

## **From the Wardens**

Dear Friends,

We are fortunate that the diocese has allowed All Saints Clifton to appoint, in Fr Charles Sutton, a full time stipendiary vicar. The two month break between the appointment and taking up the post enables him to return for his Induction and Collation on September 7<sup>th</sup> in this different role. All Saints will continue to ensure that the traditions and missionary values of our founders play their part in the work of the parish, deanery and diocese. We have a new opportunity to grow and develop as a community serving Christ and our neighbours. Fr Charles comes to us with the vision, drive and capability to steer our course. We look forward to welcoming and supporting him and his family as they join us in September.

Wendy Mortimer, in her role as parish administrator, has been working hard since April to increase the 'foot-fall' of lettings, and it is exciting to report that we shall play host to the 27<sup>th</sup> Bristol Brownies from September onwards (I wonder if anyone can recall when there was last such a link!).

Now that the organ has been rebuilt (to the especial joy of all who play and listen to it), other pressing needs of our fifty year-old building need to be considered. The recently formed Fabric Committee has recommended that the roofs, lighting and wiring should be the first priorities, whilst acknowledging that the heating and decoration also require attention. The Piper windows have been inspected by a renowned expert, and her report should arrive shortly. We can expect the 'future-proofing' of this much-loved feature of the building to require substantial investment.

Finally we would like to thank the Ministry team for so ably maintaining the weekly round of services over the summer.

With every good wish,

Martin and Andrew

**Sermon preached by The Venerable Christine Froude, All Saints Clifton 28 June 2015**

### **Archdeacon of Malmesbury and Acting Archdeacon of Bristol**

The festival of Saints Peter and Paul is a very good time to be thinking about the future of the church, for over the last 50 years, God has had a particularly rough time in Britain. In the secular uprising we have experienced, as Christians, we can feel undermined and ridiculed for our beliefs, both personally and in the media.

Yet these beliefs have been the cornerstone of Europe since the first century. Indeed it is hard to think of an aspect of our common life that has not been shaped and defined by our Christian heritage.

In the multi cultural, multi faith and multi political environment in which we live today, many have tried to relegate Christianity to the private sphere - just think about the prohibition on wearing a Christian cross in some workplaces, or the ban on offering to pray for a colleague in need.

And all this whilst other religions, beliefs, and un-beliefs are being given increasing prominence.

What then, as Christians, is our mission in a world of competing ideologies, of technological and scientific progress, and of global environmental crises.

As Christians, what can we say? And how best can we engage with the communities in which we live, work and worship?

A short while ago, the House of Bishops issued a pastoral letter which was an attempt to help church members, you and me, in the light of the general election, to engage with the political process and to seek to exercise our vote responsibly.

The letter made reference to the lack of a compelling vision for our society. It went on to ask "how can we build the kind of society which many people say they want, but which is not being expressed by the society in which we live?"

As Christians we have a compelling vision of the world as a different place, where peace and justice reigns, where creation is redeemed and restored, where God is sovereign and where interdependence is the mark of the community we seek to create and serve. The challenge for us as a church is how we deliver that vision?

We increasingly find ourselves unable to engage with the world in which we live, and have to pedal very hard just to stand still. Our Diocesan statistics over the past 10 years illustrate the challenge clearly.

Nationally, numbers attending church are going down and not up. There is a huge gap in our congregations of those between 10 and 40 years of age.

Whilst we have an Archbishop prepared to speak out against injustice in society, increasingly the local church is seen as a cosy club for those who like that sort of thing.

There is the old saying:

"Always do what you always did - always get what you always got."

We have to change, to do new things if we are not just to cling on to survival but to see our vision of the church becoming a reality.

The Diocesan Strategy for 2016-18 is something you will be hearing a lot about in the coming months.

It is an attempt to refocus our energy and our resources in a way that will enable the breath of God to breathe afresh into the life of the local church that we love so much and seek to serve.

Aspects of this strategy may make us feel uncomfortable: change - even change for the good, is never easy. But carrying on as we are is truthfully not an option.

