX ordered his forces not to shed their blood in futile resistance. Whilst the students of the English College raised an enormous Union Flag over their property and took refuge in the cellars drinking hot wine, the Papal *Zouaves* laid down their weapons in the gardens of the Doria-Pamphilij family, and marched out of Rome with full honours. Pius IX declared himself the 'Prisoner of the Vatican' and Victor Emmanuel II took up possession of the *Quirinale*. By no means was everyone happy with the new situation, not least Victor Emmanuel's own daughter

Princess Clotilde, who refused ever to visit her father at the *Quirinale*, because she considered it to be stolen property. But whether one liked it or not, the facts were the same: the Pope's sovereignty over Rome was ended.

With the end of the temporal power, a certain reaction was inevitable, and one form this took was the vandalising of monuments to the old regime. So it was that Julian Watts-Russell's monument at Mentana came to be toppled over and battered about, as we see it today, and eventually it was carted off to the cellars of a nearby *osteria*. There it might have lain to this day, had it not been for the enthusiasm of a certain English clergyman, who provides the most unusual element to our story.

Monsignor Claude Lindsay, an English priest living at *San Lorenzo* in the 1890s, happened to read the story of Julian Watts-Russell, and became convinced that it contained evidence of Julian's heroic sanctity. He went out to Mentana, rescued the monument, and at his own expense had it re-erected in the Church of the English College in 1895. However, devotion to 'Julian Saint and Martyr', as he referred to the *Zouave*, went still further. Unaccountably, he became convinced that Julian's body was incorruptible, and that, if his coffin were to be opened, the remains would still be as fresh and whole as the day they were buried. So, at considerable trouble and expense, he set about trying to have the grave uncovered and the 'martyr's' relics exhumed. If this miracle were proved to be true, that would surely be the first step towards Julian's eventual elevation as a

canonised saint of the Church. At last, all his troubles were repaid, and he obtained permission for the grave to be opened. Alas, when the body was uncovered, nothing remained but a few bones, some shreds of cloth and a couple of buttons. The corpse itself had proved all too corruptible, and had decayed entirely. Poor Mons. Lindsay gave up in despair, and never mentioned his erstwhile hero again.

But his enthusiasm did have one good result: the monument cast down at Mentana had found a safe and honourable resting place, and the memory of Julian Watts-Russell came to be preserved in the Venerable English College.

Richard Whinder



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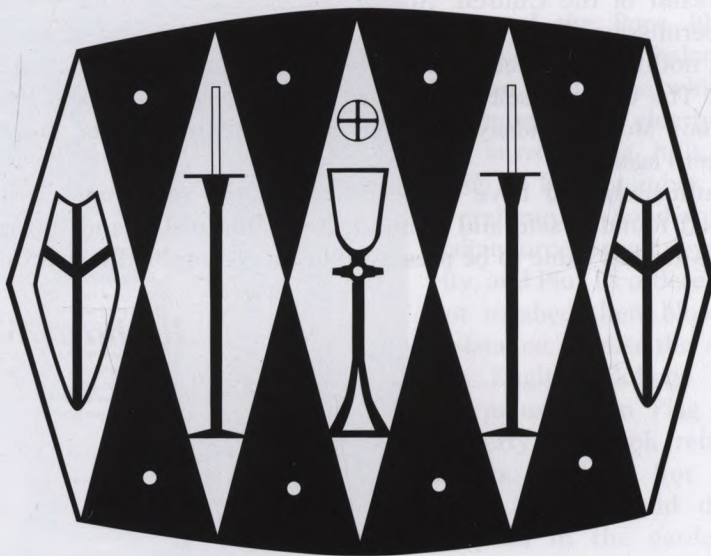
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Martyrs' Day

Every year, on 1 December – the date of Saint Ralph Sherwin's martyrdom in 1581 – the College celebrates the Solemnity of St Ralph Sherwin and Companions, Priests and Martyrs of the Venerable English and Welsh College in Rome. To mark the Solemnity in 1998, the Rector gave the following homily during the Community Mass. That evening, he was to announce that it was his last Martyrs' Day as Rector.

In the year of Our Lord 1579, the twenty-third day of April, before the Most Reverend Master Speciano of Milan, and the Reverend Fathers John Cola, Provincial, and Robert Bellarmine of the Society of Jesus, it was enquired of all the under-written scholars, whether they are prepared to lead the ecclesiastical life, and to go into England howsoever often it shall seem good to the Superiors. And they answered as follows:

1. Fr Ralph Sherwin of the age of 29, a priest, studying sacred theology, said, and touching the Scriptures swore, that he was ready, and that rather today than tomorrow, at a sign from his superiors, to go into England for the helping of souls.

We all have our entry in the *Liber Ruber*, even if this first one will always remain probably the most famous of all. Happily, of our first martyr, we do have enough historical details to be able to paint a picture of his character and his life. It is important, I think, that our martyrs are not simply names on a plaque or figures in a painting or a stained-glass window, but real, historical characters, human flesh and blood that we can relate to, and take as a real example and inspiration. At the time of his leaving Rome, Ralph Sherwin was described as:

About 30 years of age. Tall of stature and slender – his face lean. His beard of flaxen colour cut short and little hair, and none on his cheeks.

Earlier at Oxford, he had indeed been a lively character, very clever, the life and soul of Exeter College, a promising career in front of him due to good connections. However, in 1575 he embraced Catholicism, and, leaving his Oxford life behind him, he went to Douai to study for the priesthood. Ordained in 1577, he came to Rome as part of the first group of students of the newly-founded English College. Here, Sherwin's lively character was soon in evidence, leading the student revolt against the Welsh Rector, Dr Morys Clynnog. At one level, the revolt was about typical student jealousies and prejudice:

If a Welshman come, whether he have any learning or no, he is a Welshman and he must be entertained... and many nights he must have the Welshman in his chamber where they must be merry at their good cheer; we alas sit in our studies and have an ill supper,

because Master Dr Rector wasteth our Commons upon his own countrymen, so that we must be content with a snatch and a way. If there be one bed better than another, the Welshman must lodge there; in brief, the things of most account are at the Welshman's command. This maketh many of us wish ourselves Welshmen, because we would gladly have so good provision as they.

But, at a more profound level, Sherwin's revolt was far more serious. It was a question of how Catholic priests should respond to Elizabethan England and Wales: should they simply remain on the Catholic continent, peacefully leading their priestly lives until the political situation at home should change and allow them to return to practise their Faith there once more, or should they be willing to return clandestinely to England and face the possibility of persecution in order to minister to the Catholics and keep alive the flame of faith?

Sherwin's missionary view prevailed with Pope Gregory XIII, and it was an obvious choice to call in the Society of Jesus to inspire this vision among the College students. It found a famous response when Sherwin was asked to swear the Missionary Oath:

He was prepared, today rather than tomorrow, to set out for England to help souls, at the will of his superiors.

And so in 1580 he set out for England. He stayed in Milan and preached before St Charles Borromeo. He stayed in Geneva and disputed with Protestants. He stayed in Paris awaiting the moment to cross the channel. There, young priests had to leave off their cassocks and put on disguise for their return home. Sherwin wrote to a friend:

Well, my loving friend Ralph, even while I wrote these letters, came in Mr Paschal with the frip to frenchify me. Oh, miserable time when a priest must counterfeit a cutter: God give us still priests' minds, for we go far astray from the habit here. Mr Pascal crieth, 'You will never be handsome', and I tell him there was never a priest handsome in this attire. Thus, for Christ, we put ourselves in colours.

St Ralph's ministry was effective but short. Within a few months, he was arrested in the London home of Nicholas Roscarrock – a faithful Cornish Catholic – and was imprisoned first at Marshalsea and then in the Tower of London. Here he entered the school of holiness as he was both tortured and enticed to deny his Catholic faith.

His brother John wrote:

He had been twice racked, and the latter time he lay five days and nights without any food or speaking to anybody. All of which time he lay, as he thought in a sleep, before Our Saviour on the Cross.

His trial was short, and a foregone conclusion. He was found guilty of treason and condemned to death, along with Edmund Campion and Alexander Briant:

Ye shall be drawn through the open city of London upon hurdles to the place of execution, and there be hanged and let down alive, and your privy parts cut off, and your entrails taken out and burnt in your sight; then your heads be cut off, and your bodies to be divided

into four parts, to be disposed of at Her Majesty's pleasure. And God have mercy on your souls.

His last days in the Tower bear witness to the holiness of the man. On 30 November 1581, he wrote his final letter, to his uncle, Fr John Woodward, in Rouen:

This very morning, which is the festival day of St Andrew, I was informed by superior authority, that tomorrow I was to end the course of this life. God grant that I may do it, to the imitation of this noble Apostle and servant of God, and that with joy I may say, rising off the hurdle, *Salve Sancta Crux...* In the mean season, God forgive all injustice and, if it be his blessed will, to convert our persecutors, that they may become professors of his truth.

The following day, together with his noble companions, Sherwin was drawn through the streets of London to Tyburn and execution. On the scaffold he was accused of being a traitor, and was called on to pray for the Queen. His response was clear:

If to be a Catholic only, if to be a perfect Catholic, is to be a traitor, then I am a traitor. I forgive all who procured my death. I pray for Elizabeth, the Queen; I now at this instant pray my Lord God to make her his servant in this life, and, after this life, co-heir with Jesus Christ.

As the cart on which he was standing was pulled away, and he was left hanging on the gibbet, St Ralph made his final prayer:

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, be to me a Jesus!

At one level, our lives today are much easier. Let there be no doubt: to make the ultimate sacrifice is not easy. The martyrs did have, though, one advantage over us. For them, it was clear what had to be done:

If anyone wants to be a follower of mine,
let him renounce himself
and take up his Cross every day and follow me (Lk 9:23).

We live in so different times: a time when it is unfashionable to have religious certainties, where truth is relative and what I take it to be, where there are no answers to the ultimate questions. Thus today, to be a Catholic priest is no longer treason – it is irrelevant. Our Lord invites each disciple to renounce himself and take up his cross – *his* cross. There is a different one for each person. Ours is different from the martyrs', but it is no less real, even if it is less painful. But it will be the right cross for us: right for achieving our sanctification, right for leading others to the knowledge and love of our crucified Saviour, if only we can carry it faithfully and perseveringly to the end.

In this, may St Ralph Sherwin and our College Martyrs inspire us, and pray for us.

Mons. Adrian Toffolo
Rector

Readers may not be aware that there is a proper Second Reading for the Office of Readings, and a proper concluding prayer for all the Liturgies of the Hours for the Solemnity of St Ralph Sherwin and Companions, Martyrs of the Venerable English and Welsh College. The concluding prayer is also used as the opening prayer for the celebration of Mass.

1 December

Saint Ralph Sherwin and Companions

Priests and Martyrs of the Venerable English and Welsh College in Rome

For the Solemnity, the proper texts for Mass and the Divine Office are taken from the Common of Several Martyrs (Outside the Easter Season).

Office of Readings

Psalms 2 and 32(33) are recited. The First Reading is taken from Wisdom 3:1-15, if Martyrs' Day falls in Advent, or from Romans 8:18-39, if it falls in Ordinary Time. The Second Reading is as follows:

A reading from the two letters of Saint Ralph Sherwin to his uncle and friends.

After many conflicts, mixed with spiritual consolations and Christian comforts, it hath pleased God of his infinite mercy, to call me out of this vale of misery. To him, therefore, for all his benefits, at all times and for ever be all praise and glory!

Your tender care always had over me, and cost bestowed on me, I trust in heaven shall be rewarded. My prayers you have still had; other tokens of a grateful mind I could not show by reason of my restrained necessity.

This very day, which is the festival of Saint Andrew, I was informed by superior authority that tomorrow I was to end the course of this life. God grant that I may do it to the imitation of this noble Apostle and servant of God, and that with joy I may say, rising off the hurdle, *Salve Sancta Crux!*

Truth it is, I had hoped ere this, casting off this body of death, to have kissed the precious glorified wounds of my sweet Saviour, sitting in the throne of his Father's own glory. Which desire, as I trust, descending from above, hath so quieted my mind, that, since the judicial sentence proceeded against us, neither the sharpness of the death hath much terrified me, nor the shortness of life much troubled me.

My sins are great, I confess, but I flee to God's mercy; my negligences are without number, I grant, but I appeal to my Redeemer's clemency. I have no boldness but in his Blood. His bitter passion is my only consolation. It is comfortable that the prophet hath recorded that he hath written us in his hands. Oh! That he would vouchsafe to write himself in our hearts; how joyful should we then appear before the tribunal seat of his Father's glory, the dignity whereof, when I think of it, my flesh quaketh, not sustaining, by reason of mortal infirmity, the presence of my Creator's majesty.

Our Lord perfect us to that end whereunto we were created, that, leaving this world, we may live in him, and of him, world without end. God grant us humility, that we, following his footsteps, may obtain victory.

Prayers for my soul procure for me, my loving patron: and so, having great need to prepare myself for God, never quieter in mind, nor less troubled towards God, binding all my iniquities up in his precious wounds, I bid you farewell; yea, and once again, the lovingest uncle that ever a kinsman had in this world, farewell.

God grant us both his grace and blessing until the end, that, living in his great fear and dying in his favour, we may enjoy the other for ever. Salute all my fellow Catholics. And so, without further troubling you, my sweetest benefactor, farewell.

The Responsory is as follows:

R./ God looks on, his angels look on, Christ, too, looks on as we struggle and strive in the contest of faith. * What great dignity and glory are ours, what happiness to join battle in the presence of God, and to be crowned by Christ, the Judge!

V./ Let us be armed with a great determination and be prepared to face the combat, pure in heart, sound in faith and full of courage. * What great dignity and glory are ours, what happiness to join battle in the presence of God, and to be crowned by Christ, the Judge!

The Te Deum is said, followed by the Concluding Prayer.

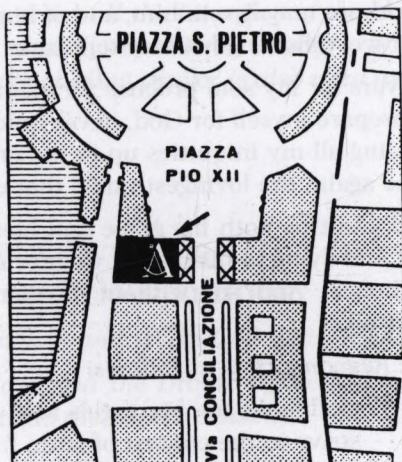
Prayer

O God,
who honoured this family with the glorious martyrdom
of Saint Ralph Sherwin and his companions,
grant that we, who follow in his footsteps here on earth,
may be found worthy to be crowned with him in heaven.

We ask this through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son,
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

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Namboboto – Health Care in Kenya

It is 6.00 a.m. I know it is 6.00 a.m., as I can hear my ‘alarm clock’ crowing immediately outside my bedroom window! This is a role he has offered and regularly continued since I started this job in February 1998. I manage to extricate myself from my mosquito net and walk outside my bedroom into the early morning sunshine. The sun is, as usual, shining, and, with the temperature about 20 degrees centigrade plus a light cool breeze, it provides a pleasing atmosphere in which I can sit on my veranda to say my morning prayers and watch the village come to life! Having lit my kerosene stove, I boil the kettle and make a cup of tea to accompany these early moments.

The village is called Namboboto, and it is situated in the far west of Kenya, approximately 20 miles north of Lake



The original water supply – part of the daily duties of a nurse aide.

Victoria and 2 miles from the Ugandan border. It is an isolated and under-serviced rural area, with an estimated population of 10,000 people. I am employed to run the only Health Centre in this area. It is a mission centre, and it has been in existence since 1984. Besides myself, there is one Kenyan enrolled community nurse, two nurse aides, a laboratory technician and a night watchman. The health status of the people is poor, mostly due to the inadequate diet, but aggravated by some traditional cultures, which adversely affect the women and children in particular.

Just before 8.00, a young man appears at my door to say there is a ‘sick Mama’ for me to see. It appears that he is the son of this lady, and has brought her because she has been bleeding for seven

days with spasmodic pains. We go over to the Health Centre, where the two nurse aides have arrived. The ‘Mama’ is examined, and it would appear that she is having a miscarriage. She is 37 years old, and this will be her tenth pregnancy; three of her children have died, and she is not keen for a further baby. Soon, some young mothers arrive with their babies for the child welfare clinic; this



Local school children bringing rocks to 'school' for the base of the tank.

includes a weight check, vaccinations and general health advice. Once a week, we offer an education session for any mothers or child carers, to help them understand more the needs of an adequate diet and cleanliness. Gradually, the morning progresses, with a variety of patients. These vary from accidents (mostly from bicycle crashes), to dysentery and gastro-enteritis, to gross anaemia, and the ever-present malaria.

By 12 noon, we are thirsty and, as we have no electricity, one of the nurse aides lights the kerosene stove and boils the kettle for tea. There is no running water in the village, and one of the duties of the nurse aides is to collect all our water



The women bringing water for the river to make concrete. This went on for five days!

for drinking and cleaning from the bore hole. This is then carried on their heads in five-gallon drums to the Health Centre, where, needless to say, it is used with great care. It is certain that living in this environment has taught me just how valuable and necessary water is, and how wasteful we are in the Western world! Our tea is enjoyed – in a few spare minutes between patients – sitting on the veranda, out of the sun which is now about 38 degrees centigrade!



Taking shape – the inside.

At 1.30 p.m., Boaz the Chief arrives to see how we are, and if there are any problems. There is a committee of about twelve retired businessmen who oversee the running of the Centre, and usually one of them calls in to see if there is anything we need, which is always very supportive and welcome. There is some commotion, and a bicycle appears with a home-made chair strapped to the luggage rack at the back (this is a 'bush ambulance'); in the chair is an elderly lady, who appears unconscious. The lady is lifted down and carried into the Centre where she is placed on a bed; it soon becomes apparent that she has been

NAMBOBOTO HEALTH CENTRE – AN APPEAL

The Health Centre is in constant need of funds.

With the help of the staff and students of the College, among others, we have recently been able to build a water tank, as illustrated in the photographs which accompany this article.

However, there are many other needs.

If you would like more information, or if you can support this important and life-saving endeavour, please contact:

**Mary-Jane Butler,
Namboboto Health Centre,
PO Box 35, Funyula, Western Province, Kenya**

Thank you for your support



Putting up the new guttering.

bitten by a snake on her leg. After some discussion, we discover that no one is sure which type of snake it was, or even what it looked like!! Therefore, we administer some general anti-venom treatment to the patient, and keep her in for observation – she is well enough to return home within a couple of hours.

The afternoon is busy with the ante-natal clinic, plus one lady who thought she was in labour, but it turned out to be a false alarm. By 5.15 p.m., we have cleaned and tidied the Centre, and I am back in my house soon afterwards. I make a cup of tea on my kerosene stove, and sit on my veranda to relax for ten minutes. As it is always dark by 7.00 p.m., I need to complete most of my jobs before then, as it is not easy to see by candle and kerosene light!

I then walk over to the market place; this consists of a few wooden shacks, and one or two concrete dukas which sell *very little!* However, I manage to buy a few vegetables and enough eggs to make an omelette, which I will cook on my *jiko*

(charcoal cooker) after dark and eat accompanied by a glass of wine from a wine box which has been carried all the way from Kisumu. I shall spend the evening sitting outside, listening to the evening sounds of crickets, frogs and bats. By 8.00 p.m., Moses, my nightwatchman, will have arrived



Final touches – the tap is fitted so that we can get the water!

and we will have our English lesson before I retire for the night at about 9.00 p.m., hopefully to a good night's sleep with no emergency calls.

And so ends another day in the African bush!

Mary-Jane Butler

The Latin Slabs of the Main Corridor: The Latin Texts and a Translation

Above the Church Doors

SS. TRINITATI
NEC NON S. THOMAE CANTVAR.
HANC ECCLESIAM
NOVO APPARATV QUO APTIVS SACRA CONFICERENTVR INSTRVCTAM
RODOLPHO SHERWIN CD ANTE ANNOS MARTYRE FACTO
AGNELLVS ANDREW EP. TIT. NVMANEN.
GEORGIO HAY RECTORE
KAL. DEC. A. S. MCMLXXXI
DEDICAVIT

On 1 December 1981, 400 years after the martyrdom of Ralph Sherwin, and while George Hay was Rector, Agnellus Andrew, Titular Bishop of Numana, dedicated this Church, endowed with new fittings for a better celebration of the Holy Rites, to the Most Holy Trinity and St Thomas of Canterbury.

Between the Church and the Sacristy

PIO XII PONT. MAX.
VENERABILE COLLEGIVM ANGLORVM
MENSE MAIO MCMXL
VNIVERSALI ALTERO SAEVIENTE BELLO
ITERVM EXSVL
A PROVINCIA ANGLICA SOCIETATIS IESV
HOSPITALITER EXCEPTVUM
ET AB APOSTOLICA SEDE PRIVILEGIO DONATUM
VNIV. GREGORAINAE GRADVS PROCVL CONSEQVENDI
ACADEMICAM SERVAVIT VITAM
AC PACE RESTITVUTA
EODEM RECTORE IOANNE MACMILLAN
CUM EXSVLIBVS NOVISQVE ALVMNIS
MENSE OCTOBRI MCMXLVI
IN VRBEM TANDEM REVERSVM
TANTORVM BENEFICIORVM PERPETVO MEMOR
P.

When Pius XII was Supreme Pontiff, the Venerable English College, which in May 1940, when the Second World War was raging, was again sent in exile, and which was received with hospitality by the English Province of the Society of Jesus, and endowed by the Holy See with the privilege of continuing to acquire degrees from the Gregorian University, maintained its academic life, and when peace was restored, and having finally returned to the City [of Rome] with both the exiled and the new students under the same Rector John Macmillan, in October 1946, set up this slab in perennial memory of so many benefits.

On the Left of the Staircase

HONORI

LEONIS XII PONT. MAX

OPTIMI ET INDULGENTISSIMI PRINCIPIS

QUOD IV KAL. NOV. AN. MDCCCXXVII

ALUMNOS COLLEGII ANGLORUM

PORTIODUNI RUSTICANTES

LIBENS INVISERIT

IN CONVIVIVM ADHIBUERIT

OMNIQUE COMITATE COMPLEXUS SIT

ROBERTUS GRADWELL RECTOR COLLEGII

ET IIDEM ALUMNI

V. E. PLACIDO ZURLA CARD. PATRONO SUFFRAGANTE

DEVOTI GRATIQUE ANIMI MONUMENTUM

DEDICAVERUNT

To the honour of Leo XII, Supreme Pontiff and most good and kind prince, who on 29 October 1827, willingly visited the students of the English College [who were] having their vacation at Monte Porzio, ate with them and gracefully received them. With the support of His Eminence Placido Zurla, Cardinal Patron, Robert Gradwell, Rector of the College, and the students, devoutly and gratefully dedicated this memorial.

On the Right of the Refectory Doors

PIO IX PONT. MAX.

QVOD DIE AVSPICATISSIMO

IV. KAL. FEBR. M. DCCC. LVI

COLLEGIA ANGLICVM ET PIVM

EADEM IN DOMO IVSSV EIVS CONIVNCTA

ADSPECTV MAIESTATIS SVAE RECREAVERIT

ROBERTVS CORNTHWAITE VTRIVSQ. COLLEG. RECTOR

LVDOVICVS ENGLISH COLLEG. PII MODERATOR

ALVMNIQUE VNIVERSI

GRATI ANIMI ERGO

P. C.

To Pius IX, Supreme Pontiff, who on the most special day of 29 January 1861, recreated¹ with the majesty of his appearance the English College and the

Collegium Pium united by his own decree in one and the same House. Robert Cornthwaite, Rector of both Collegés, Louis English, Head of the *Collegium Pium*, and all the students with gratitude to [the Holy Father] took care to erect [this memorial].

On the Left of the Refectory Doors

GREGORIVS XIII PONT MAX
HVIVS ANGLORVM COLLEGII FVNDATOR
AC PARENS OPTIMVS
ALUMNOS SVOS CHRISTO COMMENDAT
VT QVOS IN ANGLIAM AD DEI DEFENSIONEM MITTIT
ADVERSVS HOSTIVM INSIDIAS ATQVE TORMENTA
DIVINA VIRTVDE CONFIRMET
QVA FRETI IAM ALIQVOT
PRO CATHOLICA ROMANA ECCLESIA
FORTITER OCCVBVERVNT
PHILIPPVS BONCOMPAGNVS S. R. E. CARD.
TIT. S. SIXTI
EIVSDEM PONT. FRATRIS FILIVS
COLLEGII PROTECTOR ET BENEFACITOR MVNIFICENTISSIMVS
IDEM A DEO PRECATVR

Gregory XIII, Supreme Pontiff, founder and most excellent father of this English College, commends his students to Christ, in order that those whom he sends to England for the defence of God he may strengthen against the snares and torments of the enemies with that divine power encouraged¹ by which some have already bravely died for the Roman Catholic Church. Philip Boncompagni, Cardinal of Holy Roman Church of the title of St Sixtus, son of the brother of the same Pontiff, Protector of the College and most generous benefactor prays God for the same [intention].

Above the Martyrs' Chapel Doors

SODALITIVM HOC CLEMENS XI P. O. M.
PRÆSENTLÆ SVÆ MAIESTATE ILLVSTRAVIT
ET POST SACRORVM PEDVM OSCVLA
ALVMNOS AD OMNEM PIETATEM
ALLOQVIO INFLAMMAVIT
XXVIII DECEMBER MDCCI

On 28 December 1701, Clement XI, Most Good Supreme Pontiff, graced [lightened up] this Sodality [Chapel] with the majesty of his presence and, after the kiss of the sacred feet, with his words enflamed the students in the pursuit of every piety.

On the Left of the Martyrs' Chapel Doors

QVOD IN DEI LAVDEM CEDAT ET REI CHRISTIANAE BENE VERTAT

ANNO MDCCCLXX

QVO CONCILIO MAGNO VATICANO ADERANT EX ANGLIA

HENRICVVS EDVARDVS MANNING ARCHIEP. WESTMONASTERIEN.
GVILELMVS BERNARDVS VLLATHORNE O.S.B. EP. BIRMINGHAMIEN.
THOMAS GRANT EP. SVTHWARCEN.
GVILELMVS TVRNER EP. SALFORDEN.
IACOBVS BROWN EP. SALOPIEN.
RICHARDVS ROSKELL EP. NOTTINGHAMIEN.
GVILELMVS VAUGHAN EP. PLYMVTHEN.
GVILELMVS CLIFFORD EP. CLIFTONIEN.
FRANCISCVS KERRIL AMHERST EP. NORTHANTONIEN.
ROBERTVS CORNTHWAITE EP. BEVERLACEN.
IACOBVS CHADWICK EP HAGVLSTADEN. ET NOVOCASTREN.

NONIS MARTIIS

PIVS IX PONT. MAX

AEDES H. SVBIIT

THOMAM GRANT EP. SVTHWARCEN.

GRAVI MORBO LABORANTEM INVISIT SOLATVS EST
MOLITIONEM NOVAE AEDIS S. THOMAE CANTVARIEN. EP. MARTYRIS
INSPEXIT PROBAVIT

COLLEGIIS ANGLO ET PIO FAVSTA A DEO PRECATVS EST
QVAE OPTIMI PRINCIPIS ET PARENTIS INDVLGENTISSIMI BENEFICIA
HENRICVS O'CALLAGHAN RECTOR COLLEGIOR. ANGLI ET PII
POSTERITATI COMMENDAVIT
HANNIBALE CAPALTIO CARDINALI PATRONO

That it may be to the praise of God, and result to the good of Christianity, in the year 1870, when from England were present for the Great Vatican Council,

Henry Edward Manning, Archbishop of Westminster,
William Bernard Ullathorne O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham,
Thomas Grant, Bishop of Southwark,
William Turner, Bishop of Salford,
James Brown, Bishop of Shrewsbury,
Richard Roskell, Bishop of Nottingham,
William Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth,
William Clifford, Bishop of Clifton,
Francis Kerril Amherst, Bishop of Northampton,
Robert Cornthwaite, Bishop of Beverley,
James Chadwick, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle,

on 7 March, Pius IX, Supreme Pontiff, came to this building, visited and comforted Thomas Grant, Bishop of Southwark, who was suffering from a grave sickness, inspected and approved the building of the new Church of St Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop and Martyr, asked of God the choicest graces for the

English College and the *Collegium Pium*. Which graces of the such an excellent prince and most kind father, Henry O'Callaghan, Rector of the English College and the *Collegium Pium*, under the patronage of Cardinal Hannibale Capaltio, commended to posterity.

