

# THE VENERABILE

100 YEARS



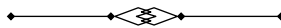
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The Venerabile  
100th Anniversary  
1922–2022

VOL. XXXVII



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# Blessings from two Popes



We gladly bestow the Apostolic Benediction  
on the past and present students of the Venerable English College  
Rome, praying that thy new triumph may unite many hearts  
to Alma Mater and to the See of Peter for with the Martyrs of the  
"Venerabile" Rest.

Pius P.P. XI

Republished from *The Venerabile*, vol. I, no 1, 1922.



SECRETARIAT OF STATE

From the Vatican, 14 March 2022

N. 559.063

Dear Father Wang,

His Holiness Pope Francis was pleased to learn that the Venerable English College is marking the centenary year of the first publication of the *Venerabile* magazine, and he has asked me to convey his warm congratulations to the seminary community.

His Holiness prays that the journal will continue to unite the hearts of many to their Alma Mater, and promote that same fidelity to the See of Peter, to which the Martyrs of the *Venerabile* gave such eloquent witness.

Upon the seminarians, staff and friends of the College, past and present, the Holy Father cordially imparts his Apostolic Blessing as a pledge of joy and peace in the Lord.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

Cardinal Pietro Parolin  
*Secretary of State*

---

The Reverend Stephen Wang  
Rector  
Venerable English College  
Via di Monserrato, 45  
00186 Roma

# From the Editor

**I**n 1922, the launching of *The Venerabile* magazine was described as the launching of a ship: a spectacle to behold, but nevertheless fraught with anxiety and uncertainty of the future. The students of the Venerable English College could never have imagined that 100 years later, *The Venerabile* would become the success that it is today. The now annual publication is coveted by the readership, who remain always interested to hear news from the College. The link that *The Venerabile* provides to those connected to the Venerable English College is invaluable.

There was much discussion regarding how the Venerable English College ought to mark this auspicious occasion. A single article in the annual publication would be insufficient, but allowing the anniversary to take over the entirety of the ordinary issue would represent a failure in accurately capturing current developments in the life of the College. For this reason, a separate issue highlighting the history of *The Venerabile*, was deemed to be more appropriate. Furthermore, just as the decision to create the magazine was an initiative first proposed by the seminarians of the Venerable English College, so too has this issue been an endeavour conceived, planned, and brought to fruition by the current seminarian body.

The biggest difficulty faced in the production of this issue has been that of choosing content: 100 years, 37 volumes, and a total of 144 issues have generated an enormous body of work. The intention in this issue was thus not simply to add new articles to this vast collection, but rather to highlight and celebrate the past. Since 1922, *The Venerabile* has taken on the same general structure. With only minor exceptions, the magazine has comprised articles on theology, history, and life at the Venerable English College, followed by news and updates on the seminary community, past and present, including the much-loved Diary. Hesitant to break from tradition, this special publication follows a similar structure. Professor Maurice Whitehead opens this issue with an exploration of the genesis of *The Venerabile* within the larger context of school and college publications. He traces the motivations behind this magazine and its importance for the Venerable English College. Following this essay is a series of articles published in *The Venerabile* over the past 100 years. Wherever possible, the integrity of the original sources has been preserved. Articles from various periods and in different languages demonstrate the importance of *The Venerabile* as a historical resource. Pictures reveal the changes, but also the continuity, in the physical structure of the Venerable English College. As no issue would be complete without the Diary, entries chosen from the vast corpus available reveal how the same joy and love of the Venerable English College, that inhabit seminarians today, have persisted throughout the ages.

Unfortunately, with such an immense volume of work which constitutes *The Venerabile*, difficult decisions had to be made regarding what should be



included. The articles and events contained in this issue are not presented as the “best” or the “most important”. In choosing certain articles, the intention is not to discount the value of others. Rather, the intention has been to provide a small sample from this vast corpus. Hopefully, this sample will ignite a desire within the reader to go back and explore everything *The Venerabile* has to offer.

Finally, the publication of this issue was not an individual effort. It would not have been possible without the generosity of so many members of the Venerable English College who gave their time and energy to help make this publication a reality. But it is not only the current seminary community which needs to be thanked. Thank you also to all the Venerabilini of the past who created and nurtured *The Venerabile* for so many years, shaping it into the respected publication that it is today. If it were not for the decision made 100 years ago to create this magazine, and the repeated subsequent decisions to continue its publication, there would be no anniversary to celebrate.

And so, as this ship sails into its future, where it will undoubtedly face the same anxiety and uncertainty present in 1922, the only thing which remains is to wish it *buon viaggio* with the familiar Venerable English College greeting: *Ad Multos Annos!*

WILLIAM MEEHAN

# ‘Carried by an overwhelming majority’: the genealogy and genesis of *The Venerabile*, 1922

The centenary of the first publication of *The Venerabile* provides an opportune moment to explore how the magazine came into being and how it fits into the broader history of British school and college magazine culture.<sup>1</sup>

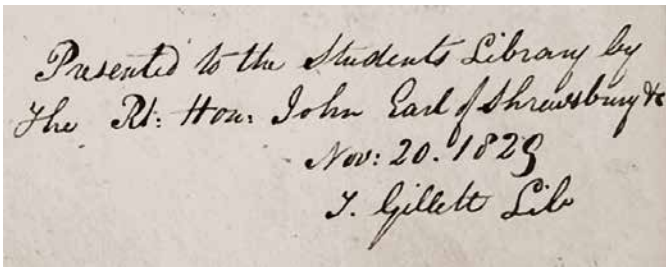
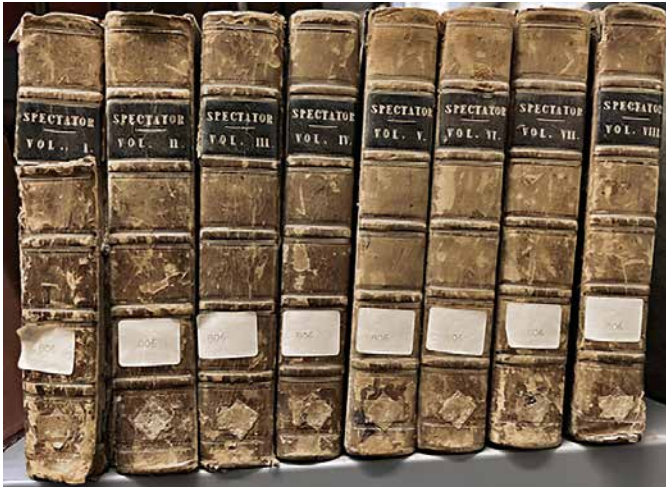
*The Microcosm*, a weekly publication which appeared at Eton College between November 1786 and July 1787, effectively opened up a new world of college magazine culture in a British context. Produced by a quartet of young scholars who included the future prime minister, George Canning (1770–1827), this pioneering journal was quickly followed in 1788 at Westminster School by a similar publication, *The Trifler*, as well as by the publication at Oxford of two equally ground-breaking but short-lived undergraduate magazines, *Olla Podrida* (1787–88) and *The Loiterer* (1789–90).<sup>2</sup>

Each issue of these magazines contained an essay of approximately 2,500 words in the style of the *Spectator*. This had been launched three quarters of a century earlier, in 1711, by Richard Steele and Joseph Addison, friends from their schooldays together at Charterhouse, as a journal without any connection to an educational institution. The *Spectator*, which succeeded Steele’s earlier periodical, *Tatler*, which had run from 1709 to 1711, aimed to ‘enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality’. It published a ‘Diurnal Essay’ every day of the week, except on Sundays, and ran for only 555 issues in 1711–12, and again briefly in 1714, three times per week, for a further 80 issues.

After the demise of the *Spectator* in 1714, a steady stream of reprints of the entire output of 635 issues of the journal emanated from the presses of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, as well as from those of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, throughout the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.<sup>3</sup> In this new guise, the *Spectator* proved to be an enormously popular and highly influential journal and was one of the most significant literary contributions to pre-industrial Britain.

Reprinted editions of the *Spectator* soon became essential elements of any well-stocked personal, school, or college library. Early in 1829, the leading English Catholic of the day, John Talbot (1791–1852), sixteenth earl of Shrewsbury, future patron of the architect Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin (1812–52), and benefactor of many Catholic churches in England, spent several months in Rome. His visit was undertaken prior to returning to London to take up his seat in the House of Lords following the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in April 1829. Having discovered during his stay that the Venerable English College Library was lacking a full edition of the *Spectator*, the earl on his return to London secured an eight-volume set of the 1803 London

edition which he duly presented in November 1829 to the College Library, where it survives to this day.



The Earl of Shrewsbury's presentation set of the *Spectator*, today awaiting restoration, with, below, the inscription of the student librarian of 1829, Thomas Gillett.

In its original format, the *Spectator* combined three early modern phenomena: a new use of print technology; the creation of a new literary genre; and the provision of a new social space.<sup>4</sup> In January 1823, less than seven years before the earl of Shrewsbury's book donation, the leading Catholic publishing house of Keating and Brown, based in London, inspired by the success of *Spectator* reprints, launched a new monthly journal, entitled *The Catholic Spectator, Selector, and Monitor, or Catholicon*: perhaps not surprisingly, given its unwieldy title, it enjoyed limited success prior to ceasing publication in December 1826.

More successful in giving new life to the eighteenth-century *Spectator* ideal was the Scottish journalist, Robert Stephen Rintoul (1787–1858), who in 1828 launched *The Spectator* which, with the definite article firmly embedded in its title, has survived and prospered down to the present day: today it is the oldest weekly publication in the world and the oldest general-interest magazine continuously in print.

In addition to inspiring the early tentative and ephemeral publishing efforts of students at Eton, Westminster, and Oxford, reprints of the eighteenth-

century *Spectator* gradually helped engender the creation of a new and enduring phenomenon – the college or school magazine – which often combined literary essays with more topical institutional news.

That process of development began in earnest in 1819 when at Eton College yet another new publication, simply entitled *The College Magazine*, began to circulate there in manuscript. This was superseded the following year by a new monthly published journal, *The Etonian*. Compiled largely by ex-Etonians who were then undergraduates at Cambridge, the new magazine provided literary essays and reviews of contemporary English poets, such as Wordsworth and Coleridge. It also included a series of would-be amusing letters, purporting to be from an Eton boy to his parents, thus attempting for the first time in such a magazine to provide a picture of school life.<sup>5</sup>

*The Etonian* of 1820, whose adjectival title was later widely emulated by the emergent magazines of other educational institutions across the anglophone world, soon provided inspiration in Catholic circles. In Birmingham in 1825, at St Mary’s College, Oscott, which then functioned both as a seminary and as a school for lay students, a group of senior scholars, clerical and lay, set up an editorial committee for the production of a new literary journal, *The Oscottian*, the first Catholic institutional publication of its kind in the British Isles.

Doubtless also energized by the appearance of *The Catholic Spectator* in 1823, the dynamic and talented young editors of *The Oscottian* were the Staffordshire-born seminarian, John Moore (1807–56), subsequently a priest of the diocese of Birmingham, and three lay students from Ireland: these received editorial assistance from four other equally talented Oscott students, including William Tandy (1807–86), another future priest of the diocese of Birmingham, who in 1826 left Oscott to embark on his doctoral studies in Rome, at the Venerable English College.<sup>6</sup>

In a true spirit of enterprise, they acquired, set up, and then duly registered their own magazine printing press at the local Quarter Sessions in accordance with the Unlawful Societies Act of 1799, entitled *An Act for the More Effectual Suppression of Societies Established for Seditious and Treasonable Purposes, and for Better Preventing Treasonable and Seditious Practices*. Passed to prevent the development of radical secret societies in Britain, this legislation required all printed items to carry the name and address of the printer on the title-page and, or, on the colophon, and printers were required to declare to the local magistrates all items they had printed and to retain copies for inspection. For a Catholic institution with an active printing press operating three years prior to the passing of the 1829 Catholic Emancipation Bill, such registration was doubly important.<sup>7</sup>

*The Oscottian* found early strong public support in the review columns of *The Dublin and London Magazine*, a new London-based Catholic monthly journal, which first appeared in March 1825, edited by the remarkable Michael James Whitty (1795–1873), who had himself been a former seminarian in Ireland.<sup>8</sup> In a detailed, seven-page review of the first edition of *The Oscottian*, Whitty was impressed in December 1826 both that the students at Oscott had gone further than the producers of *The Etonian* by securing a printing press of their own, and that their journal was of a high intellectual order.<sup>9</sup>

Deploying his keen and critical editorial eye again six months later, in a June 1827 review of a subsequent number of *The Oscotian*, Whitty advised greater care with its typographical and spatial layout, but he was nevertheless impressed by the high standard of poetry produced by the students: indeed he considered Oscott 'a complete nursery over which the Muses preside', and doubted that either Oxford or Cambridge had produced any journal of a comparable literary standard.<sup>10</sup>

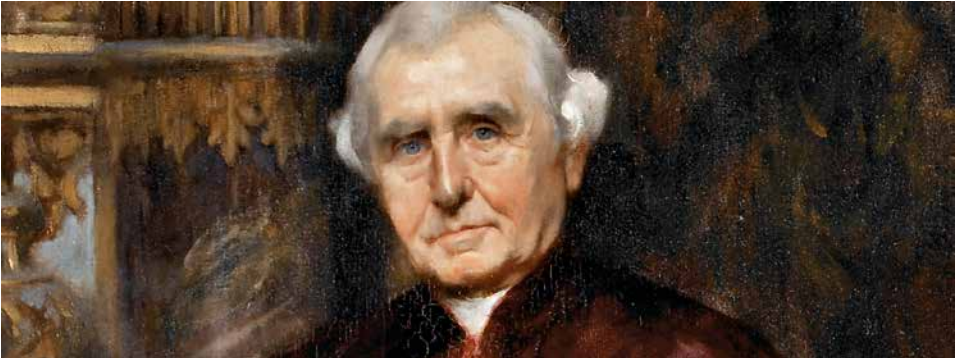
Such a view was shared in 1828 by the London-based monthly journal, *The Catholic Miscellany* which also regarded *The Oscotian* as a flagship publication for the Catholic community in England, Wales, and Ireland, not least on the very eve of Catholic Emancipation, and superior to the work of the students of Harrow School who that year launched *The Harrovian*, a journal which had a short life. As *The Catholic Miscellany* noted:

It would appear that the *alumni* of St Mary's College, virtuously indignant at the charge so frequently made of their religion being unfavourable to mental development, have resolved to convince their Protestant contemporaries that every thing connected with Catholicism is calculated to awaken the intellectual faculties of its professors. Those juvenile periodicals which emanate from Eton and Harrow will bear no comparison with the *Oscotian* ... Their periodical is not unworthy of any provincial press, and we rejoice to find that a republication of the early numbers is called for.<sup>11</sup>

When, in eighteenth-century *Spectator* fashion, the early issues of *The Oscotian* were duly reprinted commercially in two volumes in Birmingham in the autumn of 1828, *The Catholic Miscellany*, in a subsequent review, wished to see the example of a literary magazine 'followed by every Catholic college in England and Ireland'.<sup>12</sup> Such an aspiration was to take at least another century to realise, and the first series of *The Oscotian* ceased in 1829 when its enthusiastic publishers completed their education at Oscott.

The phenomenon of student-initiated magazines containing literary essays continued elsewhere, however, beyond the 1820s, including in Catholic schools. At Ampleforth College in Yorkshire in 1853, for example, *The Student: a journal of miscellaneous essays, written ... by the several schools of St. Lawrence's College, Ampleforth*, enjoyed a short life until it too collapsed in 1854.<sup>13</sup> The key problem facing all of the above-mentioned magazines was that they were the products of groups of enthusiastic students who embarked on their writing and publishing enterprises by drawing on their own personal resources: the era of institutional support for such ventures had not yet arrived and these literary outputs often failed when their prime promoters left school.

Probably the earliest example of the development of an institutionally supported magazine genre emerged in 1855 on the creation in Liverpool of the *Catholic Institute Magazine*. The Catholic Institute was a school for boys founded in 1853 by the pioneering priest, James Nugent (1822–1905), who had studied both at Ushaw College, Durham (1838–42), and at the Venerable English College in Rome (1843–46), prior to ordination in Liverpool in 1846.



*Fr James Nugent (1822–1905)*  
 Reproduced by kind permission of Nugent Care, Liverpool.

Nugent was one of the earliest people in Britain to grasp that if an educational institution were to thrive, it needed a magazine of its own, supported by the institution itself, and aided by alumni and friends, in order to raise its profile.

The *Catholic Institute Magazine* soon enjoyed a wide readership well beyond the Liverpool area and its success encouraged James Nugent to establish a newspaper printing press that produced the *Northern Press*, renamed the *Catholic Times* in 1872: the latter soon had a circulation of 73,000 copies. Interestingly, the first issue of the *Catholic Institute Magazine* carried an evocative three-page essay entitled ‘The Conscript of Monte-Porzio’, almost certainly written by James Nugent himself and based on his first-hand knowledge of the countryside around the Venerable English College’s villa house at Monte Porzio.

James Nugent’s venture in creating a truly *institutional* magazine was almost a decade ahead of its time, not least when judged alongside the comparable enduring magazine outputs of the seven leading schools of the England of his day, as defined by the 1868 Public Schools Act, summarized in Table 1 below:

**Table 1**

INSTITUTION	TITLE AND DATE OF AN ENDURING INSTITUTIONAL MAGAZINE
Eton College	<i>Eton College Chronicle</i> , 1863
Winchester College	<i>The Wykehamist</i> , 1866
Rugby School	<i>The Meteor</i> , 1867
Shrewsbury School	<i>The Salopian</i> , 1867
Charterhouse	<i>The Carthusian</i> , 1872
Westminster School	<i>The Elizabethan</i> , 1874
Harrow School	<i>The Harrovian</i> , 1888 <sup>14</sup>

Other significant and long-established schools saw similar developments during this time period: Uppingham (founded 1584), during the headmastership

of the celebrated educator, Edward Thring (1821–87), later the founder in 1869 of the Headmasters' Conference, produced its own magazine from 1863 onwards, while in London Christ's Hospital (founded in 1552) in Newgate launched *The Blue* in 1870, and St Paul's School (1509) produced *The Pauline* from 1882.

While no surviving evidence has as yet been discovered to suggest that James Nugent's publishing successes stimulated any desire at his *alma mater*, the Venerable English College, to emulate his initiative with the creation there of a college magazine in the 1850s, it is surprising to discover that his pioneering Liverpool venture did not influence other English Catholic schools and colleges to follow suit.

Development of institutional magazines in that sector did not begin until over a quarter of a century after Nugent's venture. Literary developments in the English public schools delineated in Table 1 appear to have had the greatest influence on similar developments in Catholic educational institutions, as the dates indicated in Table 2 below suggest. It is interesting to note that Oscott College again led the field in this context with the launch in 1880 of the Second Series of *The Oscotian*:

**Table 2**

The development of English Catholic school and college magazines, 1880–1921 prior to the launch of *The Venerabile* in 1922

INSTITUTION	TITLE AND DATE OF AN ENDURING INSTITUTIONAL MAGAZINE
Oscott College, Birmingham	<i>The Oscotian</i> (Second Series), 1880 <sup>15</sup>
Woburn School, Weybridge <sup>16</sup>	<i>The Amæba</i> , 1881
Stonyhurst College, Lancashire	<i>Stonyhurst Magazine</i> , 1881
St Francis Xavier's, Liverpool	<i>The Xaverian</i> , 1884 (The monthly journal of St Francis Xavier's Church, College, and parish schools) <sup>17</sup>
Downside School, Bath	<i>The Raven</i> , 1884
Prior Park College, Bath	<i>Prior Park Magazine</i> , 1886
Ratcliffe College, Leicester	<i>The Ratcliffian</i> , 1887
Ushaw College, Durham	<i>The Ushaw Magazine</i> , 1891
Oratory School, Birmingham	<i>Oratory School Magazine</i> , 1891
St Edmund's College, Ware	<i>The Edmundian</i> , 1893
Beaumont College, Windsor	<i>The Beaumont Review</i> , 1894
Ampleforth College, York	<i>The Ampleforth Journal</i> , 1895
St Bede's College, Manchester	<i>Baeda</i> , 1896
St George's College, Weybridge	<i>The Georgian</i> , 1899
Oscott College, Birmingham	<i>The Oscotian</i> (Third Series), 1900
Mount St Mary's College, Spinkhill, Derbyshire	<i>The Mountaineer</i> , 1902

INSTITUTION	TITLE AND DATE OF AN ENDURING INSTITUTIONAL MAGAZINE
St Ignatius, Stamford Hill, London	<i>Ignatian Record</i> , 1902 (The monthly journal of the St Ignatius’ parish and College) <sup>18</sup>
English College, Lisbon	<i>The Lisbonian</i> , 1908
English College, Valladolid (St Alban’s College)	<i>The Albanian</i> , 1910
Preston Catholic College	<i>Sons of the Eagle</i> , 1912, altering its title to the <i>Preston Catholic College Magazine</i> , 1922
St Mary’s College, Holywell <sup>19</sup>	<i>The Collegian</i> , 1916
St Brendan’s College, Bristol	<i>St Brendan’s College Magazine</i> , 1918
St Francis Xavier’s College, Liverpool	<i>St Francis Xavier’s College Magazine</i> , 1920
Douai School, Woolhampton	<i>The Douai Magazine</i> , 1921

It was this main wave of magazine development, in the 41-year period from 1880 to 1921, that led to the launching of *The Venerable* in 1922. Of the 59 seminarians who arrived at the VEC between 1916 and 1921, at least 27 (46%) had received their secondary education in at least one of the schools listed in Table 2 where a magazine culture was already firmly established.<sup>20</sup>

On 4 November 1921, the Venerable English College Debating and Literary Society assembled for a business meeting to plan a programme of debates for the new academic year. Edward Ellis (1899–1979), the future seventh bishop of Nottingham (1944–74), proposed that a debate entitled “That the English College should run a Magazine” be placed first “as being one which lent itself to a practical issue” – a matter that was agreed by those assembled.<sup>21</sup> Such a ‘domestic’ motion was highly unusual: College debates of the period were normally on much wider, external matters, such as:

- “That votes be granted to women” (16 January 1917)
- “That the making of a Channel Tunnel is expedient” (21 February 1917)
- “That Gibraltar should be given to the Spanish” (22 January 1918)
- “That English railways be nationalised” (9 March 1920).<sup>22</sup>

On the evening of 20 November 1921, the Society gathered to debate the following motion: “That it is now feasible and advisable for the ‘Venerable’ to have a Magazine of its own”. Edward Ellis (Ratcliffe College) proposed the motion, presenting five key reasons why such an initiative was needed. Arthur Clayton (St Edward’s College, Liverpool), speaking for the opposition, pointed out a range of practical difficulties that would attend such a development. As the secretary was to record in the minute-book, “the motion was discussed with a gratifying keenness, despite the fact that few speakers rose in favour of the Opposition”: in the event, eight members of the college spoke in favour of the motion, with only three speaking against it.<sup>23</sup> When it came to voting, the motion was “carried by an overwhelming majority of 48 votes to six.”

Initially, the rector, Monsignor Arthur Hinsley (1865–1943), was reluctant to



implement the students' wishes, but he was quickly won over by their arguments in favour of a College magazine: he may also have been influenced by the fact that the Gregorian University had then recently launched its own new review, *Gregorianum*, in 1920. As a pledge of his commitment to the new venture, Hinsley drew up a document entitled *The Venerabile Magazine Committee Rules* which he duly published on the noticeboard of the student common room on 23 August 1922.<sup>24</sup> It read:

- I. The Committee of the Magazine shall be formed from the present students with the Rector as Controller.
- II. The Election of a Member of the Committee shall rest with the Committee subject to the approval of the Rector.
- III. The Committee shall be formed of Five Members: Editor. Secretary. Three Committee Men.
- IV. All matters connected with the Magazine shall be subject to the approval of the Committee whose decision shall be final.
- V. The Editor and Secretary shall each have an assistant chosen from the Committee.
- VI. The Editor shall be responsible for the Literary side of the Magazine while the Secretary shall oversee the Finances, Printing, Sales, and Advertisements.

### A Hinsley

That Arthur Hinsley and his successors as rector provided – and continue to provide – institutional backing to a grass-roots aspiration of the majority of the student body of the College, who for a century, together with alumni and friends of the College, have contributed vigorously to the development of the magazine, has gone a long way in assuring the survival and flourishing of *The Venerabile*: without such support, the publication would doubtless long ago have met the same fate as the myriad early, unsupported student-led publications of so many English schools and colleges.

In October 1922, the students of the Venerable English College who produced the first issue of their new magazine could never have imagined that, a century later, the 10,000-plus pages of *The Venerabile* published by that time would have been digitized and made freely available, in fully searchable format, to the widest possible readership on the Internet, thanks to the help and support of alumni of the College, through the agency of the Roman Association. Similarly, none of us today can foresee what the technology of a century hence will have achieved by the year 2122 in terms of further development in publication techniques.

Whatever changes the coming century may bring, one thing is clear: the continuing and further flourishing of *The Venerabile* as it enters its second century will be as dependent as ever on that essential combination of student enthusiasm, institutional backing, bolstered by support from alumni and friends of the College, which have together promoted and sustained its development since 1922.

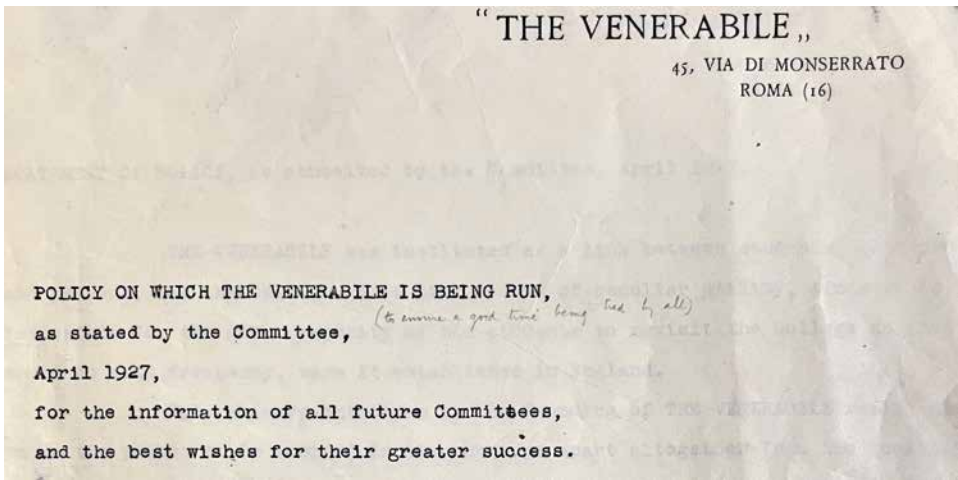
MAURICE WHITEHEAD

## ENDNOTES

- <sup>1</sup> I am indebted to Professor Judith Champ, Mgr. Seán Healy, Fr Paul Keane, Ricardo Koza, Fr Gerard Skinner, and Janet Whitehead for their constructive comments on earlier drafts of this article.
- <sup>2</sup> A.D. Harvey, ‘School Magazines’, *Contemporary Review*, 273 (July 1998), p. 35.
- <sup>3</sup> Donald F. Bond, ‘The Text of the *Spectator*’, *Studies in Bibliography*, 5 (1952/1953), pp. 109–128.
- <sup>4</sup> Scott Black, ‘Social and Literary Form in the *Spectator*’, *Eighteenth-Century Studies*, 33 (1999), p. 21.
- <sup>5</sup> Harvey, ‘School Magazines’, p. 36.
- <sup>6</sup> John Moore was responsible for superintending the building of St Chad’s Cathedral, Birmingham, completed in 1841, was its administrator until 1848, and was subsequently president of Oscott College from 1848 to 1853: see Joseph Gillow, *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics* (5 vols, London, 1885–1902), Vol. 5, pp. 89–91. Moore’s lay student co-editors of *The Oscotian* were Denis Shine Lawlor (1808–87), a future high sheriff of Kerry, who registered the Oscott printing press in 1826; Vincent Scully (1810–71), a future landowner, barrister, banker, and member of parliament for Cork County (1852–57 and 1859–65); and George Henry Moore (1810–70), a future landowner, tenant-right activist, member of parliament for County Mayo (1847–57 and 1868–70), and father of the Irish novelist and short-story writer, George Augustus Moore (1852–1933). In addition to William Tardy, editorial assistance was provided by Morgan John O’Connell (1811–75), nephew of Daniel O’Connell (1775–1847), the Irish nationalist leader; Thomas Sing (1808–82), a future canon of the diocese of Nottingham; and Charles Grafton (1810–61), a future iron-founder at Jericho in Oxford.
- <sup>7</sup> Staffordshire Record Office, Q/SB 1826 T/18, Declaration by Denis Shine [Lawlor] of Oscott, of his possession of a printing press and types, and request for its registration, 29 August 1826. I am indebted to Professor Judith Champ for this reference.
- <sup>8</sup> For Whitty’s subsequent career as editor of *The Liverpool Journal*, as the first chief constable of Liverpool, and as founder of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, see his entry in the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.
- <sup>9</sup> *The Dublin and London Magazine*, December 1826, pp. 538–44.
- <sup>10</sup> *The Dublin and London Magazine*, June 1827, pp. 579–81.
- <sup>11</sup> *The Catholic Miscellany*, June 1828, p. 403.
- <sup>12</sup> *The Catholic Miscellany*, December 1828, p. 366.
- <sup>13</sup> See British Library catalogue for further details.
- <sup>14</sup> Between 1863 and 1888, there had been several unsuccessful attempts to launch a school magazine at Harrow.
- <sup>15</sup> The First Series of *The Oscotian* ran from 1826 to 1829. The Second Series ran from 1880 to 1888 and then ceased on the closure of the school at Oscott. The Third Series, beginning in 1900, was the magazine of Oscott in its then sole role as a seminary. The latter series has been included in the Table for the sake of completeness.
- <sup>16</sup> For the history of this remarkable, though short-lived, school (1877–84), directed by Monsignor Lord William Joseph Petre, 13th Baron Petre (1847–93), see Vincent Alan McClelland, ‘“The Liberal Training of England’s Catholic Youth”: William Joseph Petre (1847–93) and Educational Reform’, *Victorian Studies*, 15 (1972), pp. 257–77. A full run of the nine issues of the now very scarce magazine, *The Amæba*, published between 1881 and 1883, has recently been acquired at the Venerable English College.
- <sup>17</sup> The Jesuit-run St Francis Xavier’s College, Liverpool, founded in 1842, launched its own separate magazine in 1920, as indicated further down Table 2: *The Xaverian* continued as the publication of St Francis Xavier’s Church and parish schools until 1959.
- <sup>18</sup> As at St Francis Xavier’s College, Liverpool, the Jesuit-run St Ignatius’ College, Stamford Hill, launched its own separate *St Ignatius’ College Magazine* in 1937.
- <sup>19</sup> St Mary’s College, Holywell, founded in 1904, was the only Catholic diocesan seminary founded in Wales: it trained priests in the Welsh language. The college moved to Aberystwyth in 1936 and was closed in 1970.
- <sup>20</sup> I am indebted to William Jolleys, the VEC’s first Persons Fellow, from October 2021 to January 2022, for examining closely the relevant volume of the *Liber Ruber*, the VEC register of students from 1579 to the present day, in making this calculation.
- <sup>21</sup> Archivum Venerabilis Collegium de Urbe, Liber 592, p. 174.
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, unnumbered index page.
- <sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 175.
- <sup>24</sup> Archivum Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe, Scrittura 124/1, f. 1. A slightly later manuscript annotation to this document reads: *Amendment to rule II: The students, assembled in public meeting, may annul the election of any member* (Public Meeting, Nov. 1922).

# Venerabile Policy

The following text has been reproduced from the original 1927 document "Policy on which *The Venerabile* is being run", archival reference number Archivum Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe (AVCAU), Scrittura 124/1, ff. 3-5.



POLICY ON WHICH THE VENERABILE IS BEING RUN,  
as stated by the Committee,  
April 1927,  
for the information of all future Committees,  
and the best wishes for their greater success.

STATEMENT OF POLICY, as conceived by the Committee, April 1927.

THE VENERABILE was instituted as a link between students, both past and present, and the College. This link seemed of peculiar utility, since it is impossible for the great majority of old students to revisit the College as they could do with frequency, were it established in England.

This primary intention in the founding of THE VENERABILE really dictates the policy to be adopted in its running: apart altogether from the question whether there is room for another English Catholic periodical of a general character, such a periodical would not meet the peculiar circumstances of our case, and therefore a magazine after the model of the Ushaw Magazine or the Downside Review or the Oscotian is ruled out of consideration. THE VENERABILE must be a college magazine pure and simple, providing matter to interest Venerabile men under that very formality, and so long as such an end is kept in view, there is hardly any need of a formula to define the scope of the Magazine. But for the sake of unity of

contents, it is highly important that this guiding idea should be rigidly adhered to. And in itself it is sufficiently broad to secure variety. There is an abundance of matter in the history of the College, and much of it remains either unknown or obscure; topical occurrences are comparatively plentiful in Rome, and there are all the Anglo-Roman connections of the past; also such aspects of Italian life as we or our predecessors before us have met in our various wanderings. And provided the matter comply with the principle laid down above, there is no necessity that the writer should always be a student of the College.

Minor considerations, also dictated by the purpose of THE VENERABILE, may be grouped under two heads. 1° that whatever be done, be done handsomely, so making the Magazine attractive of itself, and not merely a strain upon the loyalty of its subscribers. Therefore as good paper as possible, only one illustration to the page, and without any undue purism, a reasonably high standard of literary composition and style. 2° because it is only a College Magazine, to avoid too heavy a character about the separate issues, to chronicle events, of little moment in themselves, but interesting either as innovations or as establishing a new tradition, and to review books from a Venerabile standpoint, since we have no other title to review at all.