If scripture teaches us anything, it is that true discipleship means that there are things we must be willing to leave behind us, both individually and as a church.

There is a cost to change. We are called to be willing to follow where God leads - abiding in him, as our gospel reading reminds us.

For to those whom we encounter - neighbours, colleagues, friends and family - we are the message.

Are we good news? I wonder. Do our lives speak of the grace and love of God? Do we model, as individuals and as a church, what it means to live a life of holiness, of trust in God, what it means to live a life of service that puts the needs of others first.

We must be true to the saying that the church is the only club that exists for those who are not members.

If the local church is truly to be the hope of the world, the answer lies within us.

It is for us to hold onto a big picture that seeks to see what's not happening today in and through our churches, and to work together to channel our resources in a more effective way which will lead us to be the kind of church that really is a signpost of the Kingdom of God.

Helen Keller once famously said "Alone we can do so little, together we can go do much." Our proposed strategy seeks to address the reality of the challenges we face and to help us as individuals, as churches and as a Diocese to overcome them. It will encourage us to seek ways in which we can work together with neighbouring parishes, pooling our resources and skills to more effectively reach our communities with the good news of Jesus Christ

I want to finish with some words Bishop Mike spoke at the last Diocesan Synod about the compelling vision we have as Christians. This is what he said:

*"My starting point is this. Christians have a big idea clothed in the language of the Kingdom of God. From this big idea, there flows a compelling vision of the world as a different place, a place where peace and justice will reign, where the Sovereign rule of God is manifest.*

*God forgive us when we take the wine of this Kingdom and turn it back into water."*

*Bishop Mike, Bristol Diocesan Synod, February 2015*

## **DOORS OPEN DAY – SATURDAY 12<sup>th</sup> SEPTEMBER 2015**

This year we are again taking part in the Bristol Doors Open Day. On this day, lots of buildings of interest throughout the city are open for visitors. We, of course, are open every day, but this is a particular opportunity to be part of an initiative that welcomes thousands of people to places they might otherwise not think of visiting.

We need lots of help on the day, in one-hour periods – people to provide and serve refreshments and people to act as stewards/welcomers.

This is always great fun for us as well as being a great privilege for us to welcome people to All Saints. If you can help for an hour (or even more) on the day or provide cakes, please sign the list in the porch.

*Janice Hopkins*

## **Charles Freer Andrews**

Those who have seen Richard Attenborough's film 'Ghandi' may remember it featured a clergyman, C.F. Andrews. Charlie Andrews is now almost forgotten but was surely one of the most interesting and inspiring Anglican priests of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, bringing together holiness of life with effective social action. His little book 'What I owe to Christ' is a neglected spiritual classic.

Charlie was Ghandi's closest soul-mate, a friendship rooted in their mutual appreciation of each other's faith, a shared passion for the poor, a determination to bring about Indian independence, and their openness and frankness with each other. It was said of Charlie that he was the only person able to criticise some of the Mahatma's ideas and actions on a regular basis and be consistently listened to by Ghandi. But Charlie's greatest achievement was being the prime mover in bringing about the abolition of indentured labour – slavery by another name – in the British Empire. One Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, himself a devout high Anglican, described Charlie as the most irritating man he had ever had to deal with, but also the most holy. Irwin wrote of Charlie, 'I always feel about him that however much I might have to put him in prison I should still respect his charac-

ter.' Through endless travel, including long spells on Pacific islands, the writing of countless reports and letters to the British authorities in India and Westminster, Charlie finally persuaded the British government to outlaw indentured labour in 1920.

'What I owe to Christ' was published in 1932, when Charlie had been based in India for almost thirty years, initially as a member of the Cambridge Mission in Delhi (now the Delhi Brotherhood) and on the staff at St Stephen's College, Delhi, having given up a Fellowship at Cambridge. It is a moving spiritual autobiography that proved immensely popular when it was first published, being re-printed four times in its first year, and still deserves to be read.

