

Fr Hoyal Writes

At Dedication-Tide this time last year, we were preparing for our great September festival in celebration of the 140th anniversary of All Saints.

“**Then – Now – Next**” was our festival theme, and in our Festival Prayer we prayed:

Teach us gratitude for all we have inherited; make us joyful in love and service to-day; and keep us receptive as we embrace your purposes for the future.

To my mind, these aspirations remain perennially pertinent. An important part of being a Christian is bringing the saving events of the past into the present for the sake of the future. This is a key feature, for example, with the Holy Eucharist, as it is with Biblical preaching.

In the Mass, what Christ has done once for all becomes real for us as we celebrate and proclaim his sacrifice to-day. It makes them present and effective for us now.

But the Mass is also transformative and forward-directed. It bids us look ahead. It dares us to be different. It urges us to claim God’s future, to live and work for the coming of his kingdom. It entices us with a vision of our heavenly inheritance.

One bit of looking back (for the sake of going forward) that I need to do is take a closer look at the lives of those Anglo-Catholic worthies I see every day around me as I spend time in our St Richard Chapel – all distinguished Victorian churchmen who preached at All Saints.

Some I knew about before I came here:

- The saintly Edward King, the Cuddesdon College principal who became Bishop of Lincoln;

- Henry Parry Liddon, another Oxford notable, who became a canon of St Paul's;
- Fr Richard Meux Benson, the founder of the Society of St John the Evangelist, the first post-Reformation Anglican religious order for men (1865);
- and Edward Benson, first Bishop of Truro and later Archbishop of Canterbury.

Two were just names to me: George Body, Canon Missioner of Durham and a lecturer at King's College, London; and Thomas Thellusson Carter, founder of the House of Mercy at Clewer (1849) and an early Anglican sisterhood, the Community of St John the Baptist (1852). Of two others - William Newbolt, another canon of St Paul's, and Montagu Villiers, vicar of St Paul's, Knightsbridge – I regret to say I knew, and know, nothing at all.

Yet I often wonder why it is these eight, of all the famous preachers Richard Randall invited to All Saints, who are commemorated in the fine stained glass of the narthex, now our St Richard Chapel, built in memory of our first vicar.

For example, why not the great Charles Gore (founder of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield), Fr V S Stukeley Coles (Daily, daily, sing to Mary), Fr A H Mackonchie (first Vicar of St Alban's, Holborn) or Fr Robert Dolling, the great Anglo-Catholic missioner and "slum priest" in Portsmouth and Poplar? They all came to All Saints.

But most of all I wonder why perhaps the greatest pioneering anglo-catholic priest, Fr Arthur Stanton, curate at St Alban's, Holborn from 1862 to his death in 1913, seems never to have preached at All Saints, let alone be commemorated here in stained glass.

Because of his advanced "ritualism" he was never preferred. Yet he converted thousands through his personal holiness, and his

uncommon effectiveness with working people as a pastor and a preacher.

I have recently come across an extract from an All Saints Day sermon of his, a fragment from our Anglican past that to my mind deserves bringing into the present for the sake of the future. It hit me right between the eyes, and may do as much for you:

The Blood of Christ : a Personal Saviour.

Then, there are two things I want to say this morning on this Feast of All Saints.

1. Never you be ashamed of the Blood of Christ. I know it is not the popular religion of the day. They will call it mediaevalism, but you know as well as possible that the whole Bible from cover to cover is incriminated, reddened, with the Blood of Christ.

Never you be ashamed of the Blood of Christ. You are Blood-bought Christians. It is the song of the redeemed, of the saints, and of all Christians on earth—redeemed by his Blood. *You* never be ashamed of it. The uniform we Christians wear is scarlet. If you are ashamed of your uniform, for goodness' sake, man, leave the service. Oh! never be ashamed of Christ! That is the song of the redeemed: 'To Him be glory and praise for ever and ever, Amen.'

2. And the second thing is this: Let us all remember that our religion is the religion of a personal Saviour. It is not a system of ethics, it is not a scheme of philosophy, it is not a conclusion of science, but it is personal love to a personal living Saviour—that is our religion! Why, you can hear the voice of Christ off the altar to-day at Mass, 'Do this in

remembrance of Me.’ ‘*You*’ and ‘Me.’ He ‘Christ—“me”—remembrance’— ‘Don’t you forget Me here at the Altar’ our Lord says to you—‘I will never forget you—don’t you ever forget me.’ ‘Do this in remembrance of Me.’ It is a personal religion, by which we can say, ‘He loved me, and gave Himself for me’—‘The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.’ And then, in all your experiences, however deep they may be, when you enter the shadow of death, and go through the agony of the dissolution of your body—you can say: ‘He loved me, and gave Himself for me.’ He loved me and washed me from by sins in His Blood, to Him be glory and dominion and praise henceforth and for ever, Amen.’

Stanton may never have come here, but I hope his message did. It is our past, and it is our future – so long as we rededicate ourselves and truly make it our present.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Richard Hoyle".

IN THIS MONTH ... JULY 1982

A Christian Probationary Officer? by Carol Sapsed

I would like to start this short article by posing a question which I struggle with. Do our jobs in the world impose restrictions on ourselves as Christians? We are exhorted to go into the world and spread the gospel. I wonder how easy – or difficult – that is, and whether we do not hide our lights under

bushels in the hope that sufficient glimmers shine through to show the world where we stand.