These principles are here stated, so that any future Committee who see improvements to be made, may know the reasons of our present policy. The absence of such a record to be made, may know the reasons of our present policy. The absence of such a record in the past has deprived us of the experience of our predecessors and left us to experiment when the experimental stage should long have passed.

RICHARD L. SMITH

# “The Venerable”

I have been asked to write a few words to introduce the Magazine of the Venerable English College. I gladly do so because from every point of view I consider the project most excellent and cordially wish it every success. In these days of magazines and periodicals almost every association of men, almost every school of thought, has its publication devoted to its interests.

More than forty years ago now I was called upon as Superior of Downside School to initiate a movement for a college magazine, which I am happy to think has been a success and which is still in existence. In 1880, I wrote of this scheme somewhat as follows: Schools, regiments, societies for athletic or kindred associations, artistic and literary societies etc. all have found profit and pleasure from a record kept in the form of a journal or periodical magazine. To none should such a publication be more interesting than to colleges and to those who are or who have been connected with them. In the life of almost every alumnus of a college there will come in after years, from time to time, some memory of the old days and of the old place from whence he went forth into the world to do his work in the role appointed to him by Providence. Now and again, the thoughts will go back to the time, before the action of life commenced, and to nearly everyone the scene of the old college and of those who inhabited it will return with a feeling of affection and at least of surmise as to those who in the old days were his companions. Some even will perhaps recall a critical situation in their youthful career — a time, a word of a superior, an example of an equal — a time, an influence, an act which marked the turning-point of their lives. It is to all these that a magazine such as the Venerabile should make its appeal.

It will, as I understand, include articles contributed by past or present students on topics directly or indirectly touching the welfare and the work of the College; with such a long and honourable past, as the Venerable English College is proud to possess, there should be no difficulty in finding ample material for a really interesting and useful record of work attempted and work done for God and His Church. In relation to the College, its history and its inhabitants there is a field which will take many generations of students to cultivate. The martyrs — the chief glory of the English College, the really great men who have studied here and then gone forth to their labours; the history of the buildings in the past, and the record, year by year, of what has been done; memoirs of the Bishops, who have made their studies within the venerable walls and have been called to rule the Church in England; the feasts held and entertainments and visits each year; the records of great achievements in the Schools, etc. Here are some of the things, which should find a notice in the pages of this Magazine to which I most cordially wish God-speed and every success.

AIDAN Card. GASQUET

*Palazzo di S. Calisto, Corpus Christi Day, 1922.*

Originally published in *The Venerabile*, vol. I, no. 1, 1922.

# Societas Mezzofantiana

Quae perturbatio quantaque impedimenta nostrorum sodaliorum obstant inītiis, abdicata libertatiuncula qua fessi labore exercitationum scholasticarum gaudent vespertina, nemini ignotum est. Quod sane multo facilius consequeris si numerum aliarum societatum iamdudum existentium attendis. Quamquam enim ipsa mentis cultus ratio nos admonet nihil utilius, nihil nostris hominibus decentius quam ut omnibus linguis communioribus praestanter calleant, vix tamen dignum est memoratu quantopere alliciunt, illa hora qua habentur nostri conventus, aula communis sermonesque vulgi.

Quapropter si exitum societatis nostrae desperaveris, quanti tandem est illa hominum gloria qui illecebras tantas firmo animo superaverunt? Societatem enim scito iam maxime vigere: si quidem viget illa quae constanter magna hominum frequentia concurrat et omnes ad orationem sive ad forense dicendi sive ad quietum disputandi genus invitat. Quam quidem ad rem non parum adiuvat nostros diversitas linguarum, unde non modo litterarum sive gallicarum sive italicarum sive latinarum rudiores orationem ornatorem pleniorumque efficiunt, sed etiam illi qui secus sermonibus obtusi essent, si qui sint, novitate et varietate consolationem percipiunt. Res vero ipsae de quibus agitur naturae societatis magnopere consentaneae sunt, ut earum elenchus profecto illustrat, videlicet:

1. Homines pingues gracilibus omnino praestare.
2. Gentem Italicam nunc temporis excultiore esse quam primo post Christum saeculo.
3. Diplomata pro peregrinis (vulgo *passaporti*) quam primum esse abolenda.
4. Nationem Anglorum magis quam aliam ullam Ecclesiae Catholicae nocuisse.
5. Ita se habere res publicas in Anglia ut nonnisi introducto systemate omnino diverso (puta Statum Corporativum) salvari videatur posse respublica.
6. Utrum via docendi oralis, ut nunc in scholis adhibetur, adhuc suam utilitatem retineat.

Praeterea magnum progressum factum esse in istis linguis addiscendis nemini negandum esse videretur; nemo enim est qui homines tam solutos imo profluentes non miraretur. Quod si linguam omnibus gratissimam et usu crebriorem quaeris, satis est ut actorum commentarios inspicias, ubi "Gallice locutus est Dns N." pluries repetitur; qua in re id quod est nostrorum proprium maxime perspicuum est, nihil scilicet extimescere, omnem verecundiam deponere, ac ea quae duriora sunt eligere; lingua enim Gallica imperitiae causa prae ceteris ardua est. Tandem ex tota hac laude unum illud est admiratione dignum, unumquemque singulis fere vicibus quibus conventus habiti sunt, loqui

tenendum se censuisse. Omnes igitur extra gregem hortamur ut quemadmodum eorum sodales utilitatem capiunt simulque virtutem exercent, sic eorum exempla imitentur.

W. PARK (*A SCRIPTIS*)

Originally published in *The Venerabile*, vol. IV, no. 2, 1929.

# The King's Accession

**T**his number of THE VENERABLE, the first to appear since the Accession of Their Majesties the King and Queen, is published a few weeks before their Coronation. It is fitting therefore that it should contain some expression of that loyalty which is so vital an element of our heritage of tradition. For this House has an intimate connection with the Throne — the Schola Saxonum was founded by King Ina of Wessex, and later the Hospice, the centre of the national life in Rome, was the residence of the King's Orator, had its wardens appointed by the King, and from Henry VII gained the title of 'Our House'. Then came the Reformation with its many changes, but still this House remained a national institution, the centre to which came all who visited Rome; and the burning devotion of our Martyrs for the Holy See, for which they died, in no way dimmed or diminished their loyalty to the Crown. And now, as then, *Pro Patria* is an essential part of our motto: wherefore, in the name of the *Venerabile*, we rejoice in the Accession of Their Majesties the King and Queen, and offer them our devoted loyalty and respect.

*AUTHOR NOT LISTED*

Originally published in *The Venerabile*, vol. VIII, no. 2, 1937.



# Sede Vacante

On Friday, February the 10th, I said Mass as usual with the prayer for the Pope — that prayer which is always said in Rome. After breakfast I set off with the rest to the University. It was a lovely day — the sky was blue, no cloud anywhere; the only interruption was the brilliant gold of the sun. As we passed the newspaper stall in the Piazza Farnese my companion said: “There’s something about the Pope in the paper but I didn’t see what it was.” Although I didn’t know at the time, this was probably a reference to the seizure which the Pope had had on the previous evening. We went on merrily — the sun made everything smile and we were to have a gita tomorrow. Half way along the Via Lata someone behind shouted — just to attract our attention. We stopped and waited. “The Pope’s dead.”

I felt as though someone had suddenly grabbed my cassock and pulled me up with a jolt. True, the Pope had never been quite the same since his illness two years ago. He had had heart attacks recently, and naturally we knew that these things were likely to recur at any time. But I had not even heard of the seizure of the previous evening — and even if I had, it would not have taken away all the shock. Death is never really expected; it always comes as a shock, however long we have been warned of its approach.

A hush seemed to fall over everything. No one had much to say — there was little to say after all. One by one those going to the University turned back and went towards their colleges or to St. Peter’s. The University was closed. The papal flag flew at half mast over the door of the Vicariate.

I saw the *Messaggero*. There was the news — four words in thick, black, heavy print — and the news was heavier than the print: “Pio XI è morto”. A rapid edition, not yet out when we had left the College, now flooded the streets of Rome.

I called in at the College to drop my books and the paper I had bought. As I passed the notice board I saw that the gita was already cancelled — naturally. Then I joined the stream of people who were going along to St Peter’s. It was odd that so many clerics should be going to St Peter’s on a Friday at 8.30 in the morning. It was odd that so many of them should be reading newspapers in small, silent groups. It was odd that we should pass American students with a cheerless greeting, not knowing — this morning — what to say. Outside the churches were notices ordering a Te Deum for the following Sunday, the anniversary of Pius XI’s coronation. All the Bishops of Italy were to have come to Rome for an audience with the Holy Father. Inside St Peter’s the *Sampietrini* were rapidly taking down the decorations. Red damask had been hung for Sunday’s great ceremony. Barriers were erected to control the crowds. And now — but no! — the barriers would still be needed — there would still be a crowd in St Peter’s on Sunday — but it would be a crowd of mourners.

We prayed for the dead Pope and prayed for the orphaned Church.

As I turned to leave the basilica I saw one of the workmen taking down the decorations; he was on a rope swinging from pilaster to pilaster. It was dangerous

and clever — yet he didn't seem at all perturbed. My thoughts turned to Pius XI on Monte Rosa or the Matterhorn...

On the way home I thought of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Godfrey. At that moment he was in Paris, on his way to England, where he was to be received with great ceremony, where on the Sunday he was to sing a Mass in thanksgiving for the seventeen years of Pius XI's glorious reign. Would he continue to England, or would he return? He continued and arrived in England at the time arranged — but it was a gloomy arrival.

I went home along the banks of the Tiber. It was still a beautiful day. Why would the sun make everyone want to dance with glee when our father had been taken from us? Why not? The heavens had welcomed a saintly man that morning, a strong man too, and a wise ruler, one who had loved his flock because he had loved his Master. Catholics and non-Catholics, atheists too, had admired him; his name will live. And the heavens had claimed him. No wonder they rejoiced, for they saw the new glory given to his soul, and they tried to tell us he was happy and even now would look after his flock.

All over the city flags were flying at half mast — the Italian flag, sometimes the Papal flag, the French tricolour from the Farnese; and over the College door the Union Jack drooped in homage to the man who always referred to the Venerabile as "a little bit of England in Rome". A day or two later I read the English newspapers and was delighted at the respect which our country paid to the Pope.

On the Saturday, the anniversary of the Lateran Treaty — the early triumph of Pius XI's reign — his body was transferred from the Sistine Chapel to St Peter's. It was a private ceremony, and although one or two managed to get in I did not make any attempt.

After High Mass on Sunday some people went to St Peter's. The crowd was, they tell me, enormous. There was only an hour and a half of free time and, allowing half an hour for the walk there and back, an hour was left for the visit. That would seem ample but quite a number had to come away disappointed. I left my attempt until the afternoon when I could have from 3.30 until 8; and I went prepared to wait and wait. However I had to come away disappointed.

When I arrived at the Piazza, the crowds were being directed to the right-hand side so that a stream would be formed and some order preserved. Whether the soldiers were too few I know not, but before long the Piazza was filled — the stream was swallowed up in the ocean. I managed to make my way up to the façade. The entrance gate was on the right but, though it was opened at intervals, it preserved most of the time an uninviting, nearly a defiant look. The exit was open all the time. I found myself much nearer to this than to the entrance and I went closer hoping that I might be allowed in, or perhaps manage to slip in unnoticed. Not a chance. Once the crowd rushed the exit gate and immediately it too was closed. I resigned myself to a journey over to the right — a few yards only, but what a journey. I never arrived sufficiently near to it to have any hopes raised. I gave myself up to a long wait. The crowd was seething to and fro; on the steps people were pushed forward and pushed back again, like the sea which rushes at the sea wall, is repulsed, and falls back. Most of the people were enjoying the fun; some were frightened; one or two fell and were rescued quickly; occasionally a child fainted.

“Why this unseemly rush?": you say. “Why did men and women, young and old, strong and weak, stay in that seething mob?" To me it looked quite dangerous for any child, and doubly dangerous for the mothers who carried their babies. As a rule people protected these latter by shouting *Bambino* and making way for them, but I would rather that the mothers did not take the risk. And yet, like the rest of us, they wanted to pay their last homage to the Holy Father and they were prepared to wait, to be hustled to and fro, to be uncomfortably hot, anything — rather than let the Holy Father go to his tomb without a last word of farewell. If you cannot understand this, come to Rome when the Pope is celebrating in St Peter's, when he gives the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing; mingle with the Italians, French, Germans, English, Americans, white men, black men — and try to scorn their love and loyalty; and if you succeed, then I know not what argument would convert you.

I waited with the rest until I heard the words: “Non si apre più, domani alle otto". I came away but many still clung to a final thread of hope — tomorrow they would be at work and their opportunity would be lost.

On Monday afternoon I wasted no time but went to St Peter's as soon as I could. Pedestrian traffic was organised from the Tiber bridge so that the people going would be separated from the people returning. The stream of people still flowed, steadily and constantly — but there was no difficulty today. I was able to go into the basilica straight away and pass by the body of Pius XI. The Gendarmes moved us on all the time — we could not stop even for a *De profundis*. I passed by and said my prayer as I walked — but at the other side of the nave I was able to stop a while opposite the Holy Father. He was placed so that all could see him, vested in red with a gold mitre; the Noble Guards stood rigid, as did the Swiss behind them; all around candles were burning. In the chapel students from the Ethiopian College knelt and prayed. All was quiet and all was still.

In the evening I was there once more and this time inside the chapel itself. The Colleges took turns to watch for an hour by the body, and we were invited for the period 8 to 9. The Scots were with us; the Americans followed on at nine o'clock. Cardinal Hinsley, who had arrived that afternoon, came with us.

I would not have recognised the Holy Father. When a man is without his glasses he looks very different, and I was surprised to see that Pius XI had a perfect aquiline nose. Such thoughts will come, even at the most solemn moments. I wondered too how the body was supported at such an angle, for the feet were free; I think that ribbons were used. These were fleeting thoughts, and in that atmosphere, where the very walls seemed to droop in awe, they quickly gave place to more solemn ones.

The thoughts of the world were centred on that one spot, and there was I, actually present by the body of the Pope. Was I in the presence of a saint? I prayed for him and I prayed to him. I remembered the audiences I had had, the ceremonies at which I had seen him, and always he had been the same calm, fatherly figure, in spite of the responsibilities he had had, and some of them were heavy indeed. I remembered above all the day on which my Bishop took me into the Pope's study. It was in 1932. Yes, the Pope had belonged to me as he belongs to every Catholic, and by God's grace I had had the opportunity to realize this a little. There was I now, close to him in death as I was in life. I had studied in his

diocese – in Rome – very near to him always. In Rome his rooms are within sight of the College; on Lake Albano his villa faces ours across the water.

We of the English College were praying for the Pope. Our fellow students four hundred years ago had died for the Pope, and before that England had been renowned for her loyalty to him. And now we had the honour of representing our country. I hope that God heard our prayers for His Vicar, and I am sure that His Vicar was praying for us and for our country.

Some of us knelt, some of us stood: at first there were still people shuffling past outside in the basilica, but soon the doors were shut and all was still. Once or twice some man left one of the benches to make room for another – a piece of wax fell from one of the candles with a tiny crash – the Guard was changed at 8.45 – a few minutes later the Cardinal left the chapel. That was all. Otherwise a perfect silence, sacred rather than oppressive, giving the impression that the word “Peace” was still on the Pope’s lips.

He was buried on the Tuesday. Again the ceremony was private but again many people managed to gain admittance. I joined the group round the wireless in the College but didn’t feel that I was helping very much and I went downstairs to say the Office for the Dead. The tomb is in the crypt near to Pius X and Benedict XV. When I went to pay a visit I found a long queue and decided to wait until later.

May God rest his soul and reward him for his labours. He was a magnificent Pope, saintly and strong. He is dead, but not forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

Gradually we began to think of the Conclave. Who would be the new Pope? Magazines and papers produced photographs of all the Cardinals, who were gradually collecting in Rome. During Mass, instead of the usual prayer *pro papa* we said the prayer *pro eligendo Summo Pontifice*, and this prayer was also said at the after lunch visit.

I was in St Peter’s Piazza for the first scrutinies – and again I was one of a goodly crowd. The news vans were there again; the cabins for the broadcasters could be seen on the colonnades; rows of amplifiers ornamented the facade of the basilica. Yes, there was the chimney – the all important chimney running up the wall of the Sistine Chapel. The Cardinals would be gathered behind that wall which looked unimposing enough. It was a beautiful day, so beautiful that we wondered whether it would be easy to distinguish the colour of the smoke against the bright clear sky. Just before I arrived an announcement had been made. It was time for the end of the first scrutiny and since no smoke had appeared the announcer said that it was reasonable to suppose that another was needed. At 11.30 another announcement was made but it gave no news – how could it, since the acts of the Conclave are strictly secret? The loud speakers were remarkably good; there was an unfortunate echo but I did not notice this in the evening; perhaps I had changed my place, perhaps Fr Soccorsi had been able to overcome it. At 11.45 the announcer began to talk – that’s all it amounted to – just talk, general talk about the Conclave in theory and in practice. I am grateful to him for his efforts but I did not appreciate them fully – I was too much occupied with that chimney over there in the corner.

And then the smoke came — a wisp of white smoke. Surely not an election already! People held their breath; some even began to cheer and wave handkerchiefs. All doubts were soon dispelled — the smoke came thicker and more yellow and finally changed to an unmistakable black. There was no need to wait for the announcer. We had no Pope: we didn't expect one so soon but we had seen the *sfumata* about which we had read so often, always referring it to a vague past, never dreaming that we should actually see it. Back we went to the College for dinner — a little late. Some people had kept watch from the clock tower and had seen the smoke plainly through a telescope.

In the afternoon there was a game of football. I arrived back at the College, drank a hasty cup of tea, changed, and went off once more to the Piazza. Before I went I heard several people say: "I won't bother to go tonight; there isn't likely to be an election so soon". I said: "No, I don't expect one, but if there were and I missed it I should want to hire a platoon of Balilla boys to kick me round Italy." No! I wasn't going to miss it. I had plenty of work to do but Rome is Rome, and what if I did have to miss my study time?

Just as I got near to the Piazza I saw a man looking out from an upper window with an eager face and I suspected that the *sfumata* had begun. A moment later I could see it for myself. It was short certainly, but I thought it was black and was thinking of turning back. But no, I might as well wait for the announcement. It was just 5.30. In the Piazza there was no cheering: most people seemed to be in my state — doubtful and waiting to make sure. Some thought it was white but, thinking of the morning's disappointment, did not like to commit themselves.

Then someone said that it had been announced over the wireless that a Pope had been elected, though of course the name was not given. I took this for another rumour to add to the four hundred thousand odd I had already heard that week. Still I plunged into the Piazza and pushed my way up towards the basilica. I found myself among a group of Propaganda men and I asked them if they knew anything for certain. "Oh yes, it's true!" They had heard it on the wireless and come straight down — and so had others. I looked round and saw that the Piazza was already covered with people and that others were running up the borgo and through the colonnades on every side. Still many people had not heard the news and remained doubtful. The only cheers came from the colonnade on the right near to the Sistine Chapel — or rather it was excitement and waving of handkerchiefs. In the Piazza there was no announcement at all — a fact significant enough in itself.

Suddenly one of the curtains behind the windows of St Peter's was raised — just a little. "Ah!" from the crowd and then a buzz of anticipation. All our eyes were glued to the basilica now. The lights were shining in the room behind the balcony from which the wonderful news would soon be announced.

The door-windows opened and the banner was unfolded over the balustrade. A cheer went up. On the banner were the arms of Pius IX and they gave rise to some discussion. "Whose arms are they?" asked some, hopefully, wondering if they were the arms of the elected Cardinal. "Why look, there are two lions on them — Venice — Piazza!" So Cardinal Piazza became Pope for a brief moment! The arms however bore the tiara and the keys — they were papal arms, not those of a Cardinal. An election after only three scrutinies seemed to indicate that

Cardinal Pacelli had been chosen, and his name was on the lips of many. Perhaps, too, the wish was father to the thought.

It was nearly 6 when at last the Cross came slowly towards the balcony, and when Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni appeared the people cheered indeed. But not for long—silence fell. 100,000 people, yet not a sound. “ANNUNTIO VOBIS GAUDIUM MAGNUM” — how he was enjoying his task. The loud speakers were perfect; the words came to us all, clear and full, and none but an Italian can make the word *gaudium* really brim over with the fulness of joy. “HABEMUS PAPAM” — again we broke into a shout, and again came dead silence. “EMINENTISSIMUM” — (Who?) — “AC REVERENDISSIMUM” — (How tantalising!) — “DOMINUM” — (Do hurry up!) — “DOMINUM” — (It must come now) — “EUGENIUM” — a roar from the Piazza: “Pacelli, Pacelli”. No one doubted, though there were two other Cardinals with the same christian name. But wait — “SANCTAE ROMANAE ECCLESIAE CARDINALEM PACELLI”. Then joy knew no bounds. “QUI NOMEN SIBI IMPOSUIT—PIUM.” A lovely choice and a popular one. Pope Pius XII — and today was the 2nd of March, his birthday.

On the colonnade someone began *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat*. Then a voice on the loud speakers intoned the *Te Deum*, and it was sung through by the whole vast crowd — the Roman tune giving thanks to God for the Roman Pope ... “Non confundar in aeternum” ... “VIVA IL PAPA!”

The Pope in his white cassock, the ermine edge of his mozzetta showing vividly against the dark velvet, was there on the balcony. How can I describe that moment? The world welcomed him with a full heart. Who accompanied him I know not. I saw but one figure, and in that figure I saw the rock of the Church, the Vicar of Christ, more plainly perhaps than ever before. The shouting and the waving died down. “SIT NOMEN DOMINE BENEDICTUM” and we all replied “Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum ADIUTORIUM NOSTRUM IN NOMINE DOMINI”. “BENEDICAT VOS OMNIPOTENS DEUS, PATER ET FILIUS ET SPIRITUS SANCTUS”. There was no room to kneel, but what matter? Again the cheering broke out. Pius XII came nearer to the balcony and acknowledged the love and loyalty of his flock. Then he turned away, gently, slowly; and the crowd dispersed. It was now about 6.30, an hour after the *sfumata*, and quite dark.

Everyone was happy. The great bell swung and boomed triumphantly. It was a slow task getting home — the people were so numerous and cars and taxis in confusion blocked the way. Outside the *Santo Spirito* hospital I bought a couple of newspapers — the *Giornale d'Italia*, already published with the news of the election. It was a scuffle to get them. I came to the surface triumphant and noticed two poor nuns helplessly looking at the scrum round the newspapermen. So down I went again and bought more papers. I was feeling dangerously generous but fortunately I had left most of my money at home. When I got back to the College there was smoking in the common-room and no one had a paper, so another priest and I went out again and bought twenty-eight between us! I felt as though I ought to turn newspaper boy. I threw them down in the common-room and then found that my hands were as black as ink — of course, printer's ink.

Someone produced a photograph of the new Pope and hung it up amidst loud cheers. Yes, there were lots of cheers that night but I am not sure whether

they were the most impressive thing to be remembered. Were they as moving as the *Te Deum* — or as that tense silence when the world seemed to hold its breath?

On Friday morning I said Mass for the new Pope. Once again we could say the *oratio pro Papa*; I wanted to shout it out. Once again we heard the Rector say *Oremus pro pontifice nostro Pio* after dinner. We toasted the Holy Father and sang *ad multos annos*. We demanded a speech from Cardinal Hinsley, just returned from the Vatican. Naturally he could not say anything about the Conclave. “Do you want me to be excommunicated ad infinitum?” “Yes”, we said. “Well I’m not going to be — all I’m going to say is VIVA PIO DODICESIMO!” — and that is really what we wanted him to say.

W. E. GRASAR

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# Exodus, 1940

Probably lights were burning late in the Government offices on the Wilhelmstrasse on the night of Wednesday, May 15th, 1940. Reports were being precisely filed and indexed from Rome, which at this period Teutonic thoroughness had seen to it should be truly spy-ridden with Nazi agents in and out of uniform — all to weave a steel net to strangle any remnant of Catholicism in the policy of the Fascist State, whether at home or abroad. And in Rome, though the conscript soldiers down in the Farnese must have realised semi-consciously how near Italy was to the folly of war, yet, as they straggled home to barracks after a day's vigilance against "spontaneous" demonstrations, they looked puzzled on noting the brilliant lit windows on the Monserra' and the Montoro. For it was 10.30 p.m. of a day which we had spent in feverish activity. The rooms and stairs still presented a scene of savage confusion. Wildly-scrawled notices flapped lop-sidedly from wall and door; a musty tang hung in the air, and many a trunk, spilling over with objects made priceless by years of hoarding, tripped some unwary *chargé d'affaires* in his career down the corridor, so that his scattered orders became menaces, or finally petitions; but still no one listened. Each man was tortured with the same tantalising problem: whether to leave or not to leave a zimarra, a cherished print or rare text book. Half-clad figures yelled derisively to one another as they added yet another rag to the dump beneath the clock, and parted cheerfully with garments fit only for the confines of Palazzola, and now bequeathed to the imagination of Rinaldo or the genius of the Little Sisters.

The order to go had followed two days of tension after the cancellation of the Fregene gita. All official announcements had been sufficiently non-committal to warrant suspicion. But once the Vice-Rector had broken the news, it was a marvel to see how the plan of withdrawal unravelled itself. The College had not left Rome for 140 odd years, and then its scanty numbers were less than a modern Third Year Philosophy. But now we were eighty in number, and the smooth efficiency with which the preparations to leave were carried out, indicated a very skilful ordering, planned months before, and now accomplished with both speed and decorum. Never in the history of the Venerabile were there so many Public Meetings in so few hours — and all the motions were from the chair!

The actual Dunkirk began somewhere about 4 a.m. on the Thursday morning, an hour when matter definitely triumphs over spirit, and the sleeper accepts a violent awakening with bad grace. The first mass was said in St Bridget's side chapel, and it was barely six o'clock when our party of eight, with an attendant taxi to carry personal chattels, swung out of the cortile, and past the Farnese, where the newspaper kiosk had not yet hoisted its daily tirade against "plutodemocratic England's" designs upon the poor but proud Italian people.

Once arrived at the Termini we set about supplementing our hurried breakfast. Watching from one of the tables, I viewed the amazing phenomenon of the Venerabile *in viaggio*. It is true that Third Year Philosophy made an excursion home every year, but there was usually enough *borghese* available in the House



to fit out eight or ten of them, especially in the Bohemian costumes which the wearers boasted were it *trionfo della moda*. But now there were eighty of us! Sources hitherto unknown had been tapped to clothe many whose cassocks, while acceptable enough in a country where the clergy get a *ribasso* on the plea of their appearance, would cause a stir across the Channel. For the time these cassocks were our official dress, but hints of strange things to come were given in unguarded appeared in all their glory, many of them strongly suggestive of the sporting parson; hats with a shape or lack of it that indicated a contempt for the world; and a type of tie, with a dash of colour, judged violent by the artistic, but having a shrewd air of quaintness which gave it something of character. A typical example of the accommodating character of the Venerabilino was one, who, clad in light grey and a Roman collar, clung affectionately to his Roman hat, an affection that was amply repaid, for after he had been finally induced by sensitive travelling companions to part with it, it was returned to him when he reached England. There were sweaters, too, usually unearthed solely for the esoteric rites of a *Cave gita*. And I was pained to observe the shoeing of the party; no cobbler, Rocca or Roman, could give shape as well as strength to his handiwork. But I am anticipating.

Our coach was reserved, but as Italian reservations have none of the sacredness of the English railways, ingenious methods of entering and guarding it were devised. Stocks of *aranciata* and *Acqua San Pellegrino*, jostling neck to neck with the more plebeian ration of sardines and bully-beef, suggested that we were going to some parched Libyan waste along with the troop train at an adjacent platform. The commissariat, in the hands of one of our cookery experts, had been generous and we piled up the tins of meat, sardines and fruit, until our carriage looked like an offshoot of Ricci's.

Many had come to wish us "*buon viaggio*". The Rector was accompanied by our Irish students whose passports had not been given the same preferential treatment as our own. Though they had to remain they knew not how long in an unsettled city, they allowed no gloom to settle on them, and we appreciated their pluck. But there was a hint of tragedy in the truly Catholic act of two of our friends from the German College who came to see us off. They recalled that it was almost twenty-five years to the day since the German College had left Rome upon the alliance of Italy with the Entente in 1915. Mgr Hurley, now a bishop in his own country, had graciously come and joined our guard of honour. Such courtesies were hard to return in the excitement of the moment; nor was there time to feel dispirited as personal luggage was whisked away by a formidable gang of heroes, who showed, under questioning, a disconcerting vagueness as to where exactly it had been put; and a packet of "Philip Morris" cigarettes, bought especially for immediate needs, and stuffed in the outer pocket of a haversack, seemed lost for ever.

The minutes slipped by to the hour when even the most experienced railway official loses his grip on reality, and his native sense of the dramatic comes to the fore. He waves flags, curses subordinates, blows a whistle and brandishes a tattered timetable in the face of some laggard engine-driver, who continues to smoke unperturbed. It was the psychological moment, too, when one says something banal spontaneously, and with no particular intention of saying

anything at all; and when something of embarrassment shows on the faces of the most hard-headed, men moved only on special occasions. Then we were off and recovered ourselves and cheered, so that the station echoed to a roar the like of which had not been heard since Chamberlain visited the City over a year ago. We waved a last "*a rivederci*" to the rear-guard, looking rather forlorn on the platform; then recoiled into the compartment, and settled in the most comfortable position for a long run. We gazed non-committally at St Paul's, as we passed smoothly over the bridges beneath which, when a Third Year Philosopher chanced that way, he raises his hat with a silent prayer that the Italian Railways will still be functioning in the following July. So did the "*pazzi Inglesi*" step out of the stream which swirls around the foot of the Vatican hill. We did not shed a tear. There were no lumps in throats, nor far-away looks in misted eyes. With that greatest of blows had come a merciful numbness which made the whole affair seem like a dream out of which we should awake to turn with redoubled energy to the question of pending examinations. The awakening is slow, and Time has kept its healing properties.

It is difficult to remember what happened on the run up to the frontier. Everyone soon had his own method of opening tins of sardines, as the Italian tin-openers had retired from active service quite early in the fray. It was nerve-racking to see the novice prise of the top of a bottle, and calculate how much smaller your drink was going to be. Sardines were our Waterloo; little wonder that the Vice-Rector shuddered as he passed our compartment. Not even a tin of very moist pineapple chunks could dispel the pervading atmosphere of fishiness.

And then, just past Civit  Vecchia it began to rain, not for the first time in recent days, for the whole country was sodden, like Old Trafford in August. I remember noticing an airfield under water and we fell to guessing how long it would take Italian pursuit planes to get into the air when Genoa was bombed.

Whenever we stopped for more than a minute, a large posse of foragers would make for the buffets to restock the compartment racks. But when any of the travelling trolleys were sighted on the platform, the flanks of the party wheeled, and, as one man, descended on the bewildered youth in charge of the contraption. Looking down on one of these seething mobs, and trying, first with honeyed words, and then with bloodcurdling imprecations to persuade one of the skirmishers to "get me something", I could peer into the centre of it all, and hear the outgeneralled *ragazzo* crescendoing from an inarticulate "*aspett*" to a wilder "*magari*", in an endeavour to meet the situation.

The country near the coast looked very fresh and beautiful on that May afternoon, and the roadsteads near Genoa had a good quota of shipping as well as several submarines. A rush to the window by the younger members, cameras in their hands, had announced that the Leaning Tower was in view. La Spezia showed a couple of seaplanes, and did not look as busy as the newspapers would have it to be. Meanwhile we smoked and chatted, indulged in tea, and gradually returned our surplus lire to the Ministry of Finance, without regret. But not entirely, for these coins had been the price of many a pleasant day in the Castelli, now slipping into the realm of memory. Passing through Turin, we viewed with interest the bulky length of the Fiat works, so soon to be "on the little list" of the Bomber Command.

As the train pulled out of Turin, we learned that five of our number, in search of *cestini*, had been left behind. The officials expressed a hope that they would catch us up at Modane, but were not very optimistic. As we neared the frontier we went in search of dinner, and, coming back from the dining-car, found our "posti occupati", this time by French refugees from Venice. In halting French I explained to a rather heavily-built woman that these seats were reserved, but she, lapsing into *la lingua*, maintained that findings were keepings. I was urged by the party to tell her what we thought of this almost Nazi aggression, but we realized that an altercation in the old style was out of the question; and before one of our travellers had settled matters by finding the good woman another seat, we were all engaged in friendly conversation. The train was packed with French people leaving the factories of Northern Italy, and soon we were running through the tunnels, and past the brilliantly lit villages that led from a neutral country. We gazed up the towering sides of the foothills, still capped with snow, and the skiers took a last lingering look at the mountains before we plunged into the blackness that led to Modane.

The frontier station was a strange fantasy of darkened lamps and windows curiously criss-crossed with paper. This was new to most of us, and the first time we had set foot in a country at war; but this first glimpse of France, grim and mysterious as it was, bade us welcome, and we felt at home. It had been dark enough on the Italian side, but this was Acheron itself for gloom; since so few of us had seen London blacked out on a December evening, or had walked from Victoria to Knott Hill down Deansgate at midnight to catch the last train home. We had been fairly silent on the last run up to Modane, but now our pent up feelings broke out in a full-throated cheer, when we saw a French sentry, with a fiercely long bayonet, stalking unconcernedly up and down the platform; until there came a reminder that our boisterous conduct might hinder the Rector's safe return from shutting up the College in Rome. We detrained and moved towards the Douane. It was bleak and chilly, as it always is at Modane. But we were warmed to see these French veterans, and to breathe an air of reason and quiet confidence again after the display of bravado and bluster which had been paraded before us for the past months in Rome.