On the Right of the Church Doors

DIE VI DECEMBRIS MCMLXXIX
COMPLETO QVARTO SAECVLO
AB HOC VENERABILI COLLEGIO FVNDATO
SVMVVS PONTIFEX JOANNES PAVLVS II
PATERNVN AMOREM CVRAMQVE DEMONSTRANS
COLLEGIVM BENIGNE INGRESSVS, MISSAM CELEBRAVIT
LAETOS ALVMNOS SAVTAVIT, IN REFECTORIO CENAVIT
FAVSTISSIMI EVENTVS HOC MEMORIALE
GEORGIVS A. HAY RECTOR
ERIGENDVM CVRAVIT

On 6 December 1979, four centuries having passed from the foundation of this Venerable College, the Supreme Pontiff John Paul II, showing paternal love and care, kindly came to the College, celebrated Mass, greeted the delighted students, dined in the refectory. George A. Hay, Rector, took care to erect this memorial of the happy event.

Mons. Charles Scicluna

Mons. Charles Scicluna is Substitute Promoter of Justice at the Supreme Tribunal of the Apostolic Segnatura.

1. This could be better translated as 'inspired' or 'comforted'.
2. Instead of 'encouraged', one could translate 'spurred'.

Ut Unum Sint!

Some of you may have visited the hill town of Anagni, south of Rome, as I have done on two occasions, most recently last week. It is the town where many a pope resided, and where four of the thirteenth century popes were actually born.

A visit to the Palace of the Popes in Via Vittorio Emanuele brings one into contact with Gregory IX (1227-41), a great friend of St Dominic and St Francis, and his immediate successor, Alexander IV (1254-61), who canonised St Clare of Assisi.

Flanking these two chronologically are Innocent III (1198-1216), often described as the 'one born to rule'; he was the one who took to himself the title 'Vicar of Christ'. He also instituted the Latin Patriarchate in Constantinople after the Fourth Crusade – an event which certainly cemented the rupture of Christendom into East and West – and also, at the Fourth Lateran Council (1215), called for a crusade against Islam.

On the other flank is Boniface VIII (1294-1303). The Palace of the Popes in Anagni to which we are referring is known as the palace of Boniface VIII. Highly relevant among the many distinctions that came his way is his authorship of the famous document *Unam Sanctam*, in which he declared that all people, in order to obtain salvation, must be subject to the Roman Pontiff.

By way of interesting contrast, just across the street from the palace, not one hundred yards away and in the shadow of the rather wonderful and very ancient cathedral, is Piazza Innocenzo III. In one corner of it is the studio of the 93-year-old Tomasso Gismondi, also born in Anagni, and still living there.

He is a widely admired artist, internationally known and respected. Twenty-six of his creations are in the Vatican, including the massive bronze doors of the Vatican Library. His works around Rome include the statues of Ss Peter and Paul at Castel Gandolfo, and another in the orange grove at Santa Sabina on the Aventine hill in Rome itself.

One day he was asked about his religion; he responded, rather unlike his neighbours of six or more centuries earlier:

I have a profound belief in God, but my faith is the faith of the uncultured, the faith of simple folk who love the few essential things in the Catholic creed.

As I stood at the bar in the same piazza, I came to realise that I had just had two insightful experiences of the one Church that I love. In the house of Boniface, I saw the very complicated Church of the centuries, the Church in its *universality*, in its headship. I saw a Church grappling with weighty matters, about what to teach about salvation, or how to conduct itself in relation to other religions, about its involvement in politics, and the balances and checks in the power games. In addition, I thought about how some teachings and practices have tumbled and rumbled down the centuries.

Opposite, I met one expression of the *local* Church, embodied in the uncomplicated life of the artist and the artisan, who is clearly a man of God and a man of the earth. 'What does it mean to create a work of art?' he was asked, and it was almost as a theologian that he answered:

I do not feel I am a creator, as much as an interpreter. Art is my whole life, but it is also a mystery. See my work and you know me, and in it, you see God.

Tommaso's use of the word 'mystery' with respect to his work stays with me. I must admit, 'mystery' is the word that enables me to link both sides of Via Vittorio Emanuele, straddled as it is by almost contrasting expressions of the Church. In the link, we recognise the divine and the human, a long history and a present, the universal and the local, the graces and the smudges, the heroics and the scandals. Nevertheless, one can conclude that not only does Tommaso's work contain a mystery, but so does the Church.

Paul VI, in his opening address at the second session of the Second Vatican Council in September 1963, said exactly that:

The Church is a mystery. It is a reality imbued with the hidden presence of God.

The divine and the human mingle in her: sometimes, the divine pulse is particularly evident, but at other times, and more obviously, the human – indeed human sinfulness – prevails. In this Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, we are particularly conscious of the sin that caused the Assyrians and the Oriental



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Orthodox to become isolated Christian communities in the fifth century, rendering them subject to hundreds of years of misunderstanding. We are conscious, too, of the eleventh century splitting of Christianity into two wings – East and West – and the ongoing disengagement from one another. We remain saddened at the sixteenth century fracturing of the Western Church, and the subsequent birth of Protestantism and Anglicanism, and, since then, the huge multiplication of communities which call themselves ‘Christian’, down to the present day.

Staying with that word ‘mystery’, I am reminded of Herbert McCabe, a great Dominican preacher in Britain. In particular, I am reminded of his explanation of ‘mystery’:

Mystery is about what shows itself, but not easily.

Is that not the Church? In her, the divine presence is real, but so often becomes concealed. The gifts of unity and catholicity, especially, are equally real, but are rendered obscure.

Tommaso Gismondi claimed not to be a creator, but an interpreter of the human mystery and its mingling with the divine. His interpretation is expressed in art. As ministers of the Church, our task is not to recreate her, but to enter the depth of her mystery – and interpret it.

History tells us of the various attempts to re-create the Church; it tells us of the sinfulness from within the Church which accompanied such events. Sadly, even now, people can still misrepresent the Church:

- When they act as if the Church does not exist, putting her aside, seeing their spirituality and their journey into holiness in extremist Protestant terms, by way of a private line to God.
- Or when they so misinterpret and misunderstand the Church’s nature and purpose that they displace servanthood in her and for her, in favour of ambition, clerical ambition, working out an ecclesiastical career which is defined by power and status.
- Or when they become disillusioned with the Church because of lost personal opportunities, or because she seems not to be meeting the needs of the times as urgently as they might demand.

If we are to be interpreters of the Church’s mystery, it means that we need firstly to fall in love with her in order to be faithful to her. We are invited to enter an ever-deepening meditative relationship with her.

We have all meditated on the Blessed Trinity, on God the Creator, on the Incarnation and the Redemption, on the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Spirit, on the Blessed Virgin Mary, the martyrs and the saints we think about often. In addition, grace, forgiveness and the virtues are not insignificant in our lives. However, do we arrive at all these in and through the church? Furthermore, when last was she – the Church – the subject of our reflection, of our contemplation?

There is no harm in the Church’s ministers talking back to the Church, saying to her: *Unitatis Redintegratio* – renew yourself! There is very good reason for the Church’s ministers, prayerfully reflecting on the strengths and weaknesses of the

Orthodox and Catholics, of the Lutherans and Reformed, and of the radical communities arising out of the Reformation and the Anglican Communion, to say about them and to them: *Ut Unum Sint* – may they be one! It is a sign of growth into the mystery of the Church when we can become immersed in her and confidently gaze from her upon the mass of human beings and say to them: *Dignitatis Humanae* – we respect and honour your human journey and your religious choices. We can say again to them: *Nostra Aetate* – that indeed, we seek to walk and work alongside you in making the world a more appropriate reflection of our one Creator.

My last thought returns to Tommaso Gismondi, when he said:

I have seen people stand before my works and give thanks to God. I was very moved to see that.

Priests, I like to think, are icons of the Church, and when people stand before their priests, may they be led to give thanks to God for his Church.

Frederick Bliss, S.M.

Frederick Bliss, S.M., lectures in ecumenical theology at the Pontifical University of St Thomas Aquinas (the Angelicum). Ut Unum Sint was given as a spiritual conference in the College on 22 January 1999, during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity.



A few days previously, on Tuesday 19 January, Geoffrey Mumford, one of the College's two Anglican exchange students, gave the following address during the celebration of Vespers. It is based on John 17:20-23.

Only 346 days to go! The end of the millennium is fast approaching.

There is much hope among Christians around the world that the third Christian millennium will see further great strides being made towards unity. Indeed, we hope that the Lord's own prayer, 'that they may all be one' (Jn 17:21), will be fulfilled, and that the followers of Jesus Christ will be united in common witness, 'so that the world may know' (Jn 17:23), by the witness of Christians, that

God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life (Jn 3:16).

In his encyclical letter, *Ut Unum Sint*, Pope John Paul II writes about the origins of the ecumenical movement in mission:

It can be said that the ecumenical movement in a certain sense was born out of the negative experience of each one of those who, in proclaiming the one Gospel, appealed to his own Church or Ecclesial Community. This was a contradiction which could not escape those who listened to the message of salvation and found in this fact an obstacle to acceptance of the Gospel. Regrettably, this grave obstacle has not been overcome.¹

There is only one God. There is only one salvation, through Jesus Christ. The Christian Gospel should be the same no matter who proclaims it. Christianity is a way of life, lived out in the community of faith.

In the scripture reading, Jesus has moved from praying for his twelve disciples to praying for all who believe in him – those who believe he is who he has claimed to be; the Son is begging his Father that all believers may be one.

However, 'being one' does not mean, 'all being the same'. God created humanity comprised of individuals; he created many different kinds of people, no two of whom are identical and all of whom have different ways of relating to God. We just need to look around us!

I have learnt a great deal since arriving at the English College. Every time we meet together for worship, be it for Mass or for the Divine Office, we worship Jesus Christ. The style of worship here is different from that at St John's College, Nottingham; indeed, it is often very different! Nevertheless, it is not *how* we worship that is important, but *whom* we worship, and we worship Jesus Christ, who is the centre of the Christian faith. I can and do worship him to his glory here, just as I do back in Nottingham.

The ecumenical movement focuses on the unity, the 'oneness' we have in Jesus Christ as the centre of our faith. Jesus prays that we, believers in him, will live as one, as the foundation of unity. It will only be from a position of unity that we can effectively proclaim the message of salvation. How this proclamation is done is not important. What is important is that the proclamation draws people to Jesus Christ, as Lord and Saviour; otherwise, a contradictory message is heard and the task of proclamation given us by our Lord will contain an obstacle to the acceptance of faith.

Without all being one in common witness, what can we present to the world? Surely only a divided, hurting Church, just like the world to which we are supposed to offer an alternative. Christ's mission will not be effective unless we work together.

This week of prayer for Christian unity is only seven days – seven days during which we can focus wholly on the theme of unity. However, it should not end there, because if we want to be effective in our proclamation of the Gospel, we need to be effective in our visible unity. We need to continue in praying through the Holy Spirit, for that unity, which is the most powerful witness to what we as Christians believe. Not only that, but it is our Lord's will that we should not be divided, but that we 'may all be one'.

The third millennium could be different for the world.

Geoffrey Mumford

Geoffrey is training at St John's College, Nottingham, for ministry in the Diocese of Birmingham (Church of England).

1. JOHN PAUL II, Encyclical Letter *Ut Unum Sint*, 25 May 1995, Rome, Libreria Editrice Vaticana, 1995, n. 23, 29.

The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

The area around St John's Cathedral, Salford, forms a strange enclave. This is not defined by a bend in the river Irwell, or by any other geographical feature, but by a section of its population. Poor, broad-spoken and seemingly dower, these people have been little touched by the modern world. They are the match-stalk mill workers of L. S. Lowry grown old.

One, in a vest and dirty old jacket, used to empty the bins and set the chairs out in the church. I think he was slightly embarrassed when I visited him in his badly neglected council house. He had been lucky once and won a Las Vegas style bedroom in a competition. It was all padded pink plush – and he lay dying in the middle of it, still in the vest and dirty jacket. Above the bed there were two pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, one with eyes piously looking left, and the other with eyes piously looking right. In between, and the object of their gaze was a picture of a wide-eyed fluffy cat wearing a big red bow. The Asian doctor sitting on the bed taking a pulse, looked up confused at this panoply of heresy: two equal persons and a cat. Probably, like many of us, he dismissed the whole thing as sentimental superstition.

Even so, when we have finished criticising the kitsch pictures of immigrant homes, when we have aired our sociological explanations of this now dated devotion, when we've dismissed the mechanical attitude to grace of the people of the nine first Fridays, the words of Jesus in tonight's Gospel bring us up short:

I bless you, Father, Lord of heaven and of earth, for hiding these things from the learned and the clever and revealing them to mere children (Mt 11:25).

I do not mean to suggest that these words sanction any barmy devotion; rather, in the context of this Feast they expose clever explanations and sophisticated theology which rests on deductive argument. At the heart of it all is an experience which defies articulation, a knowledge that cannot be expressed in propositions, and a love which cannot be contained by reason. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the place from which we draw water, the well which, as Karl Rahner, S.J., says, prevents us from withering away in a rationalist desert, reduced to knowing nothing more of the mystery of our existence than can be said in explicit concepts. To have a true devotion to the Sacred Heart is to seek a more original experience – a primitive, wordless encounter with God's love made visible in a human heart.

Rather than deciding that this devotion is a once popular piety which should be allowed to fade in the minds of the faithful so that new things more appropriate to our time may rise up, I think that this devotion should be reborn, shaped again

in the lives of secular priests. To model ourselves on the heart of Jesus would be to try to offer a 'source experience' of God's love, for which the world thirsts. The traditional image of Christ's heart shows a three-fold parallel with our priesthood: it has a secular orientation, it is publicly displayed, and it is always pierced.

Within the Church's liturgical year, the Solemnity of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus is the furthest outpost of the Easter mysteries of God's love. This Feast penetrates most deeply the ordinary time of our lives, the days of overburden and labour. On this day in the past, popes have consecrated the whole world to the heart of the Lord, just as Moses consecrated his people centuries before (cf. Deut 7:6-11). And, inexplicably, in all ages since, the heart of our Saviour has loved the world, despite its mess, indifference and sin. Christ shows a humble Heart, in that he is not standing over the world to condemn it, but coming into the world to love and serve. Based on his Heart, our priestly hearts should be truly secular: loving the world and not condemning – or displaying only the delimited duties of a sacred institution. For the people of the secular world, those who labour and are often overburdened, to come to us we must go among them gentle and humble in heart.

There is something exposed and public about the love of this Heart. It is not hidden for the few but is obvious and accessible to all: it is not the heart of a private person whose love life is no-one else's business. Jesus desired that knowledge of his Sacred Heart be spread throughout the world. This Heart is uncovered. Neither should the hearts of priests be masked by ecclesiastical trappings; rather, it must show forth an authentic love for people in the world.

Lastly, and most poignantly, this Heart is always pierced – wounded by obedience to sacrificial love. Each priest and future priest knows the point at which his heart is pierced: be it obedience or chastity or poverty. Whereas Christ's Heart was always pierced, ours so quickly heal over. For a priest to keep an open heart where people can find rest, demands vigilance and a constant desire to have a heart like the Heart of Jesus.

So, if you do not like the pictures, find the smile too sweet or the sentiment too much, seek to experience the fresh, wordless, inexplicable love that springs from that place and opens our hearts with his love for the world. Recognise that devotion to this Heart is crucial to priestly ministry if we are to show to the world that obedience to love is possible and liberating.

Rev. Philip Caldwell

Mary Ward: A Woman for Our Time

A small community of women, refugees from England because of their faith, were gathered in 1617 in the little Flemish town of St Omer to hear from a traveller newly returned from Rome. They were to hear how their work was being appraised in the Eternal City. Being appraised were Mary Ward's five companions living here in College property in Via Montoro. A Jesuit Father, Thomas Sackville, was also present. He made the ill-advised comment: 'When all is said and done, they are but women.' He went on to say that their first fervour would decay and their hair brained schemes would perish, or words to that effect.

This was the remark that elicited the often quoted and typically spirited reply of Mary Ward:

There is no such difference between men and women that women may not do great things. And I hope that in time to come, it will be seen that women can do much.

People have been tempted to portray Mary Ward as a seventeenth century Emmeline Pankhurst. This is to misunderstand her brand of feminism, which is theological and spiritual. She took her stand on the fact that equality between men and women exists because God believes in, and loves each one, male and female alike, and because it is God who initiates the relation with each human individual and prompts his or her response.

Some of you know the massive mediæval stone walls of York. They provide an apt image of Mary Ward, who was born, bred and buried in Yorkshire, and who found herself more often outside the walls than within them. The most painful episode of her life was to find herself imprisoned, accused of being a rebel, a heretic and schismatic by the Church she loved – and to whose interests she devoted her life. She had staunchly Catholic roots, and was passionately loyal to the Church and to the Pope. She would have suffered considerably less if she had not been.

Mary Ward was born on 23 January 1585 in Mulwith, near Ripon on the Newby Givendale estates. She was the eldest of six children. Because of the precarious position of Catholics in England and Wales at that time, she was reared in four different households – Selby, Holderness, Ripon and Hutton Rudby. She was fourteen months old when St Margaret Clitherow was put to death for her faith in York. Her grandmother, Ursula Wright, spent fourteen years in York Castle prison. Crippling fees for nonconformity were the order of the day. Her family did their best to avoid confrontation with the authorities, whilst endeavouring to hold on to their integrity. They learnt that Baptism sows the seed of vocation in all of us, and it requires much nurturing to stay attentive to that call throughout life – especially when our listening is uncertain. To embrace uncertainty, as Joanne Adams remarked in *The Tablet* a few years ago, 'rather than to flee from it for what seems safe, was the way Mary Ward was to follow'.

As a young girl of around fifteen, she had felt a strong and insistent pull of vocation in its widest sense, and this manifested itself in a call to the religious life.

However, she had to learn 'the freedom to refer all to God', especially in the midst of uncertainty and active opposition. Her parents would not consent to her wish to enter religious life: her father was convinced that she would serve the Catholic cause better by making a good marriage and raising a family. He tried to win her to this way of thinking by producing a series of eligible young men, but Mary remained adamant, although she did not find it easy. She knew that God was not calling her to the married state, and she could not yet see the possibility of a consecrated life of action lived contemplatively in the Ignatian way. She was searching. This was one of the many experiences she had of vocation as something not static, not safe, and not something which you have, or do not have. Rather, she discovered it to be quite the opposite – it is unsettling, risky and constantly evolving. She felt called to be part of something which at that point did not exist: an apostolic community of women, doing a job which was regarded as suspect, if not distinctly subversive. As in our own major decisions, she came to believe that God was calling her to begin something new 'by degrees', as she herself says. She considered the options and took action.

She had a trial period with the Poor Clares in Flanders. It gradually became clear to her – and then with even greater clarity one day as she was combing her hair – that this was not the way she was to live out her calling.

Two things happened to change her mind. She learned by a difficult experience of trial and error to trust her own spiritual experience. Like St Ignatius before her she had to discover for herself what was true and what was false, in the Spirit that moved within her, in the desires of her heart.

Unfortunate encounters with manipulative superiors and dominating spiritual directors had left her hesitant and unable to trust in her own judgement. But the overwhelming impact of her relationship with God, and her own good sense, prevailed. She learned to rely on the conviction that God loved her. Where fear made little impression, love urged her on to a greater generosity and deeper commitment. The conviction that she was loved by God and was called by God became stronger than any fear, either of taking risks or of incurring the condemnation of her contemporaries. At the heart of her encounter with God lies a repeated call to interior freedom – a freedom that was to liberate her mind and her heart from fear and disapproval and from clinging to false securities. Integrity and sincerity became her hallmark.

Her desires: there is one *Magnificat* tone used in the College which is like a waltz; in it, we sing, 'And my spirit thrills with joy in him who saves.' What a joy it is to be aware that the Father is continually drawing each one of us to himself in and through Jesus Christ. God reveals himself in our feelings as much as he does in clear and distinct ideas.

If we want to find God more intimately, we must let him draw us at the very core of our being. Here we recognise God's ceaseless invitation to come closer, to be more like him, to be at one with him. We are also conscious of our resistance to him. Which of my feelings and moods are leading away from God? Which of my feelings and moods are leading me to God? These are not feelings on the surface, but movements deep in our hearts, where God has placed his Word. Some moments of renewed conviction can be described as a deep-felt personal experience of faith; these are times when we surrender to God. To begin with there may be fear, as we see so often in Scripture; for example, I was filled with

fear when I was ill, but peace and joy eventually told me that God makes his home in me and I make my home in him. Of course, the Eucharist is the way of knowing my true self: as we try to live out our complete surrender to God, we have this daily intimate, holy communion with Christ. It takes time, and it took time with Mary Ward.

Two years later, she received the light for which she had been praying. The members of this new Institute were to be free from enclosure walls; they were to be mobile, and at liberty to work where they discerned the greater need, among any folk, anywhere. They were to be formed by the Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius. This prepared them to pray when and where opportunity offered, freed from singing divine office in choir. A storm of protest broke out from most quarters of the Church; they were 'gadabouts', 'Jesuitesses', 'galloping girls', etc. The secular diarist, John Evelyn, wrote reporting on a certain Mary Ward:

Her sisters were gadding about hither and thither. They sometimes dress like noble ladies, and drive around in carriages, and sometimes like servants. But they are distinctive... and if this is not sufficiently confusing, it sometimes happens that they are together with men alone; they even associate with bad characters and undertake everything possible under the pretext of charity.

This criticism was chiefly levelled at the mobility her sisters enjoyed because they were not cloistered: they were outside the cloister walls, which meant that they were able to adapt to the demands of the apostolic life they had undertaken. The criticism had more of an edge to it when Mary Ward's detractors spoke of the work they did: they were sent as preachers to proclaim the faith; they teach how to arouse contrition and to prepare for the sacraments; they do not conform to feminine modesty, since they speak at meetings on spiritual matters, even in the presence of priests, and give exhortations for which they are trained in the noviceship.

Rome was nervous, but I do not believe they were all hysterical misogynists around the corner at the *Cancellaria*. The situation was complicated: this group of women were asking for something unheard of in the Church's history at a time when its post-Tridentine policy was to close the doors on reformers and new initiatives. In England and Wales, the relationship between the secular priests and Jesuits was strained. The Jesuits themselves were suspicious of Mary Ward's intentions.

In 1621, finding the authorities in Rome reluctant to respond seriously, Mary became even more determined to put her Institute on an official footing. She decided that the only thing to do was to go to Rome and meet the Holy Father face-to-face, with the final version of the Rule in hand.

She set out from Brussels with five fellow travellers and two horses – one for luggage and one for the most weary walker. They covered 1,500 miles, and arrived in Piazza del Popolo on Christmas Eve in 1621. Pope Gregory XV (1621-1623) received her with courtesy, and promised that a committee of cardinals would look into the matter. This indicated a long stay! She stayed in the College property in Via Montoro. She was permitted to start schools; this her sisters did in Naples, Perugia, Viterbo, Orvieto, and, of course, here. These were lean years: relatives and benefactors became reluctant to invest in such an insecure

enterprise. The house in Perugia wanted doors and windows, and the community in Naples was robbed of £30.00. Candidates had to bring their own bed, blankets and hand-basin. The archives here have a letter sent to the Superior, Barbara Babthorpe, from the Rector, asking for the rent which was in arrears.

Opposition mounted. In 1625, during the reign of Urban VIII (1623-1644), the houses and schools were closed in Italy: she was breaking Canon Law as formulated in the seventeenth century. The Bull of Suppression was pinned up in the Campo de' Fiori – I have wondered exactly where?

However, Mary Ward's spirit was unquenched and unquenchable. She was sent to prison as she wended her way back to England. She was confined to a cell in the Poor Clare convent in Anger, near Munich. All the time, she urged obedience and loyalty, and she was consistently cheerful and courteous.

However, as soon as Urban VIII heard of her imprisonment, he ordered her release. She travelled back to Rome, walking over the Alps in the winter. (I think that I do well to get up the *Gianicolo* and back in 40 minutes!) The Pope listened kindly to her plea of innocence. He admired her as a person, but could not go along with her ideas. The Institute remained officially dead.

Mary Ward and her companions were allowed to live and work in Rome in a private capacity, renewing their vows at *Santa Maria Maggiore, Salus Populi Romani*. Our sisters stayed in their school. Their correspondence remained in code: 'tapestry' meant 'schools', 'yellow silk' meant 'money', and 'silver pins in boxes' meant 'priests in prison'.



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In 1637, she travelled back to England. It was a slow and painful journey, as she suffered from gallstones. She stopped in Paris, Liege and St Omer. In London, she remained in St Martin's Lane, under the protection of and with the friendship of Queen Henrietta Maria. The Institute had a school in Hammersmith; it was on the site of the present Sacred Heart School.

She moved to York with a few companions, and lived outside the city walls, two miles from the centre, in Heworth, where one of the sisters had family property. She was one of the Thwing household – Edward Thwing is one of the martyrs of this College. They had a small school, even though it was high treason to preach the Catholic faith in England and Wales. On her deathbed, in this farmhouse in her beloved England, she urged her companions to 'cherish God's vocation in them, that it be constant, efficacious and loving'. As she lay dying in January 1645, she said: 'Come, let us sing and praise God joyfully for his infinite loving kindness.'

From where did she draw her strength and perseverance? Her spirit never broke, never wavered, never became bitter or sour; there was never a note of frustration, or a word of self pity. Her resource was, of course, her relationship with God. She began many retreat jottings and prayer with the words, 'O Parent of Parents and Friend of Friends'. This unusual address speaks of the great value which she attached to family and friendship. Her Friend of Friends gave meaning to her life. Her staying power came from her frequent meditations on the implications of following Jesus: his way was not to remove but to forgive enemies. Finally, she knew that she had to place everything in the hands of the Parent of Parents, whose loving gave meaning and purpose to efforts that seemingly ended in failure. Her letters leave no doubt as to the affection and trust she placed in her early companions, leaving them in charge of huge enterprises, aware of their aloneness while she was away staying in another part of Europe. She was always grateful for their love and support.

Gratitude for God's love-in-deeds was a powerful element in her life; thanksgiving helps us to discover God's daily gifts.

Mary Ward's place in history is important, but her voice is still heard today because she speaks beyond historical context. Her life paints a picture of a journey with God at her side, sometimes in darkness, sometimes in exhilaration, in persecution and in strength. She sensed her vocation as a call to follow where God may lead, and set off on that path, full of a hope that was faith-filled and grace-given. Here, we all might take courage from her absolute trust and dependence on God, because none of us knows where our vocation will lead, yet we know it will be with God our Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Sr Amadeus Bulger, I.B.V.M.
Pastoral Director

Mary Ward: A Woman for Our Times was given as a Spiritual Conference on Friday 22 January 1999. 'With thanks to a number of members of the English Province of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who may recognise their words.'

The Rattle of Arms

*Mainly because of what we only know
The rattle of those arms makes us afraid.*

Yeats, Cuchulain Comforted

For not by their own sword did they win the land, nor did their own arm give them victory, but Thy right hand, and Thy arm, and the light of Thy countenance, for Thou didst delight in them. Ps 44: 3

Alis suis obumbrabit tibi; non timebis a timore nocturno. (Sunday Compline)

Shrouds of darkness suffered

Under ruling arms a rattling

Reign of sin.

Shrouding dark is silent

Under broadflung battling

Members of the Son.

Cross and crumpled, sin – and scaredful,

Overborne by Meaning's might,

Running reason's riveting right:

Dare I bear my Crucified's care,

Arms aloft, to wings outstretched of prayer?

13 January 1999

(60th anniversary of *Cuchulain Comforted*)

Venerable English College

Rev. Philip Miller

Fault line

It strikes the calm vibration
Of the core's note
With clanging
Chaos.

Epicentred hearts
Scratch in the misery
Of shattered certainty
For a word that all is well.

Didn't you hear?
Creation's word fleshed through
All scales,
Symphonies ago.

Andrew Stringfellow

The Eucharist: Sacrament of Love and Fellowship

Introduction

At the Last Supper, on the night he was betrayed, our Saviour instituted the eucharistic sacrifice of his body and blood. This he did in order to perpetuate the sacrifice of the cross throughout the ages until he should come again, and so entrust to his Beloved Spouse, the Church, a memorial of his death and resurrection: a sacrament of love, a sign of unity, a bond of charity, a paschal banquet in which Christ is consumed, the mind is filled with grace and a pledge of future glory is given to us.¹

The Eucharist has always had a community dimension, even if we have not always given this full recognition. Because of the nature of the sacrament itself, as a *sacrament of love, a sign of unity, a bond of charity, a paschal banquet in*

which Christ is consumed, the mind is filled with grace and a pledge of future glory is given to us, we cannot fully participate in it unless we approach it in the spirit of community... our families, our religious communities, our Church communities on a Sunday morning, the wider community that we live in. The essential nature of the Eucharist is that it has to become the centre in which we gain our grace to live the Christian life: the Second Vatican Council's Decree on the Ministry and Life of Priests, *Presbyterorum Ordinis*, states quite clearly that:

No Christian community is built up which does not grow from and hinge on the celebration of the most holy Eucharist.²

This passage was an instruction to priests not only to build their communities on the Eucharist, but also to build their own lives on the sacrament which Christ himself gave to us.