I work as a probation officer, and I find that my job does highlight for me a number of difficulties and conflicts. The Probation Service has deep roots in the Christian faith. Its ancestors were the Police Missionary Society, who sought to redeem offenders by befriending them. The popular view for the reason for breaking the law was that people who did so were inherently weak-natured and could be saved by support and forgiveness. This view ousted the earlier one that man was inherently evil and needed to be severely punished for his transgressions.

Society today is still struggling with these conflicting views. Do people break the law with deliberate malice, or because they do not comprehend what they are doing? Whichever answer you favour will have a great effect on whether they are punished or helped. The role of the probation officer highlights this conflict of views; on the one hand I am required to offer help and support to men released from prison, whilst on the other hand if a person breaks the law I may feel impelled to recommend he is shut up – knowing this means 24 hours a day with three other men in a very small room. The range of duties given to a probation officer is wide and multifarious, and in many of them I have to make decisions which can be in direct conflict with my values as a Christian.

One of the attitudes I find most seductive is the cynical one; it is very easy to say “No” at the end of a long day, easier than to say “Tell me and I’ll listen.” Dealing day by day with people

who are muddled, lonely, broke or irritating can blunt my sympathies to a degree that on retrospection frightens me.

So if my job is about managing people who have broken the law and myself as a Christian, how do I solve this dichotomy? I do not think there is one answer; I find I make choices in a number of ways, influenced by a number of factors. Sometimes my decisions are made easily, some swiftly and many with hindsight ill-advisedly. The balance between a controlling agent and a caring one is not easily resolved, and I feel that if the conflict was to diminish or appear solvable then I should be drifting on a dangerously seductive stream.

So do I spread the Word in my work? The straight answer is no – I am paid to act as a professional person and using my experience could handicap or deter another given the inherent authority of my job. Am I better – whatever that is – as a probation officer than my non-Christian colleagues? The answer, I know, is “no” again. Does my job help me as a Christian? Hopefully “yes”, I think that the conflicting views I have written about serve to sharpen up my own values as a Christian. And when I stop doing that I shall be in dangerous waters again.

BARTON CAMP, THE SOMERSET GULAG

‘Anne’s horse has done a poo!’ came from behind me. I couldn’t turn round, as I was fully focused on controlling the dining table upon which I was mounted, so I could not identify the camper. The shriek went on ‘And my horse is walking in it!’ to be countered by the scientific ‘Why is horse poo green?’

‘Because they eat grass’ replied the nice gentleman charged with leading our younger riders.

First of all, Barton Camp is in the middle of nowhere, and whatever you do, avoid Googling for directions. I later discovered that it’s better to go down the A38 and turn right and THEN get lost in the lanes, rather than swanning down the M5, turning left and then vanishing to the right into a network of narrow, dusty cart tracks, before getting lost in the lanes. You’ll get there eventually, the miracle is built in.

Secondly, it is so quiet. I sat in the sun, with a book and a cup of tea (take large mug next time), and dozed. However, at six o’clock three cars roared up the drive, six children vanished into the undergrowth, several adults asked where the corkscrew was and that was it, the start of two days of endless activity and exertion.

We walked up Crook’s Peak. There are easier ways, but when the nice man told me about the short cut through the grounds I omitted to register the difference between climbing a stile and climbing a five barred gate. Had we done the former, it would have been a steep climb up a clearly defined path followed by a long but level walk. As it was, we took the gate (always climb near the hinges to avoid stressing them) and followed a near vertical but zig zag route along a set of paths which kept appearing and disappearing and at times we could only make progress by hauling on nettles and brambles. See list of useful equipment, first aid kit. But I remembered dock leaves and that helped.

We swam. A lovely warm pool, suitable for splashing. They splashed. I was too big for the slide. However, later on the adults could enjoy the swings.

We iced cakes, we painted, we made leaf rubbings and tree bark rubbings. We swam, frequently. We had a teddy bears' tea party and welcomed visitors.

We rode. One of us fell off, one or two of us got trotted with, one of us fell in a pond. Some of us had more style when trotting than others. My horse did a poo. We swam. It was HOT.

We cooked: we had pasta bake, pizza, baked potatoes and casseroles. All delicious and all produced on time. Well done the catering corps.

On Saturday evening we joined Fr Andre and Westbury on Trym for worship, preparing for Pentecost, and Fr Andre said Mass for us all on Sunday. This shared worship (shared both with each other and with another parish) made the weekend very special.

Some comments from our debriefing notes may give you the flavour: 'We need to identify more helpers, both people to stay and people to come specifically to run an activity. This would reduce the workload and stress levels for the camp leaders.'

Don't worry about volunteering – we already have our eye on you – but it might look better if you came forward willingly and of your own accord.

‘In future we should sort ingredients for each meal into separate containers to prevent theft of tomato tins and celery sticks for other meals.’

‘Useful equipment to take:

Corkscrew (we had two, however many do we need!?)