We had hardly any time to wait at the customs. The Vice-Rector seemed to have a key to every door, and quickly shepherded us through, and back to our train. The officials were most genial, and showed willing to delay the train until the black sheep with the bent for *cestini* might be returned to their rightful fold. They arrived in good time, however, and we stocked our compartment for what was for us perhaps the worst night we would ever spend together. Others fared differently and declared the whole business to be luxury compared to some journeys about which they would willingly have waxed eloquent. For us the crucial point was that there just were not enough square feet to go round; eight bodies, with the obstruction of the seats, would not, or rather could not, curl up however much one used one's neighbour as a pillow. So many things militated against sleep. Some of the blackout had been scraped off an electric bulb and a shaft of light shot right into the eye of a would-be sleeper. Muttered exclamations cleft the gloom, as a twitching boot found its billet in another's stomach or an elbow slipped and came to rest on an indignant nose. Soon there were two hostile

camps and a solution was found only when one of the party induced a colleague to accompany him into the draughty corridor. These were relieved by another two, who sank into a corpse-like slumber, as the train shuffled with frequent halts towards Paris.

In the morning, after the luxury of a shave, I entered our compartment at about eight o'clock to find a sharp discussion in progress as to whether we had or had not passed Dijon. Some held that we never did on this line. Not that the question held any real charms for us, but we were ravenously hungry with a gargantuan hunger which was not to be put off by the remains of an emaciated sardine or a small tin of jellied meat. We waited with hunger gnawing persistently, and passed the time thinking of what we would have when we reached Dijon. We arrived late, and, though we scoured the platform and almost started a riot, there was no food. Our train was a back-number on the railway that day, for we stopped time and time again in the open country, and not until a large munitions train drew past us did we recover our normal speed. It was about two o'clock when we arrived in Paris.

The morning had been unpleasant, for there had been a lack of washing water as well as food; but we did our best to pass the time playing pontoon with a mixture of Italian *centesimi* and French centimes. I won the bank once, and promptly lost it to my neighbour — though neighbour is hardly the right word to use among that party, than whom no professional sharpers could be shrewder. Arrived at the Gare de Lyons, we decided it would be folly to leave our luggage in the hands of the few porters who were already overwhelmed by but a portion of our belongings. We worked in parties, each compartment a team managing its own impedimenta. The men of muscle handed out the trunks and cases through the windows, while the more acquisitive emerged from odd corners, each with a trolley trailing behind him. A far-seeing and forceful advance party had already gone ahead to secure taxis. Within a quarter of an hour we had cleared the platform of everything, suitcases, rucksacks and shapeless bundles, while the porters scratched their heads at this impromptu, but certainly instructive, lesson in the art of porting.

Taximen thought that the millennium had come until the time of reckoning, now at the Hotel Londres-New York close to the Gare St. Lazare. As soon as we learnt that no boat was sailing until the following night, we had a good wash, one of those long, lingering ceremonies with lots of hot water and a quite unnecessary amount of soap, and then we set about breaking the ice for the meal which we were to take together in the evening. The Champs Elysées offered a variety of cafés, one of which we entered at the bidding of a man of luxurious tastes. Quickly we repented of our prodigality, and pined for the humbler and squarer meals of less pretentious establishments. A waitress reminded us, as she handed us our sandwiches, that we had to pay cash down. We complied, and there was added the further reminder, oh! so gently, that service was ten per cent. I replied blandly that I would remember this. But some people are hard to satisfy, and she was soon in conference with the head waiter, a truculent being, who swept down on us with the pertinent remark that service was ten per cent, and that we were not in England. One of our party cynically replied that we had so far no reason to suppose that we were. To soothe him we paid our ten per

cent but, when we had advanced as far as the cakes, there he was again with his superfluous commentary on our position, "though in England they do not go in for the French custom, messieurs are not in England now and it is usual in France to pay ten per cent service." This was too much for our domestic cynic, who replied that we had not arrived from a lunatic asylum, could divide by ten and had come from Italy where headwaiters were more civil.

The devotee of the decimal system retired abashed and so did we. We did not relish being thrown out on to the Champs Elysées. The more vulgar-minded then repaired to a back street where they bought digestible sandwiches and passable drinks.

At dinner we saw one another again as respectable human beings and not the jaded playthings of Continental Railway Companies. The unshaven, bleary-eyed, monosyllabic tramp of a few hours back became in Paris the well-groomed, smiling raconteur and we heard and told strange tales. We applauded the strategy of the party who had filled the gangway in their compartment by shifting the moveable tops of the seats and then lain down for a well-earned sleep; grieved over the frustration of their plans by a chance traveller who had invaded their reservation and insisted that all should be returned to normal; followed brightly the story of how they then tried to convert him from Atheism; and marvelled (a little unconvincingly) at their failure. We listened to a detailed analysis of the feelings aroused by the sight at five in the morning of a chunk of jellied meat balanced on a piece of bread that has been retrieved from under the seat; to a lengthy description of how a certain individual always spends his nights on a train, being as he is a martyr to insomnia; to the explanation of the person who was charged with talking loudly all night outside a compartment where only his piercing tones prevented peaceful sleep. Nor did we let others escape hearing our own little epic.

After dinner we sought suitable entertainment; the blackout through which we made our way home was a farce. A Frenchman questioned on the subject said that Germans could find Paris anyway. Another party met a taxi-driver who, after eyeing them suspiciously, showed them a loaded revolver which he was keeping for the first Quisling he met.

On Saturday morning some of us went to Montmartre where I served a Belgian priest, a non-commissioned officer in the Belgian army, recalled from Rome along with the Belgian College. During the morning we idled around the Tuileries, recovering from the effects of the journey which had passed and preparing for the journey which was to come. We had time to drift gently along the banks of the Seine to Notre Dame before returning to have lunch with those breathless people who had been doing an American tour of the city or had driven out to Versailles. In the afternoon there was a preference for the Bois de Boulogne. Our crew won a subsequently mythical glass of beer from our opponents in a race down the lake; and there it was that I saw a priest of staid reputation lustily singing himself to victory as I sat in the stern-sheets and steered for the goal. Returning home we were surprised by the air-raid sirens. After hearing our own "Wailing Winnie", I long for the tuneful klaxon of the French Metropolis; in fact the first people to recognise the noise as a siren were those who had not experienced the English warning. Half an hour later, after

some distant gun-fire we were free to race for home and learned that sixteen Germans had made a bid for the city and been beaten off with loss. Several people were caught in uncomfortable places — our archivist sat disconsolate on a piece of machinery and was unable to tell us which offended him more, the raid or the railway carriage.

Soon we were entraining again — an arduous business of getting across to the station some three hundred pieces of luggage, the distance seeming to double at each journey. On the platform one of our party, conspicuous in a black roll-top sweater, lapsed unconsciously into Italian just as two British Tommies were passing. An angry look passed between them and their remarks about the “Fascist” were at once colourful and pithy.

Just past Rouen the siren on the train began to whine, but we continued the process of ridding ourselves of encumbrances in preparation for the voyage. Strange souvenirs must have been picked up next morning by some of that mighty army of French peasants whose main function in life seems to be standing by the track staring incredulously at the trains. The journey to Le Havre was accomplished without incident, though we later heard that Dieppe had been bombed. The worst part of our journey lay ahead in the jostling queue outside the customs house, where for some weary hours we were surrounded, insulted and charged in the back by British subjects against whose haughty discourtesy methods which had proved deadly when practised on a Latin were of no avail. But by a combination of the Vice-Rector’s influence and our own brute force we got aboard our ship before midnight.

The mate and crew of this ship will go down to history. The former was annoyed by the amount of our luggage, which we had deposited boldly just where we could keep an eye on it. “How do you think you’re going to swim for it when the ship goes down with all this luggage around?” he asked lugubriously. When we were issued lifebelts, an old salt remarked with relish, “It will probably break your neck when you land in the water”. Though we met these doleful prophecies with a suitable barrage of chaff, the cold feeling that sometimes assailed the pit of the stomach could not be entirely ascribed either to the badly fried eggs we had bolted in Paris or to the dank atmosphere of the port. I was somewhat warmed by an altercation with some unlicensed French porters who had brought our luggage on board and now demanded all the French money I had — however, they were appeased with forty francs!

With the engines running when we boarded at midnight, it seemed likely that we should get away by one o’clock, but the Aurora was already in the sky when we cleared the harbour mole at four in the morning. I had taken thought for the morrow to the extent of a full flask of brandy and it was heartbreaking to see others come and callously ask for a nip, “just in case, old man...” with the sea like a sheet of glass. Bunks were few and hard to find and it was amazing to note with what ingenuity some people found themselves an anchorage for the night. Accompanied by one of those people of remarkable acumen who get made secretaries, I arrived at the blanket store and there, far from the madding crowd, we made up excellent couches out of blankets. A soldier saw another of our number lying on the deck and magnanimously threw his great coat over him with an implied “your need is greater than mine”. A row of people

sitting upright and sleepless decided each to use the next man as a pillow, which worked very well except for the man at the wrong end.

I later repaired to the life-jacket store and, as it got light, was joined by another man in search of sleep until he found it too hard on the joints. But it was not until 8.0, when most people had either sunk into the sleep of exhaustion or were sitting in deckchairs, rolled up in rugs and in a state of semiconscious coma, that we were all awakened by three loud crashes. I was told that we had probably struck a mine, and my informant thought he had better have a wash before going on deck. However, it turned out to be the ship's gunner engaged in his daily practice against a home-made target. A little later a Scotsman and I entered the First Class Restaurant, in spite of clothes that would have looked shabby in the hold, and had our first English breakfast for a couple of years. The effort required after such a night to face a plate of eggs and bacon was considerable but proved well worth it, in view of later developments. For our troubles were not yet over.

We came in sight of the Isle of Wight soon after nine o'clock but it was not until two hours later that we docked in Southampton. We entered by Spithead and had our first view of a balloon barrage in the one over Portsmouth. An outbound convoy straggled past us off Ventnor; and as we moved up the Water, we got a glimpse of the "Cossack" in a refitting yard. It was 11.0 before the first passengers were allowed off – with the exception of Sir Neville Henderson, who had come up from Paris and was naturally the first to leave the ship. The Immigration Officers, besides being overworked, well for the 12.0 train. However, a sprinkling of Romans caught this and were welcomed at Waterloo by Archbishop Godfrey, Mgr Elwes, Fr Rickaby and Mr Walsh.

As the morning dragged out in heat and hunger, we stood doggedly in our queue or accepted the philosophy of Mr Arnold Lunn, who made no effort to leave until there could no longer be any opposition. He thus remained one of the most tranquil passengers aboard. Conversation became desultory or ceased except for an occasional word of bitterness against the efficiency of the spy-detectors on the quay. But we heard they had caught several Germans trying to land under cover of Czech passports, which consoled us somewhat. And there was still the five o'clock train to hope for. One of the priests already disembarked kept up our flagging spirits with supplies of ham-sandwiches and cigarettes until asked by a policeman how he got to the buffet without going through the Customs Office. As he was unable to give a satisfactory answer to this conundrum, our appetites were left to sharpen until, after a brief and courteous examination by men who looked as tired as we felt, we caught the train and solaced ourselves with tea and cake. One of the Gregorian professors who was travelling with us had spent so long all day helping the bewildered on board – of whom there were many – that this tea was the first meal he had had since Paris. We steamed into London on the stroke of seven and Londoners that night had their homes filled to capacity. Most of the Northerners stayed for the night in a hotel which in the bitterness of the moment they compared unfavourably to the more genial hostelrys of the Castelli. The next morning at the Cathedral the Cardinal welcomed us home and his stirring and fatherly words made us feel really at home, more even than did the domestic glow of the family circle in which by that night most of us were sitting and thawing into a flood of anecdote.

It had been a strange epic in the history of the College, this deserting of Rome; yet with the issues at stake little choice was left. We all applauded at the time the decision of our superiors, even those who did not expect Italy to take the final step; the decision was confirmed by later events. But it lay ultimately with our own Rector and Vice-Rector and we can guess the reception they might have received had the withdrawal proved unnecessary. But they were concerned with the future of the College and of us; we sympathise with their sorrow, increased by a burden of responsibility of which we had and could have no share. Every Roman will appreciate our own feelings at being so untimely snatched from so much that the *Venerabile* means. But it was right that at such a time as the present we should have our share of sorrow, which is the more precious for being incommunicable to any who have not known the spell which Rome weaves through the English College.

ALAN CLARK

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# Reflections on the Council

What is the purpose of the Council? The question needs to be asked since, from the very beginning of its preparations and even now, many have been troubled by genuine doubts. Why have a Council at all, they ask. After all, the Pope is infallible, there is no major heresy which has not been sufficiently dealt with already – Pius X did not need to summon a Council to settle the Modernist crisis. Then again, why divert the Bishops away from their real and pressing work in their dioceses; if their advice is to be sought, why not do it by post, as was done in the case of the preliminary investigations for the definition of the dogma of the Assumption? Even granted that it would be a good thing to exhibit to the world the splendid and impressive sight of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church in Council, why has the Council taken so long? We have had countless speeches; ahead lies the prospect of at least one more session. And the result in the way of definitions or solemn statements? Just the two Constitutions on Liturgy and Means of Communication. If the preparation was as thorough as one had been led to believe, surely the Bishops could have come to Rome, approved with a great majority the dogmatic statements already drawn up, and then gone home again without all this expense and waste of time?

The brief answer to these questions is that the Council is intended to renew the Church, to bring it up to date and reform it from within, and that it is the most effective, perhaps the only, way of achieving that aim. Both Pope John and Pope Paul have clearly said so in their speeches at the beginning and end of the first two sessions. Pope Paul has called ‘renewal of the Church’ one of the four basic issues of the Council.<sup>1</sup> The Popes by these speeches intended to give a guiding line for the Council and also an account of what had been achieved. Much of this paper is drawn from them: we could not look for more authentic sources.

*The Council is a microcosm of the Church.* Though not the same as the Church, it represents her *structure* and her *activity* in a concrete and tangible fashion. The Church is a visible, hierarchical society which enjoys the triple function of prophetic, priestly and royal power. This abstract truth is to be seen concretely in the Bishops in St Peter’s: the supreme prophets, priests and kings, under Christ, in the Church. The Church is also the whole body of the faithful. This aspect, too, is reflected by the Bishops. When assembled in the Council they not only teach with supreme authority but represent authentically and evidently the faith of the Church today, the faith of the whole Church which is guided by the Holy Spirit. Though in no way a parliamentary delegate, a bishop is not independent of the faith of his people. Born and educated in his own country, he expresses his faith in terms characteristic of his local church and coloured by its pastoral needs.

It is easy to talk of ‘the Church’ in an impersonal way. Any such danger is prevented by the sight of the Council. There are the shepherds of the

Church, representative of the millions of Catholics in the world. There are the successors of the Apostles gathered, as both Pope John and Pope Paul have noted, in a new Cenacle like the Apostles around Christ, the source from which the sanctifying power of the Church has radiated down the centuries. There, above all, are human beings, not angels or a divine collectivity, human enough to need the help of preparatory work, to disagree sharply in discussions, and to arrive at final statements only after long, laborious efforts.

The Council reflects the structure of the Church. Even more important, it represents the *activity* of the Church. The Church does not exist just for its own sake; it exists to act, to bring Christ's salvation to men and men to God. A Church which did not act, which had a marvellous structure and an efficient organisation but which never used them to do anything, would be an absurdity. The most characteristic act of the Church is the celebration of Mass, in which the Church is actualised in every place and time at which the celebration occurs. It is noticeable that the Popes and the theologians frequently speak of the 'celebration' of a Council. This is not mere oratory but indicates that the Council is an act of the Church in her mission of bringing the Good News to men. It is an actualisation of the Church and an action which follows from her prophetic, priestly and royal structure. Moreover, it is not a local activity of the Church but a central one which reflects the action of the whole Church.

This action consists chiefly in *the Church reflecting upon herself*. Opening the second session, Pope Paul told the Council Fathers that its main theme would be the Church herself. He went on: 'We believe that the Spirit of Truth in this Ecumenical Council will grant the sacred ranks of the teaching Church a better understanding and inspire a clearer formulation of the nature of the Church, so that, as the Spouse of Christ, she will seek her pattern in Him and, impelled by a most ardent love, strive to discover in Him her true expression, the radiant loveliness which He desires in His Church'.

If one is inclined to ask why the Church should need to reflect on her own nature, since she should know herself pretty well by now, the Pope replies that she is a mystery.<sup>2</sup> Therefore human thought will never achieve complete comprehension of the Church, any more than it will of the Trinity. Secondly, the situation of the Church in the world has changed because the world has changed. The Church must take into account, must use, the human material of new ideas and developments which God has given her, to gain a new and richer understanding of herself. But it is not just a question of some theologians reflecting on some ideas about the Church or even of the Pope teaching some new doctrine about the Church: it is the *Church* which is to reflect. Because the Council mirrors the Church, the Council is a concrete and authentic example of the *consciousness* of the Church. It is not to be seen as just a Bishops' brains trust; it is the Church in thought.

Where does it find the *object* on which to reflect? Right there in front of it. Each Bishop by meeting his Council brothers is meeting the Church. This very real confrontation is the truest start for any reflection. There is no room for idealistic dreams; the reality of the Church, as it actually is today, is there. So the Council can be said to be not only representative of the consciousness

of the Church, but of its *self*-consciousness, by the very fact of its meeting and regardless of what particular matters may be discussed.

In this connection it is interesting to notice the ecclesial aspect of all the schemata already discussed. Liturgy itself is the life of the Church, her gift and Christ's gift to her. The debate on Revelation turned fundamentally on the position of Holy Scripture in the Church. Ecumenism is obviously being discussed in relation to the Church, and the schema on Our Lady is to find a similar context, so that the title 'Mother of the Church' is suggested by Pope Paul himself. This is no accident. Not only has the Pope stated that the discussion of the Church is to form the principal task of the Council, but the nature of the Council itself implies the Church as selfconscious.

The object of reflection, then, is the concrete reality of the Church. But this is not just a self-examination of complacency or even of mere curiosity; it is an examination *in the light of Christ*. Pope Paul laid down this principle at length in his speech at the opening of the second session.<sup>3</sup> In the light of Christ as the starting point: Christ founded the Church and gave her the pattern he wanted, he gave her an image, Himself. In the light of Christ as the way: it is Christ who presides at the Council, a notion particularly emphasized in the early Councils and still proclaimed today by the presence of the open book of the Gospels on the altar in the centre of the Council hall — here again the Council reflects the Church, always governed by her glorious Head from heaven who promised that he would be with her all days until the end of time. In the light of Christ as the goal: the Church's purpose is to present Christ to the world, to be the instrument of Christ's sanctifying activity, so as to bring men to the Kingdom of God.

However, the *concrete reality* of the Church as she is may not measure up to her *prototype*; the human may conceal the divine. Christ's image always remains in the Church, but is it shown? His sanctifying influence is always active, but is it allowed its full scope? The Holy Spirit never deserts the Church, but is He free to act and breathe where He wills? Is it possible that the supernatural *holiness* of the Church, which is Christ's choosing of his Church out of the world and his consecration of her — just as he consecrated himself and was not of the world — is it possible that that holiness has become concealed by a counterfeit holiness: isolationism, an idea that being not of the world is achieved by being not in the world?

The Church's *catholicity* is founded in Christ's mission to her to make disciples of all nations, which implies drawing a diversity of traditions into the Church. Is it possible that this Catholicism has been mistaken sometimes for the mere physical presence of diverse elements, without any real assimilation? Have other traditions been left outside and individuals been drawn into the Church by being detached from their own cultures, traditions, etc.? Christ did not command us to destroy all nations, but to make disciples of them.

The Church has an unbreakable *unity*, which is that of the Father and the Son with each other in the bond of the Spirit. Has this ever been obscured by a taste for uniformity, a mechanical idea of One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism?

The *apostolicity* of the Church consists in the fact that the Apostles were sent by Christ as Christ himself was sent by the Father—and the Fathers of the

Council are the successors of the Apostles who hand on the teaching of the Apostles. But is this sometimes thought of as merely a succession produced by valid orders and a material conformity of doctrine to that handed down? Do the Apostles *speaking* through the Church today? If they speak through the Council Fathers, then they do indeed speak through the Church.

Looking at themselves in the light of Christ, as Pope Paul has recommended, the Council Fathers are the Christian selfconsciousness of the Church. It is themselves they are to look at. By judging themselves they are judging the Church, judging whether the Church they represent is true to the image of her Saviour or not. If the Church does not perfectly reflect Christ, that will become apparent in the Council. The result of such a judgement is an inevitable desire to *remedy* this situation, to close the gap between what is and what should be, between what the Church is now and what she is destined to be one day. Nor is there any higher authority to appeal to, any other body which can assume the full responsibility, any third party to blame, anyone else to reform. The Council is the Church's selfconsciousness and by that fact it is impelled to be the Church's conscious desire to reform herself from within.

Because this renewal is an *interior* one, springing from the heart of the Church in the Council, it will also be an *appeal*. It is the only fruitful way. An external and imposed attempt at reform would lead to hostility and resentment. It was the tragedy of the Reformation that the reform became external instead of coming from within, an attempt to force something on the Church rather than a spontaneous movement. External and imposed reform is centrifugal; interior reform is centripetal.

Many Councils in the history of the Church have been held at a time of crisis, when some serious heresy had arisen, when the Church faced attack from within or without on her faith or her order. But this is not so for Vatican II. There are plenty of errors but, as Pope John has said, errors come and go and the Church outlives them all. Mercy and a positive demonstration of the Church's teaching rather than condemnation were, he emphasized, to be the order of the day for the Council's activity. Nor is the Council concerned with putting an end to all discussion or with settling many questions with new dogmatic definitions.<sup>4</sup> We are not faced with the limitation of an area of free discussion (which in any case the Council has shown to be wider than has sometimes been thought) but with the presentation of guiding principles for fresh and fruitful thought. The Council is certainly concerned with interior renewal of Faith, of Christian morality and of 'ecclesiastical discipline'. Such renewal, however, is not just a static change in the Church and its organisation. It is *outward-looking*, for that which is to be renewed is of a sacramental nature, signifying as well as effecting God's salvific plan for all men. The Council looks outward, firstly, to our separated brethren: the Church cannot be conscious of herself without being conscious also of those who are related to her, of the loss to her unity and catholicity of a great sector of Christianity, and of her share in the responsibility for this matter.<sup>5</sup> Beyond them, the Council looks outward to the whole world.<sup>6</sup> The Church is to be renewed so as to serve men as Christ served them, in her capacity of witness, as a sign raised up among the nations and as an invitation for them (cf. Vatican I, DB 1794).

To end on a practical note: what can we do about the Council? The first and obvious contribution we can make is by prayer. This needs no further development and has been the subject of appeals by Popes and bishops. But there is another contribution we should make: we should prepare ourselves so that we shall be able to give the decisions of the Council a ready and fruitful reception.

We have a duty therefore to acquaint ourselves now with the issues, including the context in which they are being discussed – not with the object of creating a babel of contradictory opinions, but in order to be able to contribute constructively by an active and vital response to the implications of all decrees. If we wait until the decisions have been made, they will find us unprepared. The Council is not a headquarters conference from which we passively expect orders and decisions. It is for us to obtain the spirit of the Council now and to spread that spirit, so that the Church's new understanding and consciousness of herself may spread through all her members. It would be sad to think of the Church behaving like a metaphorical dinosaur, a tiny brain in a tiny head moving a vast, clumsy and uncomprehending body. In fact, unless we do our part to acquire this spirit, however successful the Council may appear as an act, it will in reality not be a full act of the whole Church. Unless we make the Council really our own, so that we put into practice (under competent ecclesiastical authority) what the Council produces, as something which comes from within us, we ourselves will manage to frustrate the work of the Council. The responsibility lies heavily upon all of us to make sure that the Council really does carry that note of an activity of the whole Church which its structure implies.

Nor is it enough to pray about or be enthusiastic over the Council in general. Our real attitude will be measured by the way we react to particular matters. For instance, what is our attitude towards the Constitution on Liturgy? Whatever our former opinions were, are we prepared now to begin to form ourselves to receive this guidance willingly and humbly? Are we ready to share in the mind of the Church, or are we going to prefer to shut ourselves up in a particular mental world and in a refusal even to consider the possibility of learning? To the extent that the Council is not ours we are not of the Church, we do not share the Church's mind. In its extreme form, of course, formal rejection of an Ecumenical Council, this is separation from the Church by heresy. But it is quite possible to despise a Council in practice without going to the length of actual doctrinal deviation. On the other hand, by opening ourselves to the spirit of the Council we can become instruments of grace to the whole world, so that God's great gift to the Church and to the world will be not only the Council but the Holy Spirit Himself, in a new and abundant outpouring upon all men (cf. Acts ii, 16f).

NICHOLAS COOTE

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## ENDNOTES

- 1 September 1963. The other three are: the idea or understanding (*notio vel conscientia*) of the Church; restoration of unity among all Christians; and a dialogue (*collocutio*) between the Church and modern man.
- 2 'And because the Church decided to reach a fuller understanding and knowledge of herself, the Shepherds and Teachers of the Church have now given much thought to the mystery which gave the Church her origin and nature (*forma*)... Has the Church ever before achieved so complete an understanding of herself?... ' Paul VI, December 1963.
- 3 'We say that Christ is our starting point, Christ is our guide and our way, Christ is our hope and our goal... May this Ecumenical Council see fully the bond which links us to Jesus Christ, which unites this living, holy Church, that is, ourselves, to Christ from whom we spring, by whom we live and to whom we tend.'
- 4 'There are many points which the Church leaves to the discussion of theologians, in that there is no absolute certainty about them, and, as the eminent English writer John Henry Cardinal Newman remarked, such controversies do not disrupt the Church's unity; rather they contribute greatly to a deeper and better understanding of her dogmas. These very differences shed, in effect, a new light on the Church's teaching and pave and fortify the way to the attainment of unity... "Unity in essentials, freedom in uncertainties, in all things charity"'. John XXIII, *Ad Petri Cathedram*, 1959.
- 5 'We do not wish to put anyone in history on trial; we shall not seek to establish who was right and who was wrong. Responsibility is divided. We only want to say: let us come together, let us make an end of our divisions.' John XXIII, December 1962.  
'By God's grace, then, we shall hold this Council; we shall prepare for it by working hard at whatever on the Catholic side most needs to be healed and strengthened according to the teaching of Our Lord. When we have carried out this strenuous task, eliminated everything which could, at the human level, hinder our rapid progress, then we shall point to the Church in all her splendour, *sine macula et ruga*, and say to all those who are separated from us, Orthodox, Protestants and the rest: look, brothers, this is the Church of Christ. We have striven to be true to her, to ask the Lord for grace that she may ever remain what he willed. Come; here the way lies open for meeting and for homecoming. Come; take or resume that place which is yours, which for many of you was your fathers' place.' John XXIII, address to Catholic Action, 1960.
- 6 'The most pressing topics will be those which concern the spread of the Catholic Faith, the revival of Christian standards of morality, and the bringing of ecclesiastical discipline into closer accord with the needs and conditions of our times. This in itself will provide an outstanding example of truth, unity and love. May those who are separated from this Apostolic See, beholding this manifestation of unity, derive from it the inspiration to seek out that unity which Jesus Christ prayed for so ardently from his heavenly Father.' John XXIII, *Ad Petri Cathedram*.

# Reformation at the Greg

In the latest edition of *Gregorianum*, the Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Rene Latourelle, announces the completion of the essential reform of the programme of studies demanded by the Vatican Council and the Congregation for Catholic Studies. The new two-year Licentiate course is now in its fourth year, while the three-year first cycle for the S.T.B. is now in its seventh year. 'Little by little', writes Latourelle, 'these reforms have given the Faculty of Theology a new image'.

The aim of the first cycle is to give the student an organic and all-embracing vision of the mystery of Christ, seen from various angles over the three year period. In this no distinction is made between those who are preparing for the pastoral ministry and those who may be involved in a more specifically intellectual apostolate. In the first year courses are offered in Fundamental Theology, Christology, and on God as he has been revealed in Christ (taking its starting points from the *De Deo Uno* and *Deo Trino* tracts), together with Fundamental Moral Theology, and exegesis of the Synoptics and the Johannine writings. The second year is devoted to the study of Ecclesiology and Sacramental Theology, along with Pauline and Old Testament exegesis, Liturgy and Canon Law. In the third year the mystery of Christ is considered from the point of view of man himself, first as alienated from God, then as redeemed by the grace of Christ and living in faith, hope and love. The course in Special Moral Theology in the third year attempts to integrate itself into this systematic reflection.

On paper the first cycle looks very attractive, but having experienced it, one is left with very mixed feelings. Latourelle's comments on it are not substantially different from those made by the previous Dean, Francis Sullivan, when he first presented this scheme in the same periodical some years ago. And yet, year after year, this course has given rise to profound dissatisfaction and frustration – and this is not confined to one language group or nationality.

Whatever may be the underlying issues, the basic problem presents itself as one of pedagogical method. The output of literature connected with any academic discipline today is enormous, and theology is no exception. To make any inroad into the study of theology at all, one has to read very much on a selective basis, but at the same time, fidelity to the tradition of the Church demands that one confronts and reflects on certain basic source material, especially the texts of scripture and the Magisterium: and because the first cycle is aimed primarily towards service in the ministerial priesthood, a general grounding in theology is more desirable than any narrow specialisation. In order to enter into this process, good guidance is essential. But what is the best form of guidance for someone who does not intend to become involved in the *minutiae* of theological research, but, nevertheless, wishes to have a certain array of tools which will help him to enrich his own life, and the lives of those he serves (especially with regard to the liturgical and sacramental life of the Church), and to make a critical appraisal of current modes of thinking?

Within the present scheme of things, writes Latourelle, the role of the professor, and, by implication, the magisterial lecture, is one that is fundamental to the whole

process; his task is to provide basic theological knowledge, already unified and synthesised, in order to ensure that in a situation of theological pluralism, the student receives 'critical judgments that are balanced and nuanced'. Consequently, in the examination which follows each course, the student must first of all demonstrate a clear understanding of the material offered in class, and only secondarily, and only occasionally, give an account of his own personal reading and reflection. Often the questions may be phrased in such a way that they cannot be answered unless one has attended a specific lecture, or read a specific page of a recommended book: so the examination becomes a test of ability to remember what one man has said about one area of theology, rather than a test of one's ability to make a critical evaluation of source material. The opportunities to present written work during the first cycle are rare. Each student follows a weekly seminar during each academic year, and must present a paper of at least fifteen pages on the work for this: such a paper can be of immense value in the process of organising one's thought, but on the other hand it loses all educational value if, as sometimes happens, one hands it in to the seminar professor and never sees it again!

What happens in practice is that the university functions on the assumption that everybody is assiduously following the relentless succession of lectures which takes place on four mornings a week — but this is more ideal than real for most, and now it seems that even those students from the Mediterranean countries, whose educational background makes them more amenable to the Gregorian system, are finding it more practicable to work in the English university fashion, and follow fewer courses more attentively. Exams are passed (and, on the whole, passed well) by reading cyclostyled lecture notes, and while these notes do not reproduce the *ipsisima verba* of the professor, a few hermeneutical tricks will make them quite adequate. Experience has shown that, while most can cope with the present system quite successfully, much depends on each person's own dynamism and goodwill, if he is to expose himself to any theology at all. And consequently one is led to question very seriously Latourelle's own evaluation of the role of the professor: should his task be to give the student theological knowledge which is already synthesised and unified, so that he *receives* critical judgments, or should the student, instead of passively receiving such knowledge, rather be helped to acquire such knowledge for himself, and, in the process, learn how to make these nuanced and balanced judgments, which, in the long run, he will have to make independently of the professor anyway?

One might ask whether the present course fails to realise its potential by attempting too much. At the moment it works because of a compromise: the majority hears what the Greg has to say at second hand. But there is a great danger here, in that many students will leave the Greg with many second-hand judgments — and regardless of the authority for these, they remain second-hand judgments — which, in the passing of time, may crystallise into uninformed prejudices. One professor in the first cycle with a specific interest in methodology has tried to modify the system somewhat with regard to his own course. In addition to giving the statutory magisterial lectures, in which he allows time for question and discussion, he has set up study groups based on the national colleges. While undoubtedly this would represent a shift in thinking, it would be of far greater help if he were to devote the time he spends teaching all these national groups together in class to meeting



these smaller groups individually. As things stand at the moment he does not meet these small groups at all, except through their representatives. Since he has already produced a very good foundation book for his course, with bibliography and suggestions for study, it should be possible to modify the teaching method still further.

The lecturers themselves seem to be aware of the problem, but are living under considerable pressure. Perhaps the greatest reaction against change comes from those men whose lectures are well attended, because they are stimulating and interesting; the material they present is of a very high standard, and they would attract a large following in any university. But because of their own commitments to other students, and to their own research, the time they can devote to the first cycle is limited, and they feel that the magisterial lecture is the only way of making contact with the students in the time available. Undoubtedly the lectures do have a value, but after eight or nine weeks, even the best material is going to lose some of its force! It is a great pity that, as yet, no way has been found to create a better system of teaching, especially since it would be difficult to find another Faculty of Theology in Europe whose members, as a group, are of such high calibre.