The Eucharist was defined in the Council of Trent as the *sacrifice* of Christ himself for the world.³ This notion of *sacrifice* has pervaded the whole of our Catholic tradition from this time. The Last Supper is the founding experience in which are rooted the sacrament of the Eucharist and the sacrament of Holy Orders. It is on the Last Supper that theology, spirituality and Christian art focus as the source from which flows the richness of the Eucharist.

Jesus as a 'Man of Meals'

What is often forgotten about the Last Supper is the fact that it was the '*last*' one that Jesus shared in. What preceded this was a succession of meals, banquets and celebrations – Jesus shares meals with people, speaks about meals in his teaching, being a host, and being a guest. Meals were therefore a formative gospel experience for Jesus and for those who were his followers at the time.

An examination of the gospels shows that Jesus' table companions were not of a single mould, he shared his table with all sorts of people: with Pharisees who invited him (Lk 7:36ff, 14:1), with friends at Bethany (Lk 10:38-42), but also with tax collectors (Mk 2:15-17) and people branded 'sinners' – it was this sort of relationship that caused the Pharisees to disapprove.

What was the meaning of all these meals in the life of Jesus? What was the essential nature of his ministry here? There is an interesting contrast with John the Baptist: John came to proclaim the advent of Jesus, yet he came not having banquets but 'neither eating or drinking', as the Gospel according to Matthew puts it (Mt 11:18), and if John encountered sinners, he called them to repentance and baptism rather than offering a table to them (Mt 3:1-12). To the scribes and the Pharisees who objected to the attitude and action of Jesus who invited these people to eat with him, Jesus suggests that having a meal with him, sharing in his companionship, entailed a *healing experience* (Mk 2:16-17). Nevertheless, we can know for sure that Jesus 'turned the tables' again on the social taboos of the time, invoking the anger and disdain of those who were the upholders of the law and the religious leaders.

Meals as 'Covenant Experiences'

We return to this essential element of *sacrifice*, which is central to the Eucharist. Sacrifice was a common religious practice in ancient times. By means of sacrifice,

the gods were appeased, favours were asked of them and broken relationships were restored. In the Old Testament, the relationship between God and his chosen people – this is *the Covenant* spoken about widely in the Scriptures – contained three elements: symbol of the covenant; obligation of the covenant; and sacrifice to ratify the covenant.

Examples of covenants from the Old Testament:

- **Adam and Eve** received from God his own image and likeness; along with their own sexualities, this was God's gift to them. The symbol of their covenant was creation itself, and their dominion over it was their obligation. There was no need for sacrifice at this point because man had not fallen from grace, and all things 'were good' (Gen 1:1-2:3).
- **Noah:** the flood was the action which brought about the covenant between God and Noah. The symbol of this covenant was the rainbow – another new creation – and Noah built an altar to God and presented burnt offerings to him (Gen 8:15-22).
- **Abraham** was given as many descendants as the stars of heaven or grains of sand as the gift of his covenant with God (cf. Gen 15:1-6). The sign and obligation of the covenant was circumcision, and through the faith of Abraham's attempted sacrifice of Isaac, a sacrifice of a ram was given (Gen 22:1-19).
- **Moses:** the Covenant invoked between Moses and God on mount Sinai is the most important of all the covenants, with the Ten Commandments as the obligation (Ex 20:1-17).

In Exodus 24:1-11, God's new relationship through a covenant with his chosen people is sealed with the pouring of blood (sacrifice) and the eating of the sacrificial food (communion). Moses said that the blood '... of the covenant which the Lord has made with you', this blood being sprinkled on the altar (representing God – big altars!) and on the people, is a powerful expression of the unity of life which God establishes between himself and the people of Israel. By eating the sacrificial food together, the people were one as they shared the new blessings of God. This fundamental covenant which spans the whole of the Old Testament and the New Testament remains unchanged – the prophet Ezekiel proclaims the word of God: 'I will be their God and they will be my people' (Ezek 36:28). Unity with God and unity between the people belong to each other, and only those who wish to enter into the covenant relationship should partake of the covenant. To participate in the communion of the covenant is to accept as your own the obligations expressed in the covenant itself.

This covenant bond which bound the Israelites to their God and to each other was supposed to be an inspiration for their whole lives, not just for their prayer or their sacrifices, and the law of the day aimed at making the daily life a covenant life; this was especially true for meals. Meals for the people of Israel were sacred occasions and all meals commemorated the covenant experience – sharing of the fruits of the 'promised land' that God had given to them. Because of the sacred nature of meals, it is no wonder that the scribes and the Pharisees saw Jesus as a law breaker when he ate with 'sinners'. Placing Jesus' meals in this

context now realises the reactions of the Pharisees; meals were moments of communion – and those who were pure of heart were welcomed and those who were ‘sinners’ were excluded.

Jesus’ Meals as ‘Meals of Healing’

Looking again at Mark 2:13-17, the key statement is that of the Pharisees:

Why does he eat with tax collectors and sinners?

Who are these tax collectors and sinners whose presence at the table of Jesus was unacceptable to those who thought of themselves as the just? Tax collectors were collaborators with the Roman authorities, and were often corrupt. The Gospel story of Zaccheus in Luke 19:1-10 gives a good indication of the type of person. The ‘sinners’ were those who were considered the outcasts of society, people who did not observe the law and its precepts. It also meant those who were considered *professional sinners*, prostitutes and extortionists, murderers and thieves. These more than anyone else were excluded from the tables of the just.

In Jesus’ expressed wish to eat with these people, he gave us a unique insight into his mission - he had come not to bring God’s anger against them, not to crush sinners, but in God’s name and in the Holy Spirit *to enter into communion with them*.

Going back to Mark 2:13-17, we note also that the anger of the Pharisees was not because Jesus was *being with them* but *eating with them*. Jesus was seeking a covenant experience with these people; he wanted to share with them the love that the Father had given to the people of Israel, that which they had been excluded from by the religious just of the day. He wanted to bring them back to the covenant and even more besides. He wanted them to experience an inner healing of God’s compassion – note his words:

The scribes and the Pharisees said to his disciples, ‘Why does he eat with tax collectors and sinners?’ When Jesus heard this he said to them, ‘It is not the healthy that need the doctor but the sick.’

To Jesus, bringing these people out of the margins of their lives, out of the bondage that they found themselves in or had placed themselves in, became the essence of these encounters. They must have marvelled at the love that they experienced from someone often called ‘Rabbi’, they must have felt respected and welcomed, and, above all, Jesus’ attitude was not one of show – he never did anything for show, but he truly loved, and they must have felt this love. They also knew that he was someone who spoke with authority, someone steeped in the scriptures and the tradition of the land: his words must have sprung up from his own heart and his own experience of the love that the Father had for him. Through Jesus, sharing meals with these tax collectors and sinners made God a reality in their lives. And through this came the reality of the Kingdom – the purpose of Jesus mission on earth to proclaim the Kingdom of God and its proximity. Now these people who had been for so long on the margins and cast out found that there was no radical change of heart on the part of society, but that they now had friends, and a loving community that they could return to and

know that they would be welcomed. This was the community developing around Jesus himself - the community of the Kingdom.

The Last Supper

How does the Last Supper fit into this pattern of meals? All the meals that Jesus shared were an experience of respect, acceptance and communion. The community that grew up around Jesus was by no means perfect – there were prostitutes and tax collectors, slaves and free men, simple fishermen and doctors. These were people who had seen the Good News of Jesus for what it was, a new way of being in relationship with God, and yet they knew that it was not accomplished – they were not a people who had ‘arrived’; rather, they were a people ‘on the way’. This journey was a long journey of conversion, of a daily acceptance of the message of Jesus, and conversion is not an easy thing. The culmination of this series of meals is the Last Supper, where, in the knowledge of what is about to befall him, Jesus shares his last meal with his disciples, his most trusted friends and companions. Here he says to those around him at the table:

Take this all of you and eat it:
this is my body which will be given up for you.

Similarly:

Take this all of you and drink from it:
this is the cup of my blood,
the blood of the new and everlasting covenant.
It will be shed for you and for all
so that sins may be forgiven.
Do this in memory of me.

The bread and the wine shared become the very body and blood of Jesus. So all the aspects of covenant are present: the symbols of bread and wine; the sacrifice of Jesus himself; and the obligation. It is only in John’s Gospel, where we do not find the Narrative of Institution, that we find the obligation:

Love one another, as I have loved you (Jn 15:12).

So, this meal is a sacrifice in itself which seals this New Covenant with Jesus. This covenant is a covenant that will bring us all into the Kingdom. But there are three important things to note:

1. First, there is an obligation – the love we should have for one another. When we come to this sacrament, we must come as a community of love, loving God and our neighbour as ourselves. It was no mistake that Jesus said: be reconciled to your brother before offering your sacrifice to God. He wills the unity of all around his table. We should strive to be reconciled around the table.
2. Second, Jesus said: ‘...do this in memory of me.’ Most people believe that this is a command to repeat the action of the meal as we do in the Church today, and, no doubt, this is true and right. But, thinking about what the whole essence of what meals were for Jesus, *healing experiences*, we need to think more widely about the mission of Jesus, especially with those who are outcasts and ‘sinners’ today.

3. Third, we too form part of the sacrifice of Jesus. When the gifts of bread and wine are offered to the Father on the altar, the brokenness of the world, of our communities and our hearts is placed on the altar too. So, we participate in the sacrament through 'victimisation', which is better described as our willingness to serve, to give up self, and to be aware of the needs of others. A concrete example of this 'victimisation' is in marriage: if one party of the marriage retains part of themselves, and does not give the whole self to the marriage, this portion of selfishness will grow until the marriage is in crisis. Love disappears and the two people become simple 'partners' in a legal contract. By self-giving in its totality, the relationship between the two people will deepen – the relationship becomes a covenant relationship with each other.

This is why we must live Eucharistic lives. Jesus did not hold back any part of himself; rather, he submitted to God in the whole of his being. If we do the same, we shall build communities on earth which reflect this love of God in a truly concrete way.

Christopher Thomas

1. SECOND VATICAN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy *Sacrosanctum Concilium*, 4 December 1963, n. 47, in A. FLANNERY (ed.), *Vatican Council II: Constitutions, Decrees, Declarations*, Dublin, 1995, 134-135.
2. SECOND VATICAN ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, Decree on the Ministry and Life of Priests *Presbyterorum Ordinis*, 7 December 1965, n. 6, in *ibid.*, 328.
3. Cf. ECUMENICAL COUNCIL OF TRENT, *Decree on the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, DS 1738-1759, in J. NEUNER and J. DUPUIS (eds), *The Christian Faith*, sixth edition, 1996, nn. 1545-1563, 586-591.

In his encyclical letter *Redemptor Hominis*, the Holy Father said this:

Our spirit is set in one direction, the only direction for our intellect, will and heart is – towards Christ our Redeemer, towards Christ, the Redeemer of man. We wish to look towards him – because there is salvation in no one else but him, the Son of God – repeating what Peter said: ‘Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life.’¹

Your spiritual life must be based on Jesus. So must mine. So must that of all our communities, from the greatest, the universal Church, to the smallest. It must be based on Jesus.

It may sound daft to say this, as it is so obviously true. To be Christian must mean to be Christ-founded. But very often we dodge and weave, and find other foundations, for instance: a praiseworthy zeal for human dignity; a fierce and unrelenting stand against abortion; what we feel to be proper standards of worship, music and sacred art; the campaign for justice for the oppressed. Any one of these can become the major enthusiasm of our Christianity: the chief expression of it, the *leitmotif* of our spiritual life. Moreover, we use all our mental energy, all our capacity for loyalty, on a cause which is good, very good, very very good – but which is not Christ.

We are, before all else, disciples of the Lord. We are members of the Body of Christ. We are person-centred, not cause-centred. As such, we have the audacity to say that this whole universe, organic and non-organic, sentient and non-sentient, understanding and instinctive, moral and non-moral, is saved, redeemed, cured, mended, restored, and given purpose and meaning through one person: Jesus.

The whole universe is healed through one person. Principally, of course, this refers to the human universe: that is where the healing is needed, because that is where the corruption has taken place and does take place. This healing is a monumental endeavour, beyond human computing. Sin is humanity’s failure to measure up to what God expects of it. There has quite clearly been a tidal wave of failure, a collective collapse by thousands of millions of individuals. God himself asks in Isaiah 5:4:

What more was there to do
for my vineyard
that I have not done to it?
When I expected it to yield grapes,
why did it yield wild grapes?

And we don’t learn. For example, we did not learn from the Second World War how to avoid the genocide of Rwanda and Yugoslavia. We did not learn from the

famines in Ireland and India how to prevent the famines in Ethiopia and the Sudan. We did not learn from the fate of Pharaoh how to avoid apartheid. We did not learn from Nagasaki that we must stop nuclear testing. We have not learned from the AIDS epidemic that casual sex is a catastrophic thing. We remake all our mistakes. We remake them on a gigantic scale. Sin goes on. Poor old humanity.

It is easy to talk about the human universe and identify its sins. We have to do the same job on ourselves. Again, we see a failure to learn, repetitiveness about our personal sins. We end up with a diffuse feeling of unworthiness, of alienation from God and from our better selves. This feeling can pull us down, make us heavy, paralyse us.

Man's moral collapse pulls after it the material cosmos. As St Paul says (Rom 8:18-21):

I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory about to be revealed to us. For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the children of God; for the creation was subjected to futility, not of its own will but by the will of the one who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself will be set free from the bondage of decay and will obtain the freedom of the glory of the children of God.

When he wrote this, Paul could not have foreseen the lethal mudslides caused by the arrogant destruction of forests in Colombia and the Philippines. He could not foresee the disappearance of the herring from the North Sea because of blindingly selfish factory fishing. He could not foresee the polluting of a large swathe of earth in the Ukraine by the Chernobyl explosion. However, one word of his covers all these things: the Greek word, *mataiotes*, 'futility', has implications of pointlessness, fleetingness, uselessness, foolishness, disappointment and falsehood. Creation subjected to futility: in the futility of our hearts, we render our environment futile, sterile, poisonous. We foul our own nest.

All in all, it's a spiritual and material juggernaut of a runaway world.

Anyway, that is the end of the dismal bit! Now for the good news! For we have the audacity, the nerve, to say this: that to turn this juggernaut around, God has used one man and has channelled his power through one man – Jesus:

He himself is before all things, and in him all things hold together...
Through him God was pleased to reconcile to himself all things, whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross (Col 1:17,21).

The image is almost that of the old-style egg-timer, where all the fine sand in the top section has to find its way into the bottom section through the narrowest of channels, like a wasp-waist. All God's restoring grace and blessing for his world has to travel through one man, Jesus. Because of Jesus, and only because of him, this whole, grim scene is filled with hope, and light, and the promise of redemption.

Our first instinct is to say that he is too frail a cable to take all the power that will be needed. That somewhere a fuse will blow. That the proportions are wrong. That so much evil and misery, so much godlessness, so much pain needs a mega-

remedy, a remedy of the same or similar dimensions as the ill to be remedied. These shoulders, the shoulders of the man Jesus, are too frail to carry the load. But let's face it: this is what we believe. He is the One, and there is no other. Listen to Peter bearing witness before Annas, Caiaphas and their cronies in Acts 4.12:

There is salvation in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given among mortals by which we must be saved.

Now if we do truly believe this, it should dominate our thinking and our prayer. It is a massive, awesome belief:

See I am laying in Sion a stone, a cornerstone chosen and precious, and whoever believes in him will not be put to shame (1 Pet 2:6).

Cornerstone! Jesus is the centre of things, and we must never allow anything else, or anyone else, however praiseworthy, to dislodge him. He is the person who, on my and our behalf, has faced up to the full horror of evil. Some of us have an intuition of a pit of evil, like a vast cauldron, and once or twice in our life we are brought to the brink of it – and we turn away in terror. Visionaries and contemplatives know something about this; so, in their own way, do people who suffer from depression. For some, like Primo Levi after Auschwitz, the experience of sheer evil is so traumatic that they take their own lives. However, Jesus experienced evil in its most concentrated form: he actually descended into the pit for the sake of his brothers and sisters, and sacrificed himself to what felt like annihilation. He was – is – *Agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi*.

Peccata mundi. The lot.

He is not only *Agnus Dei*; he is also *Verbum Dei*. Jesus Christ is not just Jesus of Nazareth; he is the wisdom of the Father, eternally begotten and sharing with him in the creation of the universe. Read that passage in Proverbs 8:22-25:

The Lord created me at the beginning of his work,
the first of his acts of long ago.

Ages ago I was set up,

at the first, before the beginning of the earth.

When there were no depths, I was brought forth,

when there were no springs abounding with water.

Before the mountains had been shaped,

before the hills, I was brought forth.

How do you describe eternity? Jesus is the image of the invisible God. He is the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity. The scale of this greatness blows our mind. We cannot wrap our intelligence around it. It is, as you might say, another angle on Jesus, which takes you back to stage one, just when you thought you were beginning to comprehend him. The apostles seem to have had this experience again and again. We must never try to evacuate the incarnation of its mystery.

However, along with the greatness goes intimacy; along with the macro goes the micro. Ever since Pentecost, we have, each of us, been the recipients of his Holy Spirit, poured into our hearts. God has devised this extraordinary way of making

Christ present in our individual lives. Through the Spirit, Jesus is present at the heart of every baptised man and woman. The Letter to the Colossians talks about

Christ in you, the hope of glory (1.27).

This makes Christianity singular – and different. We believe in a God who is closer to us than we are to ourselves. The Infinite penetrates, impregnates, the finite. We believe in a God who is not content to be worshipped and obeyed from a distance, which you would expect to be the normal pattern of religion, but One who comes to live within his children, inside them, at the fine point of their self-awareness, where they are at their most human. In the middle of a world that is often threatening and saddening, we are the clay jars holding the unspeakable treasure Paul speaks about in 2 Cor 4:7: the treasure is the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. In other words, when we look at the face of Jesus Christ, whom we carry with us, we see not just the features of a man, but radiating through those features we behold the eternal glory of God.

So we can share the hope of Paul in his Letter to the Romans: creation itself will be set free from the bondage of decay, and will obtain the freedom of the glory of the children of God. We can hope this, have confidence in this – even when the signs are at their bleakest – because we bear within us, each of us, the principle of this freeing, of this liberation. We bear within us Jesus, the incarnate Son of God, the Saviour of the world. This is the person referred to by the angel, speaking to Mary, in Matthew 1.21:

You are to name him Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins.

The more deeply we know him, the more accurately we shall come to appreciate that he is, above all and before all, our Saviour, and comprehend the magnitude of his saving power. St Henry Garnet, standing on the scaffold in St Paul's Churchyard, prayed:

We adore thee, O Christ, and we bless thee,
because, by thy holy Cross, thou hast redeemed the world.

And then,

Infinge crucem tuam in corde meo, Domine!

Fix your cross in my heart, Lord! At this moment, be my Saviour! The Rector reminded us beautifully last Tuesday [Martyrs' Day] of St Ralph Sherwin at Tyburn, saying as his final prayer:

Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, be thou to me a Jesus!

The men of the sixteenth century had no doubt in whom their salvation lay.

Paul VI, speaking at Manila in 1970, gave an impassioned account of his own faith in Jesus. It is like an explosion of his personal faith, a paean of love. He said:

To everyone I proclaim him: Jesus Christ is the beginning and the end, the Alpha and the Omega; he is the king of the new world; he is the secret of history; he is the key to our destiny. He is the mediator, the bridge, between heaven and earth. He is more perfectly than anyone else the Son of Man, because he is the Son of God, eternal and infinite.²

The mystery of the Incarnation reconciles apparent opposites in the Son of God and Son of Mary. The Lord who has already come, and who is with us, is also the Lord who is to come. Advent is the time for longing, for yearning, for straining forward, for catching a glimpse of the Saviour and knowing that no one else can satisfy us, no one else can rescue us. God knows we need rescuing, corporately and singly. Advent is the time for renewing our trust: God has the matter in hand, he is coming. We dare face the broken state of our world, and our own poor moral condition, because our hope is so well founded. As the Letter to the Hebrew says (12:2):

Let us not lose sight of Jesus, who leads us in our faith, and brings it to perfection.

Let us bring Jesus into clear focus, and rest our minds on him, tell him that we are waiting for him and for no other. We have seen his coming at Christmas; we await his Second Coming on the last day. These are like brackets drawn by God around the Christian era, around the New Testament, of which we are parts. Nevertheless, because Christ's Spirit is here within us, all kinds of blossoming and resurrecting and recognition are possible for us between these two brackets: other comings, other visitations, other discoveries – now! Advent is a *kairos*, a time of grace, a moment of opportunity, when we can go out to meet the Saviour, for he comes.

Maranatha! Come Lord Jesus!

Mons. Tony Philpot
Director of Palazzola

Jesus was given as a spiritual conference in the College on Friday 4 December 1998, the Friday of the First Week of Advent.

1. JOHN PAUL II, Encyclical Letter *Redemptoris Hominis*, 4 March 1979, London, 1979, n.7, 20.
2. PAUL VI, 'Homily', Manila, 29 November 1970, in *The Divine Office*, Vol. 3, London, 1974, 244.

James and the Giant Peach: The Pantomime 1998

Can one really break the mould as the scriptwriter of a pantomime, still less as the writer of an English College Pantomime? Pantomime, after all, is a genre that is inescapably formulaic. It must incorporate those famous lines, 'He/she's behind you!' and 'Oh no it isn't!' with its inevitable corollary, 'Oh yes it is!' Moreover, the rubrics of the English College Pantomime are even more demanding. There must be jokes about the age of the Beda students, the lecture attendance of North American students, the bureaucracy of the Gregorian University, the rotundity of Scots College students, the academic standards (and length of holiday) at the Angelicum University, and the severe bout of depression brought on by an Irish College play. There would seem to be little room for manoeuvre. There is just enough time to develop a plot, insert these gags, wish everyone a 'Merry Christmas' and send the children home to bed. However, this is to reckon without Paul Keane and Dominic Howarth – pantomime's dream ticket.

The panto season is brief at the college - there are just three weeks from read-through till final performance; the magic and the fairytale extend far beyond this. This year, the College was described in *The Tablet* as a palace. An implausible image, perhaps, but it will serve our purpose here, for it is in this palace that a germ of magic is planted and comes to full flowering.

We begin outside a locked door in a high up and distant wing of the palace (known to interns as Old St Joe's corridor). From behind this door, low, murmuring voices can be heard that tell of two months of intense activity. Paul and Dominic work Rumpelstilzchen-like to spin the Roald Dahl story *James and the Giant Peach* into an English College pantomime. Perhaps it is not straw spun into gold, but it is certainly an unconventional beginning to have avoided a stock pantomime story.

Meanwhile, in a quite different quarter of the palace, deep within its bowels, another fairytale Aladdin-esque scene unfolds. The Vice-Rector picks up his head and gives it a rub. It is not a genie that materialises but a thought that says 'Star Trek'! With the unlikely coupling of these two ideas, the 1998 English College Pantomime was born.



The Cast and Crew

Roald Dahl, as well as being an accomplished children's writer, also produced the *Tales of the Unexpected*. His appeal to children was at least partly to their natural sadism, and there was certainly a streak of black humour running through this pantomime in which the children delighted. This included graphic descriptions of squeezing spots, cruelty to insects and a record nine deaths in one pantomime (rather ironically beating the 1997 Lent Play - Woody Allen's *Death*). The children stamped and shouted, laughed and booed at the frightful array of Dahl's characters, as interpreted by English College seminarians.

The plot of this story may require some explanation. The central character, James (brilliantly portrayed by Philip Miller), is an innocent beset with misfortune. His plight is captured by two telling metaphors: 'Once again James reached for the toilet roll of life to find that someone had taken the last sheet,' and, 'In the Greg lecture of my life, my watch has stopped at 09:14.' James is orphaned (the first two deaths) and passes into the care of his two evil aunts, Sponge and Spiker, played by Nick Schofield and Richard Walker. So convincingly did Nick and Richard taunt and sneer, that they were lucky to escape from the audience with their lives.

Next we meet the Flowers (Andrew Cole, Patrick Hough and Tom Saunders). This may seem like a gratuitous ploy to put three outside seminarians into green tights, tutus and little else except petals and a smile. However, in reality it is an opportunity for Sponge and Spiker's character development through a spot of multiple homicide (death toll rises to five). After the Flowers' wonderful rendition of *Zippidee-doo-dah*, they are viciously hacked down by the gruesome twosome, much to the children's ostentatious horror, but (one suspects) their secret delight.

James is saved from the appalling situation by the arrival of the Magic Man (Gerard Flynn, impersonating the Rector). The magic he gives James produces the Giant Peach and five human-sized insects.

Joe Silver has been one half of an on-stage English College romance on more than one occasion due to his capacity to carry a romantic song. As the Caterpillar, he once again provided the romantic interest by falling for Dennis Caulfield's Butterfly. Adrian Tomlinson went from 'Fairy in Blue' (last year's performance) to 'Lady(bird) in Red', proving once again his ability as a consummate panto-dame. Emiel Abalahin was the rhyming Worm and Paul Simmons played the ponderous Spider.

John Marsland's 'Bit-in-the-Middle' took the Peach into intergalactic orbit and back to earth. He, John Rafferty and Martin Stempezyk rescued a situation of their own making as the crew of the Starship Enterprise, ably assisted on respective nights by Bob Ombres O.P., Marcel Chappin S.J. and the Beda Rector, Rod Strange.

With the plot wrested back from the clutches of the Vice-Rector, we now see the introduction of a new 'baddy': Chris Higgins, James' third aunt, enters to grieve and avenge the deaths of Sponge and Spiker, squashed by the run-away Peach (the death toll is now seven). Chris' grieving took the form of Celine Dion's *My Heart will Go On*, the theme from *Titanic*, which was accompanied on the last night by twenty children who knew all the words.

The plot moves towards its *dénouement* as the Peach is being flown to Rome by three giant Bees (Chris Bergin, Shaun Harper and your humble reviewer).

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The Flowers receive the adulation of the audience during the curtain call.



Butterfly (Dennis Caulfield) and Caterpillar (Joe Silver) declare their undying love for each other.

Chris Higgins enters the Peach disguised as Dr Vhat ('Who?' 'No! Vhat!' - you get the idea). Dr Vhat wins the treachery of the Worm ('You'll see the plan that I've discerned, the Peach is mine, the Worm has turned!'), whilst pulling menacingly at a pair of yellow marigolds he is wearing as part of his *alter ego*. The Worm releases two of the ropes by which the Bees are carrying the Peach, which begins to plummet towards Rome. All but Chris Higgins and principal Bee Chris Bergin survive the crash-landing in the English College. All the evil characters now dead (the final death toll: nine), it's time for the finale.

It is a meteoric end. Indeed, a meteor is a good metaphor for an English College pantomime. It arrives as a lump of magical, celestial matter, which burns into

the College atmosphere of prayer and study, sending out sparks and filling the whole place with its energy, warmth and light. This was the little hunk of magic that flew into the English College in the December of 1998, but the fantasy continues!

Anthony Currer

The Cast

James: Philip Miller; *Spider:* Paul Simmons; *Mummy and Baby Peach:* Chris Thomas; *Daddy and Adolescent Peach:* Paul Moores; *Aunt Sponge:* Nick Schofield; *Aunt Spiker:* Richard Walker; *Narrator:* Andrew Stringfellow; *Petal:* Andrew Cole; *Flower:* Tom Saunders; *Rose:* Paddy Hough; *White Chorus and Schola:* Gerard Skinner, Andy Downie, Graham Platt and David Gnosill; *White Chorus:* Patrick Mileham, Mike Todd and Andrew Pinsent; *Magic Man:* Gerard Flynn; *Tiny Tot Peach:* Geoffrey Mumford; *Butterfly:* Dennis Caulfield; *Caterpillar:* Joe Silver; *Ladybird:* Adrian Tomlinson; *Worm:* Emiel Abalahin; *Sorceress:* Chris Higgins; *Mirror:* Paul Keane; *Crocodile:* Roberto Cintio; *Don't Wanna Bee 1:* Shaun Harper;

Don't Wanna Bee 2: Tony Currer; *Don't Wanna Bee 3:* Chris Bergin; *Fr Rector:* Himself (Mons. Adrian Toffolo); *The 'Bit-in-the-Middle':* Michael Docherty (*Policeman*), Terry Martin (*Vigilissa*), John Rafferty (*Dr Spock*), John Marsland (*Captain Kirk*), Martin Stempczyk (*Scottie*) and Andrew Pinsent (*Equi-9*).



Behind the scenes: Spiker (Richard Walker) and the Sorceress (Chris Higgins).