Handwash stuff; Green scourers; Proper first aid kit

A container for kitchen stuff that we personally bring so that it doesn’t get lost like Martin’s corkscrew did

Large mugs for tea and coffee; Large glasses; Coffee percolator or equivalent

Oven gloves x 2 (AB to arrange); Scissors; Garlic press; Lemon squeezer

Marigolds; 4 tea towels per meal; Cling film; Foil; Pepper & salt; Ketchup

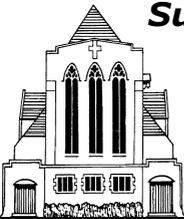
Ice; Paper napkins; Whistle;

And for the effete: a second pillow and a lounge.’

‘Our own clergy’.

Anne

June 2009

	<p><i>Sunday 19 July 7.30 pm</i></p> <p><i>ALL HALLOWS CHURCH</i> <i>All Hallows Road, Easton BS5 0HH</i></p> <p>CONCERT FOR A</p>
---	---

SUMMER'S EVENING

Spandau String Orchestra

Spandauer Stadtstreicher - accomplished German ensemble making a popular return to Bristol

Handel **Concert Grosso IX Op.6 no.9**
Puccini **Crisantemi String Quartet**
Elgar **Serenade for Strings in E minor Op.20**
Mozart **Exsultate, jubilate K 165**
 (soprano Rebecca Koch)

In Aid of All Hallows Restoration Appeal

*Tickets £5 (£4 concessions) from Richard Hoyal
0117 9706776 Refreshments*

JULY MUSIC AT ALL SAINTS

CELEBRITY ORGAN RECITAL

7.30 pm Wednesday 15 July

From USA: *International Organist Colin Andrews*
Tickets £5 from Andrew Morgan

CONCERT MATINEE

4-5 pm Saturday 25 July

Maita Robinson *soprano* & Anna Sibley *piano*
Spirituals, Wagner etc
Free Admission – Retiring Collection - Teas!

WALSINGHAM 2009

Our parish pilgrimage this year to this lovely Shrine village is from Monday 5 to Friday 9 October, and we are again sharing a coach with St Gregory's Horfield.

The beauty and holiness of Walsingham, and the wonderful spiritual fellowship one always meets there, make the pilgrimage a very special experience. Do ask Garfield Griffiths or Fr Hoyal if you would like to know more.

It is already time to book – please contact Garfield, either at church or at 0117 9441035 or Garfield.Griffiths@uwe.ac.uk

CORPUS CHRISTI 2009

Sermon preached at All Saints on 11 June by Fr Timothy Bugby SSC

“Sir,” they said, “give us that bread always.” St John 6.34

This request comes after a rather contrived conversation. Jesus has that knack of leading things the way He wants them to go. He had some teaching to direct towards them: so He worked it into the conversation – a good political ploy! Listen to politicians in the media and they never answer the question posed, but have their own agenda...of knocking the opposition, usually!

“The people” (*who* we not told): an editorial ploy of the Gospel writer to introduce the next section – the people couldn't find Jesus, so got into their boats in search of Him: which took them to Capernaum – or as it goes on to say “the other side”. Jesus is so often on “the other side” – either far removed from where we are and we feel there is a great gulf fixed between us or He is bringing something from far away that is fresh, new and different into our lives. He adds a new dimension as to

how we view our lives. Or He certainly should do! He is coming from “somewhere else” we might say.

They ask: “when did you come here?” He replies not with an answer, but with a challenge. “You are not looking for me because you have seen the signs, but because you had all the bread you wanted to eat.”

By now you will have worked out that this teaching session results from the “demonstration” of the feeding of a large number of people – the well-known feeding of the 5,000 (which precedes the teaching narrative that we heard in the Gospel for this great Feast day of Corpus Christi). Jesus *showed* the people His powers, but he didn’t leave it there. He provided teaching as well in order to give people more substantial nourishment. Look again at the whole structure of Chapter 6 of S. John’s Gospel. Yes, the familiar feeding story: yes, the teaching to back it up: but tucked away in between – a withdrawal to pray, a storm, a night passing, and a miraculous re-appearance – all within the space of just a few verses. Jesus cannot be accused of being idle and the gospel writers are succinct in packing in the details!

The teaching provided here stresses the need to search for the true nourishment that only God can supply – not the transient dainties or delights of this passing world. He works all this round the theme of being fed with bread from Heaven, bread which provides true life, eternal life. A crescendo is being built up to here and the words are so familiar to us. Like all good public speakers, He captures their attention and then gets *them* to ask the question that He really wants to answer. Sir, they said, you’ve told us so much about it, you’ve whetted our appetites, don’t keep us in suspense any longer – what *is* that bread? And: give it to us always. Bang – He has got them there at last! “**I am** the bread of Life,” He replies.

It is perhaps one of the most loaded phrases of the whole New Testament. I am the bread of Life. Then He goes on to say, “He who comes to me will never be hungry. He who believes in me will never thirst.” I was warned many years ago by a faithful priest never to use the

word “never”. It’s a tall order to stand by: e.g. to never tell a lie: the making of such big promises that we just *know* we shall not keep!

I don’t intend to give you a biblical scholarship lesson on the whole of St John’s Gospel, but I am sure that you will be aware that St John wrote this document as a sort of meditation on the life of Jesus when he, John, was an old man. It is a reflection, almost a prayer or prose poem rather than an historical record of events. He was writing from the heart, seeking to bring out the significance of who Jesus was. He spoke of the specific miracles recorded as “signs” – pointers, telling us something about the nature of the person performing the miracle. And his Gospel is littered with the “I am” phrases: of Jesus making claims – I am the vine, I am the Way, I am the door, I am the good shepherd etc. These would have been like clashing cymbals to His Jewish hearers and here in this phrase we have the very crux of the issue.