The second cycle, or Licentiate course, has got off to a very good start, and here one can begin to talk of a new image. Each student goes into a specialised area of theology, but has the possibility of choosing from a wide range of courses, taught in Italian, French, German or English, both inside and outside his chosen field of specialisation. Each course is given a credit rating, and a set number of credits must be obtained over the two-year period. In addition, each person writes a paper of at least fifty pages related to his specialisation, as well as taking an oral and a written examination. Most of the courses consists of two lectures a week, given not only by the professors of the Greg, but also by well-known theologians from universities in Europe and the United States. Besides presenting courses in Biblical, Dogmatic and Moral Theology, the faculty also offers the possibility of following courses in hermeneutics and in philosophical theology, while its members may also obtain credits for courses studied in the Faculties of Spirituality, Sociology and Psychology. Many of the scripture lectures at the Biblical Institute can be taken by students of the Gregorian, provided they have the appropriate linguistic qualifications.

On the whole, reactions to the second cycle from the English-speaking students seem generally favourable, especially on the part of those who have been through the first cycle already. The teaching and examination methods are more flexible, with the main emphasis now placed on personal reading: the courses are generally based on the professor's current research, and are rarely repeated. Because of the great variety of lectures taking place at any one time, and because of the smaller numbers anyway, classes tend to be smaller, and personal relations between professor and student much closer than those in first cycle. In passing it is worth noting that the faculty demands attendance at many more lectures than would be required even of arts undergraduates in most British universities.

Despite the problems that remain to be solved, and those that will undoubtedly arise, the future holds out great hope. One only has to look back at the situation inherited by the senior professors to appreciate just how profound a renewal has taken place — a renewal whose fruits are visible in the new Licentiate course. When these men began teaching, they inherited a scholastic theology which was totally

isolated from the problems of their contemporary society, and shy of any contact with modern philosophy or humanistic sciences. The poor knowledge of scripture and biblical exegesis on which it was founded prevented its being translated into efficient preaching. Pressure from the Roman Curia militated against the academic freedom which is nowadays taken for granted. Renewal, once opted for, has come about with extraordinary rapidity by Roman standards, and among the elements which have contributed to this renewal in theology one can include the fuller integration of biblical exegesis into systematic theology, the placing of the mystery of Christ at the centre and source of theological reflection, and the strong concentration upon the anthropological implications of the Christian revelation. Particularly notable is the work of Gregorian professors in the area of Fundamental Moral Theology. One can sense very quickly at the Gregorian a deep fidelity to all that has been handed down by the tradition of the Church, without minimising in any way the problems which must be faced if we are to remain faithful. Even more important than academic integrity is the deeply spiritual integrity of the priests who teach there – this is a quality which one remembers long after their material has been forgotten!

Many people are asking whether one should come out to Rome at all for a theological formation. Do the benefits of the Greg outweigh the clear disadvantages of being isolated from one's diocese for the best part of five years or more? These questions cannot be answered by an appeal to historical sentiment alone, and the Greg is not prepared to live on its past. Already, strong hints are being given that the traditional *laissez-faire* attitude towards academic studies will not be acceptable in the future: a pass at Baccalaureate level no longer suffices for entrance into the Licentiate course, and, no doubt, the demands will become even more stringent. Moreover, it is no longer possible to benefit fully from what the Greg has to offer without a good working knowledge of Italian and at least one other European language. While in the second cycle the Greg is trying to provide as many courses as possible in other languages, it is also trying to ensure that nobody comes to Rome just to follow the courses in his own native tongue. Undoubtedly some features remain over from a less felicitous past, but all the signs would suggest that the Greg will have a significant contribution to make towards the teaching of theology.

JOHN DEEHAN

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# The Reordering of the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury Venerable English College, Rome

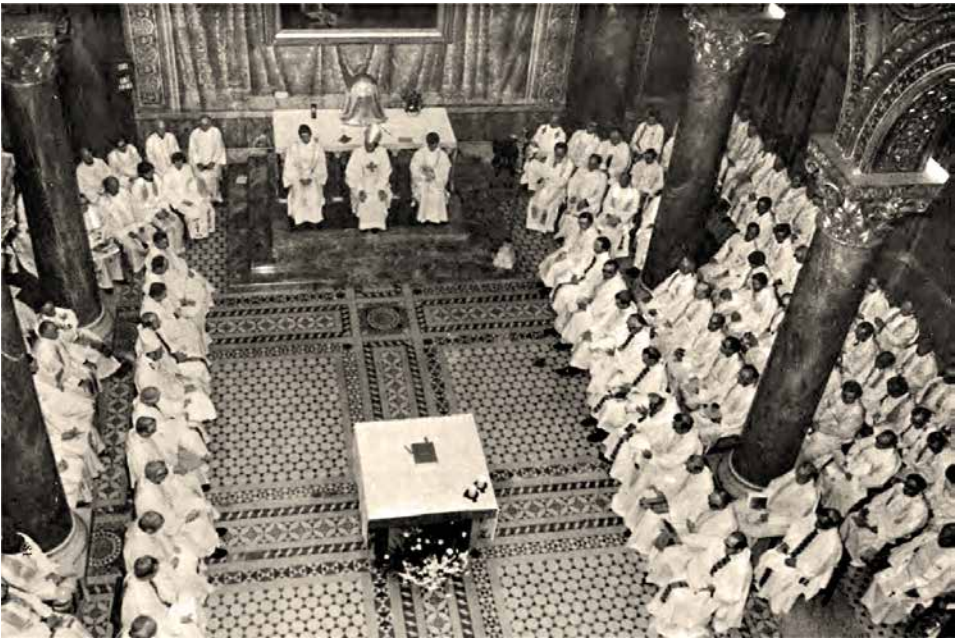
There has been much written about the history of the College church, most notably in recent years by Anthony Laird in vol. XXIV of *The Venerabile* (1967–8), pp. 28–38, 159–173, 258–268. These articles trace the history of the church from its earliest days until the completion of the present church as it now stands – a reduced version of an original design by Count Virgilio Vespignani, based very loosely upon the Roman Basilica of St. Agnese Fuori le Mura.

The foundation stone of this church was laid by Pope Pius IX on the 6th February 1866.<sup>1</sup> A picture taken in 1869<sup>2</sup> shows the walls of the house (now bar) next to the College, on the site of the planned choir and apse, still clearly visible. Building the new church was a slow process and by 1871 all hope of finishing the church according to Vespignani's plans was abandoned and the house (nn. 46–48 Via di Monserrato) was repaired and relet. At some point in the late 1870's, the shell of the building was completed and the decoration of the interior commenced.<sup>3</sup> In 1883 the memorial plaques were replaced (in many cases reproductions of the broken originals), whilst on the 2nd of January 1888, the "Martyrs' Picture" was installed as the altarpiece of the church. The Rector, Mons. O'Callaghan, was consecrated Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle by Cardinal Parocchi on the 18th of January 1888. This ceremony seems also to have served as an opening ceremony.<sup>4</sup>

In the meantime the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, administered by the Pallotine Fathers, had been allocated by Pope Leo XIII (1886) for the use of English Catholics in Rome and so the new church became in effect the chapel of the College with occasional outside visitors attending its services.

Various alterations have been made to the furnishings and fittings of the church. The original benches were moved at some point to the domestic or Martyrs' Chapel and a permanent marble altar raised on three steps below the "Martyrs' Picture" was installed. This was the gift of H.E. Cardinal Heard who consecrated it on the 13th of January 1962.<sup>5</sup>

The liturgical changes which followed the Second Vatican Council brought about the temporary reordering of the church. In the College the first concelebration took place on the feast of the College Martyrs (1st December 1964) in the Martyrs' Chapel,<sup>6</sup> whilst by 29th December a large freestanding altar had been erected in the church for the solemn Mass on St. Thomas' day.<sup>7</sup> This altar was moved in and out for a while (photographs of February ordinations in 1965 show the celebrant using the Heard altar). During this period all the side altars and pictures on the ground floor of the church were removed and the decoration of the lower walls of the aisles restored. The marble high altar is now disused and serves to support the tabernacle for reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, whilst its steps support



*The present lay-out of the College Chapel. Archbishop Bowen presiding at the Mass of Thanksgiving for the Foundation of the College, October 1979.*

the president's seat together with a seat or seats for the deacon(s) at community Masses. The benches which were raised on platforms now rest on the floor and a solid but temporary altar made by three of the students stands in line with the second pillar west of the "Martyrs' Picture." At concelebrated community Masses on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Sundays and on other important occasions, the president sits with a deacon(s) on the footpace of the Cardinal Heard altar, the other concelebrants occupying the front benches on either side of the temporary altar. The bookrests/kneelers of these benches have been removed.

On Tuesdays and Wednesdays the resident College community of about seventy-five fit comfortably into the existing benches with the use of small portable benches between the pillars, but on Sundays extra seating has to be imported to accommodate a congregation of between 100-130. On other occasions (ordinations, the Paschal Triduum and major feasts), the church is very full with much extra seating needed. (See the picture reproduced elsewhere in this issue of the Thanksgiving Mass on the occasion of the Fourth Centenary of the College for which all the benches had to be removed and light individual chairs used).

At the solemn celebration of Mass the present arrangements work well, their dignity often attracting the compliments of visitors (not least from Mons. Virgilio Noé, the Papal Master of Ceremonies' after H.H. Pope John Paul II celebrated Mass in the church on 6th December last year). The present situation does, however, have several unsatisfactory features which I will try to outline and which have led to the present appeal for funds to reorder the church on more permanent lines and in keeping with the General Instruction on the Roman Missal, Chapter V,

“Arrangement and Decoration of Churches for the Eucharistic Celebration.” Under “General Principles” we are told: “Churches and such other places should be suitable for celebrating the Eucharist and for the active participation of the faithful. The building and requisites for worship, as signs and symbols of heavenly things, should be truly worthy and beautiful.” Under “IV. Altar”, we read that “the main altar should ordinarily be a fixed consecrated altar.” “VI. Celebrant’s Chair and Other Seats” states, “the chair of the celebrating priest should express his office of presiding over the assembly and of directing prayer. Thus the proper place for the chair is in the centre of the presbyterium facing the people.” “VII. The Ambo for Proclaiming God’s Word” says, “ordinarily the ambo should be fixed and not a movable stand.”

It is evident from the above that our present altar and lectern do not correspond to the ideal presented to us and also that to have the president at Mass sitting with his back against the tabernacle is not desirable. It is now more than fifteen years since the problems were first discussed and time that a satisfactory solution was sought.

The main work to be done must include an awareness that anything undertaken now is likely to remain for a number of years and will need to be as “timeless” as possible. Cardinal Heard’s marble altar and possibly its supporting steps will have to be removed, whilst it is hoped to experiment with the position and level of the altar, president’s seat and lectern. Much discussion has taken place as to the most suitable materials and style for these fittings and also on the position and ways of reserving the Blessed Sacrament. It is also felt that something must be done about the seating for the congregation as the present large wooden benches are too inflexible for the many variations of use and numbers of people that the church has to accommodate. The state of the mosaic floor continues to give cause for concern and it may be necessary to make good some portions of the painted decorations of the church during the work.

At the rector’s request, a committee was recently formed in order to provide a detailed brief for an architect. The process of selecting an architect to undertake the work is now under way and it is hoped that once someone has been chosen, a realistic estimate of cost and also firm ideas for actual designs can be worked out.

RAY MATUS

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#### ENDNOTES

- <sup>1</sup> LAIRD, “The College Church”, pt. 3, *The Venerabile* XXIV, p. 258.
- <sup>2</sup> Reproduced by MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *The Venerable English College, Rome*, London, 1979.
- <sup>3</sup> LAIRD, *ibid.*, p. 264.
- <sup>4</sup> LAIRD, *ibid.*, p. 266.
- <sup>5</sup> LIBER 1518 (Photograph Album) College Archives.
- <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

# The Solemnity of the Dedication of the Church at the English College

**“T**he rite for the dedication of a church and an altar is properly considered among the most solemn liturgical services. A church is the place where the Christian community is gathered to hear the word of God, to offer prayers of intercession and praise to God, and above all to celebrate the holy mysteries; and it is the place where the holy sacrament of the eucharist is kept. Thus it stands as a special kind of image of the Church itself, which is God’s temple built from living stones. And the altar of a Church, where the holy people of God gathers to take part in the Lord’s sacrifice and to be refreshed by the heavenly meal, stands as a sign of Christ himself, who is the priest, the victim, and the altar of his own sacrifice.”

*(from the decree publishing the rite of dedication)*

## The Vigil

The introduction to the rite of dedication recommends the keeping of a “vigil at the relics of the martyr or saint which are to be placed under the altar”. For our church, among the relics were those of our own martyrs, and the day of the dedication was their feast day, December 1st. We kept vigil with the celebration of an extended Office of Readings for Martyrs, taking for the second reading a letter of St. Ralph Sherwin written exactly four hundred years before, on the eve of his martyrdom. The vigil was presided over by Fr. Billy Steele, who introduced it with the following words. “I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God, and for the witness they had borne.” Tomorrow, we shall take these physical remains of the martyrs, and place them under the altar. Thomas of Canterbury, Ralph Sherwin, John Almond, Henry Walpole, John Wall and Henry Morse; Thomas More, Edmund Campion, Philip Howard and John Lockwood. Every time we come to Mass in that church, we shall be reminded of their part in the sacrifice and supper of the Lord. “Blessed are they who are called to the wedding feast of the lamb.” They, and we, are one with Christ in the one eucharist.

Tonight we keep vigil before these relics, these poor scraps of our humanity, because they are pointers to the resurrection to come. They are also in physical continuity with the men themselves, who were creatures of flesh and blood. The very ground on which we stand, and the College in which we live, are also in different ways in continuity with those men. Because we are flesh and blood, not disembodied spirit, this continuity can be a most powerful sign for us — feeding our spirit, saying more than words can say. The whole liturgy of dedication is rich in the language of symbol, indirect statement, hints and guesses; as is the form and beauty of the reordered church. We have to be alive to that language, alive to the needs it can answer. Let us pray that the Word made Flesh, the Lamb who was slain, will speak to us in it.

This evening we celebrate the martyrs. We remember their sacrifice with thanksgiving; and we pray for the whole Church: for the reunion of all the churches, and for the Anglican Church very specially. We pray for this College, its needs and its future: for our country and for ourselves: may *our* dedication and *our* witness be real.

With the relics is the oldest picture we have of Ralph Sherwin, normally kept in the First Library. It was here in the eighteenth century, and was then taken to the English Carmelite nuns in Belgium. They took it to their new foundation in Darlington in 1794, and in 1962 presented it to us. Their deed of gift is on the back of the frame. These are some of the words. "We freely bestow to the Venerable English College... this precious portrait of their glorious protomartyr, Ralph Sherwin, martyred at Tyburn December 1st, 1581 — wishing hereby to establish a perpetual spiritual link and bond of prayer between the College and our convent in Darlington."

Tonight we might honour this "spiritual link and bond of prayer" and remember them as well. May St. Ralph Sherwin pray for us all.

WILLIAM STEELE

## **The Dedication of the Church**

Our celebration of the church's dedication, described in Paul McPartlan's article, included Bishop Agnellus' homily, which is published below. It followed the biblical readings of Nehemiah 8:2-6, 8-10, Revelation 19:5-9, and John 17:13-21.

### **Homily**

Those three readings cover a great span of time and of experience — from Nehemiah the King and Esdra the priest down to Our Lord at the Last Supper. In Nehemiah the people are celebrating with joy the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem — and just before the passage we read, we are given the names of the artists and artisans and details of the work of each: just as the Rector mentioned our artists and artisans today. Then a great leap over the centuries to the priestly prayer of Jesus Christ for his disciples, encouraging them to unity and love: sending them out in his Name, but warning them that the world would hate them. And in between, the marriage preparations of the bride of the Lamb, dressed in dazzling white linen made of the good deeds of saints.

And yet, how wonderfully they come together for our dual celebration today.

In the same way, it is a far cry from a cell in the Tower of London and the gallows at Tyburn in the year 1581: to this lovely Church, renewed and restored, shining with light and beauty on this dull winter day here in Rome in 1981. But yet the two days are one in this service of dedication, consecration, thanksgiving and renewal on the Feast of St. Ralph Sherwin, the first of the forty-four College martyrs.

The 1st December 1581 was a wet, dank, muddy day when three Oxford men — Ralph Sherwin, Edmund Campion and Alexander Briant — were led out from the old Tower, standing grim and strong by the Thames. They were laid on a hurdle with their heads towards the horse's tail and dragged along the weary road to Tyburn just outside the royal park by today's Marble Arch. The

sad procession made its way past the Church of St. Sepulchre, along Holborn, past the Inns of Court, then along our Oxford Street (today shining with lights and Christmas decorations and busy with shoppers) until it reached Tyburn Tree where their long agony was slowly consummated by death. Ralph Sherwin was the first College man to take the Missionary Oath to return to England at whatever cost: and his is the first name in the Red Book, *Liber Ruber*, in which is inscribed the name of every member of the College from then till now.

A far cry indeed from those sad days of almost universal intolerance and religious fury to the calm and peace of our Church this morning, radiant and beautiful as a bride: blessed, awaiting anointing and dedication: peaceful and prayerful, with the lovely music ringing and echoing in our ears.

A far cry indeed! And yet, the two days stand together.

Men and women have worshipped and prayed in this place for many hundreds of years: and for 400 years it has been the men of the Venerable English College, all of whom had left their homes to prepare for the Priesthood of Christ: and many of whom, like Ralph Sherwin, pledged themselves to go back to preach the Gospel and to celebrate Mass amongst their fellow-countrymen at whatever cost to themselves. This actual building was opened over one hundred years ago: and the foundation stone was laid by Pope Pius IX. The original plans were never completed, and that is why it is only today we come to its final dedication. This indeed is holy ground and today we gather up all the glory and suffering and work and prayer of those hundreds of years; we offer them all again to the God whom we all serve, and we commit this Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, irrevocably and beyond recall, to the worship and the service of God. For that is what today's ceremony means. It is the final seal and pledge on the Old Church.

Ralph Sherwin pledged himself in total surrender to the God whom he worshipped and loved. This Church too, is now pledged to be the tabernacle of the Most High, a place of Sacrifice and of prayer, for ever.

You have often, I am sure, reflected on how love and pain go together: on the close connection between the joyous and loving service of Jesus Christ, to which we are all called, with the suffering that seems to be demanded of the Christian. We are now hurrying forward to Christmas Day: warmth, happiness, joy and family. *But*, the day after Christmas Day is the Feast of Stephen, who was martyred for Christ, stoned to death by his own people. Two days later comes the Feast of the Holy Innocents, innocent victims of the rage of King Herod; and next day comes the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, slain before the altar of his Cathedral at Canterbury because of the anger of his king. And all this comes hurrying along on the heels of Christmas Day. In a strange, mystical way it does not at all take away from the joy and the happiness of Christmas, any more than the memory of the martyrs takes away from the joy and happiness of this day: any more than the suffering and death of Christ takes away from the glory and beauty of Christianity.

After the attack on his life, Pope John Paul II said his ministry was rendered more authentic by the shedding of his blood. And so it is with the College.

Our Church is not just a monument or a memorial or mausoleum. It is vibrant and alive. It is a house, a home for God and God's people. We look ahead. Our celebration is of a new sunrise. We are children of the morning and the light.





*The Dedication:  
"Blessed are they who are called to the wedding feast of the lamb."*

The old church stands renewed and rededicated — the living heart of the College. This is the Day the Lord has made: let us rejoice and be glad.

Here future generations of young men will come in hope and resolution. They *and we* will not hurry too fast up and down the College staircase — we will break the rhythm if only for a split second to look again at the names of our heroes framed on the old wall. We will not hurry too fast along the corridor out to the schools or the town without reflecting as we pass this spot on Him who lives in our midst.

The events and the memories of the past all find expression here this morning. We remember in thanksgiving those who have lived, and prayed, and worked here for the past 400 years. We thank God for them. We look ahead, strong in their strength, as we follow along the same road: as we renew, and re-offer, and rededicate ourselves in this holy place.

AGNELLUS ANDREW, OFM

## Reflections on the Dedication of the New Church

*The death of a holy man is a wonderful thing.  
"O precious in the eyes of the Lord  
is the death of his faithful.  
Your servant, Lord, your servant am I;  
you have loosened my bonds."* (Ps. 115:15-16)

With every choice, every act, man changes himself; he builds or destroys himself. His body is his means of choosing and acting and so is intimately bound to his salvation. "The flesh is the hinge of salvation" says Tertullian,<sup>1</sup> and the Fathers teach that Christians are spiritual altars on which the sacrifice of a holy life is offered to God. Day by day, true Christians, by word and gesture, by decision and toil, incarnate grace in themselves and in their environment. They also teach themselves and others increasingly to recognise the source of all grace and life, the Father, and thankfully to return all to Him.

Always in Christianity there is the rhythm of outpouring from the Father and return to the Father. In the Spirit, the Son is this outpouring and return. Jesus Christ is this outpouring and return incarnate, the perfect content and pattern of both. Christians enter this rhythm by Baptism into Jesus Christ, by dying and rising with him, and, by allowing his Spirit to work in them ever more, day by day they "consecrate the world itself to God."<sup>2</sup>

The principal daily return we make to God is our prayer, springing out of our lives, our joys and worries, our achievements and disasters. No longer must we rush to capture animals to sacrifice to a God who is outside us, "prayer is the spiritual offering which has abolished the ancient sacrifices",<sup>3</sup> for God is inside the baptised, we are temples of the Spirit, living, acting temples. That is why, in the Dedication liturgy, the People of God are sprinkled with holy water and incensed before the building. They are the spiritual altars, the living stones of the "building that has the apostles and prophets for its foundations, and Christ Jesus himself for its main cornerstone" (Eph. 2:20), the Heavenly Jerusalem, of which the church we dedicate is an image.

Therefore, on December 1st, we, the congregation of members of the college, architect, craftsmen, guests and friends, and *then* our beautiful church, were incensed. All this time incense was rising from five braziers at the centre and four corners of the altar top lavishly anointed by Bishop Agnellus a few moments before (opinion was later divided on whether it was episcopal hands or servers' drying cloths which had swept some oil over the edge and down one untreated panel, causing a mark which it took two days to remove). For, by long tradition, the altar (sprinkled and anointed) is Christ; from it his one perfect sacrifice of himself ever ascends to the Father as the sacrifice of the cross is perpetuated, and his body and blood are given to the people gathered around it for the Paschal banquet. It is always "in Christ" that we make our offering, the sacrifice of the members has its source in the sacrifice of the Head, and it is he who makes our sacrifice pleasing and acceptable to the Father.

Sitting in the church for the informal evening musical concert which closed December 1st for us, the great crowds of the morning were gone, the lighting was dimmed a little except on the Martyrs' Picture, three candles were burning in front of the reliquary decorated with red roses beneath the altar, and I became more aware of the offerings in our church; the skill and craftsmanship in wood of the benches and president's chair, in marble of the altar and ambo and tabernacle plinth, in bronze of the reliquary, the patience and dedication of the men who restored the organ and of the man who restored the painting behind the Martyrs' Picture, the vision and planning of the architect, sculptor and engineer. All of this is noble work and sacrifice, as was symbolised in what I found one of the most expressive parts of the morning's ceremony when, just after we had all entered the church in procession, the English architect, Italian engineer and the ten individual craftsmen came forward (as Guestmaster I had the pleasure of leading them up) to stand in front of Bishop Agnellus and hand over to him the plans of the church, presenting their work to the Church and to God. One of the many joys of the new church, to my mind, is that the Martyrs' Picture is better illuminated by the new lighting, its colours stand out more, enriching its sublime scene. Jesus, the faithful Son, from the Altar of himself has made his ultimate sacrifice of love for men and God. The long-suffering servant has poured out his whole life to the very end, he is dead. The Father, with infinite tenderness and power, accepts his sacrifice and lifts his helpless, vulnerable and precious body to Himself, so as to restore life to him and constitute him as eternal Lord. Under this picture the bishop accepted the work presented and, with characteristic joy and gentleness thanked the architect, engineer and craftsmen. He then sprinkled holy water on the congregation to recall our Baptism, and then on the walls and the altar to purify them, and proceeded to consecrate the church.

My body is an integral part of myself as a temple of the Holy Spirit and it will share my eternal fate, flesh and spirit "cannot be separated in their reward when they are united in their works".<sup>4</sup> The works of a Christian are particularly prompted and sustained by his Confirmation. This sacrament it is which (with the Eucharist) completes the Christian's incorporation into Christ, because it makes him partake in the final phase of Christ's life when, dead and risen, he "received from the Father the Holy Spirit who was promised" (Acts. 2:33) and poured out this Spirit of wisdom, love and strength, the Spirit of his own perseverance,

faithfulness, death and resurrection, out on his followers to fulfill his promise, "you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you, and then you will be my witnesses... to the ends of the earth" (Acts. 1:8). Christians must take Christ to others and bear witness to his name, they must join in the Church's mission on earth which is always a pilgrimage to the Heavenly Jerusalem.

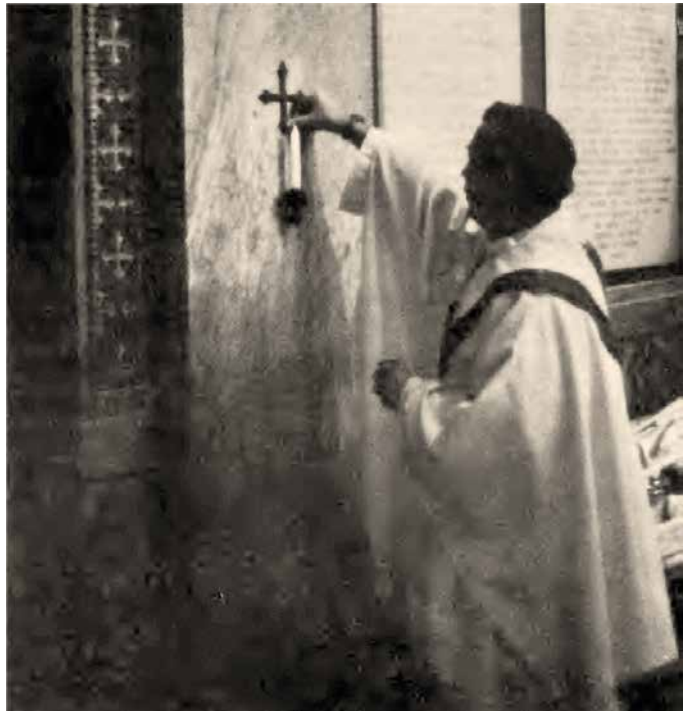
Recently I went to an Italian church for a special Mass. People had been arriving early to get a seat and it was quite crowded by the time the celebrant appeared. He stepped to the microphone and announced that we would start with a procession round the church while saying a litany of the saints. Reactions were mixed. The young altar servers and some old ladies (who seem to have particular reserves of energy for such things) bounded after "Father". Many of the men were miming "Isn't being here enough, without marching around?" The frail and sick wondered if they were up to it and others who had a seat reluctantly took their leave of it as of a valued friend they were unlikely to see again. However, one by one, we all piled out and joined the procession, all ages and shapes and sizes with impedimenta from baby push-chairs to walking sticks. As I walked some people edged past, some got in my way, the frail gave concerned glances, the energetic ladies beamed, we jostled on corners and as each saint's name was invoked the thought increasingly came to me, "You are watching us now, you know what this is like, you've been through it all" and each "Pray for us" began to be really meant in a quite new way. Of course my seat was taken when we finished our circuit, but that seemed a small price to pay for what that procession had taught me about liturgy, about sacramentality, about how it is necessary for human beings who are body as well as soul, flesh as well as spirit, to actually physically *do* things to accompany their thoughts and prayers and words, in order for these to be fully human. The Incarnation and the sacraments show that God thought of this first.

With the British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Ronald Arculus, and Minister (now Ambassador) to the Holy See, Sir Mark Heath, and with the rectors of the Greg. and four fellow colleges (Beda, Scots, Irish and North American) we all processed on Dec. 1st rather less chaotically but even more significantly, following the relics of our martyrs from the Martyrs' Chapel to the new church.

After the reading of Jesus' priestly prayer in the gospel, "I pray not only for these, but for those also who through their words will believe in me", "as you sent me into the world, I have sent them into the world" (Jn. 17:20,18) Bishop Agnellus preached so aptly and movingly on the continuity between the days of the martyrs, the day of Dedication and future days of the college and, indeed, of their unity in faith and in the Christian mystery of the bond between true love and pain. Then, to the rousing and specially-composed setting by Guy Nicholls, we proclaimed that faith which unites us with the apostles and with our martyrs and to which they, starting with Ralph Sherwin (whose fourth centenary of martyrdom was our dual cause for celebration that day) gave the ultimate witness in the world. In the litany which followed immediately, we invoked their prayers for us who have been sent in our turn, strengthened by the Holy Spirit, into the world and who are still pilgrims, engaged that day in a most important act for ourselves and for the pilgrims who will follow us. They will be steeped like us in the tradition of the martyrs which added so much poignancy to the deposition of their relics.



*"... he pours chrism on the middle of the altar and on each of the four corners."*



*"...they anoint the walls of the church signing the crosses."*

Both the constant activity of Christian witness and the deep peace which underlies and finally rewards it, seemed expressed in the quiet, fugue-like opening to Guy's setting of the antiphon "The bodies of the Saints are buried in peace and their names shall live for evermore", which the Schola sang as the deposition took place and Piero Angelini, who had made the reliquary, came forward with the key to silently operate its gradual and precise closing mechanism. I am sure that that moment will never be forgotten by any of us who were present. Amid the transitory cares and distractions of our earthly pilgrimage, at that blessed moment of stillness we actually *felt* "The souls of the virtuous are in the hands of God, no torment shall ever touch them" (Wis. 3:1).

As in our beloved Martyrs' Picture St. Thomas of Canterbury, the titular of our church, looks to the body of Christ, the saving Victim being taken up by the Father, so now his relics, parts of his sacrifice, his offering, look up to the one eternal offering ever re-presented on the altar. "The Church is fruitful, made holy by the blood of Christ" as the actual Prayer of Dedication which followed said. St. Ambrose wrote, "Let the triumphant victims occupy the place where Christ is victim: he, however, who suffered for all, upon the altar; they who have been redeemed by his sufferings, beneath the altar".<sup>5</sup> There, sheltered, as it were, by the altar of Christ, they lie waiting for "the trumpet of God" at which time "those who have died with Christ will be the first to rise... (to) stay with the Lord forever" (1 Thess. 4:16). It is our honour and a service of Christian love, to be the stewards of those bodies as they await that day "when Christ will raise our mortal bodies and make them like his own in glory".<sup>6</sup>

There was a period when it seemed the majority of my Greg. courses were dealing with aspects of "the tension between the *già* and the *non ancora*", so much so that this became quite a catchphrase, possible instances appeared everywhere as soon as you began to look. Having just written about such an obvious case myself, I can hardly complain at this. The world, in fact all of creation, is full of expectation and anticipation, and so Christianity must be; and it knows its expectation. Having been initiated by Baptism, Confirmation and our First Communion, the "sacrament of anticipation" is the Eucharist; "Until the Lord comes, therefore, every time you eat this bread and drink this cup, you are proclaiming his death" (1 Cor. 11:26). "*Il Signore benedice i suoi fedeli, li nutre col pane del cielo*" as we sang at Communion. "Here may your children, gathered around your altar, celebrate the memorial of the Paschal Lamb and be fed at the table of Christ's word and Christ's body" says the Prayer of Dedication and Augustine, recalling the Proverb of Solomon, "If you sit down to eat at a ruler's table, observe carefully what is before you; and know that you must prepare a similar meal", gives us its Christian interpretation, "As Christ laid down his life for us, so we too ought to lay down our lives for our brethren... This the blessed martyrs did with burning love. If our celebration of their memory is not an empty one, and if we approach the Lord's table in the banquet in which they too ate and had their fill, then as they prepared such a meal, so should we also".<sup>7</sup>

Of all the accompanying and rich rites, the principal and most ancient part of the Dedication rite is the celebration of the Eucharist, by Christ the Priest in the person of the bishop, "This altar is an object of wonder; by nature it is stone, but it is made holy when it receives the body of Christ".<sup>8</sup> As Bishop Agnellus proclaimed

in the Preface “You never refuse us when we come in before you as your pilgrim people. In this house you realise the mystery of your dwelling among us.”

All human events contain two aspects; a sealing of what went before and an expectation of what will follow. The presentation of an object made seals the labour of crafting it, but also anticipates its use, its integration or its transformation. Just as man awaits his transformation, so too do his works, for man was told to “fill the earth and conquer it” (Gen. 1:28) and now “All is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; And wears man’s smudge and shares man’s smell”<sup>9</sup>. Therefore, “the whole creation is eagerly waiting for God to reveal his sons” so that it may “enjoy the same freedom and glory as the children of God” (Rom. 8:19,21). Similarly death puts the seal on human life and destiny, and it is the most vulnerable moment of life, the ultimate moment of trustful expectation, “Father, into your hands I commit my spirit” (Lk. 23:46). The continuing presence of the human body is like a reminder of the continuing expectation of the Last Day when the promise depicted in the Martyrs’ Picture will be fulfilled in *us* and we shall be raised like Christ who has gone before us, “the high priest... (who) has entered the sanctuary once and for all, ... who offered himself as the perfect sacrifice to God... (and whose blood) can purify our inner self from dead actions so that we can do our service to the living God” (Heb. 9:12,14).

Each time all of us come into our church to exercise our common Christian priesthood and offer ourselves and the fruits of our labours, our joys and our sorrows to God, we animate an expectation already present in the building and in the relics, and, in the person of the ordained priest, Christ strengthens us and sustains our expectation with the body and blood of his sacrifice re-presented to the Father. *Il lavoro delle mani tu offri a Dio; da lui tu ricevi la sua vita.*

This wonderfully rich liturgy was itself a sealing and an expectation. Before we ended with “How mighty are the Sabbaths, how mighty and how deep, that the high courts of heaven for everlasting keep” (always difficult to count, but so worth the effort!), we were delightfully reminded that we were still on pilgrimage to those mighty Sabbaths through the great outside world which lay just the other side of the church wall, for, while the deacon solemnly processed to the tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament, a hurdy-gurdy started up with gusto in the old Via di Monserrato.