The Production Team

Catering: Ivor Parrish, Aidan Prescott, Kevan O'Brien, Robert Sierpniak, Jonathan Jones, Carmine Pellegrino, Joseph Mizzi, Terry Martin and Adam Domanski; *Choreography:* Mrs Joyce Hunter; *Costumes:* Philip Caldwell, Derram Attleld, Chris Higgins and Mrs Geraldine Moir-Ford; *Set Design:* Paul Moores, Andrew Stringfellow, Paul Simmons, Paul Keane and Andrew Cole; *Front of House:* Jonathan Jones and Sr Amadeus Bulger, I.B.V.M.; *Interval Music:* Terry Martin; *Lights:* Blaise Bradley; *Make-Up:* Philip Caldwell, Chris Higgins, Andrew Stringfellow and Richard Walker; *Music:* Andrew Robinson; *Programmes:* Michael Docherty; *Props and Curtain:* Simon Hall; *Sound:* Richard Whinder; *Stage Managers:* Joe Gee and Kevin Colfer; *Stage Crew:* Michael Docherty, Christian Daw, Peter Vellacott, Mark Vickers and Steve Wright; *Video and Tickets:* Chris Ginns; *Producer:* David Parmiter; *Writers:* Dominic Howarth and Paul Keane; *Director:* Dominic Howarth. *With special thanks to the parishioners of St Margaret's Church, Canning Town, for their donation of sheet music.*

A Little May Madness: Sunday 9 May 1999

Veronese marble columns, steeped by candle-light, burnished the air as Gerard Skinner, a superb organist, hailed an evening of therapeutic entertainment with Boelmann's *Suite Gothique*. Like men fleeing into the excesses of pleasure before the buboes of plague, the Entertainments Committee, wary of exam theses, sought an escape in the diversions of music and comedy dedicated to the theme of madness, chosen because of its persuasive Maying alliteration. Titled *Neurosis*, the first half began in the College Church. Gerard Skinner's genius was followed by the specially formed Sherwin Scholars (Tomàs Creagh-Fuller, Patrick Hough, Terry Martin, Joseph Silver and Christopher Thomas). They sang *Father in Heaven*, a beautiful piece beautifully performed, which was written recently by a student at the North American College in Rome, Trevor Murry. Joseph Silver then sang, accompanied by Emiel Abalahin and Christopher Higgins, the haunting piece *The Dark Night of the Soul*, written by St John of the Cross and arranged by the Canadian singer, Loreena McKennit. The mellifluous voice of Joseph Silver continued to ameliorate the air in the Sherwin Scholars' next performance, *Crux Fidelis* by John IV, King of Portugal, who, besides maintaining Portuguese independence from Spain in the seventeenth century, was a dab hand at the old composing; the Scholars' rendition was excellent. *Neurosis* was finally banished by Gerard Skinner's thrilling playing of Charles-Marie Widor's *Toccata from Symphony No. 5*. Now our host and psychotherapist for the evening, the magisterial Gerard Flynn, made his first appearance, inviting us to the garden for a glass or two of Pimms.

Whilst happy chatter bubbled and sparkled around the fountain during this period of the evening, entitled *Breakdown*, a light shone from the Refectory and staged in one of its windows, Dominic Howarth, in the voice of Essex, delivered the valediction of dying John of Gaunt, '... this precious stone set in the silver sea...' (*Richard II*, Act 2, Sc 1). This deceit delighted the audience, who had time to quaff only a little more Pimms before Dominic appeared once again, now in our midst, reciting Lorenzo's speech on the wonderfulness of music from *The Merchant of Venice* (Act 5, Scene 1). As his words died, so Terry Martin's 'soft

complaining flute' began to sound and lead us to the Common Room for the second half of the evening, *Psychosis*.

The Sherwin Scholars began with *A Magnificent Phantasia* — an amusing review of the year's events in Anglican chant written by Aidan Prescott. Then the Worshipful Company of Flautists, a members' roll of five (Emiel Abalahin, Terry Martin, Christopher Thomas, Peter Vellacott and Richard Walker), provided us with quintessential quintet moments. Terry Martin and his flute (the talented *leitmotif* of the evening) remained on stage to accompany Emiel Abalahin, who delightfully performed two Spanish songs. Our *Maestro della Commedia*, Christopher Higgins, and the talented Richard Walker, followed with the superbly funny sketch *The Shoe Shop* by Victoria Wood, leaving us with aching tummies. Finally, unexpected in its sharpness and a 'terrier after a rat'-like wit, a motley crew (Anthony Curren, Andrew Downie, Christopher Ginns, David Parmiter, Andrew Pinsent and Paul Simmons) presented a psychotically daring one-act play about the Holy Father interviewing the College staff as candidates to replace Father Rector. It was hilarious and brave; some were, literally, speechless. Consummately, as befits friendships invigorated by music and laughter, communal delicacies were gobbled in the Refectory — the evening's *Therapy*.

Paul Keane

Papal Raffle?

In the library of Palazzola, there may be found a volume entitled *Della Munificenza di Sua Santità Papa Pio IX Felicemente Regnante*. It was written in 1864 by Father Alessandro Atti, and is a systematic account of the largesse of the Pope since the beginning of his reign. On page 173, we find the following, here translated as faithfully as possible:

The Students of the Seminaries and Colleges of Rome

As a solemn demonstration of the degree to which all the seminaries and ecclesiastical colleges of his capital city lie close to his heart, and of the love which wells up in him when he sees them all happily flourishing in deeds of holiness, and in the imparting of letters and knowledge, he wished to give them a most splendid attestation of his paternal affection and of his generous munificence. Therefore, on the twenty fifth day of September, 1856, he was graciously pleased to invite to his royal table a goodly number of young clerics belonging to many of the institutes mentioned below, and surrounded by certain Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinals, by some bishops, by various notable prelates, and by the staff of his most noble *anticamera*, to take his seat, as a father among his beloved sons, with these most privileged students, at an ample banquet, in a wing of the Chiaramonti Museum in the Vatican. Then, immediately after the dinner, as the culmination of so much lovingness, he donated as prizes various objects of devotion, of fine workmanship and no small value, allowing the drawing of lots to decree who should be their recipients.

Those who were privileged by such new and splendid pontifical favours were all the students of the Seminario Pio, with as many again of the best young men, with their respective rectors, from the Ecclesiastical Academy, the Roman Seminary, Capranica College, the Urban College of *Propaganda Fide*, the Greek-Ruthenian, German Hungarian, English, Irish, Scots, Pamphilij, Pio Inglese and Belgian Colleges, the Vatican and French Seminaries, the College and Seminary of the Cassinese Monks of St Paul, and of the Pia Casa for Orphans. All of them were deeply moved at such benignity, and grateful beyond measure by the honour shown them, honour which will remain engraved on the memory of their hearts so long as their life shall last, and in conclusion they could not but pour forth sentiments of the liveliest thankfulness to so great a Pontiff and Monarch, and they did so with the warmest and most choice passages of poetry, pronounced in many and various languages.

Mons. Anthony Philpot
Director of Palazzola

Post Hoc Exilium

*My mother and my brothers are those who hear
the word of God and put it into practice. Lk 8: 21*

'Do whatever He tells you.'

Jn 2: 5

Hail, holy girl, admired above all other,
Whose lovers laud you virgin, queen and mother;
Forget not those whose heartache hearkens new,
And soothe them, blissed in softly morning blue.

Hail, holy mother, maiden mildly bearing,
Whose children cherish cares beyond all caring;
Forgive their churlish conflicts' cry and hue,
And mend them, blast in mighty midday blue.

Hail, holy queen, assumed above and praying,
Whose subjects serve you, not by you obeying;
For grant the dead denying Him are few,
And shroud them, blessed in shady evening blue.

For after this, remove the wraps He knew;
And after this our exile show unto.

7 October 1998
Dear Old Palazzola

Rev. Philip Miller

To the Friends of the Venerabile – Thank You for Your Friendship

It was terrifying ... we left the airport and were told to get into the back of a metal van ... there were two hard, narrow benches ... a grille separated us from the driver ... the doors closed and we were left to peer through the tiny rear window as the vehicle lurched off belching diesel fumes into the night air ... we were flung off the benches as we jolted across cobbles and potholes ... pinned to the sides by the G-force as we hurtled round corners ... slammed into the grille by sudden braking ...

Thus a fellow student recounts his arrival at the VEC. Regrettably, one of the few things the *Friends of the Venerabile* have not been able to improve is the Vice-Rector's driving. In 1996, however, they provided the College with a vehicle which was a vast improvement on the battered Fiorino and Bedford van that it replaced. The Nissan Serena has since travelled thousands of kilometres, taking students to Palazzola on free days, all over Italy on retreat, to the airport to pick up guests for Easter and Diaconate, to football matches, swimming, to other Colleges for ordinations of friends from across the world... It is a very practical and integral support for many aspects of College life.

After the *Friends of the Venerabile* had paid for a substantial refurbishment of the sacristy in 1995-96, a 'VEC vestment' was created by Jo Barnacle, Chair of the Friends. She painstakingly traced the cross from the 'curtain' behind the Martyrs' Picture, and this became



The Blue Room ... as it was.



From the Blue Room to the Friends' Room, I.

the basis of the design for sets of vestments in green, purple and white. There are sufficient vestments for up to thirty two concelebrants, and they are in use at Community Mass at least three times a week. They come into their own for events such as the *ad limina Apostolorum* visit of the Bishops of England and Wales in 1997, and the College Holy Week celebrations, when we have a large number of visiting priests.

The 1997-98 project was the creation of a College gym: two of the cellars were transformed with new walls and flooring, creating a superb facility, complemented by sports equipment donated to the College. It is true that the 'gut-buster' fitness circuit has led to complaints of minor earth tremors in Milan, but the gym is a tremendous asset in a city where pollution and traffic conspire against many forms of exercise.

Along the way, the Friends of the Venerabile have helped to decorate the Common Room; they are currently providing some computer equipment; they have paid for a new stairs and corridor carpet to replace one which had worn through; ... and the list goes on...

What all the Friends' projects have in common is their careful appreciation of what will help students at the College. The above projects have totalled over £100,000 of investment in the College in less than a decade. All this from just six hundred people in England and Wales.

This year's project is illustrated in the photographs accompanying this article. For several years the Blue Room had been in an increasingly drab condition. Any attempts to improve this were hampered by an appalling ceiling with industrial neon strip lighting, and wiring that dated back over thirty years. TV, video and satellite leads all ran into one multiplug.

The Blue Room is now the Friends' Room, and a dull, under-used space has been transformed. There is a new large-screen TV, carpet, curtains and sofas. The lighting is now subtle, and there is provision for audio, satellite and telephone facilities at various points in the room, with a large number of sockets. This leaves the room open for new technology which will undoubtedly come during the next decade. The Friends' Room is a place in which students can relax comfortably. Costs were kept low and a facility has been created which will endure: like the refurbished sacristy and the gym, the Friends of the Venerable have put in place facilities which will last for decades.

Why the 'Friends' Room'? Very simply, to say 'thank you'. Thank you from us, the students of the VEC, present and future, to you, the *Friends of the Venerable* for all that you have done and continue to do for us. Your fundraising has given us a great deal that we have no right to expect, and that without you we would not have had.

To finish there, however, would be to leave out the essential element. For all that is tangible, all that is easy to write about, the most important thing is that which is hardest to express in words. The friendship of the *Friends of the Venerable* does not, in fact, come from the generous financial giving, marvellous as it is. It comes in the fact that every time Jo Barnacle visits the Collège, we know that she brings with her the prayers and support of six hundred people across England and Wales. Rome is a beautiful city. The VEC is a magnificent place in which to train. The beauty and splendour mean nothing, however, without people. Those we train with, those we are



From the Blue Room to the Friends' Room, II.



14 March 1999 –
Jo Barnacle opens the Friends' Room.

training for, and those, like the *Friends of the Venerable*, who are supporting us with prayer throughout our years in seminary. For us to know that in the UK there are people who are so concerned for us that they have formed an association to help us, is an inspiration and a strength.



*Above: A full house for the opening of the Friends' Room ...
(and below) ... Fr Lloyd Baugh, SJ, Professor of Social Communications at the Gregorian University presents a classic Catholic film – On The Waterfront – Marlon Brando's debut, after Frank Sinatra had been considered for the lead role!*



The Friends' Room is a comfortable room in which we can watch TV and videos, a room in which we can unwind after days which can sometimes be pressured for any number of reasons: study, stress in pastoral work, or the ongoing deep thought and prayer required for discernment. Such space is therefore invaluable. The defining quality of the Friends' Room is deeper, however, than it being just a comfortable space. Its defining quality is as a symbol of a friendship – a bridge between England and Wales, and Rome – which is of inestimable importance to us, students of the College.

This article has been written to give an idea of how the Friends' money has been spent, and to say thank you to the Friends of the Venerable. Thank you for the Friends' Room, your project for 1998-99. Above all, thank you for your friendship.

Dominic Howarth

College Diary 1998-1999

Wednesday 3 June 1998: During the Reverend Paul Mason's last obligatory Morning Prayer in College, he introduces Sr Puglia, the boxing glove-puppet nun, to us during the Benedictus. Sr Puglia and Paul are later seen taking a few tips from our very own Sr Amadeus.

Friday 5 June: 'Thought for the Day' from Jonathan Leach: 'On days like this, I'm glad I'm not a dog!' What about the rest of the year, Jonty?

Sunday 14 June – Solemnity of the Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ: It's Corpus Christi, so we're off to the Little Sisters of the Poor for Mass and the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament. This marks our annual sing-song of *Tu sei la mia vita, Noi canteremo gloria a te*, and that marvellous *Santo*, which almost sends the organist back-peddalling into the wall. Don't you just love all those Italian favourites!

Monday 15 June: England's first match of the 1998 World Cup goes well, with a 2-0 win over Tunisia. The members of the College's footballing fraternity become a joy to live with. For a while, at least...

Monday 22 June: We say goodbye to Stephen Tighe, who has been with us since September 1996.

England lose 2-1 to Romania. Who?!

Friday 26 June: Today, the Venerable's A.B.C. of the Gregorian University's Faculty of Philosophy, Messrs Attfield, Bradley and Caulfield, all successfully complete their Ph.B.s. Congratulations!

England beat Columbia 2-0, and go through to the semi-final. The noise coming from the Blue Room is getting unbearable; you'd think that all this nonsense actually meant something!

Sunday 28 June: The *villeggiatura* begins! For most, it is a welcome holiday after the heat of Rome and exams; for Jonathan Jones, it is sheer torture as he watches planes taking off for Britain from Ciampino.

Monday 29 June – Solemnity of Ss Peter and Paul, Patrons of Rome: This Summer's round of post-luncheon volleyball, football, swimming and sunbathing begins in earnest.

Today, the College begins a new liturgical posture, passed by a majority of students present at a Public Meeting some weeks ago, and agreed to by the staff. Thus, we manage to ignore the *Institutio Generalis Missalis Romani* (n.21, if you're interested) and the Italian Bishops' Conference, and pretend that we are a parish in Hounslow or Gravesend.

Tuesday 30 June: After penalties, England go out of the World Cup, losing 6-5 to Argentina. The College's non-English contingent – most of whom cannot stand the sight of a football – gloat suitably.

Wednesday 1 July: Congratulations to our new readers, who received their ministry from Cardinal Francis Stafford, President of the Pontifical Council for the Laity, today: Kevin Colfer; Anthony Curren; Christian Daw; Andrew Downie; Patrick Hough; Dominic Howarth; Jonathan Jones; Paul Keane; Joseph Silver; Gerard Skinner; Adrian Tomlinson.

Friday 3 July: Our beloved Vice-Rector, John Marsland, heads off for Rome at 5.00 a.m., to do some work. Unfortunately, he forgets his keys, and has to wait outside the College for a few hours for someone to let him in.

Saturday 4 July: This evening, Mons. Patrick Kelly, Archbishop of Liverpool, gives the Church seven new candidates for holy orders: Emiel Abalahin; Andrew Cole; Gerard Flynn; Patrick Mileham; Andrew Stringfellow; Christopher Thomas; and Richard Whinder. Congratulations to them all! The Archbishop keeps us suitably entertained during Mass and supper.

Sunday 5 July: The Palazzola International Folk Festival brings its wonderful culture, *sui generis*, to the Alban Hills. It's good to welcome the College's many friends to this evening, made all the more special by Fr John Marsland and his groupies. Chris Bergin and Derram Attfield sing a very *risqué* song about the Rector and his future job prospects, which has absolutely nothing to do with Tom Saunders.

Monday 6 July: After failing to get a coherent response from Andrew Stringfellow on the terrace, Sr Amadeus remarks: 'It's like sitting opposite John Marsland at breakfast.'

This evening, Oscar Wilde's *Pygmalion* is read in its entirety, rather beautifully, by Paul Keane and his merry men. The 'differently cultured' members of the College stay inside watching MTV.

Tuesday 7 July: It's lake *gita* day. High winds and choppy water as we cross *Lago Albano* almost cause a tragedy: we lose sight of the boat carrying the gin and tonic for about ninety minutes. Disaster was avoided when the boat caught up with the rest of the Venerabile's flotilla, and a good time is had by all.

Wednesday 8 July: It's the leavers' moment of glory this evening. In addition to the Rector's speech and the Vice-Rector's song, our three leavers, the Reverends Fox, Leach and Mason, introduce a new 'tradition', and get their own back in song. In an effort worthy of any songwriter, they reduce the Ref to laughter, with the chorus being particularly worthy of mention:

We're leaving Rome, we're on our way,
we've had our six year holiday,
we're d-mob happy, we'll sing out loud,
and we'll have a reunion when we get to Stroud!

Thursday 9 July: We welcome three new acolytes, Tom Saunders, Richard Walker and Stephen Wright, who receive their ministry from Archbishop John Foley, President of the Pontifical Council for Social Communications. Congratulations!

Sunday 12 July: Cardinal Basil Hume has flown across from Westminster to ordain Dominic Allain, Christopher Bergin, Christopher Higgins, Philip Miller and David Potter to the diaconate. *Tanti auguri* to them all.

And so academic year 1998-1999 draws to a close. The ever reliable *brutta figura* express calls at *Stazione di Palazzola* to whisk us back home for the Summer break, leaving the new deacons, their families and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster to some well-deserved peace and quiet by the swimming pool.

Monday 28 September: As we all come back, the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales, with a few Scots and Irish thrown in for good measure, moves out. Their Eminences, Graces and Lordships have been in Rome for a week's retreat, led by Mons. Anthony Philpot, from Palazzola, and conference, with various guest speakers, including Cardinal Josef Ratzinger, Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. During their stay, they toast the Rector *ad multos annos!* as he celebrates his thirtieth anniversary of ordination to the presbyterate. I hope they enjoyed staying in our rooms! The fact that a brand new carpet was laid in the main corridor and staircase on the morning before they arrived is, I am sure, purely coincidental...

The new men arrive fresh from their three weeks of language training in various Italian towns. All the old faces return, except for those who have legitimate excuses for building new lives. Congratulations to Fathers Paul Fox, Jonathan Leach and Paul Mason, who were ordained to the priesthood, as was Gerard Byrne, once of this College but now studying for his Ph.D. at Boston College in Massachusetts.

We welcome Joe Gee back into the fold, and we extend best wishes to Steven Billington, ordained deacon during the Summer.

Tuesday 29 September: There is no peace for the wicked! Pastoral classes start with a vengeance this afternoon, and the new men get used to *Italiadea*.

Sunday 4 October: We arrive at Palazzola for our annual retreat, and walk out onto the terrace to find wooden hoarding where there was once a view. We can still see the sky, however. Messrs Cole and Saunders are driven to desperate measures, and try to knock down the hoarding with a garden bench. Some people need this retreat more than others!

The retreat is given by Fr Jim Murphy, a priest of the Diocese of Ossory in the Republic of Ireland, and international *responsabile* for Jesus Caritas. We are soon captivated by his gentleness and sense of humour. His wisdom and joy concerning the priesthood are soon evident, and we quickly settle down to enjoy his conferences and company.

The next couple of days see an outbreak of West of Ireland accents. Silently, of course...

Saturday 10 October: The sons of Ignatius troop across to his church, for the annual Mass of the Holy Spirit to kick off another academic year. This time, there is a new man in charge. The previous Magnificent Rector, Father Pittau, has been made Secretary of the Congregation for Catholic Education, and has been replaced by Fr Francis Imoda. Some things never change, however, and the Academic Mass is still long and boring.

Sunday 11 October: In our first House Meeting of the year, DSS Steven Billington wonders out loud as to why some students have been stock-piling *Bibos* linen in their rooms. He reminded us that all break-out plans have to be approved by the escape committee, otherwise early re-capture would certainly result. We are urged to look at Joe Gee as an example.

Monday 12 October: Classes resume at our universities. It is good to see that the Reformation has come full circle – sort of, at least – as your Diarist, on the way to a class on Scripture, remembered to bring his Bible, which is more than can be said for Geoffrey Mumford, our more evangelically-minded Anglican Exchange student!

Saturday 17 October: It is driving test day for Messrs Parrish, Potter and Silver. When asked, Ivor Parrish admits that he is nervous; he takes with him an egg box (for six eggs, grade A, free range) for comfort. All pass with flying colours. Our car man, Chris Thomas, takes up the mantle of the Driving Standards Agency to administer the test. Lunch at Palazzola is thrown in for good measure.

Monday 19 October: Licence students at the Greg catch up with the mere ordinary mortals, and begin their studies, after an extra week's holiday.

Saturday 24 October: Those who are lucky enough to have Saturday as their day off take Sr Amadeus' often offered and often ignored advice to go away for the day. They pick some wild and exotic locations, *fuori città*; as for those who have Thursday, study at the Greg is so difficult that it is all they can do to get out of bed in the morning...

Wednesday 28 October: It is First Year Party night. The first years show a healthy disregard for prudence by giving the staff a good roasting. Andrew Stringfellow helps the second half along by presenting the Ratzinger Report. His chilling Germanic tones refer to our recent formation document, *Fire to the Earth* (a.k.a. *Salt in the Wounds*): '... as yet unapproved'.

The cooking is done by Derram Attfield, Blaise Bradley, Philip Caldwell, Dennis Caulfield, Chris Higgins and Chris Thomas, and is absolutely incredible.

Thursday 29 October: Fr Rector: 'I'm not as bad as they made me out last night... am I?' Err... yes!!!

Saturday 31 October: The College's football team holds the Brazilian College to a 2-2 draw. Paul Simmons shows no lack of commitment by having a finger broken by a bolshie Brazilian.

Monday 2 November – Commemoration of the Faithful Departed: Work starts on the Blue Room, which is going to transmogrify into the Friends' Room, as the Friends of the Venerable are paying for the restoration, for which we are very grateful.

Friday 5 November: The Ange boys get the day off University today, due to the fiftieth anniversary of the Doctorate of the most famous Ange boy of all – Pope John Paul II. Thank goodness he didn't go to the Greg; but I guess that's why he knows some philosophy and theology!!

Monday 9 November: The first years head off to Palazzola, for a retreat and a well-earned rest.

Tuesday 10 November: Beautifully framed pictures of local *piazze* are hung in the Common Room, and three new sofas destined for the Friends' Room take temporary refuge there. A transformation is taking place! Thank you to Andrew Stringfellow and the Common Room team for organising it all, and the Friends of the Venerable for paying for it all!!

Thursday 12 November: Messrs Howarth and Keane, the Brentwood Bruisers, finish writing this year's panto script. Its identity is top secret, and not even their neighbours have been able to deduce its title by holding a glass to the wall! Have they any creative energy left for Fr Phil Rosato's interactive sacramental theology exam tomorrow morning?

Saturday 14 November: Crecy, Agincourt, Waterloo... Brazilian College playing fields, where the VEC beats France, 7-0.

Sunday 15 November: We welcome Alastair Joseph Coughlan (seven weeks) to his first Mass at the VEC, and welcome back Marjorie (slightly more than seven weeks). Mum and baby both look radiant, and he even enjoys Sunday lunch!

Monday 16 November: A relieved Editor of *The Venerabile* is seen roaming around the College with a fixed grin on his face [*plus ça change!* – Ed.]: *The Venerabile* has arrived from the printers – and it is still 1998!!!

Tuesday 17 November: Mrs Pauline Bulger, Sr Amadeus' mother, dies today following a long illness. She passes away at the very moment we are praying the *De Profundis* in the Martyrs' Chapel after supper. May she rest in peace.

Wednesday 18 November: Students imitate yetis around the College as they pile on the layers to ward off hypothermia.

Thursday 19 November: Bishop Cormac Murphy-O'Connor, from Arundel and Brighton, arrives...

Friday 20 November: and the heating is turned on! Is there a causal connection?

Saturday 21 November: During the Student Consultation Meeting, which this semester is about that old chestnut, liturgy, we are asked to make practical suggestions to further our liturgical formation. Terry Martin's is that we should have 'phones installed in our rooms to enable early morning alarm calls, should Community Mass begin each morning at 6.40 a.m. (Older ordained readers will be forgiven for wondering what the fuss is all about...)

Fr Rector admonishes us to take the next empty place in the Refectory as we enter for meals; after all, 'we were all mixed up for meals'. *Tanto per cambiare, Padre!*

It is announced that Dominic Allain will be ordained priest in the College Church on Tuesday 29 July, the Solemnity of Ss Peter and Paul.

Sunday 22 November – Solemnity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Universal King: The children and young people who take part in the College's various catechetical programmes lead us in today's Community Mass.

Wednesday 25 November: A successful CUCU evening raises lots of money for charity, and *James and the Giant Peach* will be this year's pantomime. Gerard Skinner attempts to buy a balloon ride for Andrew Cole and Adrian Tomlinson; no doubt this flight of fancy will be avenged, as such insults cannot be taken lightly...

Saturday 28 November: Our Advent Recollection begins. Fr Keith Pecklers, S.J., leads the conferences. This year, we are invited to allow the Redemption to enter every part of our lives; our ministries will be powerful if we remember that we are 'graced sinners'.

Sunday 29 November: Only a liturgist could forget that there is no Gloria during Advent!

Tuesday 1 December – Solemnity of St Ralph Sherwin and Companions: Martyrs' Day comes round once more, and Fr Rector preaches an inspiring homily. During lunch, he paints an intriguing picture of Prof. Donna Orsutu as having three legs, one in the Greg, a second in the Ange and a third in the Lay Centre... Donna is seen cradling her head!

In the evening, just before we sing the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the witness of our martyrs, the Rector announces that he will be leaving at the end of this academic year. We haven't been in such good voice for years!!

Wednesday 16 December: After watching the first night of the panto, David Potter reveals that there are certain nightclubs in Liverpool where people pay good money for a show like ours! He surely cannot be referring to Messrs Cole, Hough and Saunders as the all-singing and all-dancing Flowers, in their most exquisite tutus and tights?

Friday 18 December: The third and last night of the panto sees another packed Common Room, with well-deserved applause for everyone involved.

Saturday 19 December: Derram Attfield announces that he will be leaving the College, but continuing his formation back in Westminster. He has been with us since September 1996.

We have an Evening Vigil Mass and festal supper to wish one another 'Happy Christmas'; the holidays are upon us, and September seems an awful long time ago! The Ange students don't finish lectures until Wednesday, but they're going home as well.

Sunday 20 December: And they're off! We all go on our Christmas break.

Thursday 7 January 1999: And they're back! After a slightly longer than usual Christmas holiday, we all arrive in the Collège, ready for Community Mass and lectures, first thing on a Friday morning.

Sunday 10 January – Feast of the Baptism of the Lord: Mons. James Sullivan, Prot.Ap., O.B.E., 'Fr Jim' to his many friends in Rome and the UK, dies peacefully at his home with the Little Sisters of the Poor in Leeds. He has been missed since he left the Collège in May 1997, and his presence among us was a great blessing. He was ready to die, and said that the best Christmas present he could have been given was meeting the Lord; how fitting that, on the last day of Christmastide when we remember our dying to Christ in baptism, the Lord should call him to himself. *Requiescat in pace.*

Wednesday 13 January: The deacons-to-be head off for the pre-retreat recollection.

Sunday 17 January: A beautiful new widescreen television, with all sorts of sound facilities, has been installed in the Blue Room, which is in the final phases of its most splendid transmogrification into the Friends Room. Our excellent 'odd job man', Pasquale, has built a raised platform for it, and has already begun work on a video cassette cabinet. The first video to be watched on this masterpiece of modern technology is *Titanic*.

Saturday 23 January: Chris Bergin is strangely quiet and out of circulation at the moment. He can't be hiding away in his room, concocting eleven months of his Senior Student diary, can he?

Tuesday 26 January: It's the last day of lectures, which means that it's the last Visit to the Blessed Sacrament until the new semester. Adrian Tomlinson celebrates this by intoning the *Alma Redemptoris Mater* in the style of Dame Janet Baker.

Mons. Patrick Casey, Bishop Emeritus of Brentwood, dies today. May he rest in peace.

Monday 8 February: A particularly amusing incident over at Mother Greg. Tom Creagh-Fuller plays the 'Sorry, Father, I couldn't read that article in the original language' card, during his exam with Fr Millas. Unfortunately, Fr Millas reply was: 'The article was written in English.' Aaargh!!!

Tuesday 9 February: Kevin Colfer admits his mistake when selecting an exam session video, choosing the mobster movie *Donnie Brasco*, thinking it was about the St John 'Don' Bosco camp in Colchester. Thank goodness he got it wrong!

Friday 12 February: Bruce Barnes successfully completes his *lectio coram* at the Angelicum, and is awarded his M.A. and S.T.L.