In this dissertation, Jesus mentions that Moses only gave them manna in the desert: only God (working, it would appear through Jesus – this is the claim He is making) can provide the true bread – for “the true bread is that which comes down from Heaven.”

Recall Moses from a different story – when he was confronted by a burning bush. There Moses heard the voice. “Who shall I say sent me” Moses asks, “because they won’t listen to me?” And for a good Jew, of course, mentioning the name of Yahweh was too holy. So the voice from within the bush told him to say that “I am” sent you, then they will listen. So in their history, the name “I am” came to stand for another way, for the Jews, of mentioning God’s holy and sacred Name. And here we have a man claiming, repeatedly: I am the bread, I am the vine, I am the door, I am the Life. It was a secret language – verging on blasphemy – to be claiming a unique relationship with God. To us, who believe, that is both unshocking and understandable – we have the hindsight of 2,000 years of Christian Faith to explain it to us. The disciples were living it for real and St John was recalling it at the end of a long and devout life spent close to Our Lord, whom he firmly believed to be not only sent by God, but to be co-equal with Him.

So you can easily see that St John was using particular words and putting them in the mouth of Jesus on purpose for Him to be saying something very specific about Himself – the nature of who He was and what he was here to do. I am from God and I come here to give you very special knowledge of God and to provide *you* with the opportunity to have an intimate and lasting relationship with this God who I know in a unique way.

This is how God deals with His faithful people: always did and always will. Our own day is no different. So to us who are faithful to His word, He makes that same promise too!

“Sir,” they said, “give us that bread always.” Is that what *we* are asking for? Genuinely? You wouldn’t think so in relation to how some people approach the Eucharist, their frequency of attendance at the Mass and their devotion before the Blessed Sacrament. But I know that not to be true of the good people of Clifton, I feel sure?!

Just look at that phrase and make it a prayer. “Sir” – we come to one in authority. We show Him the respect that is His due. It could have been one of a number of reverential titles: Lord, Master, Saviour. “Sir” will do here. We acknowledge the place that this special person has in our lives.

“Give us...” – echoing perhaps for us the phrase of the Lord’s Prayer that we say so frequently (and often without thinking): a straightforward request to provide for our daily need. Not too much, not too little: but sufficient for the day. The point I make is that we act, directly, in the knowledge that we have come to the right person – we come to the One we just know will be able to supply us with what we need.

“Bread”. Perhaps I speak against myself if we look to this as being too literal. Bread – yes – it was there on the table at the last supper: that is what He used and He referred to is as His Body. It was present at the miracle and it was sufficient to feed 5,000. By bread we are talking symbolically: the food He supplies is His own Body – “*I am that very Bread*” – in my person, in who I am. As with much Christian teaching,

we can look at the text on several levels and it almost becomes a shorthand for talking theologically – in its proper sense – we are talking here about the things of God – *theos*. God – who makes Himself available through the things of His creation. “O bread of Heaven on Thee we feed” says the well known hymn.

And milking the phrase for all that it is worth: don’t just give me a supply of that bread to sustain me now: but for “always”. Perhaps that is the most telling word of the whole phrase. Would that our people lusted after (or longed for) the Eucharist! A constant desire to be nourished and sustained by God.

I don’t wish to sound fanatical, neither do I want to treat the Mass as if it were an addictive drug that we get hooked on and couldn’t live without. But I am imagining Mrs Doyle, the trusty housekeeper from the “Father Ted” television series. She constantly brings in the tea and sandwiches...”Go on Father...have another: go *on*, go *on*, go *on*.....!!” I hope you can see my point. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is genuinely something that draws us back time and time again. We shouldn’t want to be without it, ever. The great mystery that is contained within that circle of bread is that it is ALL I need to sustain my life as a Christian. It brings me in communion with the whole Church. To believe that raised up for adoration in the monstrance is the *same* Body, the *same* Presence that has sustained Christians through the countless events of history – “from crowning of kings, to winning battles, saving nations and sending the dying on their last journey home to God” as Dom Gregory Dix famously writes in his tome “The Shape of the Liturgy”. Truly, for the Christian, to want that bread and to want it *always* is all that we could *ever* desire, when the request comes from the heart.

Would it not be blasphemous to say – I have had enough Holy Communion now thank you? I’ve been to enough Masses for my lifetime? I know that it sometimes feels like that when the Vicar starts making his demands upon us to be in church yet again. But you see the point I am making. To come frequently to the Blessed Sacrament is to know your need for God: not to admit that you are a failure or not a very

good Christian. The joy of the sacrament is that we can come time and time again and we find God waiting for us, waiting on us.

“Sir,” they said, “give us that bread always” until the time comes when sacraments indeed shall cease (as the hymn says) – for then we shall know God in His greater Presence which is all we shall then need to sustain our lives in the Kingdom. Until then: we go on asking, go on coming to Him for food, for nourishment, for forgiveness, for love. “Ask and ye shall receive. Knock and the door will be opened.” He invites us to share His banquet. We find Him ready to serve us when we accept that invitation. Amen.