Charlie moved from the sectarian Irvingite faith of his father and grandfather, with its emphasis on living simply and sacrificially, through what he later regarded as a narrow Anglicanism to the 'universality of Christ.' For a period he renounced his Anglican Orders in protest at what he saw as the exclusivity of Christianity, especially in the context of India. This exclusivity he saw as both theological, but also as social: he had witnessed Ghandi being excluded from an Anglican Church in South Africa. But later in life he took up his Orders again and was happy to practice as an Anglican priest, but now feeling liberated to recognise the work and presence of Christ in peoples of other faiths, and also to sit light to ecclesiastical rules and regulations.

Charlie attempted a profound surrender of himself to Christ through a literal living of the demands of the Gospel. He was constantly giving away his clothes and money to the poor, often to the exasperation of his friends and associates, as well as constantly travelling around India and other parts of the British Empire, particularly South and East Africa and the Pacific Islands, to intervene in labour disputes, and to respond to outbreaks of famine. His often frantic commitment to the victims of injustice and poverty led to bouts of both physical illness and also depression. But he wrote that 'suffering is our divine right, it is the divine pathway to love.' He writes of his own transformation through inner suffering.

Charlie spent long periods recovering from his very active life, often at Rabindranath Tagore's ashram at Santiniketan in Bengal. Here he found the peace to think and to write and to pray. One of Charlie's most attractive qualities was the combination in him of practical action for the poorest with an inner spirituality rooted in prayer and the Gospels, especially that of St John. But it was his gift for friendship that led him to be able to see the face of Christ in other faiths. He wrote of Munshi Zaka Ullah, 'an old saintly Musalman,' that 'he used to call me his own son, and treat me as such. At one period he wished me to visit him every day.....and he looked forward to these visits with as great an eagerness as I did. In all this, I had no other thought whatsoever of proselytising or conversion, though we talked with the utmost freedom about religion, which was the one subject dearest to his heart. In him I felt Christ's presence, and that gave me great joy.'

Charlie's accounts in 'What I owe to Christ' of his friendships with people of other faiths are a testimony to the power and importance of such friendships, when they are based not just on mutual politeness and tolerance, but on real honesty and mutual appreciation. He writes of his relationship with Tagore's older brother, Dwijendranath, an aged poet and sage by the time Charlie knew him. Dwijendranath, in the last days of his life, described the Sermon on the Mount as his 'food and drink.' Charlie describes how this old holy Hindu helped him in his own Christian faith: 'with all his immense learning, he was simple and humble in spirit...truth was ever on his lips...the one saying of Jesus that meant most of all to him was "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." This gave him a satisfaction, in its completeness, that no other word could give, and he often referred to it. One other saying, which was almost equally dear to him, was "The kingdom of God is within you." He would love to dwell on the inner meaning as representing the kingdom of the heart – the heaven within.'

'What I owe to Christ' witnesses to a simple humility combined with a strong intellect that is reflected in three aspects of Charlie's life that have much to say to us today: his gift for profound friendships, his awareness of the universal presence and work of Christ, and a holiness of life that issued in his constant engagement with some of the great social questions of his time and especially with the needs of the poorest.

His gift for friendship with every kind of person, ranging from Viceroy's of India to local villagers, was what opened Charlie to the face of Christ in all whom he met, and led him to the conviction that 'those who deny Christ are still embraced in his love.' His religion was not a shallow syncretism but the understanding of a person whose graftedness in Christ opened his heart and mind to the same Christ in all. 'The west is too concerned with the boundaries of faith,' he wrote. There was a 'Sikh Sardar, the President of the Regency Council of Patiala, whom I learnt to revere for his goodness. Whenever I went to see him we spoke together about the deeper things of religion, not in any spirit of controversy, but as lovers of God. On this account he often wished to have me by his side, whenever I could pay him a brief visit, and this led to a very close friendship. Whenever I parted from him, he embraced me and urged me to return.'