Saturday 13 February: As exams finish and another semester's work can be forgotten about, it's holiday time, with staff and students heading off to various destinations in Italy. Friuli, Venice and Padua seem to be popular choices.

Friday 19 February: A new semester begins with a new College timetable. The most significant change is the (re-) introduction of daily Community Mass.

We elect a new Senior Student, Richard Walker. Thomas Saunders and Stephen Wright are to be his joint Deputies.

Saturday 20 February: The great House job shuffle takes place. Your Diarist becomes the car man, a.k.a. the 'transcendental transport guru'. The state the uno is in (after all, it will be ten years old in a few months' time) at the moment, flying carpets might be more reliable! Andrew Cole gets his knuckledusters out for a year of Guestmastering. Sr Amadeus: 'The staff wanted a heavyweight.'

It's drinks before Vespers this evening, as our two Anglican exchange students, Mike Todd and Geoffrey Mumford, throw a party to say farewell. Singing is excellent during the actual celebration of Vespers. We should do this more often!!

The *schola* begins two days of recording music and pictures for an ITV programme, *Crossing Rome*, to be broadcast on Good Friday. Some students and Sr Amadeus are interviewed about the meaning of the cross for them.

Wednesday 24 February: This evening, Community Mass is a Requiem Mass, offered for the repose of the soul of Fr Jim. We are joined by many of his friends in Rome, including his lookalike, Frank Britten, who lives on the Piazza Farnese and who is himself recovering from a nasty accident, Mr and Mrs Garey, and three sisters from the Bridgettine convent next door. We commend him to Almighty God's safe keeping and mercy, and give thanks for his long and inspiring life.

Saturday 27 February: Honour is sufficiently satisfied on the football field as the VEC beats the NAC 2-0.

A new member of staff is announced: Fr Paul Rowan, from the Archdiocese of Liverpool, will be joining us in September as second Academic Tutor.

Sunday 28 February: At the House Meeting at which all the House jobs change, Richard Walker officially takes over as Senior Student, with a reflection on his last elected role as milk monitor in school, back in the ascendancy of 'Thatcher, Thatcher, Milk Snatcher'.

Monday 1 March – Feast of St David: Steven Billington preaches about anything but St David.

Saturday 6 March: Tom Saunders, joint DSS, carries on the 'Dougal' point system begun by former DSS, Steve Billington. You become a 'Dougal' (It's something to do with *Father Ted*, but I'm not quite sure what!) if you miss a meal and do not sign out. Tom threatens to extend it to those speaking with their mouths full and using too much tomato ketchup.

Sunday 7 March: An appeal is made today at the end of Mass for money to send students to help the H.C.P.T. during their annual pilgrimage to Lourdes in the Octave of Easter. It raises £300, for which we are very grateful.

Wednesday 10 March: The candidates-to-be go off to Palazzola for their retreat.

Sunday 14 March: Amidst much pomp and circumstance, the refurbished Blue Room is reopened as the Friends' Room by the Chairperson of the Friends of the Venerable, Jo. Barnacle.

Sunday 21 March: Instead of a Lent play, the Venerable Debating Society considers another topic of burning interest: 'Ignorance is Bliss.' Proposing the motion were Paul 'where's Cambridge?' Keane and Dominic 'kids should be seen and not heard' Howarth. Opposing the motion – unsuccessfully, but not without some devilish tactics – were David 'Lucifer' Parmiter and Terry 'Beelzebub' Martin. An excellent evening was had by all.

Wednesday 24 March: We celebrate the Vigil Mass of the Solemnity of the Annunciation of the Lord, which the Vice-Rector describes as 'the loveliest feast of Our Lady'.

Saturday 27 March: We all go to Palazzola, for a most enjoyable Holy Week Recollection, led by Fr Anthony McSweeney, S.S.S., who leads us in reflecting about the ceremonies of the Easter Triduum.

Sunday 28 March – Passion Sunday: This year, we cannot have the Blessing of Palms in the garden, because of the restoration work taking place there, so we start outside the Church.

Wednesday 31 March: Students' guests begin to arrive, for the Easter Triduum and subsequent holiday. This is always a particularly pleasant time of year, in which the College takes on a completely different atmosphere.

Thursday 1 April – Maundy Thursday: The College goes into liturgical overdrive. The Church is comfortably packed for the Evening Mass of the Lord's Supper, and the oven cleaner on the thurible works wonders. After Mass, students and their families and friends enjoy the Roman custom of visiting seven Altars of Repose in order to obtain a plenary indulgence. Some altars are beautiful, while others are tacky. Ours is a panoply of wax and stem, as candles and flowers vie for centre of artistic attention.

Friday 2 April – Good Friday: Sr Amadeus leads the Stations of the Cross at noon. Many of our Sunday congregation join us as we are led in reflection around various parts of the College and garden. Very imaginative, very reflective and much appreciated.

The Solemn Celebration of the Lord's Passion is as beautiful as usual, and the Church is as packed as usual, with many people taking part from the Tribune. Some visitors seem to think that wandering around the main corridor and garden counts for 'full, conscious and active' participation in the liturgy; they turn out to be priests staying at the NAC.

Saturday 3 April – Holy Saturday: It's always amazing that the Church exhorts us to spend today in quiet reflection and celebration, and it ends up being a mad rush to get everything ready for the Easter Vigil.

Fr Rector presides at a splendid Mass of Easter Night. The sacristans construct a marvellous fire, which really does light up the darkness. The bells continue to cause problems: last year, Joe Silver dropped a clanger (literally); this year, Paul Moores manages to break the organist's light, while furiously ringing our restored church bell during the *Gloria*. The Party of Easter Night is a splendid affair; one American nun, while slugging a bottle of *Bud*, is heard to comment: 'Boy, do you guys know how to throw a good one!' Thanks, sis!!

Sunday 4 April – Easter Sunday: In St Peter's Square, Adrian Tomlinson

manages to get his chuffin' voice chuffin' broadcast around t'chuffin' Square, when, in an unguarded moment before Mass, he stands too close to a microphone. Your sins shall find you out...

Sunday 11 April: The Easter break is over, and Rome erupts as *Roma* beats *Lazio* 3-1.

Monday 12 April: Sonia, who looks after us at breakfast and who happens to be a *giallorosso*, is looking for the College's *Lazialli*, who are nowhere to be seen... As for the Rector, well, he just likes poor old Udinese, and is wondering what the fuss is about!

Tuesday 13 April: Tonight sees the first meeting of faith reflection groups. These will be taking place as an experiment during the next eight weeks, with each student and staff member taking part in a group which meets on alternate weeks. Some prayer groups carry on valiantly, when they are able to do so.

Wednesday 14 April: The priests-to-be go for their pre-retreat recollection. Well, most of them do ...

Saturday 17 April: A shocked College learns that Cardinal Hume has terminal cancer.

Sunday 18 April: Tom Creagh-Fuller and Tish Nichol, our vocal therapist (I think that's what her job spec is!!), honour a CUCU contract by treating a packed Common Room to the delight of their wonderful voices raised in recital and song. Tony Curren remarks that the sound of the fire crackling away behind Tom makes him sound like an old 78! Oops!!

Thank you, Andrew



The editor relaxes over a light lunch

Andrew Cole has been the editor of the *Venerabile* for the last three years. This is his final edition.

We would like to thank him for his dedication, effort and hard work for the *Venerabile*.

He might be a little surprised when he sees this, since in the proofs it was an advert for the printers.

Of course, Andrew, as editor you have copyright over the photograph to the left. But we've got the negatives...

All the best, and many thanks from all at the *Venerabile*.

Wednesday 21 April: Over half of the College descends on Lou's for the evening, to say a fond farewell to Dennis Caulfield, from Liverpool, who has been with us since September 1996 and who will be returning to medicine. We are sure that he has honed his bedside manner at the Venerabile, where, even when he wasn't infirmarian, he was often called upon for advice in all matters of sickness and health. N.H.S. waiting lists are about to be halved.

Thursday 22 April: It's the turn of the acolytes-to-be for some mid-term spiritual input. During their retreat, Sr Amadeus gives a new exposition of the four marks of the Church: the arrogance of the clergy, the ignorance of the laity, the immorality of the papacy and the wealth of the religious orders. She's obviously been reading the wrong books!

Friday 30 April: Today, both the Greg and the Ange announce that there will be no lectures on Monday morning. Apparently, the Mayor of Rome has asked all educational institutes to close for the day on Monday, to help the city cope with all the people coming for Padre Pio's Beatification on Sunday morning. So, with May Day and a free Sunday, that means we get a three day long holiday! Surely this must count as the miracle for Padre Pio's canonisation?

Sunday 2 May: Pope John Paul beatifies Padre Pio of Pietrelcina in St Peter's Square, and then flies over to St John Lateran to pray the *Regina Coeli*, with all those who gathered there. Carmine Pellegrino, who is from the new *beatuus*' neck of the woods, joins the bigwigs in the *reparto speciale*. As ever in Rome, sacred and profane meet in a unique way: along the Via della Conciliazione, the latest con-trick is getting people to have the photographs taken alongside cardboard cut-outs of the great man. Despite the many thousands of extra people in Rome for the weekend, the city copes marvellously; there is hope yet for the Great Jubilee, for which this was seen as a dry run by many of the powers-that-be.

Monday 3 May: Jorg Mosig, a German student for the Archdiocese of Westminster, arrives in College for a taste of Roman seminary life.

Friday 7 May: Mons. Joseph Grey, Bishop Emeritus of Shrewsbury, dies. May he rest in peace.

Sunday 9 May: Founders Day, ostensibly in honour of Gregory XIII and Cardinal William Allen, is the College's chance to thank all those who work for the College in various ways, particularly with the Vice-Rector and Joe Coughlan. The kitchen comes up trumps, as do the students, and so our guests leave suitably impressed. More than one has commented on how much they enjoyed themselves, and how good they thought the atmosphere in College was.

In the evening, we have 'A Little May Madness'. Friends of the College join us for organ and song in the Church, Shakespeare and Pimms in the garden, and comedy and jazz in the Common Room. People use their talents to great effect, with Aidan Prescott revealing himself to be a rather humorous songwriter. A marvellous time is had by all; it is great fun, and very relaxing. Congratulations to those who organised it all.

Paul Keane was due to host the evening, but loses his voice; it couldn't have happened to a nicer person! The Rector seems to find this a sufficient reason to posit the existence of the Deity, in a way far more convincing than the five of

St Thomas Aquinas, as he announces that 'There is a God' in his post-concert 'thanks'!

Wednesday 12 May: The lecturers-to-be go off for their retreat.

Friday 14 May: After another of Tony Philpot's excellent spiritual conferences, the Rector announces that his successor will be Fr Pat Kilgarriff, from the Archdiocese of Birmingham. He is a one-time Spiritual Director, but will be the first Rector who is not an Old Roman for quite some time.

The Beda College had this choice titbit announced to them this morning (a few hours before we heard – officially at least!), but their attempts to pass this information on to us failed as they got the name hopelessly wrong. The Beda is believed to be installing a loop system to counter such errors in the future.

So, all bets are off, and the rumour-mongers (naming no names, of course!) will have to find something else to talk about!

Sunday 16 May – Solemnity of the Ascension of the Lord: Eighteen people receive their First Holy Communion during Mass this morning. The smoothest operation for years means that S.A.S.-style snatch squads looking for video camera-wielding relatives are unnecessary. Even the poor unfortunate woman whose *telefonino* went off during the Liturgy of the Word went to apologise to Guestmaster Andrew Cole before he could vent his spleen on her!

Wednesday 19 May: Philip Miller's homily brings alive the Scriptures as he applies Psalm 89(90) to seminary life: 'Our life is over like a sigh. Our span is six years, or seven for those who are strong...' He omits the next line: 'And most of these are emptiness and pain.' Some things are just better left unsaid!

Thursday 20 May: The College *gita* sees us load up the *charabanc* and head for an unknown destination, which turns out to be the Benedictine monastery in Farfa, in the Sabine Hills, for Mass, and then on to a picturesque spot on a lakeside in southern Umbria for lunch and the afternoon. Although it rains as if rain is going out of fashion during lunch, it brightens up in the afternoon so that we can have boat rides on the lake. The 'far-table-on-the-right-hand-side-of-the-Ref' people not only manage to have their lunch at a separate table, but manage to get into a separate building!!

Sunday 23 May – Solemnity of Pentecost: Bishop Michael Fitzgerald comes to the College to administer the sacrament of Confirmation to eleven young people who had been taking part in the College's catechetical programme. And what a beautiful way to round off this Diary!

Joseph Silver

The Jubilee Saint of Palazzola?

Just as vast crowds will flock to Rome in 2000, thousands came to the Eternal City for the Holy Year called by Nicholas V in 1450. The future Pius II estimated that as many as 40,000 arrived at the City gates every day, 'like a swarm of starlings'. Indeed these numbers caused one of the great Roman disasters on 19 December 1450 when the bridge of Sant'Angelo collapsed under the weight of the throng, killing nearly 200. One of the high points of the Jubilee was the canonisation of the popular Franciscan preacher, Bernardine of Siena, a great pioneer of devotion to the Holy Name, who had died six years previously. For this event nearly 4,000 friars had gathered at the venerable convent of the *Ara Cæli*, which in the fifteenth century occupied much of the space currently taken up by 'the wedding cake'. One of those present was a lay-brother from Seville called Didacus.

Born around 1400 of a poor family, Didacus (or Diego, the Spanish for James) had shown an early tendency towards things religious and as a youth spent some time with a local hermit, together praising God, practising severe austerities, cultivating a small garden and making wooden utensils. He eventually joined the friary of Arrizafa, near Cordoba, as a lay-brother, and on account of his remarkable ability and sanctity was sent in 1445 as warden to a convent in the Canary Islands, at Fuerteventura. Hagiographic accounts tend to make him the evangeliser of the island, but recent research has shown that most of the native population had probably been converted by the time of Didacus' arrival. Recalled to Spain, he was able to make the pilgrimage to Rome for the Jubilee in 1450 as assistant to Castile's representative at the Franciscan conclave there, Alonson de Castro. At the time, Rome was stricken by plague - the sick could be 'seen in the infected streets falling down like dogs', and the Pope was compelled to move to Fabriano during the summer. Alonson de Castro fell sick as he approached Rome, and Didacus cared for him and other victims at the *Ara Cæli* during his thirteen week stay. He became a well-known figure of mercy, making his rounds of the sick, putting neighbour before self in the grim conditions, and performing various miracles. Indeed, 1450 became known as the 'Jubilee of the Six Saints' on account of the six future canonised saints present, four of whom were Franciscan.

At this point in the story, this somewhat remote figure suddenly leaps into our own history. In 1449 the Franciscans of the *Ara Cæli* had purchased a summer house from the Carthusians of Santa Croce overlooking Lake Albano and on the site of a Roman villa. It had already gone through eremitical, Benedictine, and Cistercian hands, and its association with the Franciscans would last for many years. The place was called Palazzola. There is a tradition that during his time in Rome Didacus visited the new residence in the Alban Hills. Unfortunately little solid evidence for this saintly *gita* seems to exist, beyond the fact that the friars obviously had a great devotion to him. There was a chapel dedicated to him on the ground floor, possibly where the common room or spiritual reading library is

now, complete with a ceiling fresco by the Bolognese artist Ippolito Sconzani (waiting for a rediscovery!?). Beyond this we can only say that the visit is credible, and it certainly paints a picturesque snapshot in our historical imagination.

Didacus soon returned to his native land where, as Butler notes, 'shining in all kinds of virtue, going forward every day in perfection and moving wonderfully all who conversed with him to aspire to the same, he endeavoured with all his strength to draw in himself the most perfect portraiture of his heavenly life'. He died clutching a wooden cross at the friary of Alcal as in Castile on 12 November 1463. After death his body remained incorrupt and strange lights were seen in the chapel where he was laid to rest. Miracle stories began to circulate and Didacus soon became a local *beatus*.

However, a royal accident at Alcal as on 19 April 1562 led to his fame spreading beyond his beloved locality when Philip II's son, Don Carlos, fell down some stairs and seriously injured his head. The wound festered and the prince fell into a delirium. As the doctors gave up, the remains of Didacus, after nearly a century in the tomb, were brought to Carlos' room and actually placed on the royal bed. The court watched eagerly for the effects - the English ambassador, Thomas Chaloner, wrote to the Queen that 'if God sende the prince to escape, that fryer is not unlike to be canonised for his laboure'. Don Carlos was not expected to survive the night, but he fell into a deep sleep, during which he had a dream involving a kindly friar, and began to improve. By late June he was able to attend a Mass of thanksgiving in Fra' Didacus' chapel. Convinced of a miracle, Philip II joined local efforts to get Didacus canonised. He put pressure on successive popes - Pius IV, St Pius V and Gregory XIII - to get the friar canonised, and yet they appeared reluctant and cautious. Don Carlos had long been dead - poisoned, it was thought, by his father during his house arrest on account of mental instability - when a Franciscan, Felice Peretti, was elected as Sixtus V in 1585. Philip II at last saw his chance - not only was Sixtus pro-Franciscan but a supporter of Philip's policy against the heretical English. He had encouraged plans for an Armada, but was reluctant to invest money until the fleet had successively landed. However there were other ways to the Emperor's heart in his hour of need, and so 'the iron pope', as he came to be called, canonised Didacus in 1588 several weeks before the fateful Armada sailed, as a way of encouraging Philip without paying gold ducats and inspiring Christendom at a time of war. Meanwhile in England, 1588 was the year four *Venerabilini* won the martyr's crown.

The first saint of the 'Counter-Reformation' (the last canonisation had been in 1523), Didacus would give his name to the sixth largest city in the United States, San Diego. Just as the *frati* of Palazzola could claim St Didacus as their own, so can we, especially in the Holy Year. Let us then confidently say: 'St Didacus of Palazzola, pray for us!' (Feast: 13 November)

From an Eighteenth Century Pilgrim's Book

The College has never given up its charism, dating back to 1362, of providing hospitality to visitors and pilgrims, who over the centuries have included great men (e.g., Milton and Gladstone) as well as countless ordinary folk. The 'Pilgrim's

Book' for 1733 - 1771 (*Liber* 292) contains descriptions of some of these, with many fascinating details. In the following extracts we hear the tale of woe of an unfortunate Jacobite watchmaker and meet the somewhat eccentric (though saintly) figure of Thomas Fidd, an inventor of domestic ventilators who met a violent end near Antwerp shortly after his Roman pilgrimage.

21 August 1747:

Came here one Peter Whittel, a Roman Catholic, a Watchmaker by trade; 48 years of age. This man had suffered many hardships in his life, originally occasioned by his Father's severity, who put him Prentice to a Watchmaker against his inclination. Having served 4 years he ran away on account of his hump-backed mistress, who was very cross to him, and would only afford him gruel in a morning, which don't well go down with a hungry lad. Many other hardships he had to go through: if ever he complained to his Father, he got no other comfort than a Jack-rope about his shoulders. He went on his own accord into France, where he served out his time, and then returned home; but was very poorly looked on by his Father; who soon after sent him to Spain with Mr Hatton, a famous Watchmaker, where he did very well; but not knowing when he was well, and being young, he married a very good young woman, but an Italian, who was ye cause of all his misfortunes: what would she have been then, if she had been a bad woman? In Spain he was very well, but his wife always teased, and plagued him to try his fortune in Italy, which she praised to ye skies; He considered, came to Italy, where alas he was quite ruined by ye Italians. He has all his tools with him and has a mind to go to Naples to set up, and there expects his Wife to come from Ancona: he came hither himself out of Devotion, and was robbed on ye road of 2 Zecchines, all ye money he had. I made a memorial for him to His Majesty [the 'Old Pretender'], who was so good as to give 3 Zecchines. This Man had suffered much on account of his being so stiff a Jacobite, as likewise had all his family; and once his Father drunk openly in ye Old Baily ye health of His Royal Majesty King James, for which imprudent action, he was forced to pay 600 Pounds, and put to a deal of trouble likewise, and in this he took too much after his Father. He was very bashful, and would not for some time accept of any victuals. I knew his Sister, and some other of his relations very well.

21 June 1763:

Came to ye College Mr Thomas Fidd from Amsterdam, but last from Loretto. He brought patents as a pilgrim from ye Pope's Nuncio at Brussels, and a letter of recommendation to Fr Rector from Fr Newton, an English Jesuit at Antwerp who had been Mr Fidd's confessor. He was entertained 8 days in ye College as a pilgrim, afterwards Fr Rector gave him a shop window under ye College, where he exercised his trade of making 'ventilators' to draw smoke out of rooms (of which he was the 1st inventor). He had ye honour to serve several Cardinals, Princes &c. He stayed until Easter 1764 and departed for Amsterdam in company with Messrs Kirby and

Ferby, 2 priests of this college. N.B. this Mr Thomas Fidd was born of a very good family at Henly in Oxfordshire, his father was Physician to Queen Anne, himself had been clerk of ye spicery to ye Prince of Wales which brought him in yearly near £200; but embracing ye Catholic religion he was compelled to quit his employment, and go to Holland where he followed his trade of making ventilators with good success. After having resided some time in Amsterdam, he was attacked with violent humors and pains in his legs, which being declared incurable by ye Surgeons he made a vow to come as a pilgrim to Loretto and Rome. Ye Surgeons told him he must walk upon his head, for his legs were not able to carry him. However when he arrived at Loretto his legs were healed and he felt no more pain. He was a very devout good man and heard 2 Masses every day during his stay to make amends for having missed hearing them while he was an heretic. Whenever he visited ye Blessed Sacrament he always put on his best clothes saying he would serve God like a Gentleman. During his stay in Rome he had several relics given him and other holy things. He departed very merry, but was drowned in a ditch near Antwerp as he was going to make his Easter communion about a year after his départure. *Requiescat in pace.* Amen.

Hinsley's Zulu Sermon

In 1927 Mons. Arthur Hinsley was appointed Apostolic Visitor to Africa, although he remained Rector until his creation as Archbishop of Sardis and Apostolic Delegate necessitated his resignation in 1929. It is obvious from his correspondence that Hinsley enjoyed the change from running the small world of a Roman seminary, and the extent to which he flung himself into his new role can be seen in the following 'Zulu sermon', preached around 1927, a copy of which can be found in the College Archives (Scr 86.6):

Vonce die Lord He make a garden and He make two peoples Adam and Eve and He put dem in die garden what He called Eden. Vonce die Lord He wanted to go for a week-end holiday so He called: 'Adam, Adam, you must not eat my winter apples'. Den He call: 'Eve, Eve, you must not eat my winter apples'. Den die Lord He pack His trunk and go for die week-end holiday.

Now Eve was vonce walking through Eden and she seed die winter apples and she pick vone and she eat it and it was very nice, so she call: 'Adam, Adam, come and taste die Lord's winter apples'. So Adam come and finish all die Lord's winter apples.

When die Lord He come back and find His winter apples gone He be very angry and He call: 'Adam, Adam', but Adam he lie low. Den die Lord He got very, very, very angry and He call: 'Eve, Eve', but Eve she lie low. Den die Lord He grow red in die face and He took Adam and Eve by die scruff of der necks and chuck dem over die fence. Amen.

Nicholas Schofield

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Echoed Ecstasy Not Lost

Still sighing, Jesus reached the tomb.

Jn 11: 38

But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:

T.S. Eliot, *East Coker*, iii

Every
Life begun
Is due to end;
Every life and
Love we worldly lose
Is sending on its way.
Light the thoughtful trips
Across the miracle
Mind
Anon.

Still sighing sadness knows it is not so – as every
Aching memory meets mourning just begun;
Buried deep, interred in terms too intimate to end,
And all apart, a moment's medical failure felt, and...
Could it be He felt the same, in powerless non-preventing, lose
His – *See how much He loved him* – sighing way
That weighs so heavy? Here no Ego trips
Heartless over untrodden hearthy loves – Lo, the miracle
Answers Filial tears; yet not preventing pain to mind
Nor death of the absolute paternal care anon:
It is accomplished echoed cries that Son we slowly dawn to rise.

Palm Sunday, 28 March 1999

Dear Old Palazzola – for a doctor friend on the death of her father

Rev Philip Miller

An Attitude of Gratitude

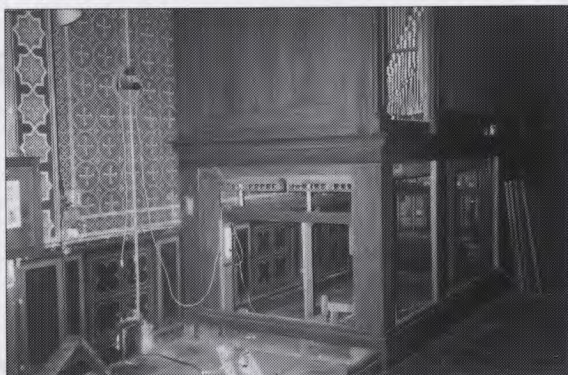
A spiritual conference given by our Theology Tutor, Fr Martin Stempczyk, gives the title for this article. 'An attitude of gratitude' (misquoted by a former diocesan brother of mine as 'gratitude with attitude'!) was closely linked with 'a flair for prayer'. The two marvellously combine when one is to speak of the College organ and its transformation over the past year.

Only because of the interest shown by friends, visitors and the Trustees of the College was it possible to have a rapidly deteriorating instrument restored. It was a joy to return last September to find the instrument in such good condition. Indeed, it was ready a few weeks earlier than

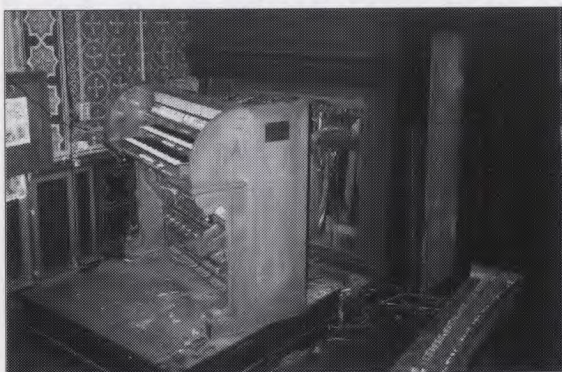
expected, and was able to lead the bishops of England and Wales in worship while in Rome for their retreat and conference. Any new instrument with such complete internal workings is bound to have its teething problems. Ours have

been few – and ever decreasing. The Italian word *rodaggio*, meaning 'running in', is one of a number with which I have had to grapple while talking to the organ builders, *Buccolini*.

Thanks to your generosity, the organ is now able to inspire us and fire up for student and pilgrim alike in 'a flair for prayer'. Thank you.



The organ is gutted.



The beginning of the work.

Gerard Skinner

Leavers' Notes

Monsignor Adrian Toffolo

Arriviamo al dunque... and other breakfast exclamations!

'*Arriviamo al dunque*' was a frequent exclamation of Mons. Adrian Toffolo on arriving at breakfast. It was also a characteristic of his rectorship at the Venerable English College. The *dunque* is a critical moment, for example, in a discourse when, after all the arguments have been assembled and expounded, the speaker pauses before launching into the conclusion. It is coming to the heart of the matter, getting down to brass tacks, grasping the matter in hand. The heart of the matter for Fr Adrian was and is pastoral priesthood, and all that goes to prepare a man for this and to help him live it out in service of the People of God. Being at the *dunque* is being at a point of readiness for whatever conclusions the Lord might be about to draw for us and having a listening ear for the signals that come from those we are working for and with. Fr Adrian lived a rectorship at this critical point of creative interaction that is the mark of a good leader.

'Well, I'd better get cracking' was an end of breakfast exclamation. It was not intended as a direct challenge to would-be lingerers over a second coffee, but a simple regular profession of a philosophy of life which didn't include wasting time. It is akin to an earlier more primitive version, 'Go, Go, Go!' which a younger Adrian Toffolo would yell on the Rugby field as he led the pack after an up and under. It was not hard to imagine what or who needed cracking. The 'job' of Rector of the English College is complex. It is first the responsibility for the formation of fifty young men for the priesthood but it also involves being in charge of a historic institution in the centre of Rome with a cultural and artistic heritage. It includes legal responsibility for a postgraduate house for twenty priests, 35 adjacent properties, and a large property, i.e. Palazzola, in the Alban Hills. Add to this tasks relating to the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales, and an endless stream of requests from the sublime to the idiotic concerning pilgrim visits, archive enquiries, papal blessings and audiences, English lessons, study holidays and jobs in England, accommodation in Rome, relics, uniforms for papal knights, TV and radio projects, and *miscellanea ad infinitum*. In the midst of all this, Fr Adrian kept the first thing as the first thing: students were his priority. He has maintained a thorough and consistent contact, both at a personal and community level, throughout his eight years as Rector.

'*È bello stare insieme!*' was, I suspect, more of a learnt language than a native one for this Rector. By character seemingly self-sufficient and content with his own company, he is not a natural socialite – especially if a 'ruddy pizza' was on the menu late in the evening. However, he set about learning the language of close collaboration and teamwork with a frank openness and enthusiasm. He led the staff through a series of sessions with Dr Jim Whiston from ICI, which bore great fruit on a professional and social level. He rarely if ever took unilateral decisions, but consulted the staff at every turn and, where appropriate, the students.