SS PETER & PAUL

***Sermon preached by Fr Paul Spilsbury at Solemn Mass
Sunday 28 June 2009***

When Fr Richard asked me to preach this morning, he said, “You will remember that it is Ordination-tide, and say something about the priesthood, won’t you?” Obliging and obedient as I am, I shall say something about the Holy Apostles, and something about the priesthood, as I see it. In fact, the one topic leads easily into the other.

Peter and Paul- liturgically joined together, yet historically, on the surface, rather oddly matched. As far as we can tell from the New Testament, they met only three times. Three years after his conversion, Paul went up to Jerusalem for a fortnight to consult Peter, probably to learn more about our Lord’s earthly ministry. Fourteen years later, in the face of controversy about his policy towards Gentile converts, Paul visited Jerusalem again, and Peter supported what he was doing. A little later, they met again at Antioch and had a row, because Paul thought Peter was back-tracking on his support. Tradition says that they both ended up in Rome, where they both perished in the aftermath of the fire of Rome, and Nero’s diversion of the blame from himself onto the Christian community. Above the cemetery on the Vatican Hill where Peter was buried now

stands the great Basilica named after him, while Paul's remains lie beneath his own Basilica on the Appian Way, just outside the walls of the old city.

Two very different men- one a Galilean fisherman whose principal education was a three-year discipleship under the personal tutorship of the Messiah; the other an intellectual Diaspora Jew, educated in the school of the Pharisees under the famous Rabbi Gamaliel. One personally chosen by the Messiah to lead his flock after his Ascension; the other a late-comer, initially an opponent of the Church, then a somewhat maverick Apostle to the non-Jewish world, yet equally loyal to Jesus Christ.

What they had in common was that they were each "a man with a mission". Think about that phrase. Each had a mission, each had a COM-mission. Each of them saw himself as entrusted with a work by and for Jesus, the Lord. The word Apostle (*apostolos*) means someone who is sent. The Latin equivalent would be *missionarius*, someone who has received a mission. We could translate it as "Emissary", or even "Ambassador" (although I'm told that comes from a different root). Writing to the Corinthians, Paul actually says, "We are ambassadors for Christ;" and writing from prison to the Ephesians, he calls himself "an ambassador in chains".

And this is where it gets interesting, because in each case the Greek word Paul uses for "being an ambassador" is *presbeuo*, from *presbys*, literally an old man, but regularly used in Greek society for an "elder", especially an ambassador representing the city in negotiations. *Presbyter* is closely related, and of course from *presbyter* we get our word *priest*.

According to Mark's Gospel, Jesus selected twelve from a larger number of followers, "to be with him and to be sent out". The two ideas are connected. In order to be sent out as his representatives, they had first to be with him, to spend time in his company. The other day I was at Trinity College, for the end-of-year festival. Archbishop George Carey was the principal guest speaker, but before him we had a short bible study from Professor John Nolland. He made the most interesting point, that, during his earthly ministry, Jesus was the

leader in evangelising, and the Twelve were simply his companions; but at the close of Matthew's Gospel the position is reversed: those who have been disciples are now told to go out and *make* disciples; and Jesus will be *their* companion: "I am with you always."

Peter was first a fisherman, then made shepherd of the Lord's flock. First, he and his companions are told by Jesus, "I will make you fishers of men." At the end, he is told "Feed my sheep, watch over my lambs." Paul went out to make disciples, to create communities: but having done so, he felt a continuing obligation to watch over them, to guide them by letters even when he was not present in person. And before moving on from the churches he founded, he would commission "elders" to exercise day-to-day leadership of the community, to keep it united in itself, and united with the wider Church. At the very beginning, when communities were small, a handful of elders could lead by consensus; as communities increased in size, the leading presbyter was recognised as having "oversight" or *episcopate*. In a very special way he became the focus and instrument of unity, and the principal "ambassador" of the local church to the wider Christian world. Before the end of the first century, only a generation after the deaths of Peter and Paul, this was becoming the usual pattern.

So how should bishops and priests today see themselves? Clearly, we should still see ourselves first and foremost as "ambassadors of Christ". Only if we remain close to Jesus in our personal lives will we have any right to represent him to others. But we have been given a mission: to make disciples and to feed the flock. We are still both fishermen and shepherds in principle- even if we give more emphasis to one or other of these functions in practice. And we do this, not just because we like doing it, or have chosen it as a career. I recall Father Ted Crilly, of Craggy Island, being asked the difference between a priest and a Fascist. "There's no resemblance at all," he said. "A Fascist dresses in black and likes telling other people what to do, whereas a priest... ah."

A priest is only a representative. He must remember whose ambassador he is, and what example his Master gave in his own life. To proclaim Christ, the Word of God, he must be familiar with the

written Word of God- especially the Gospels. And above all, the priest is the man of the Eucharist. Again the other day, at Trinity College, I was reminded of the considerable gulf in understanding between Catholics and Evangelicals. Another notable theologian- a former lecturer at Trinity- asked George Carey if he thought there was any good reason why churchwardens should not be licensed by the Bishop to “take the communion service”, so that the clergy could be freed up for their proper job of leadership. (Archbishop George fielded this very skilfully.) But it is only in the Eucharist that the priest properly fulfils his function, because it is only in the Eucharist that the Church- local and universal- is created and recreated continually. The Church is the Body of Christ, his presence in the world. The Eucharist is the Body and Blood of Christ, present in the form of bodily food and drink. Christ is present in the Word of Scripture- and Christ is present in the Words that set apart ordinary food and drink to be our spiritual nourishment. It is fundamental to Catholic theology of the Sacraments that it is Christ himself who is the minister. Christ baptises, Christ forgives, Christ consecrates.