Charlie wrote of how Eastern thought brought him nearer to St John's Gospel than 'ordinary western teaching. The East regards the Eternal Divine Spirit – the Paramatma moving within the soul of man – as spaceless and timeless, yet he ever uses time and space as a garment of self-revelment. He is invisible, yet He is visible in great human souls. He is formless, yet He takes form in Man...In some such way as this I began to understand from my own personal experience that both environments of human thought – Eastern and Western – are needed to complete the portrait of the divine and human in Christ.' The effect of India on him was such that 'Christ has become not less central but more central and universal; not less divine to me, but more so, because more universally human.'

Charlie's conviction of the universality of Christ's compassion drove him to a wide range of practical and often successful engagements with issues of his time: he was valued as a mediator in labour disputes (in 1925 he was called in to mediate in an industrial dispute at Jamshedpur in the Tata steel works, where the employers were persuaded to accept the workers' Labour Association), he raised funds for victims of natural disasters, he travelled not only throughout India, but also in southern and east Africa and the Pacific to gather evidence of the mistreatment of non-white races in the Empire. His tireless activities and resulting bouts of exhaustion lay behind Tagore's comment to him 'that the cultivation of usefulness produces an enormous amount of failures.'

Charlie Andrews is a figure not much remembered in Britain, which is a sadness for a man of such inspiring Christian living and thinking, and for a priest who played such an important role in the life of Gandhi. In 1924, during one of Gandhi's fasts for peace in the face of communal riots between Muslims and Hindus, Charlie came to his bedside when Gandhi had become extremely weak. But reconciliation had come about, the fast was to come to an end, and Gandhi had devised an inter-faith liturgy to celebrate this. He said to Charlie 'I would like you to sing the Christian hymn; you know the one I mean. It begins "When I survey the wondrous cross...and ends Demands my soul, my life, my all."' Charlie wrote, 'In that hour of vision I knew more deeply, in my own personal life, the meaning of the cross.'

Sixteen years later Gandhi was by Charlie's bedside as this Anglican priest lay dying. Charlie told Gandhi, 'I am quite reconciled to my illness. I think it was God's blessing in disguise. It has given me a wonderful experience which I would never otherwise have had.' After Charlie's death Gandhi gave out a message: 'Not only England, not only India, but humanity had lost a true son and servant...I have not known a better man or a better Christian than C.F.Andrews. India bestowed on him the title of Deenabandhu (Friend of the Poor). He deserved it.'

*Fr Paul Hawkins*

For further reading:

The Ordeal of Love (Hugh Tinker, OUP, 1979)

Ghandi and Charlie, the Story of a Friendship (letters and writings edited by David Gracie, Cowley Publications, 1989)

## **Dedication Festival Presentation Sunday July 5<sup>th</sup> Norman Drewett**

This is All Saints' Birthday. And what a way to celebrate! Festival Mass, barbeque, bouncy castle.....

So what are we celebrating today? In the first reading today we hear of living stones. I want you to think on these words - 'LIVING STONES'

St Peter was writing to a new group of Christians who were beginning to build up a church and community.

Let's rewind the clock and start in the 1800s when a group of 'Living Stones', determined and faithful, set out to build a church in Clifton where everyone was welcome and all seats were free and where the Sacraments and Catholic teaching would be for all people. With great determination and much support All Saints was built and, on June 8<sup>th</sup> 1862, the church was consecrated. Can you imagine the occasion! And so the church thrived and the 'Living Stones' of All Saints continued to support and uphold the church with its' renowned liturgy, music and preaching.

The church grew not only in number but also by enlarging the size of the building to accommodate the increasing congregation. And it continued, this great Victorian building loved by so many and cared for and maintained by the 'Living Stones'. We remember with gratitude the 'Living Stones' of 1862 and all who followed them.

Then on Dec 2<sup>nd</sup> 1940 the building was destroyed by an incendiary bomb which set fire to the roof and nave. The people of Clifton awoke next morning to be greeted with a demolished church, crumbling walls, everything they had worked so hard to maintain had been destroyed. Can you imagine how you would feel when you arrived this morning to find this church demolished to a pile of rubble? Anger, disbelief and asking what now?