Monsignor Adrian Toffolo, Rector 1991-1999.

'Viva l'Italia!' With a name such as 'Toffolo', one would expect a certain affinity with Italy, and we were not disappointed. This realisation generated a feeling that he was at home in the College. It communicated an enthusiasm for promoting the learning of Italian among students and an incomprehension that anyone could do other than love the food, the culture and the people (especially in the north) of Italy. This sense that he was at home went further. Here is a man who is at home in his own skin, conscious of his strengths and weaknesses and willing to rely on others. He played himself in College pantomimes, and himself in real life. As a consequence, he had an underlying equilibrium and ability to act fairly which, admittedly, was sometimes disguised by a tendency to show irascible feelings easily on minor issues.

'Climb every Mountain!' This was reserved for Thursday breakfast. It was not said, but just written in his face. A day off is a day off. The fact that his map of Lazio and Umbria has nearly every mountain circled as 'done' is a testimony to Fr Adrian's belief in this. Accompanied or solo, rain or sunshine, Thursday would see him on a gradient heading for fresh air and a panorama. Maybe this explains why he was so prepared for the daily slog that leads to the vision, willing to persevere with an undistracted single-mindedness through a steady healthy routine: interview after interview with students, weekly staff meetings, House consultations and reports to Bishops. All this was done with eyes always on the goal of 'Fire on the Earth', through priests zealous for the Church, its people and its mission in England and Wales. Just some of the 'peaks' he could label as 'done' in his eight years as Rector would include appointing the first woman to the staff, increasing the formation staff to six, allowing students home at Christmas, introducing open reading of reports to bishops, the daily community Mass, consultation meetings, the opening of Sherwin House, restructuring of the staff calendar of meetings, recollections and assessments, changing the academic policy to allow study at the Angelicum, the general improvement of the material well-being of the College and, not least, the ordination of sixty students to the priesthood. Some of the valleys he has walked have been the departure of the Elizabethine sisters, the death of Fr Anthony O'Sullivan, the personnel court cases and the continuing search for staff.

'Dov'è il pane... Sonietta?' signalled the ritual of waiting for the bread which became a daily rectorial chore. This tedium however was greatly relieved by the presence of Sonia in the kitchen, a staunch Roma supporter, well able to mock the fortunes of Udinese, the Rector's team. Similarly, the burden of rectorial administration was lightened for him by the presence of his secretaries, first Joyce and then Delia. Friendly professionalism and a sense of humour endeared him in turn to those with whom he worked.

'Gratias agimus tibi Domine' – the 'archaeological grace' as one visiting bishop termed it – flowed out occasionally before the coffee (suitably diluted) and the bread (unpredictably late). Prayer was never diluted and if you could not set your watch by the College baker, you could set it by Fr Adrian arriving to pray in the morning, long before the set College prayer time. This little anthem dates him as a student in the College at the beginning of the Second Vatican Council. He combined the security of that pre-Conciliar era with the eagerness for renewal that the Council brought to those who lived through it at close quarters. This gave

him an anchor-like quality which is rooted in a healthy down to earth spirituality (maybe the earth of Cornwall and Friuli) and a broad ecclesiology. It also produced, on occasions, an incisive prophetic note for students discerning vocation in, for example, his spiritual conferences and Martyrs' Day homilies.

He remained throughout his rectorship a good man and a good priest in a tough job.

E adesso? Ancora arriviamo al dunque.

Christopher Bergin

Chris Bergin, widely known as Bergy, is a man too sensitive to his own image to have become a Collège 'character' in an overly idiosyncratic way. He has settled for being a good and generous friend, a well-balanced student and a man of faith. For this, we are very glad.

He arrived in 1993, and quickly settled into the gin-toting camaraderie expected of a young student from A&B. He followed the classic academic route: a quick glance at philosophy, a heavy plod through theology and a dogma licence, for the want of a better option, all at the Greg. Chris' tactics for academic success were to spend the mornings in the Greg library, arriving as early as possible to secure a good position for observing young ladies (and, should the occasion arise, for exercising his second-generation Irish charm), and to spend the afternoons in siesta.

Chris clearly succeeded in hiding his sympathetic nature from the Staff, for he was asked to serve as an infirmarian. Three years of continual exposure to our various ailments could have put an end to a man of less secure mentality, but Bergy survived. He was even concerned for his patients. He then went on to become *capo* of the services team, a notorious dead-end job in which even Chris was hard-pushed to shine. He was much more at home in his pastoral work, where he proved himself to be an able educator of those preparing for first communion or for marriage.

Not too surprisingly, Chris was elected Senior Student. Those who might have thought him a 'safe choice' were impressed at his manifest lack of shyness in tackling serious, and not so serious, issues at the highest level.

Chris' talents were put to good use in the Collège football team and in the Greg theology football squad, where he was really quite good at kicking the ball around. He also holds the prize for the most unusual footballing injury in recent times, i.e., a bitten scalp. Ever willing to be *uomo comunità*, Chris took on the challenging voluntary tasks of stamp-man and even flower-person. He was a stalwart of the *Schola*, where he sang a bit, but his major contributions were to the dramatic life of the Collège. He produced or directed three fine productions, both serious and humorous: *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, *A Man for All Seasons* and *Pinocchio*. On stage, he preferred small but interesting parts, or at least that's how he was always cast. His last and most endearing role was as a Christological bee, pulling a giant peach.

Chris has spent his last few months completing his licence in dogmatic theology at the Greg, patronising Anna's *latteria* for a regular 'camomile tea', and looking forward to owning a Fiat Punto. He will be missed.

Philip Caldwell

Laudemus viros gloriosos et homines magni virtute. But how shall one best sing the praises of Philip? Arriving at the Venerabile as a priest in 1995, Philip brought with him the experience of six years of formation at Oscott. It is no doubt true to say that those years prepared him well for the role he would play during his time at the English College. Certainly, no member of the College during his time here could be unaffected by his presence, and all will miss the special gifts he shared with those around him.

It is at the ambo that that presence was especially felt, and it is there that we shall miss him most of all. Philip's natural talents as a preacher were perfected by the meticulous craftsmanship of his homilies: clearly the result of long preparation, his clarity of thought and unforgettable turns of phrase made for some memorable moments at Community Mass. As befitted a scholar of sacramental theology, Philip most often drew his inspiration from the liturgy, weaving spiritual meaning out of season and rite. The rose-coloured vestments of *Lætare* Sunday led him on to the mystery of the Resurrection, in whose reflected light the purple of Lent is turned to pink. On another occasion, the glowing tapers of Candlemas led him to compare the salvific work of God to the *chiarascuro* mastery of a Renaissance artist. This evident love of the liturgy was reflected also in the way he celebrated Mass, his careful dignity reminding us all that rubrical correctness need never be a barrier to the expression of a living personality.

But Philip's presence in the House was in no way confined to the limited field of the sanctuary. He made himself available in almost every area of College life, from pantomimes to College gitas, corridor parties to prayer groups – and making his unforgettable contributions to them all. His ready wit, and that way with words of which he made such use in his homilies were a part of our everyday lives as well. So too was his understanding spirit and the hospitality and the kindness he showed to his friends. Guests he made to feel welcome as well, and on the great feast days of the College he could often be found among the students who had volunteered to serve the visitors at lunch, giving special care to those who needed it most. In fact, examples of his priestly ministry could be multiplied indefinitely, but let it be enough to say that he will be truly missed by all who knew him.

Philip leaves us now to take up a teaching post at Ushaw, taking his talents onwards to a third place of priestly training. He leaves behind him his example, and he takes with him the assurance of our prayers. Let our last words to Philip be the traditional ones: *ad multos annos!*

Gerard Flynn

Imperial regalia was freshly decaying, Churchillian cigars were smouldering in the ash-trays of Downing Street, and the Georgian era's last post was trumpeting the reveille of a second Elizabethan age when Gerard Dominic Flynn, handled by the shimmeringly new midwifery of the N.H.S., was born on 16 October 1951. His

mother, Bridget, a woman of great belief, and his father, William, who often spoke of Tower Hill on behalf of the Catholic Evidence Guild, firmly established him in the faith and in a house in Norbury, south London. Nonage contained the usual childish delights: sweets still limited by the austerities of ration books and Gerard serving his first Mass, a child's funeral, at the age of four. Amid his hormone rush, Gerard's family moved to Coulsdon, a forward-thinking parish, which in 1968 was shocked by the unexpected traditional teaching of *Humanæ Vitæ*. The parochial novelties there instructed him in the joyous and demanding possibilities of the future: collaborative ministry, liturgy committees and the folk Mass.

In 1970, Gerard began his English degree at Queen Mary College, and afterwards matriculated at the Institute of Education in London, for teaching is the not unusual domain of graduates who cannot think of anything better to do. But Gerard's life was not to be desiccation and numbed infant minds; he discovered, and we have been blessed to witness and enjoy, a flair for teaching, a love for children, and a loveableness which attracted pupils and staff, transforming them into firm friends. Such endowments, engarlanded with the qualities of efficiency and leadership, ensured that in 1986 he was offered his first post as headteacher of a primary school.

Ambridge's diversions are some of Gerard's arch-delights (his brother, Adrian, is the newest *Archers* scriptwriter). This willingness to listen to the rustic tedium of boring folk is paralleled in his concern to listen to those dumbed by deaf ears. Since 1978, he has been a Samaritan volunteer, that vital presence of vivific promise on the telephone line. During his studies in Italy, he has worked in the Rome office and spent many afternoons visiting schools and teaching children about the Samaritans' work. One of the many gifts Gerard has given to the English College is the example of intelligent and loving listening.

Security and routine were overthrown in January 1993 by illness, which prostrated Gerard and left only a relic of energy expended on clasping his bed sheets, praying as the woman with the hæmorrhage, that power would go forth from the Lord. Soon the diagnosis of liver failure was made and, whilst on an anaesthetic high which gave Gerard the delusion that the radio was broadcasting 10 Downing Street's announcement of his transplant, an unknown dead thirty-four year old man's liver replaced his own. To have lived with Gerard is to know a man who has an inkling of the wonder of life and the hope beyond death.

A second chance, a second calling. Priesthood had been a persevering proposition since 1992, and, in September 1995, Gerard began his studies for the Diocese of Portsmouth at Allen Hall. Chelsea chatter quickly gave way to Roman reveries, and for three years he has been to old Vecy a 'Father of the House' – not because of his age (Gerard has a quickness and openness greater than many in their twenties), but because of his generosity, wisdom, cultured intellect and his active concern for his fellow seminarians. He is a great performer: he has acted in all of the College's pantomimes and plays. He is an excellent host: he has chaired many debates and organised evenings of entertainment at the *villeggiatura*. He is a discerning counsellor: he has lightly shared his teaching experiences with many. Gerard is a great friend; he is aware of his faults, generous with his virtues, and quick to see in all people the daughters and sons of the Father of the world.

Christopher Higgins

In Robert Bolt's play, *A Man for All Seasons*, there is a character who takes the role of narrator. He is called the 'Common Man'. From an invisible distance, he comments on, and interprets wisely, the events of St Thomas More's life and death. Chris Higgins once played this part on the English College stage. However, he has played this part over the last seven years – the significant difference being that Chris was never on the margins of College life, but very much at the centre.

Chris took part in every College production from 1992 until 1999, usually taking the lead or a major role, and bringing to it a touch that can only be described as 'professional'. Chris proved that the gift of wisdom has nothing to do with age; it is God-given. At the age of 18, Chris came here from Denaby, in South Yorkshire, a Maltfriscan and full of fun. Bishops who hesitate to send eighteen-year-olds to seminary on the grounds of age alone should meet Chris. His maturity, trustworthiness and general solidity have made him a friend to many, and a voice to be listened to, privately or publicly. He does not fear the truth; he wears it as a very large breastplate.

His humour is a unique brand, based on intuition, experience and daring. Chris is also a great dancer; during his time here, he studied the mysterious art of Bedouin tribal dance. This was inspired by a painting given to him by Arthur Roche, which he sketched on one of his many safari trips. Strange music could often be heard along Old St Joseph's Corridor, and all would know that Chris was soon to appear with tribal bandana in place, and breastplate gyrating.

Chris had his fair share of difficult House jobs – Choirmaster and M.C. included – but he brought a certain presence that was both light and authoritative – a balance which is hard to find. In fact, the word 'presence' is what sums Chris up, be it on stage, on the volleyball court, in a prayer group, in a bar or just in his room. The man has *gravitas*. Few people are able to combine – with no hint of hypocrisy – charismatic, devotional and, at times, a mystical spirituality, with intense seriousness, as well as hilarious humour and a love of fun. Chris does. He has been the unseen hero in many a difficult situation, a peacemaker, a forgiver, a good man. Chris had high ideals for community life, and so his criticism was always direct, yet constructive. He was a community man, which any Christian should be. He was the Common Man, but, like St Thomas More, could walk with kings as easily as keep the common touch. He was, he is, a man for all seasons. He will be a man for all people, as he ministers in the Diocese of Hallam. We at the College have lost a character, a friend, and, most importantly, a voice which challenged us to think and speak about the things we would rather leave untouched. Hallam gains all those things, and more, and we have only lost them if we fail to follow his example, which, after all, is the example of a true disciple.

Philip Miller

Epitomising dedication in prayer, work and hospitality, Philip's peaceful presence has been an inspiration to many of us in the College. Whether quietly working in the library or bounding about the volleyball court, meditating by the pool or

setting off on a mountain *gita* on a Thursday morning, one hundred percent concentration is applied – and the energy seems effortless.

From Cambridge, via Providence Row, Philip came to the College in 1993, and so did all his friends. Hospitality and correspondence have been hallmarks of his time in Rome – guests for lunch, dinner, and even breakfast, rarely a postbag without a letter for him, and an e-mail score of 24 after one recent brief absence. All of these point to a man greatly loved, a pleasure to be with. Yet his sociability never seems to get in the way of that which is most important for those who are training for the priesthood – prayer and study. Nor did it detract from his playing a full and hearty part in College life. He was always involved in the pantomimes and plays, whether as a munchkin, photographer or the starring role in *James and the Giant Peach*; he never missed a *schola* rehearsal; he wrote poetry from ‘Dear Old Palazzola’ for this venerable magazine; and, perhaps most importantly, he was always very supportive of other ventures in which he was not otherwise involved. He was fully committed to his House jobs, which included Car Man, Vicariate Delegate, Greg Delegate and Choirmaster – and famously gave two choir practices in one week during the second semester!

Rev. Dr Philip Miller (astrophysics) is joining the staff of the Parish of Enfield in the Archdiocese of Westminster, where the Parish Priest, Rev. Dr John Arnold (Canon Law) seems to be setting up a university (he is to be joined by Rev. Dr Michael O’Boy (History)). Best wishes and prayers follow Philip. I hope that the presbytery has a few guest rooms.

Adamo Perruci

Adamo Perruci arrived at the College as a deacon to do a licence in dogmatic theology. After a year he was ordained priest, after receiving a dispensation on account of his age, in his home Diocese of Taranto. Adamo had a keen intelligence, and spoke with an authority that little belied his lack of years.

It is always difficult to be a foreigner in a foreign land, but to do so in one’s own capital city living surrounded by English speakers must be even more frustrating. Despite this, Adamo’s natural gift of language and innate sense of fun helped him to cope, and during his brief two years at the College he was rarely without a smile.

David Potter

If you ever forget the date of your birthday, or the time of an exam, David Potter will be sure to have memorised it. When asked how he remembered such large chunks of useless information, he would reply, in a very serious tone and looking at you steadily, ‘Well, some people say I’m autistic.’ He would then burst into vampire-like laughter. David’s sense of humour, especially with regard to himself, was one of the things that made him so likeable.

After a doctorate in modern languages and some time working with a *L’Arche* community, David arrived here in 1993. During six years of seminary life, David’s exterior behaviour came to be termed (by one less than orderly legend of Brentwood) ‘Germanic’. David’s days were structured, timed, ordered, most

things were planned, and you could pretty much set the College clock by him. The epitome of David's order was breakfast time: the same seat for six years; the same massacre of a boiled egg; the same vicious attack on an orange (which he peeled with his teeth); and the same cup of coffee to begin with and a cup of tea to wash it all down. (This friend is the one who vouches for these things, and has written them down so that others might know it is all true (cf. Jn 21:24).)

If, on the outside, David's ways seemed unchanging, on the inside, one found a heart that sought to change constantly. David's gift was self-knowledge; that is why he could laugh at himself with such ease. He was a man of prayer, honest and obedient, hardworking and thorough. David made every effort to understand people, and was quietly caring for a great number of students. He was a good and loyal friend, who would always help as much as he could. If his routine seemed unbreakable, his willingness to come to someone's aid at the drop of a hat proved otherwise. David played an active role in College productions, usually behind the scenes. He was also business manager of *The Venerabile* for a period, and held various House jobs, most notably Librarian and Head of Common Room. His successors in any role were sure to find all paperwork in order and clear instructions left behind.

David Potter was a man of *habitus*; his face was firmly set towards Jerusalem. We all hope that he will help his parishioners to turn their faces and hearts in that direction through his example and commitment to God.

Tira-mi-sù

Apart from being Fr Tony Grimshaw's oft-cited appellation applied to the fund for the magnificent lift installed at Palazzola during his time as Chaplain and Director, it is also the well known Roman dessert that comes after a pizza...

Readers of *The Venerabile* may recall an article in the 1994 issue, *Che Pizza!* in which I recounted the experiences of five years of College administration interwoven with the rebuilding of an abandoned College attic which had become my lodgings. The attic is still there, but rather less spartan than it once was. In Summer 1995, shortly before rescuing an abandoned cat (more of whom anon), Marjorie and I were married. Last September a wee chap to be called Alastair Joseph came on the scene. No, the attic is not as spartan as it once was – and (whilst there is no necessary connection) five years on the administration of the College has changed just as profoundly. The main problem for this article is that now the greater part of what the recent administration of the College has involved is part of a set of longer-term objectives still being evaluated and refined. What can be said is that the orientation in the College's administration *has* changed – not only are we more able but now we *have* to look much further forward than was possible or perhaps even perceived as necessary previously.

As most readers will no doubt concur, administration is really about resources, the ends to which they are destined and how you utilise them. Since the early nineteenth century, the College has had, to a greater or lesser degree, ever-pressing financial difficulties. The endowment of the College by Pope Gregory XIII was generous. Since that time, the College's patrimony has been rather reduced – with the notable exception of the inspired purchase of Palazzola! There are many stories attached to the decline in the College's financial fortunes – most of which, when researched further, appear to be more apocryphal than accurate. I will, however, leave that topic for another article and, perhaps, author!

For some time it had been recognised that the College should try to establish some sort of Endowment Fund and, providentially, a legacy came (via the Holy See) to the College which 'kick-started' that objective into a reality. Alongside that development came a reorganisation, steered largely by the Vice-Rector, Fr John Marsland, of the College's Trust in England whereby there now exists a Finance & General Purposes Committee (F&GPC), which reports to the College's Trustees. The Trustees supplement the Bishops' Committee, principally on financial advice, policy matters and management of the budding endowment fund. The prudent stewardship of this fund exercised by the Trustees is going to make a significant difference to the way the College is able to decide about its obligations and options for the future. The F&GPC is composed of a mixture of clergy and laity, with four members also being full Trustees of the College. Their contribution, in terms of the impact they are having on the College's administration and administrative functions, has been significant. The key figure in the College's administration, as clearly envisioned in the Bull of Foundation and repeated in subsequent constitutions – a new version of which will be appearing shortly! – is always the Rector. The College has been fortunate in the calibre of its rectors. The complexities of directing the College (despite it being what is, in the world at large, not a terribly big organisation) have increased significantly. Part of the reasoning behind the modification to the role of the Trustees has always been that it would be beneficial to have a 'pool of talent' upon which to draw – and draw on it we do! We also continue to benefit from the deep 'pools of goodwill' and concrete support in the form of the Friends of the Venerabile. A couple of years ago, we had the beginnings of a Rome branch of the Friends and we will now work again to ensure that this takes off properly. The opportunities for the College in Rome to be known and supported are there waiting to be tapped – they will be.

'Pools of talent' can reflect particular ranges of expertise and requirements and being in Rome requires the College to develop local 'pools' too. Gradually we are increasing the extent of the networks upon which we can draw for advice and guidance on the many niggling day-to-day matters that arise – as well as some of the really big ones too. It would be well to mention that (since October 1955!) the College has been listed in Italy as a *Monumento Nazionale*, the local equivalent of a UK Grade 1 Listed Building. As the local administrations have improved their own efficiency, the College has had to ensure that it complies with the prevailing local legislation in a myriad of areas. These properly include health and safety requirements – which, nevertheless, have to be dovetailed into the preservation of the College's architectural character – but also include how you

look after the cheese in your refrigerator, as well as what type of lighting you can have in the Refectory.

Just as is the case in many other parts of the world, the authorities competent in one particular area do not always agree with another authority's requirements. In our experience the *Belle Arti* and the *Vigili di Fuoco* almost appear to go out of their way in order to disagree with each other; the College has witnessed a three year disagreement over a single door at the foot of the main staircase upon which hinges (no pun intended) the entire layout for adequate fire safety measures. Next Thursday, I have a meeting with a local *Onorevole* (Rt Hon.) at the Ministry of Public Works; as mentioned above, we're working on our networks!

We have even instituted, two years ago, a new 'Grade A' *fiesta* – Founders' Day. This is celebrated on the first Sunday in May, after the May Day bank holiday. The focus is on 'the College in Rome and Italy', and our guest list reflects that. The results have been good. It must be said that the students look after our guests very well – perhaps improving their knowledge of Italian along the way. It's not often that a seminarian needs to be able to discuss the subtleties of local politics with the political manager of the present Italian Prime Minister; yes, the results have been good – perhaps also because the College's interest in its guests as *people* is rather a novelty for them. *Vivat!*

An outcome of the present position of required capital works coupled with the means (un-)available, is that, possibly for some years still, the College will not be able to accept resident pilgrims during the summer months. This is most unfortunate, as the College feels very deeply about its 'Hospice' origins and its own pilgrim tradition – nor can we ignore the absence of the pilgrims' financial contribution to the College's well-being. Nevertheless, the College's commitment to welcoming pilgrims to the Eternal City is borne along by the resident community of the Sisters of Mercy, Mons. Anthony Philpot, and the local staff at Palazzola. Long live D.O.P.!

Palazzola – at the time of writing still undergoing the tremendous works being financed by the *Soprintendenza dei Belle Arti* for Lazio – has also had a bit of recent 're-organisation'. Fear not – the College and Palazzola are not going through a Dilbertian world of delayering, decentralisation, downsizing and demergering, or any other recent management fad. No, the objectives for Palazzola remain largely unchanged. The resident team meets regularly with the Rector, Vice-Rector and Bursar as the Directing Council of a newly instituted *Associazione Religiosa* – the Venerable Institute of St Thomas and St Edward, or 'VITE' for short.

There have been changes in the local legal and fiscal requirements, and, within these changes, an opportunity arose for our sort of organisation. It means a bit (actually, quite a bit!) more paperwork for Giuseppe Piacentini, but he too is now able to call upon a thoroughly professional group of advisers to help him through the tax office's murky depths, the health authority's inspectors, and the local building regulations for our *Monumento Nazionale* no. 2 – yes, Palazzola as well. The *Belle Arti* officials involved with the works at Palazzola are thoroughly competent experts in their field. It is marvellous to see the care and expertise that they apply to their work. There is also a broader dimension that on occasion may not be their *forte*: Palazzola's garden is a monastery garden, its appearance

may be being shifted in the direction of a seventeenth century Portuguese formal garden, with a bit of fifteenth century Italian thrown in, and its late mediæval origins considered for good measure. I shall never forget the day when, chatting with one of the Collège's architects down in Rome, it was mentioned that the project of works at Palazzola included rearranging the garden. On getting back into the office, I immediately sent a fax to Fr Grimshaw, trying to warn him of this unexpected development... Admittedly we have to consider what we want the garden at Palazzola to be in the future – but that is the point: we need to be able to participate in that discussion. Needless to say, a torrent of correspondence, borne aloft by a locally generated concentration of great heat not seen since the lake was a volcano – or, for that matter, even subsequently – emanated from the Chaplain's word processor, destined for the offices of the *Belle Arti*... I suspect the whole thing will look splendid in the end. Nature's own evolution will have its effect too.

I mentioned earlier that we are looking ahead much more than was possible ten years ago. At that time, there was a considerable amount of ground to be covered just to catch up with where we were supposed to be already... In the time that I have known the Collège (forty years this summer!), and, of course, more particularly the time that I have actually been working with the Collège, the needs of the students have changed in line with the technological developments of the day and the change in social expectations too. In addition, we have to consider what is *likely* to be expected of seminaries in the future. We cannot predict exactly what will be necessary, but the whole question of strategic development is playing a more significant role in shaping how we think about the infrastructure that will be necessary for the institution that we are trying to provide for the future – as well as trying to cope with the immediate needs of today.

The immediate needs... In the Summer of 1998, the Collège had a significant rat problem, next door to the Collège proper, in the courtyard and cellars of Via di Monserrato, no. 48 – it was, eventually, rather messily (for the rats) resolved. Earlier I mentioned an abandoned cat. *Our* cat is no match for the Jurassic rodents despatched last summer despite, being a seven kilo beast with one fiery eye. He didn't weigh seven kilos in 1995; in fact, he resembled little more than a rat's leftovers after raiding the above mentioned courtyard's refuse bins. No, our cat is called Djinn and he lives up to his name rather well. He is a mischievous creature – as the Editor of *The Venerabile* knows only too well, after having, in our absence, to retrieve him from a neighbour's apartment during the Bishops' visit to the Collège in the late summer of 1998. Yes, he's a friendly sort of cat... a new addition to the Collège's menagerie.

In *Che Pizza!* there was much mention of the Collège Sisters. It should be recorded that one of the most significant recent changes in the Collège's administration was the withdrawal of the Elisabettine Sisters from their service to the Collège. On New Year's Day 1993, the Mother Provincial of the Order 'popped in' to wish us Season's Greetings, and to mention that the Sisters could not continue their present obligations. In May of that year most of our domestic personnel transferred to a catering and cleaning firm who took up the reins of providing the essential services – albeit without that 'something extra' that the

sisters always brought to the College. After Fr Rector celebrated Mass in their apartment on St Stephen's Day 1995, the sisters left. Over seventy years of service and memories. Gone. A poignant moment.

Talking of poignant moments... I welcome this opportunity of saying a profound thank you to Mons. Adrian Toffolo, who returns to his Diocese this summer. People – especially rectors – don't get 'beamed up' back to the 'mother ship' in a sort of 'Tira-mi-sù Budd-y' process when they leave the College. This College is about 'mission', and so the College goes with you when you leave (we now have Pasquale on the 'maintenance'...). And so, it's a warm *ben tornato* to Fr Patrick Kilgarriff too!

It is now just over ten (extraordinary!) years since *that* pizza, and Marjorie makes the best tiramisù in town. This summer, as part of the capital works programme, the College adds a new lift – perhaps we should call it 'Tiramisù 2'... We'll keep you informed!

Joseph Coughlan
College Bursar

The Friends of the Venerabile

The 1998 Annual Meeting of the Friends was held on 3 October, in the Margaret Roper Room at St Thomas More's Church in Coventry, which is my parish church. It was a great pleasure for the Friends to be able to welcome the Rector of the College, Mons. Adrian Toffolo, to the reunion. He was, as ever, enthusiastic about the College and its future, but did express some concern at the small number of students joining the College.

The Rector spoke of two aspects of priestly formation, the human and the spiritual. He saw the role of the College to be to help each student to see what God is asking of him, and of his response to that call. We heard of the progress of various works on the fabric of the College – in particular the work on the organ and the start of work on the Blue Room. Fr Adrian was less happy that work on the Bede's Chapel Prayer Room had been further delayed. The work on the fire precautions is ongoing, and, until it is completed, visitors would be unable to reside in the College. We were pleased to learn about the substantial millennium grant to Palazzola, which was excellent news.

After lunch, Fr Paul Grogan, who was ordained in 1994, talked to us about how the English College prepares its students for ministry in England and Wales.

Friends of The Venerabile

(English College Rome)

AIMS

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

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 is £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 Venerabile,
Bank House, 20 St. Edward Street, Leek, ST13 5DS, Staffordshire**

Fr Paul is working in the Diocese of Leeds, and quite a lot of his time is spent working in a young offenders' institution, which is not quite what he was expecting to be doing. He was surprised at the enormous respect shown to him as a priest at the institution. Fr Paul considered the four areas of his priestly formation, and how these had prepared him for his work. He felt that spiritual formation had been very strong at College, and it had taught him discipline in prayer; as a priest, he felt happiest when praying. On the human side, he had enjoyed community life and the importance of the brotherhood of priests. He felt that the Gregorian University had taught him the theology that the laity expected a priest to know. He felt that the pastoral side had been given more emphasis under the present Rector, but that the programme was too crowded. In summing up, he had decided that the Collage aimed to make happy priests, and he was happy in his ministry.