A Christian priest is only a priest insofar as Jesus Christ himself has ordained him, using the ministry of a bishop who has himself been given authority by Christ. The Apostolic Ministry is not a lengthening chain reaching back to a remote and uncertain past. Our vocation is not an interior feeling or belief; it only becomes certain when the Church ratifies it in the name of Christ. At every priestly ordination, Jesus himself chooses from among the wider body of his followers, those who will be with him and will be his ambassadors. At every Eucharist, it is the presence of Christ’s authorised ambassador that guarantees that what we do is in fact the Sacrifice of Christ. It is true, of course, that in a certain sense we are all ambassadors of Christ, through our baptism; but in the way that, as citizens of this country, we are all, when we travel abroad, “ambassadors for Britain”. We do represent our country. But we are not “the British Ambassador”, with authority to act officially in the name of Britain. A Bishop or a priest is an ambassador of Christ in this sense, that- within the limits granted to us (and that is a very important limit)- we do act officially in the name of Christ.

Peter the Key-bearer, principal Shepherd of Christ's flock; and Paul the great Teacher of the Gentiles, widening the boundaries of salvation beyond the historic Israel to the whole world. They stand together, "Alike triumphant... in life's high Senate (they) stand with victor's laurel crowned." Let us ask their continuing prayers and patronage. Let us pray, too, for Bishop Andrew, celebrating this week the Silver Jubilee of his own priestly ordination; and for all those receiving at this time their own commission to be ambassadors of Christ.

ROMA 2009

I do enjoy Rome, though I am always grateful to get home alive. It's a lot friendlier and very much safer for tourists than 30 + years ago, but it has its moments and it's certainly quirky.

Vatican Radio has its HQ just by the bus stop we used (No 40, Stazione Termini – Piazza Pia). The building is clearly labelled Zona Extra Terrestriale; ET meets Vatican 2, great stuff.

Crossing the roads at traffic lights. Little green man (no, not ET, but the sign which in this country means safe to cross) means 'Cross at your own risk' as traffic can still enter the road at racing speeds. Little orange man means 'Cross in acute peril'. Little red man means 'For Heaven's sake, cross anyway, it can't get any worse'.

No Festival Mass for Corpus Christi, owing to altered papist liturgical practices, but Il Papa is in procession from S Giovanni in Laterano to S Maria Maggiore, so churches are closed and roads fenced off. When is a Festival not a Festival?

The guide book said S Maria in Ara Coeli (3* recommended) was open all day every day, so I flogged up the umpteenth steps (no mention of an indulgence but surely, surely ...) to see the notice 'closed 12 30 – 15 00'. Mercifully it rained, and I cooled down. Bird's eye view of fora (this is correct, see me if you wish to argue), from Victor Emmanuel wedding cake, was some compensation. Set off back down the hill, past the Roman Insula which is the ancient Roman equivalent of Cabot Circus, and down to the Theatro Marcelli. This is clearly an archaeological site, and one which can be approached without paying. I looked at it in a desultory sort of way, and thought of Edward Fitzgerald, 'The lion and the lizard keep the courts where Jamsyd gloried and drank deep'. Recalling my view of the fora, two things struck me on this now dry, hot June day. Lions: not one cat was to be seen in the ruins, except on picture postcards. Lizards: when I first visited Rome, they were everywhere; now, not one. Pied wagtail and small whites are not the same.

Next to the Theatro was a Church which attracted me, a basilica built next to the excavations and breaking every H & S rule. San Nicola in Carcere. Its pediment made the sort of offer one cannot refuse, especially after the Ara Coeli steps: INDULGENTIA PLENARIA QUOTIDIANA PERPETUA PRO VIVIS ET DEFUNCTIS. Very nice inside, and real candles, not electric with buttons. It was only two days to the feast of S Anthony of Padua, so with Father Who Must Not Be Named in mind, when I saw the statue labelled 'Pane dei Poveri e Culto di S Antonio' I lit my candle and made my offering. Cult indeed.

We had tickets to an audience. He does do well. In that heat and for an hour and a half, bless him. He greeted five or six nationalities. German parishes sang to him, and played the Ode to Joy. Polish parishes waved flags and yelled. The English clapped politely. Two nearby pilgrims captivated me. Knee length pleated albs; brown hooded scapulas belted with (a) leather and (b) a heavy duty chain. Huge rosaries hung thereon. Satin ribbons in white and yellow clasped by gold braid epaulettes on the left shoulder. Brown boots. The Da Vinci Code incarnate. And it was hot; I really enjoyed the street called 'Via degli ombrelli' spotted on the way home, reminding us the umbrellas were designed to provide shade, not waterproofing, but even more I enjoyed the papal water fountain and the one nearer home called Aqua Angelica – clean water on tap for the public from the SPQR.