But when you arrived this morning what did we see? Not a pile of rubble but a fine and beautiful rebuilt church.

After many years of debate, arguments and prayer the 'Living Stones' of 1940 fought for All Saints to be rebuilt. Those 'Living Stones' made it possible for us, you and me, to be here today. They fought long and hard and finally on July 1<sup>st</sup> 1967 this church was consecrated. I am sure there was a great shout of 'ALLELUIA' as the doors opened and All Saints Clifton rose from the ashes. YOU ARE 'LIVING STONES'.

So the people of All Saints from 1800s until today are the 'Living Stones' which St Peter was writing about.

What are the qualities and marks of a living stone?

**FIRM** Stones remain firm through time. This building relies on firm foundation stones to support it through bad weather, wind and gales. So we remain firm in our faith and witness.

**FLEXIBLE** Even the strongest stone structure needs to be flexible in order to stay upright. So we must remain firm but flexible.

**ROBUST** Stones must be robust. We must be robust Holy and yet human.

**DEPENDENCE** Unless stones sit closely together in a building it will prove unstable. It will collapse. We are dependent on each other.

All stones are different..... rough, large, small, smooth, pebbles, sharp and jagged, broken.

And the art of the stone mason is to place very different stones side by side to create a stable, strong and lasting building.

And so the 'Living Stones' continue to hold, support and underpin All Saints Clifton. A few examples of 'Living Stones' here with us today are our Priests, Servers, Churchwardens, Choir, Clean-

ers, Daily Office team, Social and Welcoming team, Sides people..... and every one of us who contribute to the life of the Church and God's purpose.  
St Peter made it clear in his letter that the CHURCH would only thrive and grow with 'Living Stones'.

Yes we are 'Living Stones' and we rejoice in those here today who are the youngest 'Living Stones' and have recently been baptised into the family of God and All Saints. May we and they continue to be the 'Living Stones' of tomorrow.

Today, on this great and special festival we look to the past, present and future.

**Be thankful for the PAST and all that has been handed on to us and all that we have been.  
Be thankful for the PRESENT and all that we are.**

**And the future.....**

**MAY WE NEVER BECOME DEAF OR BLIND TO WHAT WE CAN BE.**

## **EDINGTON MUSIC FESTIVAL**

**Sunday August 23rd – Sunday August 30<sup>th</sup>**

This year, the Edington Festival celebrates its' 60<sup>th</sup> year.

The small village of Edington which lies on the edge of Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire has hosted a festival of music and liturgy in its magnificent 14<sup>th</sup> century Priory Church since 1955 and during these years the festival has become renowned for liturgy, music and preaching.

The festival commences on Sunday August 23<sup>rd</sup> and throughout the week the offices of Matins and Compline are sung to plainsong. The Solemn Eucharist and Solemn Evensong are the major daily services. On Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> Choral Evensong is broadcast live at 3.30 pm on BBC Radio 3 and there is a sequence of readings and music on Thursday 27<sup>th</sup> at 8.00pm

This year's festival theme is 'Praise' based on a cycle of organ pieces by Jean-Louis Florentz entitled Laudes, the seven movements provide the structure for the week.

A wide range of composers feature throughout the festival, Tallis, Dyson, Stanford, Howells, Elgar, Byrd, Walton and a new work by David Briggs commissioned for the festival.

This is a wonderful opportunity to experience the finest music within a very spiritual and prayerful setting and enjoy a visit to the serene and relaxing Wiltshire countryside.

Details of other services throughout the week are displayed in the porch.