At the business meeting, Nicky Dillon was voted onto the committee; the rest of the committee were re-elected. The main item of business was to vote in a new Constitution for the Friends, as a prelude to an application for registration of the Friends of the Venerable as a charity in its own right. Since 1985, we have existed under the umbrella of the Venerable English College Trust. The meeting agreed to pursue this, and, in April this year, we were registered by the Charity Commission. We thank Jeremy Hudson and his colleagues for all their hard work to bring this about. Our day ended with Mass. The Presider was Fr Adrian, who was assisted by Fr Paul Grogan, Fr Timothy Menezes and Fr Eddie Clare.

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death of Bernard Sullivan, one of the founder members of the Friends. Bernard was in at the very beginning of the Friends, having helped Loius King with the nationwide appeal on behalf of the College. After the appeal, those who had worked on it remained committed to working for the College, and the Friends were formed. Bernard served as secretary for many years, and was a committee member. He attended our committee meeting in February, and, a few weeks later, went on a cruise with his wife, Liz. Whilst on the cruise, he suffered a stroke, and died a few weeks later in hospital in Surrey. Our sympathy and prayers go out to Liz and the family.

I spent a long weekend at the College in March, and was shown many areas in which the Friends' money could be put to good use. As a committee, we have now received both student and staff suggestions. The money we gave for the Bede's Chapel Prayer Room we have redesignated towards the new guidebook, and our main task this year is the commissioning of the Rector's Portrait, as Mons. Toffolo becomes the artist's sitter.

My great pleasure in March was to be asked to open officially the Friends' Room. It is the first time that I have performed an opening ceremony; I even had a tape to cut!

Under the rectorship of Mons. Toffolo, the Friends have been really involved with helping the College. I have already visited Fr Pat Kilgarriff, the Rector-Elect, to assure him of our continued support – I only had to go down the road before he left Coventry for Rome!!

Miss Jo Barnacle
Chairperson

The Roman Association

The Minutes of the 130th Annual General Meeting of the Association of the Venerable College of Saint Thomas De Urbe (The Roman Association), held at the Raven Hotel, Droitwich Spa, Tuesday 1 June 1999

Forty-five members of the Association gathered on 21 May 1999 at Droitwich for the Council Meeting which precedes the AGM. The Agenda for the General Meeting was finalised. The Council upheld the decision to meet at Stonyhurst in 2000.

Members then celebrated Evening Prayer and dined.

Annual General Meeting, 1 June 1999

The Meeting began at 10.30 a.m., with Canon Michael Taylor, Association President, in the Chair. He began by welcoming Father Pat Kilgarriff, the Rector-Elect of the College.

The Meeting began with the Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

1. The *De Profundis* was prayed for the repose of the souls of Gerard Barry, Bernard Chapman, George Fonseca, Joe Holland, Edward Holloway, 'Ajax' Newton, Michael Raiswell, James Sullivan, Peter Walmsley, Larry Wells and Ted Wilcock, all of whom had died since the last AGM.
2. Alan Clark, Michael Corley, Willy Hunt, Philip Pedrick and Terry Rodgers, being sick members of the Association, were prayed for.
3. Apologies and best wishes were received from the Archbishop of Birmingham, Ms Jo Barnacle, the Chairperson of the Friends of the Venerable, and John Allen, Leo Alston, Peter Anglim, Thomas Atthill, Buce Barnes, David Barnes, Austin Bennet, Tony Bickerstaffe, Wilf Boswell, Michael Bowen, Bernard Brady, Christopher Brooks, Christopher Budd, Bill Burtoft, Dominic Byrne, Philip Carroll, Adrian Chatterton, Bryan Chestle, Edward Clare, Anthony Coles, Peter Cookson, Anthony Cotter, Tony Dearman, Luke Dumbill, Patrick Egan, Michael Farrington, Patrick FitzPatrick, Peter Fleetwood, Brian Foley, Brian Frost, John Furnival, Paul Gallagher, Tim Galligan, Kevin Haggerty, George Hay, Andrew Headon, David Hogan, Crispian Hollis, Nicholas Hudson, Richard Incedon, Michael Jackson, Mark Jarmuz, Eddy Jarosz, Francis Kearney, Liam Kelly, Patrick Kelly, Michael Killeen, Michael Kirkham, Edward Koroway, Mark Langham, Chris Larkman, Peter Latham, Jonathan Leach, John Paul Leonard, Christopher Lough, Hugh MacKenzie, Patrick MacNamara, James Manock, David Manson, Michael McConnon, Daniel McHugh, John McHugh, Tom

McKenna, David McLoughlin, Frank McManus, Paul McPartlan, Leo Mooney, Cormac Murphy O'Connor, Gerard Murray, Tony Myers, Brain Nash, John Nelson, Vincent Nichols, Denis Nowlan, John O'Connell, John O'Hara, John Osman, Nicholas Paxton, Philip Pedrick, Tony Philpot, Terry Phipps, Steven Porter, Frank Pullen, Michael Quinlan, Robert Reardon, Paul Rowan, Paschal Ryan, Michael Selway, Alexander Sherbrooke, Alan Sheridan, John Short, Christopher Sloan, Billy Steele, Anthony Storey, Rod Strange, Andrew Summersgill, Timothy Swinglehurst, George Talbot, John Tolkien, Michael Tully, Steven Wang, Thomas Whelan, John White, James Wigmore, Michael Williams, Gregory Wolfenden and Mark Woods.

4. The Minutes of the 1998 AGM, having previously been circulated, were accepted.
5. There were no matters arising.
6. The Secretary's Report:

The Secretary, Paul Daly, began his Report by apologising to the members of the Association for the spelling mistakes in the booking form for the meeting. While several members had corrected some of the errors, none had corrected all of them!

It was good to note that numbers were up on last year's AGM, most noticeably in those staying one or two nights.

At last year's AGM, the decision was taken to produce a brochure for the Appeal. Following professional advice from Craigmyle and Company, it was now felt that something simpler was required. Steps are therefore under way to produce an illustrated and informative folder containing details about the Appeal.

The Secretary wrote to the newly-ordained at the time of their Ordination. They were included in the mailings for Martyrs' Day and for the AGM. In accordance with the decision of last year's AGM, their membership subscription was waived for the first year. Some had replied with good wishes but were unable to attend, although one had written to say that 'the prospect of meeting up to talk all things Roman doesn't particularly appeal at present'. It is up to the active members of the Association to foster the awareness of the Association as being for friendship and for the practical support of the Collège, in accordance with the aims set forth in 1865.

The Secretary had received a suggestion as to how the Association might assist those who leave the Collège before ordination and may require some assistance until they find employment. This was discussed briefly at the Council meeting before the AGM, but no conclusion was reached.

The Secretary encouraged those present to consider ways of welcoming Old Romans who had recently arrived in the Diocese and, indeed, those home from Collège on pastoral placements during the summer. In addition, the Secretary would appreciate being informed of any lay or ordained former students of the Collège who might be invited to join the Association. He distributed a list of those students at the Collège between 1964 and the present day who were not members of the Association. The Collège did not

hold any address records, and so the Association relied on its members to find and contact others.

The Secretary's Report was accepted by the Meeting.

7. The Treasurer's Report:

Anthony Wilcox, the Association Treasurer, presented the accounts of the Roman Association and the Roman Association Trust. The funds of the Association continue to be very healthy and surplus funds are transferred to the Trust. The biggest annual expenditure is on the purchase of copies of *The Venerabile* magazine. In addition, a slight loss was made on last year's AGM. Regarding the Trust, this has been an exceptional year. The Trust now stands in excess of £500,000. It is still possible that, with 'one-off' donations from members and others, the target will be reached. The Council encouraged all priest members of the Association to hold one pulpit appeal this year. Members might swap pulpits with their neighbours.

Anthony Wilcox has a number of the limited edition copies of the College façade, which are available for £130 framed and £65 unframed. The Treasurer was asked whether alternative pictures of the College might be available in the future. He replied that this would be considered.

The Treasurer's Report was accepted by the Meeting, and he was thanked for the enthusiasm he brought to his role.

8. The Rector's Report:

In this, his last report to the AGM, the Rector, Mons. Adrian Toffolo, gave an insight into the process of formation that guides students through the six or seven years of seminary life.

The first year in Rome is, of course, a time for settling in. By the time they arrive in seminary, students, these days, have been through an intense process of selection. In addition, community living is, for most of them, very new. For the majority of students, who come from university or work, a certain loss of freedom can be experienced.

As always, the importance of learning Italian cannot be overstated. This year, the new intake will meet in England at the end of July for a weekend to get to know one another and to be given some resources which will help their private study of Italian over the summer. They will travel to Rome at the end of August to study Italian in different locations for four weeks. This will be followed by two further weeks of study in College before the Greg starts.

The second and third years in College are crucial in terms of the discernment of vocation. At the end of the second year, students would receive the ministry of Reader. This was put to the students as an occasion to consider their basic Christian commitment: 'Do I want to live by the Word of God which gives meaning to my life?' This harmonises with the courses students are covering that year at the Greg.

While it is possible for students to study at other universities, the Greg remains the preferred choice of the College staff. It offers a broader, more systematic approach, whereas the Angelicum, for example, is based closely

on the *Summa Theologiae*. However, if a particular student cannot benefit fully from the Greg, he might study elsewhere. There are other advantages to seminary in Rome besides simply the Gregorian.

When students move into third year, they prepare to be admitted as Candidates for Holy Orders. In this year there is a focused emphasis on human development, through group-work, and workshops, such as the one on human sexuality and celibate chastity. Since Easter, the College has been experimenting with faith reflection groups. These provide an opportunity for students to talk and share at a level deeper than mere table-talk. It used to be the case, through *camerate* and circles, that students mixed across the whole student body much more. There is a danger that students might simply mix with those whom they find congenial. If a student is admitted as a Candidate, the staff would not normally expect to change their judgement that this person will be suitable to be ordained.

At the end of the fourth year the students receive the ministry of Acolyte. Although a less intense year, it provides an opportunity for them to enter more deeply into a truly priestly spirituality.

The fifth year is, of course, the year leading to Diaconate. In this year the basic pastoral orientation of ordination is stressed. There is a pastoral programme running through the whole of the six years.

The final year, leading to ordination as priests, is a busy year. Most students will be completing their licences. At the same time, they will be getting used to ministry through preaching in College. They will be, the College hopes, itching to leave and start work in a parish. The Rector highlighted the importance, in this regard, of Old Romans helping make the transfer smooth.

The College hopes that, when they are ordained, students will have a broadened vision of priesthood, developed as mature human persons, rooted in the studies they have done, and with a real desire for ministry.

The Rector concluded by mentioning some other matters:

- Major works still need to be done so as to secure compliance with fire safety and Health and Safety legislation. These include the total rebuilding of the kitchen, store rooms and laundry and staff changing areas. Throughout the College, fire doors need to be provided, with fire escapes for Saint Joe's, the Common Room and Cardinal's Corridors. The rewiring needs to be completed, and fire hydrants and a fire detection system installed. The kitchen work will be done this summer, and the rest of the College next summer. Although this will prevent the College taking pilgrims during the next two summers, it should be possible for the Roman Association trip to go ahead.
- At Palazzola, the work is proceeding well. The Chapel roof is finished, as is the front façade of the Old Wing. The restoration of the garden is being completed and the far end of the garden wall is already finished. The work is very necessary and is being completed to a high standard. It will be finished by autumn.

The Rector's Report was accepted by the Meeting.

The Rector was thanked for all his work, and answered questions from the Meeting:

- Some concern was expressed about certain styles of psychological testing.
- The Rector was asked whether the Greg planned to extend its use of English. He replied that it had no plans to do so.
- The Rector was congratulated for the many initiatives taken especially in the teaching of Italian.

9. Hugh Pollock and James Wigmore were elected as Life Members of the Roman Association.

10. Tony Grimshaw was elected President of the Roman Association, and David Bulmer, Gerald Creasey and Paul Grogan as members of the Council of the Roman Association.

11. The Trust Deed:

It is proposed to establish a new Trust Deed for the Roman Association Trust. Given the value of the Trust, and its ability to give sizeable grants to the College, the Trust should be more accountable to the Association. It is proposed that one of the seven trustees will retire each year and that the AGM elect the Trustees. This was supported by the AGM. The Rector wondered whether there might be some way of seeking the advice of the students as to the projects to be funded. The Treasurer forecast that the Association would be in a position to give between £20,000 and £25,000 in the year 2000.

12. 2000 AGM:

The 2000 AGM will take place at Saint Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst College, on the sixtieth anniversary of the English College arriving there in exile. This will be Monday 3 July to Wednesday 5 July 2000, with the main meeting taking place on Tuesday 4 July. It is hoped that the AGM will then be adjourned to be reconvened at the College in Rome for the week Friday 15 to Friday 22 September. Since the Secretary was unsure of his whereabouts from July 2000, he would welcome some help in co-ordinating the trip.

13. The 2000 Martyrs' Day celebrations.

details will be forthcoming nearer the time. However, in order that the Masses might be mentioned in the next issue of *Venerabile Vixit*, the Friends of the Venerable newsletter, the Secretary would shortly be contacting last year's organisers.

14. Since there was no other business, the AGM adjourned to the Church of the Sacred Heart for Mass in honour of the College Martyrs, celebrated by Bishop Alexander. Lunch followed in the Hotel. Canon Taylor proposed the health of the College, to which the Rector replied. Father Simon Thomson proposed the health of the hierarchy to which the Bishop of Lancaster replied.

The following sat down to Lunch: Mervin Alexander, Martin Boland, John Brewer, Patrick Broun, David Bulmer, Michael Burke, Wilf Buxton, Paul Clark, Steven Coonan, Francis Coveney, Gerald Creasey, Tom Curtis-Hayward, Paul Daly, Thomas Dakin, Brian Dazeley, John Formby, Tony Foulkes, Philip Gillespie, Tony Grimshaw, Michael Groarke, Paul Grogan, Sean Healy, John Hine, Petroc Howell, Clyde Johnson, John Kennedy, Pat Kilgarriff, Michael Koppel, Anthony Laird, Christopher Lightbound, David Long, Terry McSweeney, Denis Marmion, Tim Menezes, Tony Murphy, Brian Murphy-O'Connor, Simon O'Connor, Peter O'Dowd, John O'Leary, Jim Overton, David Papworth, Harold Parker, Anthony Pateman, George Richardson, Brian Scantlebury, Paul Shaw, Michael St Aubyn, Marcus Stock, Peter Storey, Michael Taylor, Simon Thomson, Peter Tierney, Adrian Toffolo, Adrian Towers, Vincent Turnbull, Francis Whale, Terry Walsh, James Ward and Anthony Wilcox.

The Roman Association: Past and Present

Objects of the Association

The Association was founded in 1865, with the encouragement of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, Rector of the College from 1828-1840, who became the first Patron of the Association. On 4 January, an inaugural meeting took place at the Catholic Institute in Liverpool to discuss the founding of the Association. This was followed on 31 January by the first General Meeting, attended by 12 priests and held at St Werburgh's, Birkenhead. A few weeks later, on 27 February, the Association celebrated a Solemn Requiem Mass for Cardinal Wiseman who had died on 15 February 1865. A second General Meeting, attended by 30 priests, was held at Sedgley, near Wolverhampton, on 13 July.

In these early meetings, the objects of the Association were determined as follows:

1. To foster a love for *Alma Mater*: to keep up old College friendships and to assist our Bishops in carrying out the oft-expressed desire of the Holy Father; *vis*, to send to the College of St Thomas *de Urbe*, such students from our English Colleges as shall be fully competent to avail themselves of the great advantages offered by the theological school in the great Eternal City.
2. The former objects we propose to carry out by holding periodical meetings; the latter by ourselves subscribing, and obtaining from others, to found scholarships for the education of candidates for Holy Orders in the English College in Rome: such candidates to be chosen by competitive examination.

Rules of the Association

1. This Association shall be called 'The Association of the Venerable College of St Thomas *de Urbe*' (1865).
2. All who have studied within the walls of the College shall be eligible as Ordinary Members (1865, 1967).
3. The election of Ordinary Members shall take place at the AGM, and it shall be determined by the voting of the Members present (1865, 1948, 1971).
4. A subscription shall be paid by each Member yearly, the year to be from 1 January until 31 December, and the amount to be decided by the AGM (1865, 1948, 1971, 1984).
5. Any priest who shall subscribe annually to promote the objects of the Association shall be enrolled as an Associate Member, the amount of such subscription to be decided by the AGM (1865, 1890, 1948, 1971, 1984, 1995).
6. The AGM may, from time to time, elect Honorary Members from among those who have given outstanding service to the College or the Association. Such Honorary Members may attend the Annual Meeting, but will not be allowed to vote nor to be eligible for office within the Association (1994).
7. Any Member may become a Life Member on the payment of such sum as may be determined by the AGM, and the meeting may allow such subscriptions to be paid by instalments, as may seem fit (1868, 1890, 1949, 1971, 1981, 1984).
8. The subscriptions of all Life Members shall be funded (1868).
9. The name of any Member who has not paid his subscription for 5 years, after due notice has been given, shall be removed from the list of Members of the Association (1871).
10. The Officers shall be a President, a Treasurer and a Secretary (1865), an Assistant Treasurer (1925), and an Assistant Secretary (1926).
11. The President shall hold office for one year, be elected at the AGM, and be eligible for re-election. The Treasurer shall be elected for four years (1875) and be eligible for re-election. The Secretary shall be elected for four years and be eligible for re-election (1865, 1866).
12. There shall be a Council of the Association consisting of the Officers, four trustees and fifteen Ordinary Members, seven of whom form a quorum; one-third of the fifteen to retire annually. The Ordinary Members of the Council shall not be eligible for re-election in the year of their retirement. The Council may co-opt Members (1865, 1866, 1869, 1965).
13. Ex-Presidents shall be ex-officio Members of the Council for three years after their term of office (1871, 1880).
14. Any Member may attend a meeting of the Council, with the power to speak, but not to vote. The Council meeting before the AGM should be an open discussion to decide the agenda (1972).

15. An Annual Meeting of the Association shall be held for the transaction of business and for the election of Officers, Council and Members (1865).
16. The place and day of the Annual Meeting shall be determined by the Council (1865).
17. Twelve months notice shall be given of any proposal to amend or rescind a resolution of the Association (1959).

The Holy Father and the Association

1. Pius IX (1846-1878):

In the year of its foundation, on 20 December 1865, the Association and its objectives received the blessing of the Pope, who wrote in his own handwriting: *Benedicat vos Deus et Ipse mittat operarios in messem suam secundum cor Suum.*

2. Leo XIII (1878-1903):

On 30 May 1879, Cardinal Howard had an audience of Leo XIII in which His Holiness was pleased to grant a special blessing to the Association.

On 10 January 1888, Mons. Henry O'Bryen, the President of the Association, was received in audience by Leo XIII. On behalf of the Association, the President presented a Latin Address, composed by the Very Rev. Provost J. Spencer Northcote, in honour of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee. With the address the President gave an offering in gold of 50 pounds (1,250 lire) subscribed by members of the Association. The Pope asked the President to send his special blessing to the Association and to the illuminator of the scroll.

3. St Pius X (1903-1914):

On 9 December 1907, Pius X received in audience Bishop Giles, Mons. Cronin and Mons. Prior, with students of the English and Beda Colleges. His Holiness was greatly pleased to see the marked increase in the numbers in the College, and, on learning that this was largely due to the efforts of the Association, he ordered Mons. Cronin to write to the Secretary conveying his thanks and his blessing to the members of the Association for what they had done.

On 15 November 1909, Pius X again blessed the work of the Association, and was especially pleased to hear of the new scholarship in honour of the College Martyrs.

4. Benedict XV(1914-1922):

At the Council Meeting of 8 April 1918, the Council recorded their pleasure that the Pope had conferred his Apostolic Blessing on the Association and on the benefactors of the Restoration Fund. The blessing had been conveyed to the Association through Mons. Hinsley, the Rector of the College. In 1919, Mons. Prior presented to the Holy Father a cheque from the College. This was the result of the Association's appeal. His Holiness, through Cardinal Gasparri, his Secretary of State, wrote thanking the Association and giving his Apostolic Blessing.

5. Pius XI(1922-1939):

In 1922, the Association held a meeting in Rome. On 15 May, the members were received in audience by the Pope, who commended the good work of the Association. At the audience, a Latin Address, written by Mons. Prior, was presented to the Holy Father on behalf of the Association. Later, the Holy Father, through Cardinal Gasparri, his Secretary of State, replied thanking the Association and giving his Apostolic Blessing.

In 1938, the eighty first birthday of Pius XI coincided with the date of the AGM. A telegram was sent from the Association to the Holy Father, who replied thanking the members and imparting his Apostolic Blessing.

6. Pius XII(1939-1958):

In 1946, Pius XII bestowed his Apostolic Blessing on the members of the Association, and pledged 'his profound solicitude for their beloved College'.

7. John XXIII (1959-1963):

In 1960, the Secretariat of State, in a letter to the President, conveyed the Pope's blessing to the Association. In 1962, on the occasion of the six hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Hospice, John XXIII received members of the Association in audience at the Vatican on Friday 15 June.

8. Paul VI (1963-1978):

In 1965, the centenary of the Association, Paul VI sent a letter of congratulations, praising the work of the Association in assisting vocations and providing the means for young students to follow courses in the College. Having concluded with the Apostolic Blessing, His Holiness signed the letter *manu propria*.

9. John Paul II (1978-):

On 6 December 1979, Pope John Paul II graced the College with a visit. He came and stayed for four hours, during which time he presided at the celebration of Mass, visited the buildings, spoke with the students and the Elisabethine sisters, and had supper in the refectory. This was to mark the fourth centenary of the foundation of the College. During the actual celebrations earlier that year, he sent a letter which was read on 3 October, during the Mass of Thanksgiving.

Presidents of the Association

1865-1867	Rev. Canon Robert Chapman
1868-1870	Rev. Canon James Spencer Northcote, D.D.
1871-1872	Rev. Canon John Crookall, D.D., V.G.
1873-1874	Rev. Canon John Wallwork
1875	Rev. Michael O'Sullivan, V.G.
1876-1877	Rev. Mons. James Laird Petterson
1878-1879	Rev. Mons. Canon William Thompson
1880	Rev. James Nugent

- 1881 Rev. Edward Acton, D.D.
1882 Rev. Mons. John Rouse, D.D.
1883 Rev. Canon Arthur McKenna, V.G.
1884 Rev. Canon Edward Acton, D.D.
1885 Rev. Canon William Robert Brownlow
1886 Rev. James Edward McCarten, D.D.
1887 Rev. Mons. Henry H. O'Bryen, D.D.
1888 Rev. Canon Christopher Scott, D.D.
1889 Rev. Mons. William Clifford, Bishop of Clifton
1890 Rev. Edward Powell
1891 Rt Rev. Mons. Edmund Knight, Bishop of Shrewsbury
1892 Rt Rev. Mons. Charles Graham, Bishop of Cisanus
1893 Rev. Louis Groom
1894 Rt Rev. Mons. William Robert Brownlow, Bishop of Clifton
1895 Rev. Canon George Poole
1896 Rt Rev. Mons. Richard Lacey, Bishop of Middlesbrough
1897 Rt Rev. Mons. Samuel Allen, Bishop of Shrewsbury
1898 Rt Rev. Mons. John Vertue, Bishop of Portsmouth
1899 Rev. Mons. Canon Arthur McKenna, V.G.
1900 Rt Rev. Mons. Thomas Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool
1901 Rt Rev. Mons. James L. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus
1902 Rt Rev. Mons. George Ambrose Burton, Bishop of Clifton
1903 Rt Rev. Mons. Samuel Allen, Bishop of Shrewsbury
1904 Rev. Mons. Canon Christopher Scott, D.D.
1905 Rt Rev. Mons. William Giles, Bishop of Philadelphia
1906 Rev. Austin Powell, D.D.
1907 Rt Rev. Mons. Charles Graham, Bishop of Plymouth
1908 Rt Rev. Mons. Joseph Robert Cowgill, Bishop of Olenus
1909 Rt Rev. Mons. Thomas Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool
1910 Rt Rev. Mons. William Giles, Bishop of Philadelphia
1911 Rev. Charles Ryder
1912 Rev. Mons. Provost John Galbois Boulaye, D.D., V.G.
1913 Rt Rev. Mons. John McIntyre, Bishop of Lamus
1914 Rev. Mons. Canon Joseph Tynan, D.D.
1915 Rev. Canon Thomas Scannell, D.D.
1916-1919 Rev. Mons. Canon Ambrose Moriarty, D.D.
1920 Rev. Francis O'Farrell
1921 Rev. Mons. Arthur Hinsley, D.D.
1922 Most Rev. Mons. John McIntyre, Archbishop of Birmingham
1923-1924 Rt. Rev. Mons. Joseph Robert Cowgill, Bishop of Leeds
1925 Rev. Mons. Charles Cronin, D.D.
1926 Rev. Canon William Collingwood, D.D.
1927 Rt. Rev. Mons. John Barrett, Bishop of Assus
1928 Rev. Canon Henry E. Hazlehurst, D.D.
1929 Rev. James Kenny, D.D.
1930 Rev. Canon Joseph O'Leary, D.D.
1931 Rev. William V. Allanson, D.D.
1932 Rev. Mons. William Godfrey, D.D.

- 1933 Rt Rev. Joseph Robert Cowgill, Bishop of Leeds
1934 Rt Rev. Mons. Ambrose Moriarty, Bishop of Shrewsbury
1935 Most Rev. Mons. Arthur Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster
1936 Rt Rev. Mons. James Redmond, D.D.
1937 Rev. Mons. John O'Connor
1938 Rev. Canon Patrick Kearney, D.D.
1939-1942 Most Rev. Mons. William Godfrey, Archbishop of Cius
1943 Rev. Canon Patrick Kearney, D.D.
1944 Rev Mons. James Redmond, D.D.
1945 Rt Rev. Mons. John Henry King, Bishop of Portsmouth
1946 H.E. Cardinal Bernard Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster
1947 Most Rev. Mons. Joseph Masterson,
 Archbishop of Birmingham
1948 Rt Rev. Mons. Edward Ellis, Bishop of Nottingham
1949 Rt Rev. Mons. Francis Grimshaw, Bishop of Plymouth
1950 Rt Rev. Mons. Joseph Rudderham, Bishop of Clifton
1951 Rev. Mons. Canon Richard Iles
1952 Rev. Canon James McNally
1953 Rev. Francis Avery, D.D.
1954 Rev. William Boulton
1955-1956 Rev. Herbert E. Calnan, D.D.
1957 Rev. Mons. Canon Richard L. Smith, Ph.D.
1958 Rev. Mons. George Winham, D.D.
1959 Rev. Canon William O'Leary, D.D.
1960 Rev. Edmund Kelly, D.D.
1961 Rev. Canon J. E. Hemphill
1962 Rev. L. W. Jones, D.D.
1963 Rev. Mons. Thomas Duggan, Ph.D.
1964 Rt Rev. Mons. Gerard W. Tickle, Bishop of Bela
1965 Rt Rev. Mons. William E. Grasar, Bishop of Shrewsbury
1966 Rt Rev. Mons. Brian Foley, Bishop of Lancaster
1967 Rev. Mons. Alan C. Clark, D.D.
1968 Rev. Mons. Leo Alston, S.T.D.
1969 Rev. Canon Anthony Hulme, D.D.
1970 Rev. Mons. Joseph Mullin
1971 Rev. Mons. Canon Hugh F. Atkinson, P.A.
1972 Rt Rev. Mons. John Brewer, Bishop of Britonia
1973 Rev. Peter Storey
1974 Rev. Philip Pedrick
1975 Rev. Gerald Seaston
1976 Rev. Mons. Peter O'Dowd
1977 Rev. Michael Williams
1978-1980 Rt Rev. Mons. Cormac Murphy-O'Connor,
 Bishop of Arundel and Brighton
1981 Rev. Mons Canon E. H. Atkinson
1982 Rev. Mons. Wilfrid Buxton
1983 Rev. Mons. Christopher Lightbound
1984 Rt Rev. Mons. Gerard W. Tickle, Bishop of Bela

1985	Rev. Mons. George Hay
1986	Rev. Mons. Canon Edward Wilcock
1987	Rev. Mons. W. Paul Clark
1988	Rev. Peter Latham
1989	Rev. James Fraser
1990	Rev. Francis Rice
1991	Rev. Peter Tierny
1992-1993	Rev. Mons. John Kennedy
1994	Rev. Mons. Clyde H. Johnson
1995	Rev. Gerald Creasey
1996	Rev. Canon Harold Parker
1997-1998	Rev. Canon Michael Taylor
1999	Rev. Anthony Grimshaw

Rev. Paul Daly
Hon. Secretary

News of Old Romans

Archdiocese of Cardiff

Rev. Canon Robert Reardon is Epsicopal Vicar for Pastoral Planning and Development. (Pastoral Resources Centre, 910 Newport Road, Cardiff, CF3 4LL - email: reardon@cardiffpastplan.softnet.co.uk)

Liam Hennessy is *Officialis* of the Diocese and Parish Priest of Leckwith. (Sacred Heart Presbytery, Broad Street, Leckwith, Cardiff, CF1 8BY - email: sacredheart@btinternet.com)

Francis Lynch is Parish Priest of Usk and Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Usk. (St David Lewis and St Francis Xavier Catholic Church, 5 Porth-y-Carne Street, Usk, Monmouthshire, NP5 1RY)

Joseph Jordan is Assistant Priest at Canton, Cardiff. (St Mary of the Angels' Catholic Church, 67 Talbot Street, Cardiff, CF1 9BX)

Canon Robert Reardon

Diocese of East Anglia

Bishop Peter Smith shepherds our far-flung Diocese and the scattered Catholic community, travelling many miles on his pastoral visitation of parishes, as well as his other duties. His care and concern for the clergy who assist him is appreciated.