I had been set a task, namely to seek out Vatican oven gloves. I failed. I trawled the Vatican Museums, and I found marble busts, miraculous medals, papal postcards, rose petal rosaries (?), but not oven gloves. Sorry. I recommend the trompe l'oeil of Constantine embracing Christianity (not for sale, I fear) and I enjoyed the tapestries of the life of OLJC. Overheard, 'Massacre of the innocents – that sounds horrible'. Well, yes. I also found three Dali works I had never seen. Overheard, 'Dali is So Dark. He's so dark.' Not the angels one, sunshine; that's certainly not at all dark, though terrible in a Miltonian sort of way. Solid gold chalices put ours to shame, but I suspect the pretty much solid gold chasubles would finish our clergy off even in our cooler climate. Our sacristan would have had something to say about the state of the medieval altar linen. I personally liked the machine for flattening lead balls, ouch, aka bulla aka papal Bulls. English is such a deceptive language to

translate into. The Sistine Chapel is still there, and I sat and looked at it. Just like I sat and looked at the Pope and listened to him rabbiting on to all those happy, patient people in all that heat and thanked God.

AB a d XVIII Kal Jul

PS Painted Lady also attended audience. I cannot identify the hairstreak I noted on our terrace.

ALAN RUNDLE

Tribute given by Alan's funeral 26 June 2009 by family friend Hadley Cooper

I am very honoured to have been asked to say a few words about Alan on behalf of his daughters Stephanie, Alison and Luisa, and their families, Chris, Stuart, Jay and of course his adored grandchildren Harry, Hettie and Oscar.

Our families have known each other for more than 30 years, and although he and his family moved to Bristol 13 years ago, he was never more than a phone call away or an e-mail more like – he was the original silver surfer. He met up with an old school friend recently, and they picked up where they had left off nearly 40 years ago. A sure sign of lasting friendship.

Whilst I was making notes in preparation for today I received an e-mail from Alison with an attachment of 35 tips Alan had compiled for his Children and Grandchildren about things he had learned. Time does not permit me to go through them all. Suffice to say they gave me an insight into Alan's professional world that I had not had the privilege to encounter previously, but I realize now how fortunate the candidates he put forward for jobs in some of Britain's most prestigious companies were to have a man of his caliber advising them.

Alan was born on 5th Nov 1944, in Lanreath and brought up in the village of Menheniot in his beloved county of Cornwall; he attended Liskeard Grammar School where he became a popular and sociable head boy, a portent of things to come. The school motto by the way was “more men fail through lack of perseverance than through lack of ability”. Alan had both perseverance and ability in spades.

At an early age Alan became a devotee of Plymouth Argyll Football Club and regularly attended matches. Those were the days when footballers had dubbin on their boots and spectators drank Bovril at half time. This highlights one of his tips “be enthusiastic about something –anything will do”.

After his schooling, Alan pursued a commercial career with Cadburys, Proctor and Gamble, Estee Lauder, and Levi Strauss, before starting up his own company Rundle-Brownswood. Alan’s academic career was to continue later in Bristol.

Whilst with Proctor and Gamble he had assignments all over the country including Torquay, where he met Christine who was to become his wife. Sadly Christine passed away 16 years ago leaving Alan to bring up their daughters. He did a pretty good job, and I am sure you will all agree they are a great credit to him.

Alan introduced me to the agonies of long distance running, but left me far behind. He ran marathons all over the world including most recently the London which he completed in 5hrs and 25seconds, not bad for a man who had a quadruple bypass just 2 years ago. He didn’t just run for fun he raised funds for various charities including the British Heart Foundation, and I am sure there are quite a few here who gladly sponsored him. He was also a member of The Bramblers and he and Ruth had been preparing to walk “The Coast to Coast path.”

The bypass, naturally, was just another opportunity for him, and he embraced the 5 fruit and veg. a day diet with customary zeal, to the point where he became in his own words an evangelist to the cause, and he was about to publish a book entitled "Not bad for a heart case - head case more like." I am sure it will make compulsive reading. Life didn't hold problems for him just opportunities.

As most of you know, Alan was passionate about most things in his life, and as many who have visited his home can vouch, he was an avid collector of almost everything. From milk bottles to leather suitcases, from stamps to 50's memorabilia, in fact Alan was one of the first at car boot sales picking up many a bargain. He had such a prodigious collection of books that he had plans to open a book shop, when he retired. He never threw anything away.

Photography was another of his many talents, and "enjoy your camera - see the beautiful world through the lens." is another piece of advice. We have many photographs in our home taken by Alan that bring back memories of times enjoyed in his company. As the sign says "Take only photographs leave only footprints." Alan has left an indelible footprint on all our lives

He was a very talented musician, and was a dab hand on the piano as well as the organ, and whilst traveling round the country he talked many a church organist into letting him play, and some of us were lucky enough to be in the congregation.

As I mentioned earlier Alan's academic career took off again when he came to Bristol and in his late 50's he took a Masters degree in Management at the University of the West of England. He was justly proud of this achievement, and is quoted on the University Alumni website as "recommending it to anyone at any age. If they get half of what I did out of it, it will be worth every second"

In his early years, Menheniot village church played a very large part in his life. He became involved in all aspects of the church including the choir, bell ringing, the organ and serving. This provided the bedrock for his faith which he carried with him throughout his life. He was never happier than here in All Saints, whether attending a service, helping to raise funds, playing the organ (he was taking lessons) or having his 60th Birthday Party. His faith is an inspiration to us all.