Increasingly incorporated into Christ by our liturgy in the new church may we, in the tradition of our martyrs, ever more faithfully take into that world Christ, the Altar, Victim and Priest.

PAUL MCPARTLAN

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#### ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> “De Resurrectione Carnis” n. 8,2: P.L.2, 806A/B.

<sup>2</sup> *Lumen Gentium*, n. 34.

<sup>3</sup> Tertullian, “On Prayer”, ch. 28.

<sup>4</sup> Tertullian, “De Resurrectione Carnis” n. 8,2: P.L.2, 806A/B.

<sup>5</sup> Epistula 22:13, P.L.16: 1023.

<sup>6</sup> Eucharistic Prayer III, “Masses for the Dead.”

<sup>7</sup> Homilies on St. John’s Gospel, Tr. 84:1-2, from Office of Readings for Wednesday of Holy Week.

<sup>8</sup> St. John Chrysostom: Homilia XX in II Cor. 3: P.G. 61,540.

<sup>9</sup> “God’s Grandeur”, by Gerard Manley Hopkins.

# Holy Year, Holy Door

I have been reading old copies of *the Venerabile* in Palazzola Library, and have found them absolutely absorbing. I started with something particular in mind. I was quarrying information for a historical guide-book to the Villa. I found a great deal that was useful. In the process, however, I found myself plunged backwards in time into what I can only call the English College culture of the 1920's, and enjoying it more than I can say.

The men in those days had ways of expressing themselves which seem to us a little stiff and formal. They seem to have been more easily amused than us, less liable to get bored. Their pleasure at being in Italy, and having access to papal Rome, is palpable. The description of the election of Pius XI is very moving. They had an overt respect for title and dignity, and the Diary of those days is full of delight that titular archbishops had seen fit to come to lunch and make speeches. They had a strong sense of tradition and history. Many of the Old Romans who paid visits to the College in 1922, or whose obituaries appear in the magazine, had been ordained before the turn of the century, and some of them even before Victor Emmanuel II invaded the Papal States in 1870. Odd remarks of theirs are quoted, on the lines of 'Every Old Roman's heart beats a little faster when you mention Monte Porzio, but on further inspection this new place of Hinsley's, what's it called, Palazzola, obviously has a lot going for it'. Articles in the magazine show a delight, too, in scholarship and learning — we would say, a naïve joy in showing off, but that would be a little unfair. There is less of the *double-entendre* humour which is so much part of us, less flippancy and quickness, more prosiness; but then, the students who wrote the articles and kept the Diary would be, were they alive today, about a hundred years old. They were evidently men of physical stamina, going for enormous walks across the Latin Vale and the Campagna, sniffing out remains of classical (Horace) and mediaeval Italy (the Colonna family) and commenting on them in impeccable Latin, which of course had been meat and drink to them since the age of eight. Their mental formation was not the same as ours. Their tolerance of discomfort (heating, ablutions) was higher. All of this you would expect in a post-First-War generation of students. Yet beneath the surface of these incidental differences, you find familiar figures and types, a sense of fraternity, and an atmosphere which is attractive.

Which is all beside the point. What got me into this? Oh yes, it was the thought that in eighty years time people will be looking through the bound copies of *the Venerabile* for the year 2000, and wanting to know what the Great Jubilee was like, and what were the symbolic events which our generation saw as important. So I thought of writing a few words about the Holy Door.

It is typical, I suppose of our turn-of-millennium mindset that we have lost the faculty to ascribe power to symbols, or see the strength of analogies. Scientific materialism has wrought havoc with our sensitivity to these things. The other day I heard it remarked that, on 18 January at St Paul's, John Paul II had been so weak and infirm that he found he couldn't open the door by himself, and had



to ask the Orthodox Patriarch and the Archbishop of Canterbury to lend him a hand. Was this actually said on U.K. television? I'm not sure. Our forefathers, who had no television, would not have missed the spiritual significance of the event, would not have put this utilitarian spin on it. The Pope was opening a door to a new future, a future in which Christians would not be absurdly divided and trapped by their history, and he was inviting his brother-believers to step through this door with him. He was expressing, prophetically, a hunger which is in all of us.

Doors lead to a new place, and because they need to be opened first, it is an unseen place. The twenty-first century is a blank for us. We want to cross its threshold with the grace and the blessing of God, with prayer and with trust. It is certain that the Catholic Church in England and Wales will acquire a different shape as this millennium begins, with fewer priests and religious to 'front' it, and communities being more muscular and self-directed. What will this kind of Church feel like? It could feel very good. It could be a kind of rebirth for Catholicism in our country, releasing in countless laypeople a potential for ministry which up to now they have been shy to disclose. Please God it will be so. The doors at St Peter's, St Mary Major's and the Lateran, as well as St Paul's, give us the chance to enter this new world with confidence, and not just to collapse into it in a semi-distracted way, or to start the century with foreboding. 'Be not afraid,' said the present Pope at his installation, 'Open wide the doors for Christ. To his saving power open the boundaries of states, economic and political systems... Be not afraid. Christ knows what is in man. He alone knows it.'

There are many thresholds to cross. The classic one is from sin to repentance, a clear, clean, humble moment of metanoia. What a grace this is. How awesome it is to witness. Any priest who has heard confessions in any quantity will tell you that from time to time he has the sense of standing on holy ground, of witnessing something so beautiful that words will not encompass it. It is the soul coming home to God, it is the Prodigal Son in dialogue with his Father. May this experience become more frequent as the 21st century unfolds. It will be not our doing, but God's.

Then there is the threshold between a contented, bourgeois 'what I have, I hold', and a spirit of generous sharing with the poor. Sharing, not just money, but resources and space. The drama of our time is the drama of the refugee whom nobody wants. The developed world has a big threshold to cross in this regard, the threshold which leads from a heart of stone to a heart of flesh. The drama of our time is the individual who sends good-hearted cheques to CAFOD, but at the same time supports a government or group of governments which don't rise to the occasion, and extract debt-repayment with huge interest. This is the threshold which leads from 'You are my nightmare' to 'You are my brother'. Dear God, may we at last step over it.

Doors are not only for pilgrims, but also for the Lord himself. My business is to leave the door of my soul wide open, so that God may come in, and do what needs to be done. 'Lo, I stand at the door and knock' (Apoc. 3,20). Move the furniture? Change the furniture? Cause me to think the unthinkable, attempt the impossible? As the Holy Year winds on, Lord, teach me to push this door wide open, not grudgingly leave it slightly ajar, and say 'yes' to the unexpected. I

haven't got the business of religion all sewn up. I cannot afford to be complacent. I am aware that there are no-go areas within me, and some good substantial roadblocks. Teach me to dismantle these, so that you have right of way and free passage. Show me where I am resisting you, what it is I cannot let go, show me where I dodge and weave rather than face your reality. John Paul II said that this would be a year of 'manifold conversions' (*Tertio Millennio Adveniente*). May mine be among the first. I realise that if I let the Lord in through the door, the result may be that he takes me out with him, out through the same door. 'For those who want to save their life will lose it, and those who lose their life for my sake will find it.' (Mt. 16,25). Maybe what I need to do is forget myself in the unselfconscious service of others, something I have not yet managed to achieve. May 2000 be the watershed between one way of life and another, from a hole in which I was stuck fast to a new place.

Open doors cause draughts. We ask not just for a draught but for a powerful wind to blow into the Church, a wind that will blow away pointless bickering and resentment, smugness and intolerance, a wind that will sweep us all into the work of evangelising our poor continent. We ask for the Spirit, that we may have the spiritual energy, certainty and courage of Paul, Patrick, Columbanus, Boniface, Augustine of Canterbury, Cyril and Methodius, Francis Xavier. These are our people. The Spirit which made them powerful and effective preachers of the Gospel will do the same for us, if we don't slam the door shut. It seems to me that the biggest threshold our continent has to cross is that from non-belief to faith. As we look into a bright new economic future with the 16 states of the E.U. becoming an 18 or even a 21, with boundaries and distinctions between them becoming more porous, we see a simultaneous wave of materialism which is enormously strong, and which seems to be the hallmark of the new Europe. Ancestrally Catholic countries like Spain and Belgium, Ireland and Italy are falling over one another in their scramble to create heaven on earth, and forget about heaven in heaven. Our traditional index for measuring religious belief is 'How many people go to Mass?' It is not a very good index, but for what it's worth, it presents us with a bleak picture. It is as though millions of people have at length decided to vote with their feet. What Our Lord said about it being impossible to serve God and Mammon is coming true before our eyes, and Mammon is winning.

The Holy Father talks with urgency of the 'new evangelisation'. It was not until the year of the Jubilee that I grasped what he really meant: the re-evangelisation of countries which have lost their faith, and their way. We read the histories of the great missionaries, and we have the impression that God made their work easy, and productive. Francis Xavier wrote home to Europe from India pleading for help, for the number of people needing catechesis and baptism was more than he could manage. Augustine of Canterbury, despite his initial misgivings, found the people of Kent receptive and open to the Gospel. Patrick writes in his *Confession*, with astonishment and gratitude, 'Who am I, Lord, and what is my calling, that you should cooperate with me with such divine power?' It was divine power, not human power, which brought Christ to so many people. As the new millennium dawns, and we walk through the doors of the great basilicas, we must think every time of the doorway from unbelief to belief, and beg God to open it to millions of faithless people in our continent. Never before has it been so apparent that faith is

a gift of God, and that no priest, no bishop, no pope, can cause people to believe. God, however, can do it, and he can do it easily.

Six or seven years studying philosophy and theology at a university – what a privilege! At the same time, however, these years can turn us into technicians rather than preachers. Historical-critical exegesis and the comparing of conflicting theologians can make us aware of the need always to balance one statement with another, to finesse. There is, however, a more imperative need to which we must pay attention. It is for us to compose our own bold synthesis of the Gospel, which we can present to people with verve and confidence and without qualification. When we speak we must speak with conviction, and with joy. The Gospel is good news, not a carefully-constructed filigree of interlocking theological formulas. Good news strikes home where the pain and confusion is greatest in people's hearts. The Greg and the Angelicum do not necessarily equip us for this. It is dawning on me that what I am discussing here is the quality of my own faith. All very well for me to have compassion on the unbelieving multitude... where is the fire in my own belly, the impatience to come into contact with those spiritually needy people ('Potius hodie quam cras'), what those Old Romans would have called 'the zeal for souls'? Lord, save me from being tentative in the hold I have on your word, and in the way I spread it. I too have a holy door to go through, and a threshold to cross.

MONS. ANTHONY PHILPOT

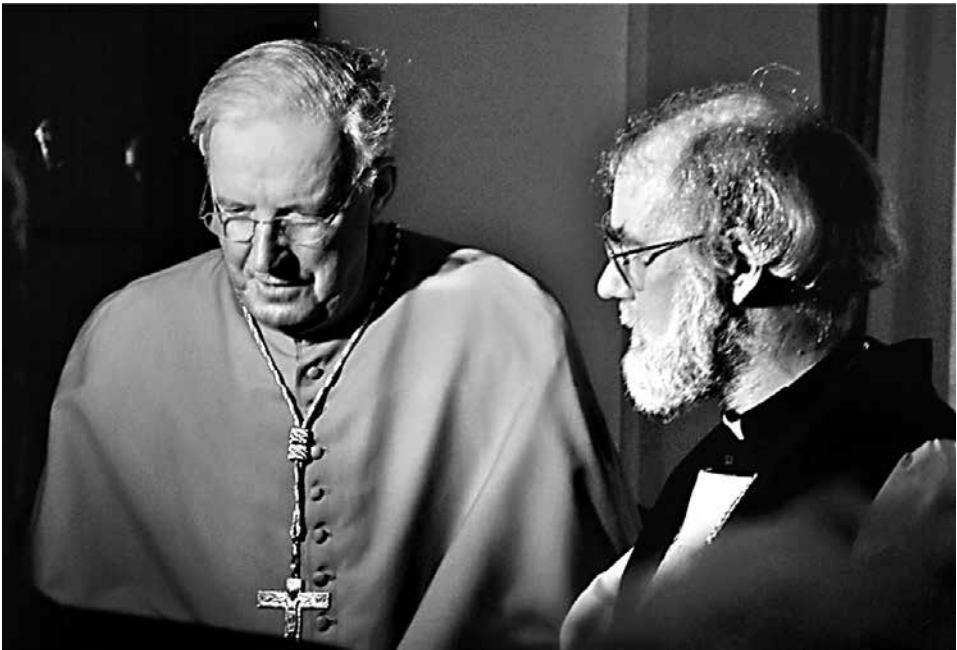
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# The Conclave

**T**he days between the death of Pope John Paul II and the election of Pope Benedict XVI were both wonderful and strange. They were wonderful days because one could not be in Rome or, indeed, a witness to the events there by means of radio and television, without experiencing afresh some of the joy and giftedness of our faith.

But it was also a strange time. The days were marked not only with a personal grief for a great Pope but also with a very real sense of absence. That sense was an awareness, held in faith, of the real meaning of the Papacy. Being without the Pope confronted us with the reality that there was a real incompleteness about the Church which all of us had never experienced in quite such a manner before. I had never understood in so particular and personal a way the significance of the Petrine Office. For me, closeted together with my fellow bishops and cardinals, there was a sense that there was something or, rather, someone, missing. Here we were together, bishops, without the Pope; or to put it another way, the eleven apostles without Peter.

The Petrine Ministry is not just an added extra to the Church, something helpful, useful. How in those faith-filled days were we reminded again and again, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church and the gates



*The Cardinal with Archbishop Rowan Williams.*

of hell will not prevail against it". We bishops are fundamentally united with Peter. The law of the Church proclaims, "just as by the decree of the Lord, St. Peter and the rest of the apostles form one college, so for a like reason, the Roman Pontiff, the successor of Peter, and the bishops, the successors of the apostles, are united together" (*Code of Canon Law, Canon 330*). Moreover, "the Office uniquely committed by the Lord to Peter, the first of the apostles, and to be transmitted to his successors, abides in the bishop of the Church of Rome. He is the head of the College of bishops, the Vicar of Christ and the Pastor of the Universal Church here on earth" (*Canon 331*). The Office and Ministry of Peter, of the Pope, is crucial to the life of the Church and to be in communion with Peter is an essential hallmark of everyone who proclaims himself or herself to be part of the Catholic Church.

That is why choosing the new Peter was such a formidable task. A conclave is more like a spiritual retreat than a political election. A person who has a life-changing decision to make will often retire to a place of quiet and privacy, in order to detach himself of pressures and fears that might prevent him making a decision in total freedom. But conclaves are also very human processes. Their object is to maximise human freedom to decide. The gift of the holy Spirit does not reduce human responsibility but heightens it. The Spirit of Jesus assists human beings to make proper judgements, removes unworthy motivations for voting for this or that candidate, and assists a proper discernment in making one's choice. Freedom, therefore, is the reason we were shut away.

The other object of the process has been unity. The idea that the pope must enjoy the support of at least two-thirds of the College entered the process in 1159. It was to ensure that the successor of St Peter, whose main task is to unify the Church, enjoys the support of the main body of the College of Cardinals, and does not represent merely the victory of one party over another.

The ten days or so before the conclave proper were crucial to the deepening of the communion between the 114 voting cardinals from across the world. Some cardinals were well known to some other cardinals, but for most of the College the daily two-hour meetings, the "General Congregations", were a vital means of deepening collegiality. We carried out a kind of health-check of the Church: its fears and hopes, its anxieties and its joys. We learned of the tremendous challenges facing the Church in so many parts of the world, the frustrations of extreme poverty and the bitter divisions between religions which so easily flared up into conflict. So many of my brother cardinals felt powerless to help materially or politically; but one African cardinal movingly quoted Peter's words to the lame man in the Acts of the Apostles: "I have neither silver nor gold, but what I do have I give you: in the name of Jesus Christ the Nazarene, get up and walk." What he had to offer, in other words, was healing and hope — the meaning and purpose in human lives, even lives lived surrounded by great suffering.

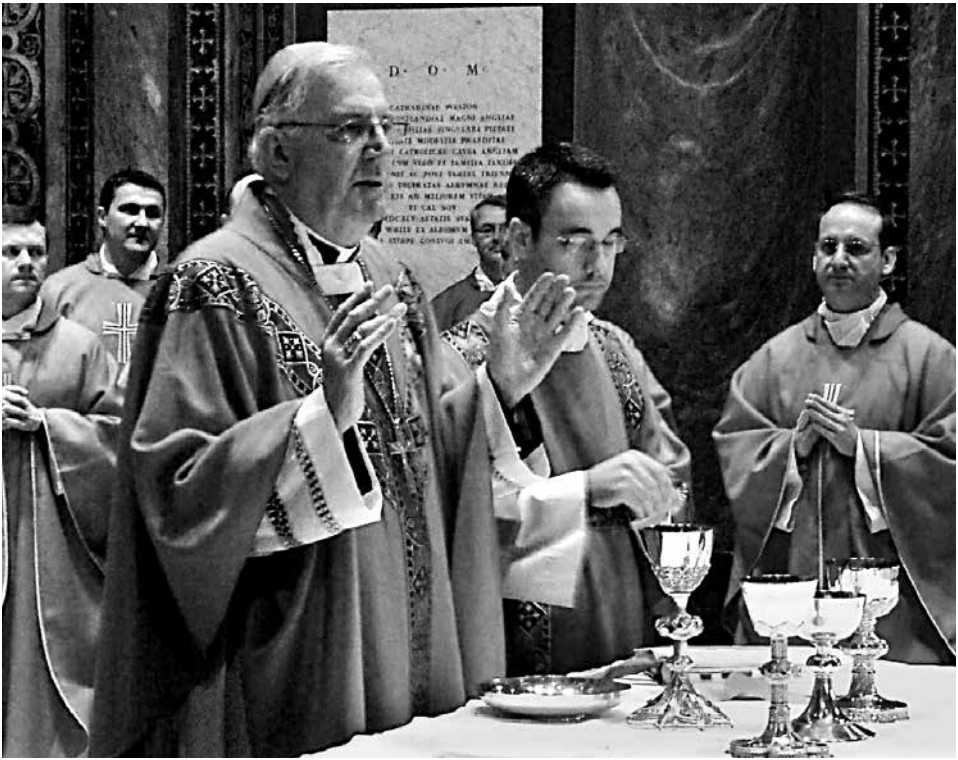
Each day I returned from the Vatican meetings with a growing sense of the great responsibility, as well as the great joy, of being part of the College of Cardinals. Each day there was some new facet of the Church's life in the world which I learned about, and which inspired me. I had come to Rome, naturally,



*The Cardinal being interviewed in the College garden.*

with my own ideas about the priorities and challenges of the Church at this historical moment; but in those discussions I found my ideas expanding, in such a way that the challenges facing my brothers in Africa and Latin America also became real to me. What was emerging was a sense of the needs of the Church as a whole, as a single body made up of so many different parts, inserted in so many different cultures, and brought together at this moment to focus on its Master, and the Vicar of Christ whom we were entrusted with electing.

It was a great joy for me, in the midst of all this, to be returning each day to the English College, to enjoy the hospitality of Mgr Hudson and the students. The College where once I studied, and of which I would later be Rector, has always been special to me; it was gratifying that, as I prepared to elect the new Peter, it was at the Venerable where I was able to sleep, pray and enjoy the warmth of the College staff and students, and of the many guests who were passing through at that time. Archbishop Vincent Nichols came and went, commenting for the BBC on the Funeral and the installation Mass, as did Professor Eamon Duffy, who was sharing the platform with Archbishop Vincent. But perhaps the dearest guest, to me, was Archbishop Rowan Williams, who visited twice in those weeks. On the evening before the Funeral of Pope John Paul II, we went together to his lying-in-state, praying together by John Paul's body while on the other side hundreds of thousands of mourners filed by. Later, Archbishop Rowan came for the installation Mass, staying in the College until the next day when he went with other Christian leaders to pay his respects to Pope Benedict.



*The Cardinal celebrates Mass in the College Chapel.*

By the time we came to enter the Sistine Chapel, there was no doubt in anyone's mind: we were making this choice before the Lord. As if we needed reminding! As we went up, one by one, to cast our votes before that great fresco of Michelangelo of the Last Judgement, there was no question but that each one of us, before God, was making the choice of the person he thought should be elected as Pope. It was a solemn choice, made in freedom, for the sake of the body as a whole.

Twice we burned the papers after the voting had taken place. (I went with some other Cardinals to watch the voting papers being put into the furnace, to make sure the smoke was black and, later on, that it was white.) Then the third ballot.

At the fourth ballot the names were read out, one by one, with one name in particular recurring. When the seventy-seventh vote was cast there was great applause; Peter had been chosen. The voting continued. Then the dramatic moment: would he accept? The senior Cardinal asked him, "Do you accept your canonical election as Supreme Pontiff? and by what name do you wish to be called?" He accepted, and chose his name. "Benedict". There was no anointing. No coronation. No fuss. From that moment, we had a Pope. he went out and, ten minutes later came back clothed in his white cassock and stole to sit amongst us. Peter was again among the eleven, and one by one we went up

to kiss his ring and to be one with him. I knelt before him, and assured him of the prayers of all Christian people in England and Wales.

“The joy of the day was something really different from the approval of a particular person,” Pope Benedict wrote about his election as archbishop of Munich. “It was a joy over the fact that this office, this service, was again present in a person who does not act and live for himself but for the Lord and therefore for all.” (*Milestones*, p.153).

That is certainly what we saw from the balcony where we emerged to announce that we had a Pope. What was running through my head, as that immense crowd roared its joy at our new Peter, was how far we have come since the Holy Spirit of Pentecost blew into the Upper Room in Jerusalem. As I stood, two thousand years dissolved at that moment into a single instant – and I thought, *what a journey we, the Church, have been on since God’s love was first poured into those first disciples*. And I thought, too, of the hope there is for our future. no wonder that among Pope Benedict’s first public utterances were those ringing words, “The Church is alive!”

Peter was restored to the apostles; the Church could proclaim, *habemus papam!* It was time for me to return to Westminster – fortified in faith, and basking in the warmth of the Holy Spirit. What marvels the Lord performed in that time. We will not easily forget them.

H. E. CARDINAL CORMAC MURPHY-O’CONNOR

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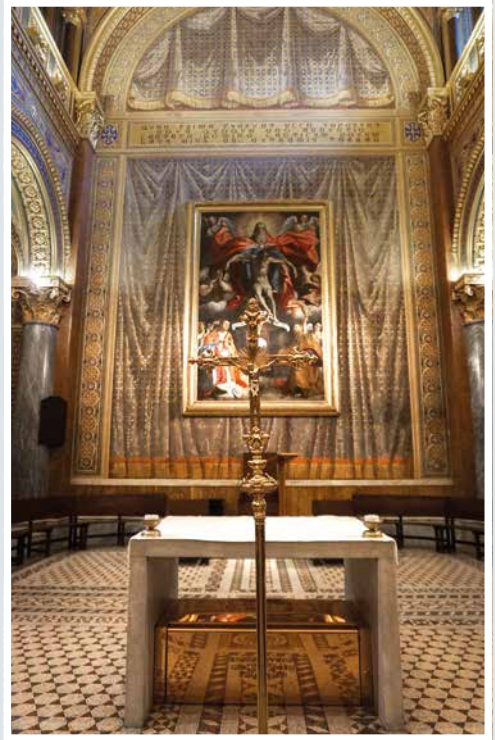


# The Venerable English College “Then and Now”

Over the past 100 years, the Venerable English College has undergone significant changes and renovations. Below are some photos comparing the College as it once was and how it appears now.



*The High Altar circa 1930.*



*The Altar now.*



*The Main Corridor circa 1930.*



*The Main Corridor now.*



*The Refectory circa 1930.*



*The Refectory now.*



*The Tribune circa 1930.*



*The Tribune now.*

# The College Diary

## Pontificate of Pope Benedict XV “*In Te Domine, Speravi, Non Confundar In Aeternum*”

### January 19th 1922

The *Osservatore Romano* announced that the Holy Father was ill in bed with influenza and bronchial catarrh and that all audiences had been cancelled. None of us anticipated serious developments and we were not a little startled to hear after dinner the day following that the Pope now had pneumonia and had received the Viaticum. When we arrived at the University for that afternoon we were asked to go at once to the *Gesù* and pray for the Holy Father; he had already, it was reported, though falsely, entered on his agony. In the course of the morning of Saturday we heard that there was a ray of hope, for he had slept a little about 9 o'clock: but in the evening all hope had gone: the Holy Father's breathing was becoming more laboured and he was sinking slowly. He was cheerful and resigned: "We offer Our life to God" he said to his physician, "for the peace of the world." He died at 6 a.m. on Sunday morning, Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup>. The Italian Government proclaimed a *dies luctus*.

### February 6th 1922

On Monday morning, February 6th, an election was in the air. There were no schools after 10 a.m. We waited patiently in the rain for the *sfumata*. A considerable crowd had collected when the small *sfumata* appeared a little after 11:30. At once all ran to wait under the *Loggia Berniniana* whence the announcement was to be made. Just after 12:15 the folding windows that give on to the *loggia* were thrown back, and the tapestry displaying the arms of Pius IX was suspended from the balustrade. Ten minutes later, preceded by Mgr. Dante as Cross-bearer, Cardinal Bisleti, Senior Cardinal Deacon, came forth on to the *loggia*. To the hushed excited crowd he read out in a clear voice: "*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Papam. Eminentissimum et Reverendissimum Dominum Dominum Cardinalem Achillem*"... One did not hear the surname from the Cardinal: the crowd shouted it and broke forth into enthusiastic by *Evvivas!* When they became silent, the Cardinal continued: "*qui nomen sibi imposuit Pius Decimus Primus*". Another roar of *Evviva il Papa Ratti!* *Evviva Pio Undecimo!* went up and the crowd began to surge towards the Basilica.

## Pontificate of Pope Pius XI

### *“Raptim Transit”*

#### March 8th 1922

The Rector brought a copy of our new coat of arms into the play-room after supper and explained its significance. The sea and the shells denote travel and pilgrims; the crossed keys the supremacy of the Pope, for which the Martyrs died: hence the red ground. The crossed palms recall the Martyrs. The sword is for St Thomas of Canterbury, and the arrow for St Edmund, King and Martyr, to whom the hospice across the Tiber was dedicated. The gold ground signifies the heavenly kingdom. The Papal colours are displayed in the gold and silver grounds. The motto is: *Pro Petri Fide et Patria*.

#### June 4th 1922

Whitsunday. The Pope sang Mass in St Peter's, as part of Propaganda Tercentenary celebrations. His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet was Deacon. After the Gospel, seated on his throne and wearing a gold mitre, the Holy Father preached a long sermon. Unfortunately, though his strong voice carried far down the Basilica, it was impossible to distinguish the words. He imparted the Apostolic Blessing after the sermon. The singing at the Mass was rendered by the *Scuola Superiore di Musica Sacra*, reinforced by the Benedictines from *Sant'Anselmo*, and the Christian Brothers' Boys: the latter were but a weak reinforcement, their childish treble rather spoiling than enriching the rest. During the last gospel, the choir sang some beautiful 8th or 9th century acclamations.

#### June 8th 1922

At 5 p.m. in the Cortile di San Damaso the Propaganda students read brief addresses to the Pope in thirty-four languages. To enliven the proceedings the Gendarmes' Band played selections. While the addresses in Japanese, Annamite, Malabar, and Syriac were read, curiously weird songs were sung in those languages. About twenty of our students were present. Great amusement was caused among the many English-speaking people when the address in “Scotch” was read: for it turned out to be nothing more or less than the wonderful dialect of English spoken beyond the Tweed.

#### November 4th 1922

In the morning the King, the new Prime Minister, Mussolini, leader of the *Fascisti*, and other members of the ministry attended a solemn Requiem Mass in *Santa Maria degli Angeli* and afterwards went to the Monument to pray at the tomb of the unknown warrior. This action has been regarded by optimists as a favourable movement towards the Church on the part of the new government, but without reason, as it is an annual ceremony on the anniversary of the Italian Armistice.

### November 22nd 1923

The hot water pipes were turned on for the first time on Nov. 22nd and continued in action, though not without some intervals, till Lent.

### November 1st 1925

In the College Church Archbishop Palica, Vice-Gerent of Rome, held an Ordination for which there were 103 candidates, mainly from the North American College. This was the largest number in our history, and the prostration during the Litanies presented a real problem. However the Masters of Ceremonies concocted a scheme, whose practicability they proved by corporeal demonstration the preceding evening. As a result of this measurement rehearsal everyone was duly accommodated, the entire Sanctuary, the central space between the Stalls, and all the left side of the Church being paved with albed figures.

### December 25th 1925

When we arrived in the Common Room after hot wine and cake, following Midnight Mass and Lauds, we found the Christmas edition of our sprightly contemporary *Chi lo Sa?* creating its usual furore. Some people poured methylated spirit upon their plum pudding to prolong the life of the flames, but they will not do it again.

### January 1st 1926

To celebrate the New Year, yet another police force appeared upon the streets today. They are called *Metropolitani* and wear helmets fashioned after the English model. But it would require Father Vermeersch to disentangle the various jurisdictions of *Carabinieri*, Traffic Regulators, and now *Metropolitani*, presumably to supersede Somebody. All seem to be guardians of the public peace, but can they all arrest for instance? This is a pertinent question.

### February 3rd 1926

The Vice Rector of the Irish College called upon Monsignor Redmond, and we hear that the new Irish College near the Lateran is to be ready in October. Curiosity, and no little experience of workmen, English and Italian, enticed us to visit the building operations. For the Irishmens' sake we devoutly hope that their forecast is not unduly optimistic.

### March 1st 1926

The anniversary of Roman traffic's changing from the left to the right. There are still in existence, the worse for wear, occasional informative posters, "*I veicoli tengano la destra*". In celebration thereof, we presume, the Governor issued an ukase, and taxi-men and *carrozza* drivers startled us by appearing in black peaked caps, all neat and new.

### May 9th 1926

As in past years we took part today in the *fiocchi* Procession of the Parish, the Rector carrying the Blessed Sacrament. One individual created a stir in the Campo by setting his cotta ablaze, while another, who carried the *ombrellino*

behind the canopy, distinguished himself by leading, if he did not start, the various caterwaulings of the rearguard. We do not describe them thus in any disparagement of their fervour, but only of their musical qualifications.

### July 22nd 1926

It is marvellous how Palazzola turns us at once into jacks of all trades. Our special correspondent, on a tour of inspection, reported the following activities, and he does not vouch for the exhaustiveness of his list. Multitudes are already let loose upon briars and bracken, which delay golf until the latter end of August. Bonfires are become the standing task, and until we go to the back woods of Canada, we are probably justified in thinking this a good reproduction. One individual is doing gymnastic feats on a rope, painting in the inscription on the diving board, while another is balancing on a ladder to whitewash the wall around the Madonna in the Cloister. We have heard the sound of piano tuning and wish it speedy success. Quite a coterie is getting very dirty repairing and tarring the tennis net.

### August 12th 1926

Another free *gita* with a slight wind to preserve us from the intense heat. On our return, after supper we were bidden assemble in the Common Room, where we found the Cardinal Protector already awaiting us. We noticed the Rector to have been seated in a chair nearly as imposing as his Eminence's, while the Vice Rector was content with a hard backed antique from the billiard room. But we saw no special significance in this until the Cardinal began to speak. Without any preamble, a real mercy considering the pitch of our suspense, he informed us that the Holy Father, wishing to mark his appreciation of the work Monsignor Hinsley has done for the College during the past nine years, had decided to create him Bishop of Sebastopolis.

### September 13th 1926

The iron steps, leading up to the *Sforza*, were fixed into place, and although the work is not complete, blasting operations ceased for the rest of the villa.

### September 27th 1926

Three Philosophers of muscle started on a flight of twenty one rustic steps, to connect the new staircase with the *Sforza* path above. The result has proved a magnificent piece of construction. Although one hardly expects work of this type so late in the villa, a theologian has also built a sturdy seat round the tree by the lower goal post, where it was badly needed, though nobody hitherto seems, to have thought of making it. Let us hope we shall find it all there at Easter.

### December 12th 1926

Two illustrious members of the episcopate at dinner: Mgr. Roncalli, Bishop of Areopolis and Apostolic Visitor to Bulgaria, and Mgr. Kurteff, the newly consecrated Uniat Bishop for that country, who brought a touch of the East into the refectory by dining after his own hierarchical manner, and therefore failing to remove his "ecclesiastical shako". Their Lordships were introduced to us afterwards in the Common-Room by the Rector, and the occasion made for one



or two speeches. Mgr. Roncalli addressed us, (not without a prefatory reference to cigarettes and the holy Capuchin who smoked *una sessantina per giorno*), on the pitiful history of Catholicism in Bulgaria. Mgr. Kurteff nobly seconded by a speech in French.

### April 18th 1927

The house divided into two parties — one for the villa, the other for the long *gite*. Palazzola undoubtedly looks its best at this time of the year. We found the new stairway to the *Sforza* complete, and it is by far the best piece of work done. A day's *gita* occurred on the Thursday and pilgrimages were made to the Tusculum Cross.

### October 8th 1927

Work goes on apace on the rockery—to the despair of all our Trade Unionists. The master foreman has assured us that things will be in working order by the end of the *villeggiatura*—the cows permitting. Stung by a similar impulse to work, a senior student (the senior student in fact) has set himself to construct a couple of rustic seats among the bushes that fringe the edge of the *Sforza* on both sides of the path—which reminds us: is it not high time that the various gathering-spots of the *Sforza* received some distinctive designation.