Bishop Alan Clark, Bishop-Emeritus, who was enjoying a not inactive retirement, has recently undergone successful surgery on his knee. Subsequently, however, he suffered a stroke from which he is recovering slowly. He is very appreciative of the prayers that have been and continue to be so generously offered for his recovery.

In Norfolk, Simon Blakesley continues in his dual role as Judicial Vicar and Parish Priest of Beccles. He is assisted at the Tribunal by Mark Hackeson, who is also Assistant Priest at St John's Cathedral in Norwich. Michael Griffin is at present supplying for the Parish Priest of Gorleston, who is on sabbatical. In the neighbouring parish, Sean Connolly continues to serve the spiritual needs of both local and tourists at Great Yarmouth. He is also chaplain at Notre Dame High School, Norwich.

Martin Hardy has joined the mission in Cambridgeshire, taking up his first post as Parish Priest of St Oswald's, in Peterborough. In the county town, Eugene Harkness is Parish Priest of St Philip Howard's, Cherry Hinton.

Hubert Richards is enjoying retirement with his wife, Clare, but still undertakes a fair amount of lecturing around the country. He continues to write and publish.

Finally, two of the brethren are working abroad. Mons. Tony Philpot, as many will know, is working at Palazzola, the Colledge villa, along with the Sisters of Mercy. Meanwhile, Bruce Burbidge has succumbed to the attractions of another southern European city, studying for a doctorate in philosophy at the Catholic University in Barcelona.

Rev. Mark Hackeson

Diocese of Hallam

Michael Killeen bounces back from a year's retirement in his former parish to become resident chaplain at Burghwallis Hall, a recusant house now housing retired ladies. (Burghwallis Hall, Grange Lane, Doncaster, South Yorkshire, DN6 9JL)

Michael Keegan continues to work directing the spirituality of other retirees along the Viale San Paolo. (Pontificio Collegio Beda, Viale San Paolo 18, 00146 Roma, Italy)

John Metcalfe (St Teresa's Presbytery, Bloomfield Rise, Darton, Barnsley, South Yorkshire, S75 5AB) celebrated twenty-five years on the mission, by leaving the fleshpots of Darton to visit John Ryan who is still in Matroosfontein in the Diocese of Cape Town. When he's not in the parish, which is a poor and violent place (but what presbytery isn't?), he is teaching part-time in the diocesan seminary. (Holy Trinity Presbytery, St Dominic's Street, Matroosfontein 7480, P.O. Box 465, Elsie's River 7480, South Africa - email: htmatroo@netactive.co.za)

Anthony Towey, when not dicing with death on the M5 and escaping with fewer grazes than from the average football match, continues to kick around at Sheffield Hallam University. (18 Broomhall Road, Sheffield, S10 2DR)

Mark McManus is now well settled at Meadowhead, so much so that he's busy planning to re-roof the church. (34 Meadowhead, Sheffield, S8 7JD - email: mgm@lepanto.demon.co.uk)

Kevan Grady continues to search for a residential base for the Diocesan Youth Service, and is busy arranging for the diocesan millennium pilgrimage to the Holy Land. (Cathedral House, Norfolk Street, Sheffield, S1 2JB - email: ktgrady@aol.com)

Benito Colangelo continues to ensure that the capital is safe place for criminals by working for the Metropolitan Police. (60 Sycamore Avenue, Upminster, Essex, RM14 2HS)

Rev. Kevan Grady

Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle

Michael McCoy (ordained 1989) has a roving commission as co-ordinator of the diocesan youth service and school chaplaincies. He is based at St Anne's, Winlaton, but is not attached to the parish. He is diocesan representative of the Roman Association. (St Anne's Church, Half Fields Road, Winlaton, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear, NE21 5RN)

John Tweedy (ordained 1957) retired this year after a series of heart attacks and strokes. He is remarkably cheerful, despite his illness. (Sacred Heart Presbytery, New Road, Bolden, Tyne & Wear, NE35 9DR)

Brian McNamara (ordained 1958) still bounds around the Tyne valley, having recovered from a hip replacement operation last year. His one regret is that he can no longer play centre forward for Newcastle United!

Frank Kearney (ordained 1955) enjoys the delights of a parish which is only a few minutes' travel from the centre of Newcastle, and the same distance from the beautiful heather and moorland of the Northumberland fells. Some people are very lucky! (St Agnes' Catholic Church, Westburn Crawcrook, Ryton, Tyne & Wear, NE40 4ET)

Cuthbert Rand (ordained 1957) escaped some years ago from Ushaw College, Durham (Ushaw has never been the same since!), and is part of the landscape in wonderful countryside at Rothbury. (All Saints' Catholic Church, Thropton, Morpeth, Northumberland, NE65 7ND)

Tony Battle (ordained 1969) is back in his native Sunderland. His prayers have had a lot to do with Sunderland Football Club breaking all records this season! (Holy Family Catholic Church, Glanmore Road, Grindon Village, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear, SR4 9PS)

Peter Carr (ordained 1973) has the dubious honour of being responsible for two parishes, St Cuthbert's in Seaham, and the neighbouring parish of Murton, which used to be a thriving colliery village. (St Cuthbert's Catholic Church, Mill Road, Seaham, Co. Durham, SR7 0HW)

Mons. Philip Carroll (ordained 1971) is glad to be back in the Diocese as Parish Priest of St Bede's, Washington, after some years in the corridors of power down in London as General Secretary of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales. (St Bede's Catholic Church, New Road, Coach Road Estate, Washington, Tyne & Wear, NE37 2HE)

Patrick Fitzpatrick (ordained 1952) continues to work very hard as the chaplain to the Little Sisters of the Poor old people's home in Sunderland. (St Joseph's Home, Ettrick Grove, High Barnes, Sunderland, Tyne & Wear, SR4 8QA)

Martin Stempczyk (ordained 1992) is Theology Tutor at the College. (Venerabile Collegio Inglese, Via di Monserrato 45, 00186 Roma, Italy)

John McHugh (ordained 1952) is a refugee from the Diocese of Shrewsbury now living in retirement and writing furiously in order to finish his book. (The Convent, 12 Bailiffgate, Alnwick, Northumberland, NE66 1LU)

Rev. Francis Kearney

Diocese of Leeds

David Bulmer has been back in the Diocese since November 1998, resident at St Urban's Church, in Leeds. After a year's break from his doctorate, 'finishing it will be my millennium project (2000, that is!)'. He helps out with supply work at weekends, and is being introduced to diocesan ecumenical initiatives by Mons. William 'Billy' Steele, Episcopal Vicar for Mission and Unity.

William Burtoft, Gerald Creasey – who celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday during the diocesan pilgrimage to Lourdes – and Peter McGuire have all recently attended a course on 'Rushing into Retirement'. This means that there may be movement in that direction in the near future!

Mons. Basil Loftus has recently been to Fulda, in Germany, where he collected a relic of St Boniface to be placed in the new altar of the church in Bentham, which is dedicated to the great English missionary. In a generous gesture, the local pre-Reformation Anglican church of St John, in Low Bentham, has offered a thirteenth century stone carving for inclusion in the base of the new altar, which was consecrated by Bishop Konstant on 5 June.

Thomas McDonagh writes from his home in Heathfield, East Sussex, that he is 'very grateful' for his retirement, and 'glad to be able to help out locally'. He describes his retirement as 'the most profitable part of my life'.

Mons. Arthur Roche, General Secretary of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales, writes from London:

Life in the General Secretariat has its own momentum, which is very greatly determined by the two plenary meetings of the bishops in Low Week and November. On average, it takes about ten to twelve weeks to prepare for both, and about eight weeks to disseminate fully information and implement the decisions which the bishops have made during the course of those meetings. At the end of the day, that takes up quite a lot of time away from the rest of the year to deal with all the other things that land on my desk and that of the President of the Conference. One great aspect of the job is the great variety of people that one is constantly meeting from many countries. Recently, I attended meetings in Moscow and Berlin. (By the way, the *lingua franca* at these meetings is Italian; although English is very widely known in the former Western part of Europe, the inclusion of Conferences from the former Eastern bloc requires Italian to be spoken.)

John Wilson will soon be moving to Durham, where he is to study for another degree, and assist at Ushaw College, where there is already a strong 'Roman' presence.

Tom Whelan, who was a student at the VEC from 1983 until 1987, writes from Singapore:

This is my third year at the Singapore office of City law firm Ashurst Morris Crisp, although I expect to return to the London office in July or August this year. My wife is a Geordie called Maria (also Catholic), whom I met while we were both studying at Durham University. We have two wonderful children, Anna (who will be four in July) and Joseph (two).

I would add that we are experiencing some of the best liturgies here in Singapore since my days in Rome – there is real life in the Church here, which would put the English Church to shame; approximately twenty people each year are received into the Church in the parish to which we belong. The church we attend, St Bernadette's, on Zion Road, is nothing like the sort of church you would find in the UK; birds are singing and flying in and out of the church, as the church is open to the elements because of the intense heat and humidity. The music is fantastic – and everyone sings for a start! A lot of people want to help out at the church as well. The Easter liturgies this year were great – very uplifting! It also helps that we get a decent preaching of the Word each week – based on the readings and put in a modern context, not too long and occasionally humorous! In fact, we are going to miss all the above on our return to the UK.

Two 'Old Romans' from this Diocese have left active ministry. Lloyd Gath lives in Selby. Bill Kilgallon, after various roles in Leeds City Council, including a spell as Lord Mayor, is now the Chairperson of the Combined Hospital Trust in Leeds, and has also been elected Chairperson of the National Association of Health Authorities and Trusts.

During the last year, we have lost the earthly presence – but have no doubt gained the heavenly assistance – of Mons. James Sullivan, Peter Walmsley and Mons. Edward Wilcock.

My own 'year' continues to meet annually. Last August, it was at Todmorden, in Anthony Grimshaw's new parish. This year, we shall be at Oxford University, as guests of Professor Richard Pring!

Rev. Gerald Creasey

Archdiocese of Liverpool

Mons. Joseph Alston is enjoying retirement in Southport. Canon Roger Daley has changed gear, going from being a parish priest to being a 'supernumerary' in West Derby. Mons. John Furnival enjoys parish life as Parish Priest of Crosby, and is Vicar General, together with Canon John Short, who has moved to Aigburth. Mons. Furnival's Assistant Priest, Conor Stainton-Pollard, is going to the College for further studies in September; joining him there will be Paul Rowan, Assistant Priest in Formby, who joins the staff as Academic Tutor.

Philip Gillespie has a busy parish and hospital in Childwall; he is now Chairman of the Liturgy Commission. Anthony McCaffery presides over the Chancery, and Peter McGrail is full-time Director of Pastoral Formation.

Terence McSweeney is to return to work with L.A.M.P., the Liverpool Archdiocesan Missionary Project. Michael O'Dowd is Episcopal Vicar for Schools and Colleges, and Thomas Wood is Parish Priest of Seaforth and the new Chairman of Palazzola Holidays.

Paul Robbins has returned to the lay state, and works as a Judge on the Marriage Tribunal; he has written a book, which is called *What God has Not United*. Paul Crowe and Michael O'Connor have both left active ministry.

Rev. Thomas Wood

Diocese of Middlesbrough

Mons. Anthony Bickerstaffe has retired from the active ministry, but is still kept busy supplying around the Diocese. His new address is 25 Southgate, Hornsea, HU18 1RE.

Mons. Peter Storey is keeping well and still living in Osmotherley (16 North End, Osmotherley). The monks of Ampleforth, who have a priory next door to Peter's house, keep him young and challenged!

Anthony Storey is also well and active and enjoying retirement in Hull (10 The Woodlands, Goddard Avenue, Hull, HUS 4BW).

Mons. David Hogan, an O.N.D., has had a difficult year, in which he has seen his father grow progressively more frail. Sadly, his father died in May; may he rest in peace. Mons. Hogan has retired from diocesan duties, and is now the Parish Priest of St Bernadette's, Nunthorpe.

Alan Sheridan is now enjoying life as Parish Priest of St. Patrick's, Thornaby, as well as exercising the offices of Chancellor and Judicial Vicar at a diocesan level.

William Massie has moved from Beverley to the parish of St Thomas More, in the town of Middlesbrough itself. He is relishing the new challenge and benefiting from his ministry to a very busy hospital.

John Paul Leonard is still assistant priest in Bridlington and still missing his beloved 'Boro, both town and football team – some people never learn...

Nick Bowen is now deputy headteacher in a school in Hexham and Newcastle Diocese.

Rev. Alan Sheridan

Diocese of Nottingham

During the last two years, well over half of the Old Roman priests of Nottingham have moved.

Mons. Brian Dazeley (ordained 1959), returning from his term of office as Rector of the Pontifical Bede College in Rome, is now Parish Priest of Holy Trinity, Newark, in Nottinghamshire.

Michael Stappard (a student of the College in the early 1950s, who completed his studies at Oscott and was ordained in 1959) moved from Holy Trinity, Newark, to St Teresa's, Apsley in Nottingham. He celebrated his Ruby Jubilee in style before leaving Newark.

John Guest (ordained 1970) left St Teresa's, Apsley, and moved to Christ the King, Mackworth, Derbyshire, as Parish Priest and Director of the Diocesan Centre. He is also involved in the diocesan OFSTED inspection team.

John Hadley (ordained 1971) left St Mary's, Grimsby, and the North Sea, for St Pius X, Narborough, Leicestershire, so that he could develop his recent work as co-ordinator of the committee for on-going clergy formation. He has now been appointed as Director of On-Going Formation.

Liam Kelly (ordained 1986) is now in London, where he is Assistant General Secretary of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales, having left his previous appointments as Parish Priest of Mackworth and Director of the Diocesan Centre, and Diocesan Information Officer.

Peter Harvey (ordained 1989) moved from the staff of Oscott College, Birmingham, to the Peak District of Derbyshire, where he is Parish Priest of Immaculate Conception, Gamesley, near Glossop.

John Cahill (ordained 1992) joined Mark Brentnall (ordained 1997) at the Cathedral, in Nottingham.

Canon Bernard Needham (ordained 1960) returned from the diocesan mission in Zambia almost two years ago, and is now Parish Priest of St Hugh, Lincoln.

The *doyen* of the Nottingham Old Romans, Canon Leo McReavy (ordained 1936) now lives in retirement in Maidstone, Kent. He still has some way to go to beat his predecessor's record...

... Mons. Humphrey Wilson (ordained 1925), whose death on 15 November 1997 at the age of 103 marked the end of the 'Hinsley Years', long after their presumed passing. He was briefly Vice-Rector of the College under Mons. William Godfrey (1931-1932), and had been described as the 'oldest Roman of them all'. May he rest in peace.

Rev. Peter Tierney

Diocese of Plymouth

Rt Rev. Mons. Christopher Budd is Bishop of Plymouth. (Bishop's House, 31 Wyndham Street West, Plymouth, Devon, PL1 5RZ)

Tony Cornish is Parish Priest of Barnstable, Devon. (The Presbytery, Higher Church Street, Barnstable, Devon, EX32 8JE)

Canon Bede Davies is Parish Priest of Falmouth, and Dean of Cornwall. (St Mary's Catholic Church, Killigrew Street, Falmouth, Cornwall, TR11 3PR)

Michael Downey is Parish Priest of Sherborne, Dorset, and is involved in on-going clergy formation. (The Parish House, Westbury, Sherborne, Dorset, DT9 3EL)

Robert Draper is Parish Priest of St Austell, Cornwall, and has just been appointed Vicar General. (The Priest's House, Woodland Road, St Austell, Cornwall, PL25 4RA)

Mons. George Hay is Parish Priest of St Marychurch, in Torquay, Devon, and is involved in 'Jesus Caritas' and on-going clergy formation. (Our Lady, Help of Christians, and St Denis Catholic Church, Priory Road, St Marychurch, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 4NY)

David Koppel is Parish Priest of Okehampton, Devon. (St Boniface's Catholic Church, 95 Station Road, Okehampton, Devon, EX20 1ED)

Philip Pedrick has retired, and is living in the family home near to the Cathedral in Plymouth. He has just had a new hip.

Robert Plant is Parish Priest of Topsham, in Exeter, Devon. (Holy Cross Catholic Church, Station Road, Topsham, Exeter, Devon, EX3 0EE)

Kevin Rea is Parish Priest of Torpoint, Cornwall. (The Presbytery, 1a Moor View, Torpoint, Cornwall, PL11 2LH)

Mark Skelton is Parish Priest of Truro, Cornwall. (Our Lady of the Portal and Saint Piran Catholic Church, St Austell Street, Truro, Cornwall, TR1 1SE)

Christopher Smith is Parish Priest of Dartmouth, Devon, and editor of the diocesan year book. (20 Newcomen Road, Dartmouth, Devon, TQ6 9BN)

Mons. Adrian Toffolo finishes his term of office as Rector of the College this summer. He will return to the Diocese later in the year.

Canon Bede Davies

Diocese of Shrewsbury

A chain reaction of parish appointments was caused by Rod Strange's appointment as Rector of the Pontifical Bede College, upon the retirement of Nottingham's Mons. Brian Dazeley. Peter Morgan – now diocesan Director of Education – moved to Rod's former parish of English Martyrs, Wallasey, and Stephen Coonan inherited Peter's green pastures at St Vincent's, Altrincham. We were all delighted to hear of Rod's nomination as a Chaplain of His Holiness, i.e., Monsignor.

Jim Robinson, after ten years in my former and delightful parish of Our Lady of Pity, Greasby, has moved to the deep south of the Diocese, and is Parish Priest of St Peter's, Ludlow.

Jonathan Leach (ordained 1998) received his first appointment last Autumn as Assistant Priest of St Peter's, Hazel Grove. The former Parish Priest of Hazel Grove, John Rafferty, is the College's Spiritual Director.

The rest of the Old Romans seems fairly stable, though one hears of possible redeployment after the Summer. Who knows? One item of great interest is that David Long has seen the building and opening of a new church at his parish, Holy Family in Pensby.

On a non-diocesan note, at the time of writing, two members of the class of 1955, namely Denis Marmion and the writer, are looking forward to calling at Mount St Bernard's Abbey in Leicestershire after the Roman Association AGM in Droitwich. Michael Berkeley, formerly of the Archdiocese of Birmingham, left our year after philosophy to prepare for the monastic life as a Cistercian. He is, and has been for a long time, Father Theodore, O.C.S.O., and leads an eremitical life attached to the Abbey. It will be our first meeting since 1952, although we have kept in touch by letter over the years.

Mons. Christopher Lightbound

Archdiocese of Southwark

David Standley is now Parish Priest of St Vincent's, Clapham Common. Martin Edwards is Parish Priest of Wandsworth, East Hill. Simon Peat is Parish Priest of St Winifrede's, in South Wimbledon, when he is not elsewhere enhancing his considerable golfing skills.

Paul Hendricks has left his responsibilities of teaching philosophy and being bursar of St John's Seminary in Womersley, to take on a new challenge: he is Parish Priest Designate of Peckham, a large parish which has been run by the Capuchins since its inception. He will live and work with the Franciscans until, sadly, they hand over the parish to the Diocese.

Paul Connolly, recuperating after hospital treatment earlier this year, is now helping at St Thomas a Becket, in Wandsworth, West Hill.

Gary Lysaght, among his other responsibilities, dispenses wisdom on moral theology to the students at Allen Hall. It is always good to see Westminster learning from Southwark!

Mons. John Hine

Archdiocese of Westminster

Peter Anglim is retired, and lives in Harrow. John Arnold is Parish Priest of Enfield. Keith Barltrop is Episcopal Vicar of the Eastern Pastoral Area. David Barnes is Parish Priest of St Mary Moorfields. Gerry Barry is retired, and lives in Nazareth House in Hammersmith.

Jim Brand is Parish Priest of Garston. Dominic Byrne is pursuing further studies, in Louvain, Belgium. Anthony Conlon is Parish Priest of Bunhill Row. John Conneely works for the Tribunal. Tony Covery is Parish Priest of Hounslow. Tony Deehan works at Allen Hall. John Formby is Parish Priest of Hillingdon. Michael Groake is retired, living at Nazareth House in East Finchley.

Mark Langham is Parish Priest of Bayswater. Peter Latham is Parish Priest of Ruislip. Hugh MacKenzie is Assistant Priest at Cadogan Street, Chelsea. Paul McPartlan is at Heythrop College. Sean Middleton is Parish Priest of Muswell Hill. John Murphy is at Brook Green, working with Marriage Care. Peter Newby is at Oxford University Chaplaincy. Seamus O'Boyle is Parish Priest of Whitton. John O'Leary is at Nottingham.

Jim Overton is Rector of Allen Hall. Charis Patticchi is at Our Lady of Victories, in Kensington. Terry Phipps is at More House, the London University Chaplaincy. Paschal Ryan is at New Southgate. Alexander Sherbrooke is Parish Priest of St Margaret's Twickenham. Christopher Vipers is involved in young people's ministry at All Saints Pastoral Centre. Francis Wahle is Parish Priest of Queensway. Stephen Wang is Assistant Priest at Dollis Hill. Philip Whitmore is currently on the staff of the Cathedral.

Rev. Mark Langham

Diocese of Wrexham

There are two Old Romans in Wrexham Diocese:

Rev. Canon Patrick McNamara, V.F., St David and St Helen, Twthill East, Caernarfon, Gwynedd, LL55 2PF

Rev. Anthony Jones, Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Catholic Church, 35 Lloyd Street, Llandudno, Conwy, LL35 2YA

Rev. Anthony Jones

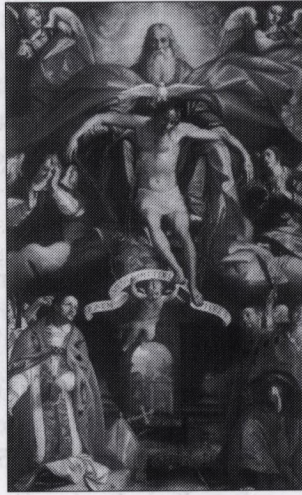
Diocesan Representatives

This is a complete list of Diocesan Representatives of the Roman Association, as of June 1999. The Editor of *The Venerable* is not liable for any mistakes contained herein. Thank you to all Diocesan Representatives who submitted *News of Old Romans* for this years' edition of *The Venerable*; your efforts are always very much appreciated!

- Arundel and Brighton:* Rev. Robert Davies, The Priest's House, The Marld, Ashstead, Surrey, KT21 1RS
- Birmingham:* Rev. Gerard Murray, Our Lady of the Wayside, 566 Stratford Road, Shirley, Solihull, West Midlands, B90 4AY.
- Brentwood:* Rev. Francis Coveney, The Priest's House, Luncies Road, Basildon, Essex, SS14 1SD
- Cardiff:* Rev. Robert Reardon, Pastoral Resources Centre, 910 Newport Road, Cardiff, CF3 4LL
- East Anglia:* Rev. Mark Hackeson, Cathedral House, Unthank Road, Norwich, Norfolk, NR2 4PA
- Hallam:* Rev. Kevan Grady, Cathedral House, Norfolk Street, Sheffield, S1 2JB
- Hexham and Newcastle:* Rev. Michael McCoy, St Anne's Church, Half Fields Road, Winlaton, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear, NE21 5RN
- Lancaster:* Rev. Canon Michael Taylor, St Wulstan's Catholic Church, Poulton Road, Fleetwood, Lancashire, FY7 7JY

- Leeds:* Rev. David Bulmer, St Urban's Presbytery,
15 Monkbridge Road, Leeds, LS6 4EP
- Liverpool:* Rev. Thomas Wood, Our Lady Star of the Sea
Catholic Church, 1 Crescent Road, Seaforth,
Liverpool, L21 4LJ
- Menevia:* Rev. Mons. Clyde Johnson, The Catholic Church,
Florence Parade, Tenby, Pembrokeshire, SA70 7BT.
- Middlesbrough:* Rev. Alan Sheridan, St Patrick's Catholic Church,
39 Westbury Street, Thornaby, Stockton-on-Tees,
TS17 6NW
- Northampton:* Rev. Sean Healy, Our Lady of Peace Catholic
Church, Lower Britwell Road, Burnham, Slough,
Buckinghamshire, SL2 2NL
- Nottingham:* Rev. Peter Tierney, Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic
Church, Station Road, Ashby-de-la-Zouche,
Leicestershire, LE6 5GL
- Plymouth:* Rev. Bede Davies, St Mary's Presbytery, Killigrew
Street, Falmouth, Cornwall, TR11 3PR
- Portsmouth:* Rev. Brian Murphy-O'Connor, St Anne's Presbytery,
Rhinefield Road, Brockenhurst, Hampshire,
SO42 7SR
- Salford:* Rev. James Manock, St Mary's Presbytery,
129 Spring Lane, Radcliffe, Manchester,
M26 9QX
- Shrewsbury:* Rev. Mons. Christopher Lightbound,
St Mary of the Angels Catholic Church,
Chester Road, Childer Thornton,
South Wirral, Cheshire, CH66 1QJ
- Southwark:* Rev. Mons. John Hine, 150 St George's Road,
London, SE1 6HX
- Westminster:* Rev. Mark Langham, The Parish House, Moorhouse
Road, Bayswater, London, W2 5DJ
- Wrexham:* Rev. Anthony Jones, Our Lady Star of
the Sea, 35 Lloyd Street, Llandudno,
Conwy, LL35 2YA
- Other Useful Addresses:* Rev. Paul Daly, Hon. Secretary,
The Mission House, 114 West Heath Road, London,
NW3 7TX
- Rev. Anthony Wilcox, Hon. Treasurer,
Sacred Heart Presbytery, 31 Vicarage Road,
Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, RG9 1HT

Diaconate Ordinations



Please pray for

Gerard Flynn (Diocese of Portsmouth)
Thomas Saunders (Diocese of Brentwood)
Richard Walker (Archdiocese of Birmingham)
Stephen Wright (Archdiocese of Birmingham)

by the Most Reverend Monsignor Maurice Couve de Murville
Archbishop Emeritus of Birmingham

Tuesday 13 July 1999
Venerable English College
Palazzola



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Rev. John Rafferty	Spiritual Director
Sr Amadeus Bulger, I.B.V.M.	Pastoral Director
Rev. Martin Stempczyk	Theology Tutor

Second and Third Cycles

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Rev. Adam Domanski	Lowic, Poland
Rev. Viliam Litavec	Roznava, Slovakia
Rev. Kevan O'Brien	Liverpool
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First Cycle Theology

Thomas Saunders	Brentwood
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Emiel Abalahin	Leeds
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Nicholas Schofield
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Peter Vellacott
Mark Vickers

First Cycle Philosophy

Michael Docherty	Lancaster
Andrew Pinsent	Arundel and Brighton

Andrew Robinson	Liverpool
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Anglican Exchange Students

Geoffrey Mumford	St John's College, Nottingham
Mike Todd	South East Theological Institute

Other Resident

Mons. Bryan Chestle	Arundel and Brighton
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Leeds
Brentwood
Cardiff
Liverpool
Brentwood
Brentwood
Westminster
Hallam

Westminster
Clifton
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Birmingham
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Salford
Arundel and Brighton
Northampton
Westminster
Shrewsbury
Nottingham
Westminster

The Venerabile 1999



*Even Rectors need to let go and –
aaah – swing...*

Editor

Andrew Cole

Sub-Editor

Anthony Currer

Administration

Dominic Howarth

I would like to thank all those who have contributed to the 1999 edition of *The Venerabile*, particularly those who have so generously written articles and our advertisers.

This is my last year as Editor. I wish to thank most sincerely all those, from within and without the College, who have given me their support and encouragement during my editorship, in particular those who have worked with me as part of the *Venerabile* 'team', Anthony Currer, Dominic Howarth and Andrew Stringfellow.

Thank you for purchasing this year's *Venerabile*, which I hope that you have enjoyed.

Andrew Cole
Editor

For further information about the life and history of the College, or if you have any enquiries or comments about *The Venerabile*, please contact:

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