*Norman Drewett*

## **JOYCE KING 1919-2015**

**Address given at her funeral on 22<sup>nd</sup> July**

John 14:3 "*Where I am, there you may be also*"

*"A rock, one who makes you feel steady; that all will be well. She knew what was important in life".* That's how one colleague and longstanding friend of Joyce's recently described her. We all need friends like that, don't we, and if we were to list Joyce's multiple talents and attributes, friendship would surely rate near the top. Her son and daughter have also spoken of her friendship with them,

of being able always to turn to her in good times and in bad. In the chapter of John's gospel following the one from which Rodney read (*John 14:1-6*), Jesus, still talking to his disciples in the same mode as earlier, said "*I have called you friends*" (*15:15*). By that he meant that they were in a special relationship of love and trust with and in Him.

I want to spend a few moments reflecting on how Joyce embodied such friendship, how her many and various gifts converged on this particularly precious one which so much defined her long and productive life. I think the first thing is to look again at the delightful photo there on the front of your Order of Service. I am sure that many, if not most, of us know that look very well, don't we? (It's a 'still' taken from a video of Joyce sending greetings to Rodney on his last Significant Birthday, the latest of those memorably stellar occasions which happen every ten years...) It's not a look anyone could fake, is it? It radiates the intelligence, warmth, kindness and wisdom we know so well and cherish so much. And while it also tells us that no one could ever pull the wool over this lady's eyes, it's expressed, as ever, with characteristic gentleness and good humour. She never seemed to have a bad word to say about anyone, and was outgoing and interested in people of all ages and conditions. Those who remember her as a colleague some 35 years and more ago, at what was then St George's Comprehensive School, can speak of how she was with the children to whom she taught Business Studies. She is said to have been a 'born' teacher, very highly regarded in the profession, who not only knew her subject well, but could impart it with endless patience and skill to her young students. Those of us who've been in the teaching profession will know that's assuredly no mean feat, especially in an inner city school! She was also there as a friend and confidante to pupils and colleagues alike, always making time to listen and share a laugh, or perhaps a discreet wry comment in Staff meetings. Younger colleagues aspired to be like her - surely one of the greatest compliments that can be paid to a teacher.

This golden thread of friendship seems to have permeated her life from early on. Rodney and Alison gave me a script written by Joyce some dozen years ago about her time during the war years. In it she tells of the Bristol blitz; of getting married in 1942 to her husband Edwin (Ted) in a wedding dress borrowed from a friend and with a cake made from several different donations of ingredients; and of the birth of Rodney a year later. A great devastation to her soon after that was the loss of her beloved brother Geoffrey to the war at the tender age of 18. She relates the time when Ted brought home not one but two wooden horses as a Christmas present for Rodney. They'd been made from pieces of wood salvaged from war damaged houses. On being asked why he had brought two, he responded that one of them risked being left behind as the last toy in the workshop, and he couldn't bear to think of that. "*This is one of the things I loved about my husband,*" she wrote, "*He had such a kind heart.*" Apparently, though, this push-along horse on wheels, who had been at risk of spending the festive tide alone, was much cherished by their small boy. He gave Dobbin pride of place at the Christmas dinner table. Kind hearts beget kind hearts, do they not?

Joyce's grief at the loss of Geoffrey was very difficult for her to come to terms with, but instead of becoming overwhelmed by it, she made up her mind at the end of the war to give herself a new challenge, and that led her into teaching. Ted gave his full support, and little Rodney was taken with her into school. Not long after that, Alison was born, whom her mother describes as "*a dazzling child with corn-coloured hair, blue eyes and boundless energy*" - in contrast to her "*placid son*". But she added "*both were (and still are) loving and caring individuals ... I have every expression of care, love and consideration - so much to thank them for. I am so proud of them both...*" Oh yes, indeed, kind hearts beget kind hearts! Joyce finished her script with these words: "*I am so grateful to have had these interesting opportunities ... I have made so many friends, so many lasting relationships ...*" That tells us how much she valued the friendship of others, as well as offering it so generously. One thing she didn't mention was her artistic talent, but others have extolled it, and she was clearly a gifted painter.