### March 15th 1928

The College was received in audience by the Pope.

### April 21st 1928

The 2,681st “Birthday of Rome” was, to our extreme satisfaction, observed by the Gregorian in the proper way. Whether or not the concession was due to mere traffic difficulties, were a superfluous and un-grateful inquiry. The Corso was gaily decorated for the *Corteo di Fiori* in the afternoon, but the crowds made it somewhat difficult to gain a view of the proceedings.

### July 28th 1928

A party who had been renewing acquaintance with Monte Cavo reported that the new road is now completed up to the summit; as others found to their cost who unthinkingly climbed the heights on a Sunday afternoon, and found themselves in a crowd of picnicking Romans, with all the horrors of paint, scent and Sunday-clothes. The sacred mount now wears a halo on Sunday afternoons—of dust-clouds raised by climbing motors. *Di meliora!*

### November 29th 1928

The following notice appeared: “The prayers of the English College are earnestly solicited for the good estate, spiritual and temporal, of his Majesty King George V”. And we hear that the Holy Father is praying for the same intention.

### November 26th 1929

An important meeting was held at the Vatican today for the Cause of the English Martyrs. Accordingly we had exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the College

Chapel till midday. It is interesting to remember that many of our martyrs prayed on the same spot, when, in the 16th century exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was frequently held in the College for the purpose of obtaining grace for England.

### December 8th 1929

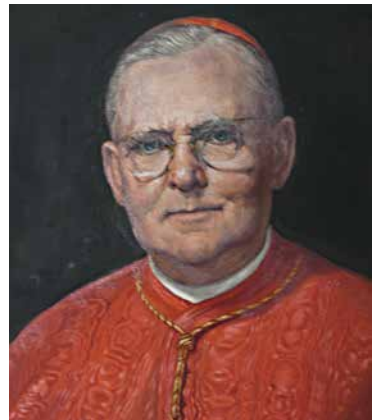
The Rector sang Pontifical High Mass this morning. Some noticed the coincidence that it was two years to the day, since he had last pontificated in the College chapel. At 10:45 at the Vatican, the Holy Father listened to the Decree for the Beatification of the English Martyrs. All those who could get tickets went, of course, and heard with delight the Holy Father's speech in which the secular clergy of England were mentioned *summa cum laude*.

### December 15th 1929

The Beatification of the English Martyrs. The ceremonies that took place today in St. Peter's have been sufficiently described in the English press. It will be sufficient here to note our own part in the proceedings. In the morning we acted as stewards, emancipated from all barriers; on our breast we displayed a wonderful medal which was an "Open Sesame" to the innermost recesses even behind the Altar of the Chair. We also handed out the books to those in the high places, when the picture was unveiled. The reading of the decree seemed interminable, for the *monsignore* who had this honour, had little English and found our barbaric proper names and place names difficult to Italianise. We hurried back to dinner, had coffee and *rosoli* and were once more in St. Peter's again, this time for the Papal function. The medals once more did duty, so that even Switzers fell back before them. The Rector was celebrant at Benediction in the presence of His Holiness. When we left the basilica, it had grown dark and we found that the facade and the colonnade were illuminated in honour of the new Beati. We had our own illuminations on the façade of the College later that night, and in the church the Martyrs' altar was transformed with hangings and flowers.

### June 26th 1930

The news we have waited for so long and patiently has come at last. A short notice summoned us to the common-room before Benediction, and we came, outwardly calm, but with a certain sinking anxiety. There without fuss or formality we were informed that the new Rector had been appointed in the person of the Rev. William Godfrey, D.D. A great burden of anxiety fell from our shoulders at this welcome news and we gave three cheers for the absent Rector, all the more gladly since he is a Roman and a true son of the Venerabile. The prayers he asks for are most willingly his and tomorrow the Community Mass is to be offered for his intentions. *Deo Gratias!*



*Portrait of Cardinal Godfrey,  
situated on the  
Cardinals' Corridor.*

### August 20th 1930

The *Osservatore Romano* informs us that: “La Santità di N. S. ha ricevuto in privata udienza: gli Ill.mi e Rev. mi Monsignori ecc... R.P. Godfrey, Rettore del *Venerabile Collegio*, con Mons. Hall...”. Does this mean that we are being recognised at last in high quarters by our title of honour, “The Venerabile”?

### November 1st 1930

Dr. Godfrey was installed as Rector of the College. Prompt on 11:30 came the Cardinal Protector and was escorted with due solemnity to the Church, where the *Veni Creator* was sung and the Brief of Appointment, a bald and simple document, read out. His Eminence then addressed a few words to the Rector and the students, reminding us both of our respective duties, and in conclusion announced the appointment of Dr. Godfrey as Domestic Prelate.

### January 25th 1931

Today saw the inauguration of the important new school of Plain Chant. Warblers in the house have been selected for special training by the choir master; they will take the lead in church and will, we hope, prove an inspiration to those who for long years have grunted or dozed over the black notes of their Libers. The *Scuola* it is to be called, —“Nightingales” was ruled out. Long may it prosper!

### May 1st 1931

We returned home after second schools this morning and dined at 11 a.m., and then made our way to the Vatican for an audience. This was the first time the College had a general audience since the beginning of 1928. The Holy Father addressed us from his throne: he spoke for about ten minutes on the spirit of martyrdom saying that perhaps a moral martyrdom was of equal value to a physical martyrdom in the sight of God. Then blessing us and even adding a special blessing for the sick man in the infirmary, he wished us a happy feast for the English Martyrs on May 4th. A present to the College stood on a table in the audience room—a beautiful copy of the painting of the English Martyrs on the new altar in St James', Spanish Place. This gift from the Holy Father now hangs in the corridor opposite the common room, in a prominent position.

### January 19th 1933

We hear that progress is now being made with the beautifying of *S. Maria ad Nives*. The plans betoken a handsome transformation of the Palazzola façade. Where once the brutal emblems of anticlericalism reigned, a neat little pent-roof is to supersede. Those who used to seek their solace in the Trattoria Albergo may even now find welcome shelter but refreshments are kept elsewhere. One of the towers is to fall and the other is to be raised somewhat. A fine rose window which has lain neglected in the portico for many years is now to be restored to its former pride of place. But the thorniest problem is replacing the passage-way which will disappear in the intended destruction of the old *coro*.

### March 9th 1933

A *drappello* of students accompanied the Rector to Palazzola today to view the progress made thus far with the Church transformation. One tower had already been knocked down and the other in its isolation assumed the proportions of a fair sized campanile. The rose window gives an incredible grace and dignity to the façade and the discovery by *Professore A. Terenzio* of the *Belle Arti*, of two more Ionic pillars will make the portico very presentable. Dinner was rather marred by Madre Letizia's underestimating our spaghetti capacity. The afternoon was devoted to proving the impracticability of the much discussed Underground Passage, beneath the Church. We raised the first stone in the middle of the nave and drew a blank. The cavity had been filled with rubble. The next behind the sanctuary looked more promising. The lid off revealed a dark, dank hole of uncertain depth. All were curious but not anxious to investigate, so they made their scapegoat a mild inoffensive student standing by. Slipping a rope under his armpits they thrust him through the gap. He grounded surprisingly quickly and with the aid of a stump of candle took his bearings. His first glance down almost made him leap out with horror. A great grinning skull was lying before him and his legs straddled the shattered vertebrae of its late owner. The hole was a small closed chamber about 7 feet by 5 containing two coffins which apparently had been violated and robbed. The first skeleton lay practically undisturbed, but the bones of another were found scattered round the tomb. The Rector ordered a *De Profundis* for the souls of the unknown, and after another of the party had with difficulty negotiated the *bocca* and sated his morbidity, we all but uprooted the paving of the portico in an endeavour to discover the old "frats" cemetery. We were drawn off at sunset, the good friars having cleverly concealed their tracks by several false scents.

### November 17th 1933

We have permission to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in the old chapel. It is to be called the Martyrs' Chapel and in it we shall have pre-prandial spiritual reading and pre-coenal devotions.

### December 1st 1933

The Martyrs' Chapel as it will be known was opened today as a Blessed Sacrament chapel without solemnity. A set of new benches, each to kneel four, has been arranged in front of the old ones on either side. Some have overflowed on to the sanctuary.

### April 1st 1934

A hectic day. It began with High Mass at 6.00 a.m. After breakfast we hurried off to St Peter's for the Canonisation of John Bosco. The doors were closed early and caught some of us napping, so that we had to remain in the piazza. We were rewarded, however, by a good view of the papal procession from the Bronze Doors through the *piazza* to the main entrance of the Basilica—another occasion furnished by Pius XI of saying "...for the first time since 1870". After a long spell in the *piazza* vainly awaiting the re-opening of the

doors, we returned for a cold lunch and setting off immediately afterwards, we arrived at St Peter's just in time for the Blessing *Urbi et Orbi*, given during a heavy shower of rain. This afternoon we entertained seven hundred pilgrims who came in two parties. According to programme the second party was due to arrive after the first had left, and there was to be Benediction for both. Actually the times overlapped, so that the two parties got mixed up and there was a wonderful scene of confusion. I am sure some of the pilgrims were shown the same things twice, most probably receiving a different story each time.

### **April 21st 1934**

A holiday for the birthday of Rome. We sent a delegation of students to be present at the erecting of a new cross on Tusculum, and they rather amazed us on their return with the announcement that our own cross has been cut down, to ensure the absolute predominance of this new metal one.

### **September 9th 1934**

The Congregation of Rites have granted to the Venerabile the privilege of honouring their College Martyrs with a special feast. We know no more details yet except that the day chosen is the feast of Blessed Ralph Sherwin on December 1st.

### **December 1st 1934**

The Rector sang High Mass—taken from the Common of Martyrs this year since a proper Mass is not yet approved. During Mass the Vice-rector preached a short sermon on our former students and we sang the new hymn written in their honour. Their relics were exposed all day, this being the first time we had seen the fine relic of Blessed John Lockwood given us last year. To dinner Archbishop Hinsley, Monsignori Heard and Moss, and Father Engelbert. There was a film after supper and instead of night prayers we venerated the relic of Blessed John Almond. So passed the first Venerabile Martyrs' Feast day, surely a most historic day in the annals of the College.

### **February 10th 1935**

In the Consistorial Hall we attended the reading of the decree *Super Dubio* concerning our martyrs shortly to be canonized. The Pope described eloquently the beauty of Fisher's death, and seemed almost unable to find words to convey his fascination at More's personality. Many agreed that they had rarely heard the Pope speak with such vigour. It was interesting to hear His Holiness striving to express in Italian the notion and significance of More's humour, which had obviously impressed him profoundly.

### **March 3rd 1935**

The *Del Tuto* decree for BB. John Fisher and Thomas More was read this morning, after which Archbishop Hinsley read a truly magnificent Italian address to the Pope. He stressed the Romanness of the two martyrs' faith and loyalty—how it was centred in the person of the Pope, and how it has been

inherited by English Catholics today. Afterwards the Holy Father spoke very beautifully of England and the visit he received from the King and Queen in 1923.

### March 25th 1935

The Annunciation. A diarist's duty (as we trust we have not said before) is to record the passing thoughts, events and emotions of the meandering College year. It is no part of his ephemeral mission to delve into the deeply permanent and essential. Hence it were unbecoming in us to speak of what the appointment of the new Archbishop of Westminster means to the Venerabile, to the Church in England, or of other such high and momentous things. We must simply speak of the sudden effect of the news as it was imparted to us—most fittingly, on the feast of glad tidings, over a glass of excellent rich wine. Now, we have spoken before of Venerabile noise and how its nature may not readily be conveyed by words. But this noise we will describe. The acclamation which followed the Rector's simple announcement was strong enough to shake the very stars and rend the vaulted empyrean. There was in it something of what inspired one of poetry's finest lines: A loud low sound no other sound can tame —something of the souging of a great wind through an endless pine forest or the ceaseless roaring fall of a mighty river into some unsounded abyss. Abbot Hunter-Blair (who on this the Diamond Jubilee of his reception into the Church honoured us with an account of his Roman experiences in 1867-70), cannot, even in his long life, have received greater tribute than this—that he held our attention and interest while that news was yet just born in our minds and that cheer yet echoed in our ears.

### May 19th 1935

[Canonisation of Ss. John Fisher and Thomas More]. If the man who called us at half-past-four this morning expected us to leap for the wash-basin shouting "Hurrah! The great day!" he was disappointed. Still it was a great day—much too great to describe here. We have no intention of committing ourselves to an account. Like Inez, you have all the illustrated papers— and there is a long article on it elsewhere in these pages. One general observation: those who had seen many canonizations were convinced that this had an outstanding largeness and efficiency which did credit to England. As we strolled home after the Illuminations (praying that our pilgrims would safely do the same) we were filled in spite of our exhaustion with that exaltation, that vicarious nobility, which comes of taking a part, however tiny, in some truly historic happening.

### May 23rd 1935

The last day of the thanksgiving triduum at the *Gesù*. Cardinal Belmonte sang the Mass, assisted by the Rector and Monsignor Duchemin. We were present in the sanctuary in a peculiar half-dressed splendour—the most unlikely people wearing dalmatics without albs, and deriving acute satisfaction from being incensed separately by the Rector. Monsignor Salotti preached at night to a vast congregation, and there followed a Benediction which few of us will ever

forget. It was the grand climax of this week, the best that Roman baroque magnificence could offer—a true and splendid apotheosis. Oh, why were not those English people kept here for this one night— thrust into that soaring, gilded nave beneath those myriad lights to hear the rich, fugal din of those five-frankers—the pulsating confusion of all chill and pseudo-gothic narrow-mindedness? That is how we felt as afterwards we quaffed the muscatel plentifully provided by the Postulation.

### **November 2nd 1935**

It is quite a strange experience for us to feel that we are of some importance in Rome—the police have demanded a list of our names, ages, antecedents etc. Headlines in the papers report fresh action among the troops in Abyssinia, and we are following European politics with still greater interest. The Pontifical colleges have been urged by the *Osservatore Romano* to carry on as usual.

### **January 21st 1936**

At the Community Mass this morning the Rector announced the sad news of the death of the King. The College flag flew at half-mast along with those of all the public buildings and of many private houses. In spite of the present unhappy relations between Italy and England, the Italian press is full of most kind references and generous appreciations, particularly of his Majesty's visit in 1923.

### **March 1st 1936**

We celebrated St David's Day by a show of daffodils in the chapel. There was a High Mass on the Victor Emmanuel Monument—the Altar of the Fatherland—for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen in the Abyssinian War. As the crowds milled down the streets and alleys that lead to the Piazza Venezia planes roared over their heads, and, after the Mass, a steady beating of drums and the playing of the numerous war-songs that have sprung up lately led to the triumphant finale when Signor Mussolini appeared on his balcony and gave a dynamic salute. At five in the afternoon, King Edward VIII spoke to his peoples on the wireless, and through the kindness of Doctor Park we were able to listen in to the speech in the common-room. The list of the public expenses was put on the board, duly signed by our unchartered accountants.

### **May 6th 1936**

The war ended officially today and the city is to remain beflagged until further notice. Some people stretch this so far as to wear flags on their hats, in their breast-pockets and on the front of their push-bikes. Hardly a square foot of wall is without its patriotic poster, such as "*Mussolini ha vinto*" and "From the Alps to the Indian Ocean Fascist arms will affirm the might of Italy".

### November 28th 1936

The vision of B. Ralph Sherwin appeared in the staircase window this morning and was duly admired by all. We immediately looked round for anyone who would go suitably into the corresponding window on the next floor. The old inverted bowler hats which have for so long illuminated the corridor on the ground floor were replaced today by something in the nature of inverted street lamps which give off a mottled glow. Opinion seems to be divided.

### October 29th 1937

It was a very full day that included a *pranzone* in the Rector's honour for his ordination anniversary, the burning of the "senior student", and a light nightly sing-song in the garden, which ended with a mighty "O Roma" that the Pope might well have heard across the Lake.

### January 18th 1938

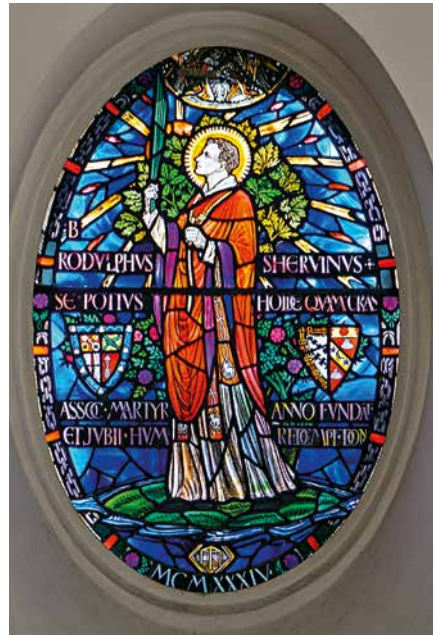
The ancient problem of the reading-lamp in the Martyrs' Chapel has been met with a bold and formidable solution. This time we have been treated to an enormous gallows-shaped standard lamp with powerful bulb and flagrant yellow shade; this week's reading is already looking bronzed and oriental. We fear that this may be a final solution; the only other expedient being a Bible in Braille – surely an extreme measure.

### September 27th 1938

We listened to Mr Chamberlain's speech during supper – and straightway fell to discussing what we should do when the inevitable war broke out. It was difficult to choose between Red Cross and Secret Service.

### March 2nd 1939

Those still in the college... came hurrying down as soon as the wireless had announced the fact of an election, and all were present at the unforgettable scene except for one historical figure, who was having a bath at the critical moment and so remained blissfully aloof until it was all over. At supper it was with joy and enthusiasm that we raised our extra *bicchieri* to salute the pontificate of Pius XII.



*Stained glass window of St Ralph Sherwin, situated on the main staircase.*



## Pontificate of Pope Pius XII “*Opus Iustitiae Pax*”

### April 25th 1939

News of the decision to introduce conscription in England causes perturbation to the youngsters and especially to Third Year Philosophy. The elder members point out how conveniently they can get their time in during their holiday in England, which is just what is worrying them.

### September 3rd 1939

Today we listened to the speeches of His Majesty the King and the Prime Minister, Mr Chamberlain, and learned with certainty that we are now at war. Among the peace and sunshine of Palazzola with the daily trifles going on all around as usual, it is hard for us to believe that Europe is on the verge of another catastrophe. Still, we are determined to remain cheerful.

### May 12th 1940

At supper the Vice-Rector announced that he had been to the Embassy, that the situation was very grave and that we could not go away for a *gita* tomorrow – and he added that it would be advisable to look up clothes and make tentative preparations for a hasty departure.

### May 14th 1940

A telephone message came from the British Minister at the Vatican and the Vice-Rector told us that we were advised to leave the country as quickly as possible.

### December 21st 1940

Do you remember that universal trek to Pam on Saturday when few had lectures: “Cam for Pam!” “Pam?” “Pam.” “*Andiamo*”: there was no question of where to go. And so this afternoon: we all went to see the bombs. As a matter of fact they were landmines three quarters of a mile away.

### April 13th 1941

High Mass before breakfast more *Romano* – then off to St Peter’s, not via S. Girolamo this year, but to the Stonyhurst parish church of St Peter as Plain Chant choir for the most important High Mass of the year, an honour which we appreciated and did our best to deserve.

### January 22nd 1944

The landing at Anzio causes great interest. The number of plans of campaign suggested by our arm-chair strategists who think they know the country fills us with great sympathy for the War Office’s difficult job of deciding the when and whence of the attack.

### March 21st 1944

According to a report that has just reached us, the doors and windows at Palazzola were destroyed by “indirect bombing”.

### June 5th 1944

The person late for meditation this morning failed to hear the Rector’s brief announcement that Allied troops had entered Rome.

### December 1st 1944

Feast of the College Martyrs. This is a day of special festivity in the Society of Jesus as well, and our celebrations were mingled with theirs—Stonyhurst lending us some relics of the martyrs to venerate, and inviting us across to see a production of Bernard Shaw’s play *Captain Brassbound’s Conversion*. We should like to recall here also a gift, now eight years old, which the present members of the House may not know of—a silver reliquary, designed as a monstrance radiating the emblems of palm leaf and rose, holding a relic *ex artubus* of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, and inscribed :— *A.M.D.G. The English Jesuit Fathers and Brothers to the Venerable English College in perpetual memory and in pledge of the close friendship begun in the mission of 1580 and gloriously sealed at Tyburn December 1st 1581 in the blood of their Protomartyrs Ralph Sherwin and Edmund Campion L.D.S.*

### April 13th 1945

Third Year Theology had their first introduction to the mysteries of the Breviary. We hear that one member was rather surprised to learn that “*in L et M*” meant in Lauds and Mass. He always thought that it meant in Leeds and Middlesbrough.

### April 25th 1945

Everyone knows that the Salve goes flat. It just happens. It’s the sort of thing you can’t do very much about, however often you practise singing it in pitch. It has always been done, and after some years it gets into your blood and becomes the only way of singing it. Why then does the man who stands behind me insist on singing it all half a tone sharp? Is he just tone deaf, or does he think he is helping to keep the pitch up? I find the best thing to do is to sing one and a half tones flat. It does at least harmonize then.

### May 7th 1945

Tonight, we heard the announcement of the official V Day tomorrow and so we opened the bottles which had been stored for this occasion and drank the King’s Health in Port.

### May 8th 1945

Naturally V Day was celebrated with song and feasting. The Refectory was decorated with beech leaves and a huge Union Jack and Old Glory provided by the props men. Then Solemn Benediction with *Te Deum* and a film at Stonyhurst in the evening.

### November 23rd 1945

Today we received a letter from Fr Dyson telling us of his journey out to Rome. The more materially minded were pleased to learn that “the food is no worse than in England”.

### January 25th 1946

After supper the Rector announced to us that he was expecting to fly to Rome shortly to see if he could arrange for the return of the College, a welcome piece of news that aroused much speculation.

### October 20th 1946

Thus laconically must one record the re-establishment of the College in Rome, for, despite the solemnity of the occasion, the striking phrase and rounded periods of Wiseman are better left in Wiseman and because one does not wish to encroach yet upon the Obit Book... So—*we arrived*. The vaunted Italian genius for adaptation provoked no surprise in the nineteen, phlegmatic members of the “4th party” when they were bundled into a diminutive *torpedone* and whisked, in peril of life and limb, to the portals of the Ven. English College. Some had seen and most had read or heard of the “wide and lofty corridors” so it was with the critical eye of homecomers rather than of newcomers that we sought their familiar adornments: the sawdust, mats, scrapers and Euclidean parallels of the carpet, the lantern lights, palm leaves (and fig leaves?), dazzling distemper, commemorative slabs and decorative shields of the English Cardinals. It was all as we had, collectively and continuatively, left it.

### October 23rd 1946

The after-lunch Common Room was devoted to completing in triplicate, under the aegis of the Vice-Rector, forms for the “*Soggiorno degli Stranieri in Italia*” to obtain *tessere* for food and *cigarette*. Meanwhile, information about the University is seeping through bit by bit. The Delegate, who has risen to his full stature alter the honorary capacity of the “Hall”, hints that a passport may now be necessary to get into lectures. The sanguine expect visa difficulties.

### November 10th 1946

High Mass this morning was at the Church of San Silvestro whither we splashed our way with fervent prayers for the ribs of our umbrellas. The Mass, a Solemn Requiem for those who lost their lives in the two wars, was celebrated by the Vice-Rector and attended by a strong representation of Army and Air Force personnel to whom the Rector preached.

### November 13th 1946

The Rector announced the death at 8:35 p.m. yesterday of His Eminence Cardinal Camillo Caccia-Dominioni, the devoted friend and Cardinal Protector of the College since 1936. Those who knew him before the exile will remember his last visit on the night before they left for England in 1940 when, in the words of Mgr Smith, he came into the Refectory and spoke a few words of farewell, gave us his last blessing and so parted from us. *Requiescat in pace*.

### December 9th 1946

The large picture of the Washing of Christ's Feet looks none the worse for its wartime sojourn on the wall, and over the door hangs the painting of the Holy Trinity, replacing an earlier experiment—the painting of the Crucifixion, copied, I believe, at Cardinal Hinsley's request from a painting which hung, or still hangs, on the walls of the *Cappellar*. The latter picture has been removed from the vulgar gaze to the *salone*. The tables are lined inside and out and the superiors' table is now the polished oak one in the middle of the Refectory, while the long one at the top is draped, but to no better purpose than to act as an auxiliary dumb-waiter of kinds to the superiors' table.

### January 23rd 1947

Many *cams* were very early in setting out and sleepy-eyed cart drivers on Campagna by-roads rubbed their eyes in astonishment as successive waves of black robed ghosts appeared for an instant in the morning gloom and then vanished as swiftly as they had come. By one o'clock all had arrived safely at the Villa and the Refectory rang with the sounds of the invasion that was a return home. Never was a prodigal son returning to his long-abandoned home happier than we were in coming back to the inheritance that we had left under force of circumstances and not by choice. It was a day of glad rejoicing with much reminiscing before the log fire in the Common Room, and after lunch the Church once more re-echoed to the sound of English voices singing a heartfelt *Te Deum*. Tea followed hard upon the heels of lunch and all too soon we had to turn our backs on Palazzola and make our way back to Rome. The day ended with a perfect Common Room in Rome when we stretched our legs under the tables and let our thoughts and conversation wander back over what was the greatest day the Villa will ever know.

### March 13th 1947

In the evening many hurried off to S. Pietro to be present at the Beatification of Maria Goretti, the little girl of Nettuno who was murdered for defending her chastity.

### July 13th 1947

This morning we made an exploration of the Villa—then out into the garden, which is incidentally, in excellent condition, and up the *Sforza* steps (*Cigarette?* No, thanks. Good). The Pergola is in a state of semi-disrepair and the paths and steps in this area are badly overgrown (However, a prophetic glance into the crystal tells us that all will be restored in a month or two). We wander on, up past the Wiggery, to the *Sforza* itself, where all is still. As we arrive we come upon the Vice silently meditating on when, where, and how, the Golf House is to be built; we see the Tennis Committee gazing ruefully at the shell-struck remnants of the tennis court; the cricket men prospect on the horizon for a pitch; and even in the distance we can see an enthusiastic golfer apparently searching for pre-war balls.

### October 11th 1947

A very clear day as a result of the recent rain. We should have given more prominence earlier this month to the laudable habit of roasting chestnuts in the Pergola and Wiggery before the Ave. We sit around, tools, deck-chairs, clubs all laid aside, warming our hands as the air begins to chill and the sun begins to sink over a reddish sea. Then, as it goes down, someone remembers that just before it finally sets, the edge goes green, and we are all so busy watching for this phenomenon that the chestnuts burn to cinders. The sad thing is that, owing to the change in the Greg. calendar, we shall begin lectures next year in mid-October and so miss this very delectable period of the Villa, one of the best parts of it in many ways. In fact it looks as though we shall have to find it a new patron, as after this year we shall always be in Rome for St Edward's Day. An event which must not be passed over is that the first game of football occurred today.

### November 20th 1947

Today we loyally celebrated Princess Elizabeth's wedding. To our lunch, *modo festivo*, came Mr Somers Cox, Secretary to the Legation to the Holy See. Afterwards, at *caffé* and *rosolio* in the Common Room, the Rector proposed the Princess' health. After tea we continued celebrations with a very well-organized Fair, such as normally occurs only at Christmas; however, in spite of the special atmosphere we connect with Christmas, it was very successful indeed.

### March 1st 1948

The first official celebration of St David in the College. Our only Welsh student bore the honours of the day with becoming gravity and the display of the golden emblem, ably supported by two stalwarts, loyal adherents to the Welsh cause through more than dubious connections, sporting extraordinarily large leeks which resembled more a vegetable display than a show of national pride. The Rector sang the High Mass of St David, for which a special indult had been obtained. To the *pranzino* we welcomed the Spiritual Director and the *Ripetitore* of the Scots College. Solemn Benediction immediately followed coffee and *rosolio*. The day was concluded by a noisy rendering of the Welsh national anthem.

### April 26th 1948

The Silver Wedding of the King and Queen. A day for celebration and fittingly marked by a High Mass, *pranzoncino* and a film. After lunch the Rector made a little speech expressing collectively our loyalty. We then sang *ad multos annos* and followed it up by God Save the King.

### June 23rd 1948

After supper the Rector presided over the swearing of the anti-modernist oath in the Martyrs' Chapel for the *baccalaureandi*.

### July 11th 1948

Second Mass was celebrated in the Dominican Rite. Bouquet to the server, who had his reflexes under control and never genuflected once. But we do not

really believe the pattern on the bell is part of the rubrics. The House was most attentive, though some hold that this sort of thing leads to schism and heresy, and the M.C.s think it is a bad influence.

### October 7th 1948

The House now numbers eighty-three. There are three students accommodated in the Infirmary and one in each of the rooms on the stairs between the ground and first floors.

### November 14th 1948

News of the birth of a son to Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth. *Ad multos annos vivat!*

### December 17th 1948

*Influenza bacilli* recently crossed the border from France and have now met with a favourable reception in Rome. It is estimated (from G.P.s' consultation statistics alone) that 300,000 have fallen victims. The Ministry of Health, while advising us to avoid crowds, has made no suggestions as to how we are to carry on business without danger of infection. The familiar *Campo* vendors seem to remain at their posts croaking their wares with the functioning sections of the larynx, but the shops are badly served and the delivery of wigs to our Props Department has been delayed by reason of "*nove a letto*". Lectures are punctuated by coughs and sneezes, and even the Professors before taking the lift down to the big cold *Aulas* button up heavy coats over thick scarves. But while the epidemic rages we are thankful to record that we are the best represented College at the University, and domestic activities, including Repetitions, games, Schola, rehearsals and Common Room, proceed at their usual intensity.

### January 25th 1949

At last we feel a sense of stability in the Eternal City. The College archives have returned. In England a certain mysterious room had been reserved to mask their absence. But now these Lares and Penates have appeared in ordinary packing cases, and conveyed from the recesses of the Vatican archives without incident, have been transported back by mechanical means. Another myth suffering from exposure!

### April 3rd 1949

Passion Sunday. All assisted at the Papal Mass in St Peter's this morning when His Holiness the Pope celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood. There was none of the splendour which we have come to associate with similar occasions. The procession entered in silence and the Masses of the Sunday and *Contra persecutores Ecclesiae* followed immediately. There was no throne in the apse; the space had been reserved for Prelates, the Diplomatic Corps and distinguished visitors. External festivity was withheld in the College, as, by the express wish of the Pope, throughout the city.

### June 11th 1949

By the Brief of Pope Gregory XIII, given on 7th December 1580 we are asked to pray tomorrow for the concord and union of Christian Princes, the extirpation of heresy, the exaltation of Holy Mother Church and the conversion of the Kingdom of England to the Catholic Faith. The indulgence was published, as usual, outside the Chapel this evening.

### June 29th 1949

The Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. The fisherman's net hung invitingly over the Roman crowds entering into the Basilica. It was eleven o'clock. Some of us bargained with hawkers as usual; others made a quick circuit to visit the Confessional and return in time for the audience. Events follow in rapid sequence, passage through the bronze doors, the click of heels, a *ferraiola* whisked across the Cortile San Damaso and into the ante-rooms of the papal apartments. Time must call a stop, as we take up a fleeting, but, nevertheless, new life in this city which has snatched from the hills the title of Eternal. The old world splendour of Knights and Chamberlains, the hierarchy of old nobility seems here to achieve its purpose and finality. And so we sat in a marble tapestried hall, watching the minutes pass as water-silk curtains were opened and closed at this burning midday of late June. At great moments by some compensation we naturally talk on trivialities but... To meet us the Holy Father dispensed with his guards and chatted for twenty-five minutes at the end of his morning audiences. In memory of the occasion we received a medal, and according to tradition sang *O Roma Felix*. This was the first College audience since our return to Rome and was specially granted as we kept up the continuity of the University course in England, together with the conferring of the degree Licentiate of Theology.

### October 1st 1949

Feast of St Edward. To avoid the incongruity of celebrating this feast in Rome, as was done last year, we applied for, and were granted, permission to change the feast *in perpetuum*.

### November 24th 1949

And quite a Red Letter Day too: to-day, history was made. It all started with the Rector's deciding to consult dietetic specialists to determine whether our breakfast was too small, the morning too long, or (presumably) both. It ended with their conclusions being embodied in a monumental announcement by the Vice-Rector that w.e.f. Monday next a portable mid-morning refection would be provided daily to help fill the gap between breakfast and lunch. *Ad maiora!*

### December 24th 1949

Opening of the Holy Door and the Solemn Inauguration of the Holy Year. Early in the morning we joined the throng of pilgrims who were making their way to St Peter's. Some were lucky and managed to obtain places within sight of the Holy Door. The majority, however, had to be content with a view of the procession subsequent to the actual opening. The radio transmission of the ceremony was not functioning properly and the time of waiting proved rather

tedious; but all sense of frustration vanished as the Holy Father was carried down the basilica and passed within a few feet of where the majority of us were gathered.

### May 16th 1950

A smoke after tea reminded us that it was ten years since the College went into exile.

### May 24th 1950

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Tank could not be fittingly celebrated as there were only three feet of water to swim in.

### June 24th 1950

This evening we all made for the *Piazza di San Pietro* for the canonization of Blessed Maria Goretti. The *piazza* was thronged with *campagnuoli* and one saw how devotion to the martyr had gripped the people. During the Papal homily the crowd roared its vigorous affirmation at the salient points.

### October 30th 1950

*Scholae* vacant both to-day and to-morrow in honour of the Definition of the dogma of the Assumption, which is to take place on Wednesday. For once we find ourselves in perfect agreement with the powers that be, in that anything else would have been *minus decens*.