The girls have been very grateful for the fantastic support all of Alan's friends have given not least in their letters of condolence. They give an insight into how much Alan was loved and how much he meant to us all. I am sure you won't mind if I include a few:

- So many happy memories we can truthfully say he was one of the nicest men we have ever known
- He always had a smile on his face and something pleasant to say
- You couldn't help but laugh with him
- A gentle and sensitive man
- He had time to listen and was very encouraging in whatever you were doing
- He always looked on the bright side
- His infectious laughter
- Boundless enthusiasm and enjoyment of life
- A special person held in our hearts forever

And finally a quote from Robert Louis Stevenson:

That man is a success, who has lived well and laughed often and loved much; who has left the world better than he found it, who also looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.

I have only scratched the surface of the man, who was Francis Alan Rundle, but I hope I have been able to convey to you what an amazing person he was and what a hard act he will be to follow.

BRISTOL CATHOLIC SOCIETIES ASSUMPTIONTIDE FESTIVAL Saturday 15 August 2009

In his valedictory letter to the parishes (see All Saints with Saint John Parish Magazine June 2009), the Dean of Bristol, under the title *Fling Wide the Doors!* wrote “.....we make the Cathedral...available for.....special services for organisations of all kinds.” It is through this enlightened policy, and through the far-sighted enthusiasm of Canon Clover in 2001, that the Bristol Catholic Societies are able to continue to hold their annual Assumptiontide Festival in the Cathedral Church of the diocese. Full details of this year’s Festival are elsewhere in this magazine.

In 2008, for the first time, we had a Roman Catholic preacher, the late Monsignor William Mitchell, and it is noteworthy that we have three “firsts” this year. The Festival is being celebrated on the actual feast day (15 August); we have a bishop - Bishop Edwin Barnes - to preside and preach; and we have a small chamber choir - Vox Humana - to lead our singing and to sing parts of Byrd’s Mass for Five Voices and suitable motets. The Cantor will be Canon Brendan Clover.

I am sure Father Tony Waker, who started the Assumptiontide Festival back in the last century, would approve.

The day is organised jointly by the Guild of Servants of the Sanctuary and the Church Union; on their behalf, I must express our thanks for the tremendous help and encouragement which we receive from the Vergers at the Cathedral and the

Lord Mayor's Chapel. Without this help, we would not get off the ground.

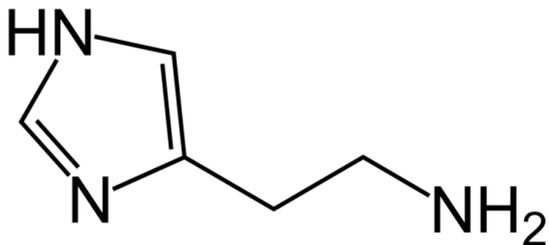
It remains only for me to urge those of you not on holiday in mid-August to support the Festival. Procession and Solemn Concelebrated Mass in the Cathedral at noon, picnic facilities in the Cathedral garden and on College Green, and Benediction in the Lord Mayor's Chapel at 3.30pm. I hope to see you there.

At All Saints, the feast will be celebrated on the following Sunday.

Chris Verity

Molecule of the month: Chlorophenamine

Chlorophenamine is one of the main chemicals used as an antihistamine. Antihistamines suppress the action of histamine. Histamine is a chemical released by 'mast cells', which are part of the immune system. It is released in response to allergy causing stimuli such as pollen. Histamine normally acts on localised tissues to bring about what one would recognise as an allergic reaction, causing symptoms such as tightening of the

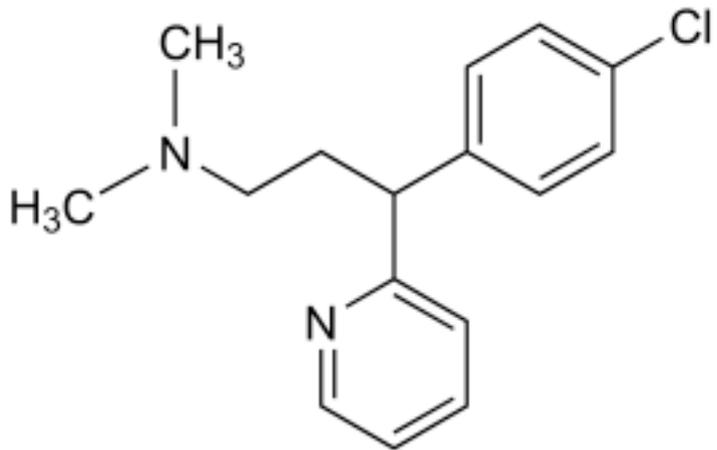


airways and rashes.

Structure of Histamine

Histamine is recognised by many different cells by receptors on the cellular surface. Most antihistamines work by blocking these receptors, preventing allergic reactions.

Chlorophenamine works as an 'H₁ antagonist' by binding irreversibly to a particular group of receptors, preventing the histamine from being recognised. Chlorophenamine interestingly also has the action of a 'serotonin-norepinephrine reuptake inhibitor', in other words it acts as an antidepressant, by preventing the reuptake of certain neurotransmitters within the brain, leading to a sense of euphoria.



Structure of chlorophenamine