Joyce's final years were spent at Katherine House in Westbury-on-Trym, having had a protracted time of ill health, about which she never complained, brushing it aside with "*Well, dear, what can you expect at my age?!*" Needless to say, she had a steady stream of visits from family and



friends. A special pleasure in recent months was the birth of great grandson Harrison to grandson Ben and his wife Sarah Jane. Everyone who visited her said the same: it was never anything less than a pleasure to walk into Joyce's room – the door was always open – and have her look up from the crossword to exclaim "*Hello, dear! How lovely to see you! Come and sit down. How are you?*" She'd say that even when she could hardly find breath to speak. Friendship always won over every trial, and she was unfailingly good company.

We're gathered here at All Saints Clifton because this was the church where Joyce worshipped during her retirement years. She'd been visiting a friend near Pembroke Road and decided to have a look inside the church. She was immediately taken with it and knew she had to make her spiritual home here. She was, and is, a greatly loved sister-in-Christ at All Saints. We didn't hear her speak too often about her faith, but we knew beyond doubt that it was there, underpinning her whole life – in the family, in the workplace, in friendship. No one could possibly say they aren't the better for having known her, experiencing her compassion, being able to share confidences, laughing with her. That includes the staff and fellow residents at Katherine House, in whom she's always shown a kind interest.

I finish with some words from Mother Julian of Norwich, a 14<sup>th</sup> century mystic of the Church, words Julian heard spoken to her by Jesus himself: "*All shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.*" I don't know if Joyce knew them or not, but they come to mind as exemplifying the way she lived her life: always with hope, always confident that good would triumph over adversity.

We can confidently commend Joyce to Our Lord and Saviour and know that where he is, as he promised, there she may be also.

*Jessica Smith*

#### **FROM THE FAMILY OF JOYCE KING**

Joyce's family would like to thank you all for your love and support during this very sad time. Recovery will, of course, take time, but your friendship and shared memories of our wonderful mother will sustain us and strengthen our resolve to cherish her legacy of love and follow in her footsteps.

Rod and Alison

#### **IN THIS MONTH..... AUGUST 1941**

##### VICAR'S NOTES

*[Excerpts from Fr Cyril Tomkinson's painstaking explanation of the move from Clifton College Chapel and Emmanuel Church as temporary 'homes' after the bombing of the church, to the Parish Hall in Alma Vale Road.]*

I am thankful to be able to remind you - for I have a slight phobia about crowded buildings; and please do you, my readers, make this widely known - that the Hall, the Church, is most admirably provided with exits. There are three grand ones into the garden; as well as the little one into the passage and the main door in Alma Vale Road. Don't complain about the black-out screens round that door. They will be necessary for the early Masses during the dark months.

All the fittings of the church are not only simple but as cheap as is compatible with decency. The reason for this is twofold: the days are too precarious for expensive buying; and we have now to look quite literally at every penny. (How my heart sinks as I watch in the Magazine month by month our falling collections). One treasure, lovely in itself and very dear to us all, we are planning

to put into the church. Over the blacked-out East Window - and the Hall is correctly orientated - we are hanging the great crucifix which formed the Calvary at the "west" end of All Saints'. This crucifix will be on a pulley, so that in the case of fire it can, we hope, be easily rescued.

In all this business of converting the Hall into our church - oh and what a business it is - we owe our thanks to Mr Lazenby, [*churchwarden*], already overburdened with work, for his good advice and his expert manner of getting estimates and handling contractors. Without Mr Poad's [*Choir School Headmaster's*] help I do not believe we should ever have got into the new church at all. For your poor Vicar is so incompetent at this sort of thing. He cannot visualise. But Mr Poad can. He plans and plans and then for hours and hours and hours works with his hands at a hundred different jobs. He gets us into the church and at the same time he saves us large sums of money. We owe another debt of gratitude to Miss Fuller and her band of lady-cleaners who are doing hard donkey work in dealing with all our old chairs. Then there are those who searched Bristol for the altar hangings, and did necessary stitching, yards and yards of it. At the time of writing a horrid lot of work still lies ahead for Mr Mayo and the Sister Sacristan. Yes, and if when we do get into the church, all is not just as right as it should be, you must be tolerant in your criticism, and give us time.