### November 19th 1950

We celebrated officially the centenary of the restoration of the Hierarchy, with His Grace the Apostolic Delegate as our guest of honour.

### December 2nd 1950

To moralize once more on the days of yore, I wonder has the College ever before made a communal Jubilee visit? Smug and comfortable as Chaucer's company itself, we drove to the Vatican after lunch and sang the Litany of the Saints as we entered St Peter's. Here, as at each of the other basilicas, the Rector bore the Cross with two torch-bearers at his side. 'Full in the panting heart of Rome' was, quite clearly, the hymn for this basilica and as we had arrived rather early in the afternoon, we could make ourselves heard throughout the almost empty nave. After that we drove round to St Paul's, St John Lateran and St Mary Major's, where we sang other hymns as well as saying Jubilee prayers—in short, we followed the ordinary programme of those many English pilgrimages with whom we had made the visits before. It was a memorable experience, which we should only like to repeat with the College in 1975.

### December 24th 1950

The new priests offered their first Masses in the College this morning, and afterwards we made our way to St Peter's for the closing of the Holy Door. The ceremony was quite brief. The Holy Father was borne round the Basilica on the *Sedia Gestatoria*—a blessing with the greater relics being given when he



reached the Confessional—and back to the Holy Door. No one in the College was fortunate enough to see the procedure there, though a number of us were only a short distance away in the portico. The morning itself was dull and damp, and many were unable to obtain entrance into the Basilica, but they were not altogether disappointed because His Holiness came out of the Bronze Doors into the square (returning the same way) before he entered the Basilica. And thus the greatest of all Jubilee Years came to an end.

### March 10th 1951

Those who were with the College during its exile at St Mary's Hall must surely be stirred by the news that their years of banishment are to be commemorated by a marble plaque which will be unveiled in a few days' time. The tablet will be placed on the wall between the sacristy door and the church door.



*Marble plaque situated next to the College church.*

### March 28th 1951

His Holiness, in an audience with one of the newly-ordained priests, gave as his opinion that the Venerabile was 'a very good College'. The pundits are divided on the exact theological note to be attached to this statement, but it is surely at least pious and probable.

### April 13th 1951

With many other British clerics resident in Rome we went to the Vatican this morning to greet Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as they passed through the Sala Clementina on their way to an audience with the Holy Father. The royal visitors seemed rather taken by surprise when they first caught sight of the formidable array of black and purple, but when they returned from their half-hour's conversation with His Holiness, the Princess had recovered her composure and accepted our full-throated cheers with her customary charm. Altogether the morning was a magnificent opportunity, which we shall not soon forget, of demonstrating our loyalty to both Pope and King.

### May 2nd 1951

Some time ago the Secretariate of the Gregorian devised an ingenious scheme designed to defeat absenteeism. This plan involves a distribution during the lecture of a number of coloured paper slips on which each student is required to write his name and College, Order or Congregation. The roll of those who should have been present is then compared with the list of those who have submitted the probatory vouchers and the remnant is adjudged to have been absent. Reprisals usually follow. Today First Year Theology sustained one of

these raids. The scene is impressive. The *Padre Segretario Generale* enters briskly by the main door and all other exits are blocked by underlings one, two and three respectively. Amid this dismal scene one thought alone brings cheer—that Virtue has its reward.

### June 3rd 1951

The Beatification of Pius X. One detail of the morning ceremony distinguished it from all others we have seen—the presence of the body of the *beatus*, which was triumphantly unveiled before the Papal altar as the *Te Deum* was intoned. In the evening we took up our places in the clergy enclosure which, for once, gave an excellent view of His Holiness as he preached to the crowds which thronged the Piazza. As we stood by the Pope and heard his words and watched his gestures we realized what must be the feelings of many of the crowd who, less than fifty years ago, had heard his saintly predecessor in exactly similar circumstances.

### November 7th 1951

In the evening Archbishop Gracias of Bombay held the Literary Society enthralled by his talk. We were reassured to hear that the Church has lost nothing and gained much from Indian independence.

### February 6th 1952

The sad news, rumoured during the morning, was confirmed at dinner when the Rector announced the death of His Majesty the King.

### February 15th 1952

The memorial service for the King was held in the *Dodici Apostoli*. Mgr Heard officiated at the ceremony and there were several Cardinals present. The British and Dominion students from the various colleges shared the honour of assisting in the sanctuary. President Einaudi and Signor de Gasperi together with Sir Victor Mallet and Sir Walter Roberts were among those in the congregation. The Cappella Giulia sang as they know how, and at the end we ourselves sang for the first time 'God save the Queen'.

### February 17th 1952

Long live the Queen! *Caffè e liquori* after dinner and we toasted Queen Elizabeth II. To complete the celebrations for the Queen's accession we had a film after supper, *The Dark Man*, a murder story with the usual car-chase and man-hunt before the happy ending.

### November 25th 1952

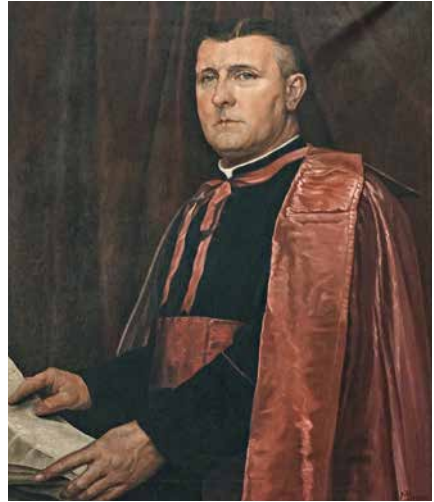
Over coffee to-day the Rector made the first official announcement of the fact that he is soon to retire. This was sad news indeed, but we realize what a strain it must have been for him to continue his heavy responsibilities under an increasing burden of ill health. It gave us all great pleasure to realize that he has been able to stay with us long enough to have the consolation of seeing the first completely Roman post-war year admitted to the Priesthood.

### December 19th 1952

Twenty-three men in Retreat left the Refectory unusually empty. We were therefore not a little surprised when flasks of red wine appeared on every table. The Rector soon silenced our speculations to tell us with evident pleasure that the Holy See had appointed Mgr Tickle to succeed him as Rector. Great applause greeted the announcement and we rose to sing a hearty *Ad Multos Annos*.

### February 26th 1953

Several camerate thronged the Vatican's majestic halls to witness the opening of the informative process for the Beatification of Cardinal Merry del Val, a former Cardinal Protector of the College. At lunch we celebrated Bishop Heenan's elevation to the Hierarchy, as this is his first visit to Rome since his consecration.



*Portrait of Bishop Tickle, situated in the first library.*

### June 1st 1953

To commemorate the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, High Mass was offered at the *Dodici Apostoli* by Mgr Clapperton, Rector of the Scots College, assisted by the staff and students of the Beda College. Our own College contributed the plain chant and polyphony, with a gradual motet composed specially for the occasion by one of the students.

### June 2nd 1953

*Coronation Day.* By happy chance our long-awaited day of national pageantry coincided with the *onomastico* of the Pope and the feast of the Italian Republic, so that all Rome was *en fête*. The memory-scarred walls of the Common Room, the corridors, and the Refectory were bright with flags and symbols of the Commonwealth, while a surprisingly extensive display of photographs proclaimed our affection for the Queen and royal family. Queen Elizabeth II, 'whom we honour because she is our Queen, and whom we love because she is herself', has left a lasting impression of grace and charm even on those of us who have seen her only for a few minutes on the occasion of her visit to the Pope in 1951. By Rectorial proclamation a No Bell Day was observed, which most people used to follow the broadcast of the Coronation service. Upstairs an industrious staff toiled to produce a special Coronation issue of *Chi Lo Sa?*, while below in the Library an Archives exhibition traced the connection of the English Crown with the Hospice and College since the Middle Ages. The imposing array of guests at our grand pranzo must be given in full: Mgr Montini, Grano and Dell'Acqua, with Mgr McGeough and Commendatore Bellardi, from the Secretariat of State; the British Minister to the Holy See, with Mr Etherington Smith and Major Utlej;

the Irish Ambassador to the Vatican; Prince Doria-Pamphili; Bishop O'Connor, Mgr Moodey, Mostyn, Hemmick, Piimeau, Cenci; Mr Neville Terry, the British Consul; Frs Abellan, Bolland, Dyson and Gill S.J.; Fr Davies i.c., Fr Treacy S.A.C., Fr MacEachen and Bro Clair Stanislas.

### October 14th 1953

May we congratulate our American friends on the opening by His Holiness of their new College on the Gianicolo.

### January 9th 1954

During supper we were given a pleasant surprise when the Rector rose to announce that the Holy Father had been pleased to appoint Archbishop Godfrey an Assistant at the Pontifical Throne in recognition of his work as the first Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain. The Rector added that it was fitting that His Grace should receive the honour during his stay at the College where he had been both student and Rector, and where he had received his Episcopal Consecration some fifteen years ago.

### April 17th 1954

*Holy Saturday.* Rise at 7 o'clock—which I suppose is one point in favour of the midnight ceremony. In this connection it is worth noting that this is the third and last year of experimenting with the restored Paschal Vigil—nor are we altogether sorry, as the Eternal City has passed the whole of to-day in a state of complete liturgical chaos, with one church still covered in purple while the next one round the comer is ringing bells and singing alleluias.

### November 1st 1954

All Saints. After Mass in St Peter's this morning the Pope instituted the Feast of the Queenship of Our Lady and blessed two crowns for the picture *Salus Populi Romani*.

### December 28th 1954

At a Public Meeting some time ago it was suggested that the monochrome prints of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel should be removed from our staircase to make way for some more interesting form of decoration. We knew what we should be losing. To-day we found out what we were gaining. All the old favourites of the last four centuries have reappeared. Some of them may have been preserved because of their frames, others because of their associations. Others again have not been preserved, and for these it is a case of 'Friend, go up higher'—for the exclusive enjoyment of the students.

### February 11th 1955

In the afternoon a representation from the College joined thirty-five thousand Romans in spending forty *lire* on the new Underground which was opened to the public yesterday. It runs from the central railway station to beyond Mussolini's exhibition with intermediate stops at the Via Cavour, Colosseum, Circus Maximus, Porta Ostiense, Garbatella, St Paul's, and all stations to Crewe. The only underground section ends at the Porta Ostiense. From there it follows the Ostia Lido

line. It is expected that after we have all tried it out for curiosity's sake, it will serve a large need for the people living in the vast housing estates which are springing up in the neighbourhood of St Paul's. Another line in the planning stage is from the station to the Piazza del Popolo. The sooner a network of undergrounds is constructed, the better, because Roman life tends to come to a congested standstill in the middle of the day. Sometime in the not too distant future, perhaps, a new race of Venerabilini will find themselves strap-hanging in a tube from Monserra' to Pilotta. It is certainly no further than from heaven to Charing Cross.

### May 15th 1955

We heard with deepest regret of the death of Princess Doria Pamphili, whose kindness to and interest in all people, not least in the Venerabile, deserve a remembrance in our prayers. R.I.P.

### May 17th 1955

The funeral of the Princess took place this morning in the family chapel in the Villa Pamphili. The Requiem, which was attended by Cardinal Tedeschini, was celebrated by Mgr Duchemin with *assistenza* from the English College. Members of the Schola sang.

### July 7th 1955

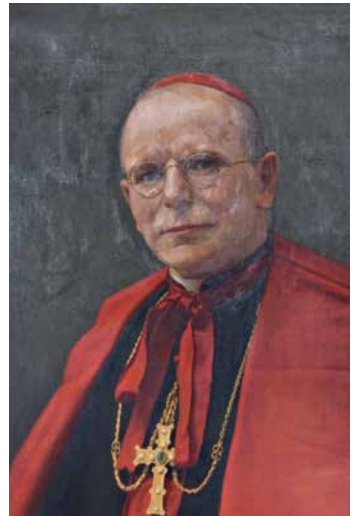
We congratulate Mr Lightbound and Mr Kenny on being raised to the Priesthood. To-day's Ordination is worthy of special mention, since it is the first Ordination to be held in the chapel at Palazzola since we obtained the property in 1920. It was most fitting, too, that Archbishop Godfrey should have been the ordaining prelate, for it was under his guidance as Rector that the folly of Cardinal Fonseca was eradicated and the chapel restored to its former simple beauty.

### October 25th 1956

Solemn Requiem Mass for Cardinal Griffin at San Gregorio, sung by Bishop Wall. The Beda provided the *assistenza*, the College the choir. Among those who attended were the British Minister to the Holy See, the Australian Minister and other members of the Diplomatic Corps.

### December 6th 1956

The College now contains, besides the superiors and students, a growing quantity of livestock. In hierarchical order, the dachshund, often to be found exercising on the stairs to the common peril; a number of highly coloured birds belonging to the Vice-Rector; a kitten which lives in the *portineria* but makes frequent excursions into church and attends all the main meals; and several sets of goldfish belonging to various people... some exotic veil-tails, or fan-tails, and some like lightly-



Portrait of Cardinal Griffin,  
situated on the Cardinals'  
Corridor.

gilded cod. And while on the menagerie question, the gardener was seen in the garden loading the rat-trap before tea, and he remarked darkly to spectators that the College rats ate *only* Parmigiano.

### December 7th 1956

We were told to-day that Archbishop Godfrey had been appointed to Westminster. We offer him our warmest congratulations and our prayers.

### August 5th 1958

The Feast of Our Lady of the Snows. High Mass was sung by the Rector. Rumours of drastic rearrangements of rooms on the Common Room Corridor in Rome are filtering through. Some of the bigger rooms are being divided into a larger number of smaller ones. Occupiers will be compensated for lack of space by the installation of washbasins and running water. We hear that the taps are to be connected to the hot water system, but that there will be no hot water coming through for a number of years.

### October 9th 1958

On our way down to meditation we read on the notice board that the Pope had died at 3:52 a.m. Fortunately the news came in time to enable all the priests to offer Mass for the repose of his soul. Yet, though the news was sad, no gloomy spirit pervaded the house. There is no apprehension when a holy man goes to claim his reward, especially after bearing so courageously the burden of the Papacy—a heavy burden, even for one so virile and active as Pius XII.

### October 29th 1958

Although the University refused to give any lectures off to see the *fumata*, the professors found less than a third of the *auditores* present by third lecture. Fr. Bortolotti gave an impromptu lecture on the election of a Pope. This evening the Piazza was very crowded. At 5:10 two short puffs of greyish smoke went up. Some turned in their tracks and left the Piazza, but the crowd was electrified when a light was seen near the loggia. Then the Carabinieri marched in and we knew there had been an election. Cardinal Canali, our Protector, announced Cardinal Roncalli as the new Pope. His Holiness came out at 6 p.m. to give his first blessing *Urbi et Orbi*.

## Pontificate of Pope St John XXIII “*Oboedientia et Pax*”

### **December 17th 1958**

Cardinal Godfrey received his red biretta in the Private Consistory which was held this afternoon. He returned at dusk to a cortile illuminated with spotlights and crowded with cheering students.

### **January 25th 1959**

A really warm sunny day. The Pope went to *San Paolo Fuori le Mura* this morning. News of the coming Ecumenical Council was brought to us by the Vice-Rector during Common Room.

### **July 26th 1959**

The second Low Mass has been a Dialogue Mass since we left Rome, but to-day we stood at the *Orate fratres* in readiness for the Preface. This modification gave the pious recliners little ease.

### **November 16th 1959**

At dinner we were overjoyed to hear that Monsignor Heard had been nominated a Cardinal by His Holiness. The roar of enthusiastic approval at the Rector's announcement must have travelled up through the ceiling to Monsignor Heard in his sick room.

### **April 19th 1960**

With the Licentiate only two months away, Top Year are beginning to feel the strain. One member crossed the Martyrs' Chapel and piously genuflected to the door.

### **December 2nd 1960**

A significant day for Rome–Canterbury relations: the visit of Dr Fisher to the Holy Father.

### **January 7th 1961**

In the afternoon some of us went to a 'Housewarming Party' given by the Beda College in their new buildings near St Paul's, and we were suitably impressed by the use they made of their fine new stage.

### **May 2nd 1961**

At last—the Union Jack flying above the College front door...Permission to go and see the arrival of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh was given from three o'clock onwards. The royal party arrived at the *Stazione Ostiense* at four (the hour specially chosen so as not to disturb the Roman siesta), and was met by a colourful Horse Guard escort with a band. From there the Queen and the Duke drove to

the Colosseum, where the Mayor presented a bouquet and made a short speech of welcome... A rather cooler reception was accorded the remainder of the thesis sheets which also arrived to-day.

### May 4th 1961

At the *Palazzo Barberini* Her Majesty spoke to three members of the College, while the Duke spoke to someone who was standing in a flowerpot to get a better view, and to a member of First Year who was sporting an impressive black eye: His Royal Highness suggested that perhaps he had had a brush with a Protestant.

### November 17th 1961

We are very grateful to the Pope who has made us a present of a cloth-of-gold set of Low Mass vestments.

### January 14th 1962

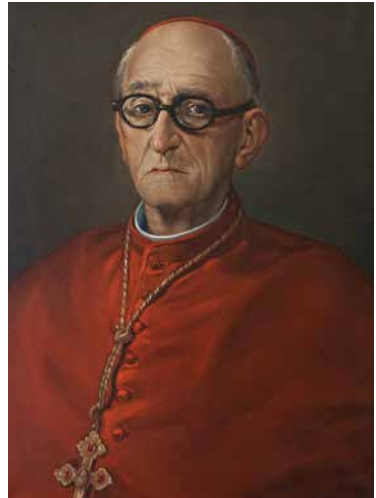
Cardinal Heard celebrated the first Mass on the new altar [in the College Church].

### January 27th 1962

The Six-hundredth Birthday of the Hospice of Saint Thomas and a *dies non*. At midday Cardinal Heard took possession as Protector of the College, the first ex-alumnus to hold this position. The Vice-Rector read the Brief of Appointment and the Rector gave the Cardinal Protector an official welcome, to which he replied, speaking fittingly of the spirit of the Martyrs.

### May 8th 1962

The Vice-Rector was prevented from putting up his annual notice on the value of baths in hot weather by the lack of hot water. There has been none for a week. It is boiled but fails to reach the baths. The tank is in full use.



*Portrait of Cardinal Heard,  
situated on the  
Cardinals' Corridor.*

### October 9th 1962

With the end of our spiritual exercises, we awake, as it were, to the world again, to find ourselves in a sea of purple: practically the whole of the Hierarchy of England and Wales is staying with us for the duration of the Council.

### October 11th 1962

The great day arrives, and what has been the subject of our conversations for weeks is at last realized. Scenes of 'historic splendour' (I quote) were stretched out to a 'monumental length' but whether this means the length of St Peter's is probably open to doubt! All of us managed to get some glimpse or other of the procession of Council Fathers in the Piazza San Pietro—most of the College from vantage points in the Piazza itself, whilst the wise virgins, with the gracious permission of the



Rector, saw the whole thing in the comfort of the *Salone Vescovile* on the television screen therein installed. And it is with some truth that I can add that those of us in the Salone had a much better view of the proceedings than most of our own Bishops in the Council Hall.

### **October 15th 1962**

The First Library was the scene of an historic occasion—the meeting of the English Hierarchy for the first time ever in Rome.

### **March 10th 1963**

Community Mass this morning was full dialogue. Some of the bows to choir have gone from High Mass.

### **April 7th 1963**

Full dialogue has disappeared and bows have returned as normal at High Mass.

### **June 3rd 1963**

In the evening Cardinal Traglia began Mass on the steps of St Peter's, being joined by the ever-increasing crowds. A news bulletin at 7:40 showed no change in the Pope's condition. At 7:49, as we were walking back to the College after Mass, we learnt that Pope John had died during the last Gospel. May he rest in peace. His last words had been *'ut omnes unum sint'*.

### **June 6th 1963**

In the evening most watched the funeral [of the Pope] on a recently-acquired television, while others managed to obtain entrance into the basilica. The service was simple.

### **June 21st 1963**

The Feast of the Sacred Heart. The smoke came earlier than it should have done; that was our first and last clue that it was white. Summer had really and truly arrived and the atmosphere in the piazza, when we reached it, was quite electrifying. Once more people stood with their glossy magazines, their eyes trained on the *loggia*. Presently some men came out and draped some material bearing the arms of the late Pope over the front of the *loggia*. This was the last time they would be seen in public. After about an hour, Cardinal Ottaviani appeared to make the announcement: *"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: habemus Papam: Eminentissimum et reverendissimum Dominum, Dominum Joannem Baptistam"*... then everyone knew that Cardinal Montini had been elected. What was he going to be called?... *"qui sibi nomen imposuit... Paulum Sextum"*. There was the answer. The cheers were deafening.

## Pontificate of Pope St Paul VI “In Nomine Domini”

### August 22nd 1963

As the short, neat figure, clad in white with plum-coloured mozetta, moved up the aisle, we somehow produced a strong *Tu es Petrus*. One had sung the words often and heard them even oftener but now, with Peter's successor kneeling before the altar of our own chapel, they really meant something to us. Before the altar of our own chapel, they really meant something to us. 'And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven' are words which will always bring this scene to mind in the future and recall the day when the Servant of the Servants of God visited us as a neighbour who shares the same fresh air and the same lake view... The morning was perfect: no breeze, just blue sky and a warm sun, so that the villa looked its best. In the garden we were alone with the Holy Father, surrounding him as he admired the view, seeing Castel Gandolfo from our angle for a change.



*Plaque marking Pope St Paul VI's visit to Palazzola.*

### September 20th 1963

A party of workers departed for Rome, and returned with the usual stories of chaos in the College. Apparently the Martyrs' Chapel Sacristy is a heap of rubble, and the building of a lift is said to have begun. The general reaction was one of scepticism.

### September 29th 1963

Opening of the Second Session of the Council... During the session we are to rise at 5:30 so that there will be time to fit in all the Masses. Two new altars have been erected in the Church (making seven in all downstairs) and one in the Tribune (making eight up there). Soon there will be a new one in the Martyrs' Chapel Sacristy, but the oratory above it has gone for ever.

### October 21st 1963

The bishops have fallen in line with many others and now go to the Council in a bus. They say it feels even more like going to school. One or two hoped it would make them feel more like a college.

### November 22nd 1963

In the Common Room after supper we were stunned to hear of the assassination of President Kennedy. May he rest in peace, and may God comfort his bereaved family and fellow-countrymen.

### **December 4th 1963**

The ceremony closing the Council session was televised, and so the morning found many of us in the Common Room once again...In the evening the Rector bade the hierarchy farewell. As he pointed out, this involved saying farewell to himself, but he hoped to be back for the next session occupying a more humble place at table.

### **January 7th 1964**

It was Bishop Tickle's last day as Rector. We had the farewell speeches at supper...lastly, from the Bishop himself. He professed himself without words but nevertheless managed to speak for several minutes.

### **February 16th 1964**

The first of the liturgical changes came into force today. The effect was immediate: a homily from the Rector at High Mass. This will now be given every Sunday by the celebrant. Someone introduced the proverbial cat among the pigeons by saying that, of course, the college would have Italian as its vernacular when further reforms are introduced.

### **March 22nd 1964**

We celebrate the dropping of the Sunday Low Mass by an extra hour in bed. Not so fortunate are those of top year who regularly say Sunday Mass in garages and dance halls on the outskirts of the city.

### **April 16th 1964**

The litany of the College Martyrs, which is said on the anniversary day of each of the twenty-eight beatified martyrs and which used to be said as part of night prayers, is now recited after lunch.

### **April 25th 1964**

The new rite for distributing Holy Communion was adopted at once this morning. The volume of the Amens ranged from *fortissimo* to inaudible.

### **August 5th 1964**

Mgr Nasalli Rocca di Corneliano, *Maestro di Camera* to the Pope...gave us a very fine gift of a chalice used by His Holiness until yesterday.

### **October 3rd 1964**

Parts of the College have vanished into the memory banks of the past. The music-rooms are now students' rooms (unfinished— *ma pronto subito*), the infirmary is enlarged (also unfinished), and everything else in that wing except the Third Library now belongs to the nuns (all unfinished). A second-hand dealer's dream is scattered about the corridors, and an archivist's nightmare in the library. The east end of the garden is littered with all the tools of a builder's yard.

### **November 30th 1964**

My own first impressions of the English Mass are relief that it is finally here, a certain dissatisfaction with its present piecemeal nature (though this is unavoidable

at this stage), and a vague feeling of doing gymnastic exercises, the sort of feeling one gets during Stations of the Cross in Lent. Priests will now have to advertise their linguistic abilities for Mass as well as Confession.

### **December 1st 1964**

We rose late and gathered at 9:25 for what was to be our first concelebration. White Choir entered the Martyrs' Chapel, where a large and impressive table had been successfully converted into an altar, followed by the Rector and twelve other priests. Low Mass was then concelebrated, 'accompanied by appropriate music'. The M.C. handled this unfamiliar rite with consummate skill and it was very impressive indeed.

### **December 29th 1964**

A fitting occasion for our first concelebrated High Mass—in the main chapel this time, where the two front top benches are removed to make room for an improvised predella and altar half-way down the aisle. (This has much to recommend it as a permanent arrangement.) Concelebration Mark II even more impressive than Mark I.

### **March 6th 1965**

The College receives a directive that we are to celebrate Mass in Latin 'sometimes' during the week. Selective devernacularization is put into effect (Mass in English will be four days a week).

### **March 14th 1965**

Cardinal Heard consecrates the altar in the nuns' new chapel. This is on the second floor, two storeys above the old site, and is decorated with a simplicity quite unlike its predecessor. . .The white alabaster statue of Our Lady, the modern stained-glass window of St Elizabeth of Hungary, and many other furnishings have been provided by generous gifts from many members of the hierarchy.

### **December 7th 1965**

A few went to St Peter's for the promulgation of the final Council decrees. A vast sigh of relief is breathed out quietly over the roof-tops of Rome.

### **December 8th 1965**

High Mass concelebrated by twelve English bishops at the central altar in the main chapel: and very moving it was, for all concerned. Four years ago, who would have thought this scene was possible.

### **March 29th 1965**

Conversion of England prayers are replaced during Archbishop Ramsey's visit by prayers in English for Unity. We are now relieved to hear that these are to be the blueprint for the future.

### **April 26th 1966**

We now have a permanent altar facing-the-people in the Martyrs' Chapel. At the

Greg the cassock-set versus the suit-set: our Rector admits he is thinking about the question.

### May 10th 1966

The die is cast: hats and wings are gone for ever(?): from now on permanent outdoor dress is the suit.

### July 30th 1966

England win the World Cup; the whole house is pleased, half because England have won, half because it is all over, and all because the Vice provides extra wine at supper.

### October 16th 1966

We continue to use the Grail Psalter for Lauds, but Compline seems to have reverted to Latin. The new programme appeared. Apparently we have even more time to work. There were even more candles in the refectory for supper than at the Benediction which preceded it.

### March 26th 1967

After completing all the pastoral work at *San Silvestro*, *San Teodoro* and the Bridgettines with the grand finale of the Resurrection, most people found themselves in a crowded St. Peter's Square for the blessing and the announcement by the Pope of his new encyclical, *Populorum Progressio*.

## Pontificate of Pope John Paul I "Humilitas"

*There were no Diary entries during this period.*

## Pontificate of Pope St John Paul II "Totus tuus"

### October 1978

Of course the first few weeks back in Rome were overshadowed by the Conclave and subsequent Election of John Paul II. As the Rector has said in his very personal account of the proceedings, it was tremendously exciting to be there in St. Peter's Square to see the new Pope appear. I had no idea who he was, but one member of the student body had studied the 'form' of each non-Italian likely candidate and knew immediately Cardinal Felice announced the name that it was 'the Pole – the man from Krakow.' A very shattered Cardinal Hume returned from the Conclave obviously pleased with the outcome but equally obviously needing a good rest.

## May 1st 1979

The Fourth Centenary to the day of Bull of Foundation of the College. At Office of Readings in the Chapel we hear read the words of Gregory XIII, and who could fail but be moved by them. It had been decided to make today a particularly family occasion. So only those who are directly connected with the College and its running were invited. It was great to see Alfredo and Fernanda Piacentini come down with their family from the Villa, and to see so many other faithful associates present. The Rector presided at the Mass in the evening, and then all present (about 150) were entertained to Supper in the Ref., which was specially decorated for the occasion. One piece of decoration which did not last for long was the huge pig, complete with apple in mouth, which was masterfully carved and dished up by one of Alfredo's sons. The evening was a great success, and reflected all the planning and preparation that went into it.

## December 6th 1979

The eagerly-awaited pontifical foot crosses our threshold on the evening of December 6th for the first time since the fall of the Papal States. A full day beforehand *vietato sostare* signs have appeared in the *Piazza S. Caterina* and the *Monsera'* has been cleared of traffic. A fine white mist gathers as evening draws on. Excitement grows in the chapel as the sound of the crowd in the street penetrates the walls. Assorted gate-crashers, clerical and lay, are removed with varying degrees of ceremony. An enthusiastic cheer goes up in the street outside; someone suggests it must be for Monsignore Noé, but no... He Himself has arrived! The false daylight of photographers' lamps shines through cracks in the chapel doors as the hidden presence moves up the corridor and into the sacristy. Then suddenly there he is, processing into chapel just as one has seen hundreds of priests and bishops do before, but this time it seems quite unreal. Is this really our chapel?, and is that really the Pope? How very odd! Everything goes smoothly which perhaps adds to the trance-like feeling of the event. The sermon is excellent... who can have written it?... and makes ample and informed reference to the College martyrs and their relation to our task today. The British Ambassador to the Quirinal, the British Minister to the Holy See, their wives, the *famiglia* of the College and various close friends and retainers are in the congregation and are presented in the *Salotto* and the corridor after Mass. Meanwhile, in what has some resemblance to a game of 'Hide and Seek', we assemble in the First Library. The Holy Father progresses along the Cardinals' Corridor, stopping to examine Dr Fleischmann's admirable bust on the way. In the library everybody is presented to the Pope and the Rector then gives His Holiness a copy of the College 'History' written by Fr Michael Williams. He then meets sundry English *monsignori* in the *salone* and signs the Visitor's Book. Downstairs the Refectory glitters with glasses and crockery which the Nuns have been keeping in reserve for four hundred years just in case... The papal *gnocchi in brodo* are the most delicious ever tasted, and the rest of the feast is of an equally high quality. The Rector speaks, the Pope replies, and a resounding 'Ad Multos Annos' ends the meal. Continuing our game of 'Hide and Seek' we line the Bottom Corridor while the Pope goes off to visit the Nuns by the kitchen door. Our final vision of him comes as he sweeps down the corridor between lines of applauding students and makes his farewells in the open doorway. The

street outside is crammed with curious and enthusiastic crowds, hanging out of windows and blocking the doorway of *Severino's trattoria*.

### April 2nd 1984

After supper, a general meeting is held to discuss the proposal that windows be fitted around the cloister at Palazzola. Arguments pro and con are advanced, and, after the meeting, a questionnaire is produced.

### April 29th 1985

Some students go to the Vatican to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. Luiz Ruscillo (deputy youngest member of the College) presents a bouquet of flowers to the Princess with some gallant words. Thomas Whelan engages the Princess in a teasing tête-à-tête. The Rector has the best day of all, however, as he is invited to lunch at Sir Mark's and has a full ten minute chat with the Princess.

### May 5th 1986

The gloom of a Roman *sciocco* is accentuated by fear of "la nube", the cloud of radioactivity swirling around Europe from Chernobyl, and now over Italy. In contrast to criticism of its lax handling of the 'methylated wine scandal', the government is now accused of being alarmist in prohibiting the buying and selling of milk and broad-leaf vegetables.

### May 26th 1986

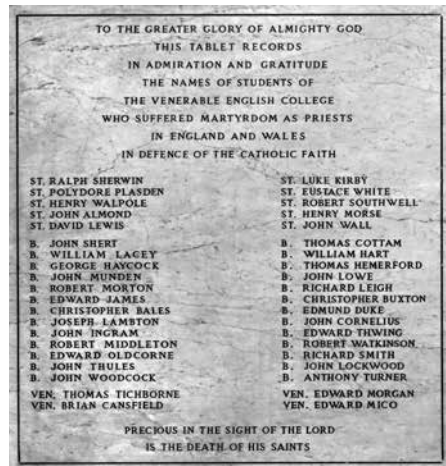
The College accountant, Brian Godfrey, decides that we can struggle on for a little longer, so life continues with the traditional pilgrimage to the *Chiesa Nuova* to celebrate the feast of St. Philip Neri. The celebrating Cardinal stuns those present by stopping short of twenty minutes when preaching — fifteen seconds, to be precise. Must have been the atomic cloud.

### May 30th 1987

The *ad limina* concludes with a Papal Mass. During the photo session afterwards the Holy Father asks how many Bishops there are in England and Wales. Anthony Towey is the first in: Too many! (Does Hallam Diocese have a mission in Siberia?)

### November 19th 1987

[In anticipation of the Beatification of 85 English Martyrs on 22nd November 1987.] Peter Newby and Dominic Rolls have assembled an exhibition of "martyralia" in the First Library of letters, prints, *libri rubri*, in time for the first group of pilgrims who arrive today. Over the next two weeks we are given something of an idea of College life as it might have been at its beginnings:



Plaque denoting the names of the martyrs of this Venerable English College, situated next to the Martyrs' Chapel.

welcoming Catholics from all over our country, taking them to the great shrines of Rome, sharing the memory of the martyrs, and drinking together from the cup of salvation. For us, present Venerabilini, to speak of the martyrs is to allow them to determine our identity, to be seized by their memory. It is to assume our past. But what might have been and what has been point beyond themselves. Tradition is more than a matter of names and dates, and our remembering gives shape to our hopes; and hopes inspire our attitudes and our actions. These days will be remembered for the intensity and confidence with which we prayed: for the unity of Christians in our land, that old scores may be laid aside, that the reconciliation won by Christ may shine out with a new clarity, so that the world may believe, *potius hodie quam cras*.