Miss Fuller has also lent us, without a time limit, her quite exceptionally good Broadwood grand piano. It is a better instrument than any we could hire; and again it will save money. "A loan unto the Lord" - the expression of our thanks is not looked for. But you and I like to express them.

I cannot refrain from sharing with you, so deeply did it touch me, this letter from a priest unknown to myself. I have not been able to trace his connection with All Saints'.

May 5th 1941.

St Paul's Rectory,  
Clarence Town, Long Island,  
Bahamas.

Dear Father,

I am sending a cheque for £4 10s 0d towards the rebuilding of All Saints' Church. It is the Easter Collection from the twelve churches here on this lonely island. Our people have done their best: the average Sunday Collection being between 9d and 1/-. We here, with our hurricanes, know what it is to lose our church and their simple treasures. So our small contribution comes with sympathy, prayers and our wishes of good luck in the name of the Lord.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN CALMAN  
Priest-in-charge  
St Paul's, Long Island

### **THE FALLEN MADONNA . . .**

Despite the headline, this has nothing to do with a certain painting frequently mentioned in the BBC Television comedy series '*Allo 'Allo!*' but our own Madonna and Child - who fell.

For me, the statue which graces the space beside the All Saints organ has been around a long time. As a small boy in the 'fifties it stood next to me as I sat with my family in the front row of the Lady Chapel - today's Sacristy - which was a sort of 'dress circle' looking down into the nave of the temporary church occupying the former church hall (today's Garden Court flats) following the destruction of the original Victorian building by enemy bombing on the night of December 2, 1940. I assume that the statue is Italian, it originally stood in the old church and was one of the items rescued by Clifton College boys after the bombs fell.

More than two decades ago the statue itself fell. It was found in pieces beside the organ. There were theories about what caused it but no-one really knew.

A young curate at the time, the Canadian Fr Bill Brunner, told me subsequently that all the pieces were in a cardboard box in the parish office. Although the then vicar, Fr Peter Cobb, had told Bill to throw them out, he could not bring himself to do so.

I suggested that, instead, he should contact the principal of the West of England College of Art – now part of UWE – and invite his students to piece together the fragments as a practical lesson in art restoration.

They did, and the statue was returned to its place beside the organ.

This month we celebrate Assumptiontide. In my early days as a chorister at All Saints' Choir School I was puzzled by the title of one of the services at which we were required to sing during the summer holiday. It was simply listed as 'Assumption of the BVM' and it was a while before the penny dropped.

Nowadays, whether it is the Annunciation, Visitation or Assumption, my eyes are drawn to the statue of Our Lady who, at All Saints, remains a constant presence despite all odds. There could be a sermon in that . . .

**Tim Stanley**

*The Catholic Societies of the Church of England  
BRISTOL CATHOLIC SOCIETIES*



**ASSUMPTIONTIDE FESTIVAL**  
*Saturday 15 August 2015*

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*12.00 noon*

*Bristol Cathedral*

*by kind permission of the Dean and Chapter*

**PROCESSION OF OUR LADY  
&  
SOLEMN CONCELEBRATED MASS**

*President & Preacher: The Rt Rev'd Martyn Jarrett SSC*

+

*3.00pm*

*The Lord Mayor's Chapel,  
College Green*

**VESPERS OF OUR LADY  
& BENEDICTION**

*For further details ring 01275-462927  
[christopher.verity@virginmedia.com](mailto:christopher.verity@virginmedia.com)*

**Parish of All Saints  
with St John, Clifton**



# **INDUCTION & INSTALLATION**

of

**Fr Charles Sutton**

**as Vicar**

**and 12<sup>th</sup> parish priest  
of All Saints**

**Monday 7<sup>th</sup> September at 7.30pm**

***Reception in the atrium afterwards***

***ALL VERY WELCOME  
to this very special occasion***