### October 6th 1991

Back in Rome, the Pope celebrates Mass for the 600th anniversary of the death of St Brigid of Sweden, in the *Piazza Farnese*. The new students serve for him.

### May 1st 1994

Fr Rector informs the House that the English College has been chosen to host the reception for Cardinal Ratzinger and all the Vatican big-wigs following the launch of the English edition of *THE UNIVERSAL CATECHISM* on 27th May. Interesting that they have chosen us to do the honours.

### October 19th 1994

Yet more celebrating as we all go over to *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva* in honour of Cardinal Philip Howard, who died 300 years ago. Timothy Radcliffe, English Master General of the Dominicans, presides at Mass. The reception at the Doria Pamphili Palace afterwards is staggeringly posh, and no-one knows how to pronounce 'Velasquez' in the gallery afterwards.

### November 6th 1994

The Duchess of Kent is here for Mass and lunch, at the end of a week's pilgrimage to Rome. Everyone is worried about whether to say 'Ma'm, as in jam', or 'Ma'am, as in arm'. Despite being sick of feasts and suspicious of fuss there is a real appreciation for her visit. She speaks to most of the students, managing to circulate without seeming too 'professional' about it; and it is striking how much of an impact Rome has obviously had on her.

### May 2nd 1999

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 *beatius*' 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.



### **May 28th 2000**

The Rector heads off to Blighty this morning, for the A.G.M. of the Roman Association. He doesn't head off before letting us know that the staff have decided that going to the Ange rather than Mother Greg will be an option (sort of, at least) for all students. And so 400 years of history are consigned to the dustbin of opinion...

### **October 16th 2000**

After Mass the Vice-Rector announces the evacuation of the College for the first time since 1940. With "hyper-chlorination" taking place tomorrow, the entire water system and the kitchen will be out of action for at least ten days. Seminarians are to be billeted with the Scots, Irish and the Beda. The Bulldog spirit quickly takes over and there is a plucky cheerfulness in the face of adversity. The Ref. buzzes with excitement over supper as we try to decide whether a fortnight of veal and chips outweighs the disadvantage of the distance of the Scots College from the city centre.

### **October 18th 2000**

The exiles meet up at the Greg and the Ang to compare notes. The optimists believe that "it will all be over by Christmas." Wits at the Irish College, however, point out that the last time the English visited, they stayed for 800 years.

### **October 27th 2000**

Just when we thought it couldn't get any worse... We are informed of the official sequestration of the College buildings by order of the local magistrate. It is obviously going to be a long haul.

### **November 15th 2000**

Light at the end of the tunnel? The sequestration order is lifted, at least allowing us back into the College to collect overcoats and Advent breviaries. However, further demands of the health authorities, including the replacement of all taps and showerheads, means that we are unlikely to be back before December.

### **December 1st 2000**

Martyrs' Day: The circumstances are extraordinary: the first time the Feast is celebrated away from the College since 1945.

### **January 12th 2001**

The closure order is lifted. Only a few technicalities and BIBOS to be notified, and we shall be back in *Via di Monserrato* in no time at all...

### **February 5th 2001**

The College is open again for the first time in almost four months. Given that some are still in the midst of exams whilst others are now away on the mid-semester break, it is more a question of a gradual drift back to the *Via di Monserrato* than a stampede.

### April 2nd 2005

As the crowds stand silently in St Peter's Square, Pope John Paul II, gravely sick during Easter Week, leaves this world. The time is 9:37pm on the Vigil of the Feast of Divine Mercy. Fr Rector is there, as are some other students.

### April 4th 2005

Crowds start queuing to see the body of the Supreme Pontiff, laid in state at the front of the nave of St Peter's Basilica. The news is that several hours' wait is going to be the norm; the funeral is fixed for Friday 8th April. Literally millions of people are expected. Journalists start to arrive at the College and the Vice Rector asks us to filter any requests for interviews through him. Some students are indeed interviewed, for television, radio and newspapers. There is a peaceful calm about the place as we try to make sense of the passing of the Pope. Those who have been in the queue to see the body say the experience is not to be missed. Lectures continue at the pontifical universities, but we are assured that we will be given Friday off.

### April 8th 2005

The great day dawns. Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, as Dean of the College of Cardinals, celebrates the funeral Mass of Pope John Paul II in St Peter's Square. Present are some 157 cardinals, 3000 other clerics, approaching 200 heads of state and three million faithful, cramming the square and surrounding streets. Huge applause greets the coffin as it leaves the basilica and enters the square, where it is placed in front of the altar at the base of the façade. The Cardinal presides and preaches beautifully. Paul Moss's singing of the Gospel, on the meeting of Jesus and Peter on the shores of lake Tiberias, is faultless. There is a slight pause as he skilfully keeps the page from fluttering over in the breeze, to resume again with confidence. Cardinal Ratzinger's homily is cut off every few moments by long applause from the huge throng, in response to his words about the late holy Father. He preaches eloquently on the theme 'Follow Me'. Taking three texts from the Gospels, he elaborates how John Paul II lived out his Gospel calling. After Communion, distributed to as many people as possible by 400 priests (one of whom is Fr Headon), Eastern rite priests sing in Greek from the Byzantine liturgy's Office of the Dead, invoking the mercy of God and the protection of Our Lady on this faithful servant. A Cardinal sprinkles the coffin and the pall bearers arrive and pick it up, to return to the basilica. On reaching the main door, they pause, turn round and show the coffin to the huge crowd, to which there is some 8 minutes' applause, tears and waving. The Cardinals follow it into the basilica, where it is taken to its resting place in the space vacated by Blessed John XXIII in 2000. The event is extraordinary, as the huge media presence has shown. Back at the College a buffet lunch is on offer, nine days of official mourning start, during which a daily Mass will be celebrated by a Cardinal in a Roman Church for the repose of the soul of Pope John Paul II.

### April 17th 2005

Cardinal Murphy-O'Connor presides and preaches at the College Mass. Fr Rector toasts him at lunch, assuring him of our prayers as he takes on the gravest of

responsibilities, the election of a new pope. After himself paying tribute to the students and staff, His Eminence goes off to Casa Santa Marta, his home, with 114 princes of the Church, for the duration of the conclave. The students organise exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church, from after Vespers until Morning Prayer on Monday, to pray for the Holy Spirit to inspire the Cardinals.

### April 19th 2005

Nothing in the morning, but more black smoke. Then at 5:49 pm, greyish puffs turn to clear white, the bells at St Peter's toll and indeed the Church has a new pope. In extraordinary scenes, the roads leading to St Peter's become a sea of running people, heading towards the square in excitement, with many people just leaving their cars to get out and run. The diarist is asleep when the white smoke arrives, but is woken up by a telephone call from England with the news, so he runs downstairs, through a deserted college, hops on the bike and joins the throng which is by now filling the Square from all sides. *"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum"*. Roars from the crowd. *"Habemus papam"*. Huge roars this time. The Cardinal continues. *"Eminentissimum ac reverendissimum Dominum Josephum"* ... even huger roars. *"Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinalem Ratzinger qui sibi nomen imposuit"* ... Silence, pause ... *"Benedictum XVI"*. The crowd is delirious. He is greeted at the loggia with tremendous applause and whoops from young people, seminarians and thousands more in the crowd. *Habemus papam!* It is like music. That we have a Pope is the first cause of excitement. It is strangely difficult to be a Catholic in the days when there is none. But to have Cardinal Ratzinger! It is absolutely brilliant. He will put into practice the work that John Paul II started.

## Pontificate of Pope Benedict XVI *"Cooperatores Veritatis"*

### April 24th 2005

Pope Benedict XVI is solemnly inaugurated as Supreme Pontiff in a huge celebration in St Peter's Square. Most of the College are there or thereabouts. The Mass starts with a visit to the tomb of Peter, a novelty for such occasions. The homily is for all to see on the Vatican web site, touching as it does on some important themes: we are not alone, the Church is young and alive, we must not be afraid or put off by the wolves that try to deter us from the truth of the Gospel, we are in profound communion with all the saints; the pallium is a symbol of joyful service, the fisherman's ring of the Christian mission to find those who are caught up in difficult situations. But these themes are brought completely alive by the Pope, the sense of which is very difficult to grasp from a mere reading of the text. His rhetoric causes eruptions of applause and two huge laughs as he gets into his stride. It is a masterful display of rhetoric, drenched in humility and full of hope for the Church, whose prayers he earnestly requested. He is not, Benedict XVI insists, the successor of John Paul II, but the successor of St Peter.

The Mass ends with a trip around the Square in the popemobile to the delight of the crowds.

### June 22nd 2007

It's official, the Prime Minister, Tony Blair, is to join us for lunch after his visit to the Holy Father. What a busy examtime this has proved to be!

### June 23rd 2007

From my room on the Monserra I can see down into the street and the numerous police cordons being set up and cars being towed away, journalists gathering, all in preparation for a truly historic event for the College: the first visit to the Venerable of a serving Prime Minister of Great Britain, the Rt Honourable Tony Blair, MP, and his wife, Cherie. The visit begins with drinks in the garden; Cardinal Murphy O'Connor is host, and in attendance are Cardinals Walter Kasper, William Levada and Jean-Louis Tauran; the British Ambassador to the Holy See, Francis Campbell is also present. I must admit it is quite surreal to see the Prime Minister in our garden and, indeed, in the refectory. After a worthy lunch, the Cardinal makes a speech thanking Tony Blair for visiting the College and wishing him well in his career after Number 10. He presents Cherie with a bunch of red roses, about which the Cardinal with his usual charm and sense of humour remarks, "I spent a lot of time choosing those!". Tony Blair honestly and from the heart responds by praising the students of the College. He tells us how much he respects us for what we are doing and that he feels confident in us as the future of the Church. He is a truly gifted speaker! Afterwards the students individually meet the Prime Minister at his request. The exchanges seem warm, humorous and jolly. Cherie and Tony Blair both remark on the diarist's hair! The PM seems particularly attentive when talking to the *diaconandi* about the Diaconate: this, I am sure, has nothing to do with the rumours in the press about his interests in this area! The PM leaves with his entourage for Ciampino and the College goes back to 'normal'. Gosh, what a weekend.

### October 1st 2007

Our Community Mass takes place in the Martyrs' Chapel for the first time. The College church will be closed for restoration for at least a year.

### October 18th 2009

The long-awaited day of the re-opening of the church arrives. Early in the morning the ground floor of the College becomes a hub of activity with Schola and liturgy rehearsals taking place, catering arrangements being made and guests welcomed. Archbishop Vincent Nichols celebrates the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in our gleaming College church, with Eminences Cormac Murphy-O'Connor and Jean-Louis Tauran, President of the Pontifical Council for Interreligious Dialogue, sitting in choir, with five bishops and more than sixty Old Romans concelebrating. All are impressed with the transformation that has taken over two years to complete. Of particular note are the magnificent Martyrs' Picture, the stunning restoration of the Tribune's Martyrs' Cycle frescoes and the new lighting system for the 21st century illuminating every corner of a refreshed College church as it

would have been generations ago. A buffet lunch is enjoyed by the two hundred present, and speeches follow from Fr Rector, who praises Fr Andrew Headon and Barbara Donovan for their tireless efforts, and Mr & Mrs Urs & Francesca Schwarzenbach for their outstanding generosity in funding the project. Cardinal Cormac amusingly recalls the chronic lack of funds during his tenure as Rector, recounting to dinner guests an occasion in which he and his Vice-Rector stuffed the pockets of long winter coats with *lire* in the height of summer before flying to Rome, suspiciously having *niente a dichiarare!* Urs Schwarzenbach speaks of his gladness at having been in the position to help the College, light-heartedly mentioning he had not looked back since meeting Fr Anthony Wilcox in Henley several years ago, and offering the Vice-Rector a job as a project manager.

### **October 21st 2009**

This morning historic news is announced in Rome and Westminster of a forthcoming Apostolic Constitution providing personal ordinariates for Anglican communities wishing to be in full communion with the Church. In the evening, a votive Mass of the College Martyrs is celebrated by Cardinal Cormac. Many Old Romans concelebrate, as do the Vocations Directors of England and Wales who are staying at Palazzola for their annual conference.

### **October 10th 2010**

At the closing Mass of the retreat, Fr Rector announces the sad news of the proposed closure of Ushaw College. Many of the men in the House have friends or relatives at Ushaw and the news, coupled with the added significance of many of the House having been hosted by the Ushaw community before travelling to the Mass of Beatification of Bl. John Henry Cardinal Newman, makes a deep impression on the College community. We are joined for Sunday lunch by the Archbishop of Liverpool, Patrick Kelly, arriving in Rome for the Middle East Synod, who, at Fr Rector's invitation, gives a heartfelt speech explaining the northern Bishops' sadness at the decision to propose the closure.

### **March 17th 2011**

As well as the Feast of St Patrick, the date this year marks the 150th anniversary of the unification of Italy and is a national holiday. With the *centro storico* largely locked down for military processions, civic ceremony and the welcoming of heads of state, and with the weather contriving, literally, to rain on the Italians' parade.

### **May 1st 2011**

It is a day of mixed emotions as the students return from the Easter break... Rome, filled with Polish pilgrims, witnesses the great occasion of Pope John Paul II being declared *Beatus* (a number of students having managed to obtain tickets for the event).

### **December 1st 2011**

Martyrs' Day is celebrated in the usual way. In his homily, Fr Rector recalls the places he visited when he travelled the *Francigena* from Rome to England. After lunch, the words of Fr Luke Buckles OP in a Holy Week retreat a few years ago are

recalled. He explained how there are three types of *riposo*: *riposo simplex*: on top of the sheets, alarm set; *riposo festivo*: under the sheets, alarm set; *riposo sollemnis*: under the sheets, alarm definitely not set. Permission was given to all to take a *riposo sollemnis* although it was assumed that one would make it to Vespers. Ahem!

### January 27th 2012

The celebrations to mark the 650th anniversary of the founding of the hospice begin with a Votive Mass of St Thomas of Canterbury celebrated by Cardinal Cormac.

### October 12th 2012

The College hosts a reception in honour of Archbishop Rowan Williams of Canterbury in order to mark his record seven visits to the VEC. The Rector presents him with a statue of Our Lady and the Christ Child.

### December 3rd 2012

The College has an audience with the Holy Father, who venerates the relic of our protomartyr Ralph Sherwin while the Schola sings under the direction of Mgr Philip Whitmore.

### February 11th 2013

Surprise news! As Pope Benedict XVI announces he will resign the Papacy on 28 February, the College is stunned!

### February 27th 2013

Once again most of the College head down to St Peter's for the last general audience of Pope Benedict and university lectures are cancelled to give the students the opportunity to attend this historic event. The Pope's humility in regard to his office is made clear when he tells us that "I have always known that the Lord is in that boat, and I have always known that the barque of the Church is not mine but his".

### February 28th 2013

Pope Benedict XVI leaves Rome via helicopter at 17:00 to Castel Gandolfo and his resignation comes into effect at 20:00.

### March 12th 2013

Mgr Marini orders "*extra omnes*" and the conclave begins. Black smoke on Tuesday evening.

### March 13th 2013

That evening at 18:00 Cardinal Cormac says Mass at his titular church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*, at which the College serves. Most of the students head for St Peter's square afterwards: some make it in time for the white smoke and bells and all are present for the words: "*Annuntio Vobis Gaudium Magnum: Habemus Papam Emmentissimum ac Reverendissimum Dominum, Dominum Georgium Marium Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinalem Bergoglio Qui Sibi Nomen Imposuit Franciscum*". The news is announced by a good friend of the College, the protodeacon HE Cardinal

Tauran. Cardinal Jorge Mario Bergoglio of Buenos Aires is elected Successor of Peter, the first Jesuit, the first South American and the first Francis. Some students are horrified by the lack of papal mozetta, others are delighted. He greets us all with "*Buona Sera!*".

## Pontificate of Pope Francis *"Miserando atque eligendo"*

### February 22nd 2014

Cardinal Vincent Nichols receives his red biretta from Pope Francis at the consistory. A handful of seminarians get into the basilica for the ceremony, some of whom went to Mass in the College beforehand to celebrate with Mgr Tony Wilcox his 50th anniversary of priesthood. Cardinal Nichols receives *Sant'Alfonso*, the home of the original icon of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, as his titular church. Cardinal Nichols' family and friends, seminarians, staff and numerous bishops enjoy a lunch in the refectory. Her Majesty's Government is represented by Lord Patten and Baroness Stowell. The new cardinal returns to Vatican City for the public courtesy visits, which some students also attend.

### April 27th 2014

As the Easter holiday draws to a close, a handful brave the crowds for the Canonisation of Popes John Paul II and John XXIII at the ungodly hour of 3am. There's lots of pushing and shoving, but eventually three get a decent way down the *Via della Conciliazione*. Some others get to the back of the road later, while those lucky enough to get clergy tickets enjoy a better view of the historic moment.

### October 19th 2014

The Beatification of Pope Paul VI sees students enjoying the spectacle in St Peter's Square.

### January 11th 2016

Ordinary Time commences and super-fast Internet appears in the College.

### October 5th 2016

The College community is joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury for Lauds and breakfast. The Archbishop is in Rome to mark 50 years of closer ties between the Catholic Church and the Anglican Communion; on the agenda is a visit to the Anglican Centre and Ecumenical Vespers with Pope Francis.

### March 29th 2017

On the day that sees the Prime Minister invoking Article 50, a collection of MPs and peers — among them Stephen Pound, Mark Menzies, and Sir Edward Leigh — come to the College for Mass and supper. The visit is part of the Rome itinerary

of the All-Party Parliamentary Group on the Holy See; also present is the British Ambassador to the Holy See, Sally Axworthy, who is making her first official visit to the VEC.

### April 4th 2017

The Prince of Wales arrives at the English College, the first such visit to the seminary by an heir to the throne. After being greeted by Fr Rector, he proceeds to tour the church and other parts of the College in the company of the Rector and Cardinal Vincent Nichols. They then proceed to the *Salone*, where dignitaries, guests, staff, and a collection of students await, ready to bow and make well-mannered conversation.

### May 13th 2017

Having already undergone a lightning strike and several earthquakes in recent months, the College is put to a further test: this time the sounding of the fire alarm does not indicate a drill. Bar Peru staff are the early responders as a blaze begins – of all places – at the bottom of the College fire escape adjoining the *cortile's* main entrance. Smoke and flames do some damage to the staircase and connected apartments, but with extinguishers on hand and the fire brigade arriving thereafter, the situation is soon under control.

### February 26th 2018

The “Beast from the East” cold wave brings a rare blanket of snow upon the city. The first snowballs are launched in the garden soon after breakfast, the student body having unanimously declared that the Pontifical universities have closed. News later arrives that the Gregorian, along with many other Roman institutions, has, indeed, shut down for the day. The lads head down to St Peter’s Square for a mass snowball fight against the Pontifical North American College. The Venerabile are slightly outnumbered, but rally round as James Barber gets a rendition of God Save the Queen going. CNN News International captures the Battle of St Peter’s, which soon goes viral online: a fitting record of one of the most enjoyable days in seminary history! Meanwhile, the Angelicum inexplicably decides to carry on its programme of studies, only to close the following day as the thaw kicks in and the Gregorian reopens.

### March 16th 2018

Pope Francis invites all seminarians and priests studying in Rome to an audience in the Paul VI Audience Hall. It is an opportunity to discuss the new *Ratio*, with questions posed by Church students from all over the world. The Pope speaks of the importance of the priest being a father, rather than a functionary.

### April 21st 2018

A day of great excitement as the College meets Pope Francis for a private audience in the Apostolic Palace. Fr Rector opens by telling the Holy Father of the jubilees celebrated by the College this year. The Pope then addresses us, speaking of the importance of love for God and neighbour as the guiding principle of ministry, as well as the importance of authentic friendships and a



sense of humour in the formation process. Finally, the Pope encourages us to “banish fear”, and entrusts us to the care of Our Lady of Walsingham. After the address each member of the house is able to greet the Pope personally and is presented with a papal rosary.

### **March 29th 2019**

The new gym officially opens, which has been moved into the underground cellars beneath the Garden Room. Whitewashed walls, new air conditioning and de-humidifiers, as well as wall-to-wall mirrors contribute to a very slick and professional-looking space. Will this induce seminarians to make good use of it? Only time will tell...

### **April 2nd 2019**

After Vespers, a reception is held in College to mark a number of significant events. In the presence of Urs Schwarzenbach, Archbishop Bernard Longley opens the new Schwarzenbach Reading Room. Formerly the College bar, this room will now be available to students and visiting scholars who wish to explore the collection of rare books and documents contained within the Archives. At dinner, Fr Rector takes the opportunity to pay tribute to Peter Horgan and Terry Forbes, two outgoing Trustees, who have devoted many years of service to the College. Fr Rector explains to the community that it is largely thanks to Peter and Terry that most of the rooms are now en-suite, prompting an enthusiastic and long-lasting round of applause. With two of the College’s great benefactors present at the meal, heartfelt thanks are also given to Urs Schwarzenbach and Pam Coote, who have contributed so much to the seminary through their friendship and generosity.

### **October 10th 2019**

With the canonisation of Blessed John Henry Newman approaching at the weekend, an exhibition is opened in the *Salotto* based on the soon-to-be-Saint’s visits and time in Rome. Many items of interest are on show, some donated from other Roman institutions. Most striking are a draft copy of Newman’s hymn ‘Lead Kindly Light’, written in his own hand, and a rare relic in the form of a lock of the Cardinal’s hair. Mgr Roderick Strange gives an uplifting conference on Newman’s life, as a fitting preparation for a weekend devoted to the saintly man.

### **October 12th 2019**

As some students who were fortunate enough to sign up to serve tomorrow’s Mass head to St Peter’s Square, the announcement is made that the College is to be vacated by all on Sunday until 1:15 pm, to allow for a visit by a ‘Special Visitor’. Much speculation follows. The only clue given to the wondering house is the unexplained appearance in the ground floor corridor of pictures of Her Majesty the Queen and her consort, Prince Philip. The Basilica of St Mary Major holds a Vigil of Prayer in anticipation of tomorrow’s canonisation, giving thanks to God for the life and Christian witness of the soon-to-be Saint. Music from the Schola of the London Oratory School accompanies readings and testimony from various speakers, including the American woman whose miraculous healing of an illness during pregnancy allowed Newman to be declared a saint. The Diarist

joins many others at marvelling at the sight of the basilica filled to capacity with English dignitaries and pilgrims, excitedly anticipating tomorrow's Mass.

### October 13th 2019

The day of the canonisation arrives. After an evening of ironing and polishing shoes, the company of those serving Mass head for St Peter's Square. The party continue to the Square for the final run-through of the day's liturgy, led by Papal Master of Ceremonies, Mgr Guido Marini. The rest of the College make their way to the Square, which is bedecked with the portraits of those being canonised and filled with tens of thousands of people celebrating Holy Mother Church's newest saints. St John Henry is raised to the altars of the Church along with St Giuseppina Vannini, St Mariam Mankidiyan, St Dulce Lopes Pontes and St Margherita Bays. The culmination of several days of festivities, an atmosphere of great excitement and celebration is felt by all as the Holy Father proclaims England's newest saint to a joyful congregation of English bishops, priests and faithful. Prince Charles heads a list of dignitaries representing the Crown and State, and the much anticipated 'Special Visitor' is the Heir Apparent himself. Following the Mass, His Royal Highness pays a visit to the College for a moment's peace and quiet before moving on to a reception of dignitaries elsewhere in Rome. Some keen and enthusiastic students catch a glimpse of HRH's motorcade as it leaves the cortile, while for most students the only lasting reminder of the Prince is his signature left in the Visitor's Book. The Prince — having taken a whole page — is forgiven by all for his ignorance of the one line per person rule.

### March 4th 2020

4pm. After returning from the day's lectures as normal, rumours begin to spread of the impending closure of schools and universities by the Italian government, in light of the increasing spread of the novel coronavirus, COVID-19, which has already been declared a crisis in northern Italy.

6pm. As the College prepares for its usual Wednesday night community Mass, the news breaks that earlier reports are true, and all Italian schools and universities are to be shut from tomorrow for at least ten days. An extraordinary house meeting is announced for later in the evening.

9:30pm. There having been a singular topic of conversation at dinner — whether or not the bar would be open as usual (affirmative) — a bizarre atmosphere of childlike excitement sweeps across the College. With a feeling somewhere between the sinking of the Titanic and the last days of the Raj, the Diarist has never seen the bar so full, and is happy to hear reports of record takings, every student wanting a beverage to either celebrate or calm the nerves for the approaching spectacle. At 9:30pm, the arrival of the staff signals the beginning of the house meeting and, after some discussion, it is announced that the students are free to leave the College and return to England if they wish to do so, but with the encouragement to stay put for now and the proviso that, should the universities reopen, they will be expected to return to College post-haste. True to seminary form, the conversation turns into a discussion on the liturgy — more specifically on reception from the Chalice at Mass. Reactions to the announcement are mixed, and the students are left to ponder their decisions in the College bar. Some immediately book flights for

the following day, while others decide to stay put in College, relishing the chance for some fairly peaceful time in Rome, free from the demands of lectures. The Diarist books a flight home for Friday.

### **March 10th 2020**

The Foreign and Commonwealth Office declares travel to anywhere in Italy unadvisable and announces that all arrivals from the country will need to isolate at home for 14 days. With this news, those who chose to remain are told the College is to close and they must make their way home.

### **September 29th 2020**

The year begins following the end of the fourth college exile that began on 10 March 2020.

### **October 16th 2020**

Friday morning Latin Mass with Fr McAuley takes on something of a Tridentine air: not due to it being celebrated in the Extraordinary Form of the Roman Rite but due to a power outage in the city, plunging the whole church into darkness. Never one to be flummoxed, sacristan Toby Duckworth quickly mobilises his team and the morning Mass is celebrated by candlelight. In a very non-Tridentine act, however, the language of the Mass is changed from Latin to English.

### **November 6th 2020**

Covid-19 strikes the College; a positive case leads to the Italian health authorities implementing an eleven-day lockdown on the seminary. No members of the community will be able to leave the building, and face masks must be worn at all times in public spaces. Not to be thrown by a minor outbreak of plague in the College, the community decides that “the show must go on,” and thus the planned New Men’s Show continues as planned that evening, but with some stricter social distancing measures introduced.

### **December 31st 2020**

As 2020 draws to a close, the community ascends to the roof. Mrs Raggi, the Mayoress of Rome, has banned all fireworks from the city except for a few public displays. However, the Romani are not so easily cowed and those on the roof are able to witness the College’s neighbours letting fireworks off from their window boxes.

### **April 9th 2021**

The sad news of the death of the Duke of Edinburgh reaches the College.

### **May 28th 2022**

Publication of *The Venerabile* vol. XXXVII, no. 3, marking its 100th Anniversary.

# Past Editors of *The Venerable*

YEAR	VOLUME	NUMBER	EDITOR
October 1922	I	1	J. Donnelly
April 1923	I	2	J. Cartmell
October 1923	I	3	J. Cartmell
April 1924	I	4	J. Cartmell
October 1924	II	1	J. Cartmell
April 1925	II	2	J. Goodear
October 1925	II	3	E.H. Atkinson
April 1926	II	4	E.H. Atkinson
October 1926	III	1	R.L. Smith
April 1927	III	2	R.L. Smith
October 1927	III	3	R.L. Smith
April 1928	III	4	R. L. Smith
October 1928	IV	1	R. L. Smith
April 1929	IV	2	B. Wrighton
October 1929	IV	3	B. Wrighton
April 1930	IV	4	T. Duggan
October 1930	V	1	T. Duggan
April 1931	V	2	T. Duggan
October 1931	V	3	T. Duggan
April 1932	V	4	G. Pritchard
October 1932	VI	1	G. Pritchard
April 1933	VI	2	G. Pritchard
October 1933	VI	3	B. Grady
April 1934	VI	4	B. Grady
October 1934	VII	1	B. Grady
April 1935	VII	2	J. Mullin
October 1935	VII	3	J. Mullin
April 1936	VII	4	J. Mullin
October 1936	VIII	1	J. Mullin
April 1937	VIII	2	G. Swinburne
October 1937	VIII	3	G. Swinburne
April 1938	VIII	4	G. Swinburne
October 1938	IX	1	P. F. Firth
April 1939	IX	2	P. F. Firth

YEAR	VOLUME	NUMBER	EDITOR
November 1939	IX	3	P. F. Firth
April 1940	IX	4	J. Pledger
November 1940	IX	5	J. Pledger
May 1941	X	1	H. Lavery
November 1941	X	2	H. Lavery
May 1942	X	3	B. Chapman
November 1942	XI	1	B. Chapman
May 1943	XI	2	W. Buxton
November 1943	XI	3	W. Buxton
May 1944	XI	4	W. Buxton
November 1944	XII	1	E. Tyler
May 1945	XII	2	E. Tyler
May 1945	XII	3	M. E. Williams
May 1946	XII	4	M. E. Williams
November 1946	XIII	1	M. E. Williams
May 1947	XIII	2	M. Alexander
November 1947	XIII	3	M. Alexander
June 1948	XIII	4	C. Spillane
November 1948	XIV	1	C. Spillane
June 1949	XIV	2	C. Spillane
November 1949	XIV	3	W. Hunt
May 1950	XIV	4	W. Hunt
November 1950	XV	1	W. Hunt
May 1951	XV	2	V. Lloyd
November 1951	XV	3	V. Lloyd
May 1952	XV	4	V. Lloyd
November 1952	XVI	1	V. Lloyd
May 1953	XVI	2	A. Kenny
November 1953	XVI	3	A. Kenny
May 1954	XVI	4	A. Kenny
November 1954	XVII	1	T. Curtis-Hayward
May 1955	XVII	2	T. Curtis-Hayward
November 1955	XVII	3	T. Curtis-Hayward
May 1956	XVII	4	P. Moakler
November 1956	XVIII	1	P. Moakler
May 1957	XVIII	2	P. Moakler
November 1957	XVIII	3	W. Steele
May 1958	XVIII	4	W. Steele

YEAR	VOLUME	NUMBER	EDITOR
November 1958	XIX	1	W. Steele
May 1959	XIX	2	B. Trevett
November 1959	XIX	3	B. Trevett
May 1960	XIX	4	B. Trevett
November 1960	XX	1	B. Chestle
May 1961	XX	2	B. Chestle
November 1961	XX	3	B. Chestle
Summer 1962	XX	4	M. J. Butler
May 1962	XXI	Sexcentenary Issue	J. Allen
Winter 1962	XXII	1	M. J. Butler
Summer 1963	XXII	2	M. J. Butler
Winter 1963	XXII	3	F. Whale
Summer 1964	XXII	4	F. Whale
Winter 1964	XXIII	1	F. Whale
Summer 1965	XXIII	2	D. Stanley
Winter 1965	XXIII	3	D. Stanley
Summer 1966	XXIII	4	D. Stanley
Winter 1966	XXIII	5	C. Acton
Summer 1967	XXIV	1	C. Acton
Winter 1967	XXIV	2	C. R. Strange
Summer 1968	XXIV	3	C. R. Strange
Winter 1968	XXIV	4	T. Cooper
Summer 1969	XXV	1	T. Cooper
Spring 1970	XXV	2	Not listed
1971	XXV	3	P. Carroll
1972	XXV	4	Not listed
1974	XXVI	1	K. Conry
1978	XXVI	2	Not listed
1979	XXVII	1	Not listed
1980	XXVII	2	Not listed
1981	XXVII	3	Not listed
1982	XXVII	4	M. Gilmore
1983	XXVIII	1	B. Smith
1984	XXVIII	2	N. Hudson
1985	XXVIII	3	R. Hay-Will
1986	XXVIII	4	P. Harvey
1987	XXIX	1	P. Newby
1988	XXIX	2	J. Manock

YEAR	VOLUME	NUMBER	EDITOR
1989	XXIX	3	T. Swinglehurst
1990	XXIX	4	M. Robertson
1991	XXX	1	M. Robertson
1992	XXX	2	P. Rowan
1993	XXX	3	P. Rowan
1994	XXX	4	J. Jordan
1995	XXX	5	J. Jordan
1996	XXXI	1	G. Knowles
1997	XXXI	2	A. Cole
1998	XXXI	3	A. Cole
1999	XXXI	4	A. Cole
2000	XXXII	1	A. Curren
2001	XXXII	2	N. Schofield
2002	XXXII	3	M. Holden
2002–2003	XXXII	4	M. Holden
2003–2004	XXXIII	1	P. Slezak
2004–2005	XXXIII	2	P. Slezak
2005–2006	XXXIII	3	P. Harris
2007	XXXIII	4	P. Harris
2008	XXXIV	1	J. McAuley
2009	XXXIV	2	J. McAuley
2010	XXXIV	3	A. J. MacDonald
2011	XXXIV	4	M. O’Gorman
2012	XXXV	1	M. O’Gorman
2013	XXXV	2	D. Howell
2014	XXXV	3	D. Howell
2015	XXXV	4	F. Murphy
2016	XXXVI	1	P. Taylor
2017	XXXVI	2	A. Balzanella
2018	XXXVI	3	A. Coy
2019	XXXVI	4	A. Lawes
2020	XXXVII	1	J. Teigen
2021	XXXVII	2	J. O’Brien
2022	XXXVII	3	W. Meehan

Thank you to the past editors of *The Venerable Magazine* without whom the production of this publication would not have been possible.

# Thank You to the Volunteers

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WILLIAM MEEHAN





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View over Lake Albano from Palazzola

# THE VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE



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