



# All Saints Parish Paper

MARGARET STREET, LONDON W.1

**JULY 2013**

**£1.00**

## VICAR'S LETTER

The annual service for the Admission of Churchwardens is not usually the most exciting event in the liturgical calendar. Most years, it happens after Evensong in a parish church large enough for the purpose. The archdeacon delivers a 'charge' in which he usually tells the newly-appointed wardens the kind of practical things they are expected to know and do.

This year things were very different. The service took place at St Paul's. Conducted by the Bishop, it was for all the Churchwardens from the diocese, accompanied by their clergy and other supporters, so that the cathedral was full. People from each Episcopal area gathered at a particular city church and then walked to St Paul's for the service. Instead of a charge, we had the launch of **Capital Vision 2020**.

The variety of life in the Diocese of London was represented in the service. Before the service, a brilliant steel band from Holy Trinity Primary School in Haringey played for us. (This took me back to the time when David Craig and I had a steel band in St Paul's for the Tercentenary of USPG in 2001.) This was followed by the All Souls worship band. The Twyford School Gospel Choir sang and the Cathedral Consort gave us James MacMillan's "*Christus vincit*". Inevitably not everything was to everyone's taste. I think my hearing must have reached

the stage at which I find distinguishing words from music, when both are heavily amplified, a trial.

There were three presentations or interviews, each focusing on one of the themes of Capital Vision 2020: building a Church in London which is Confident, Compassionate and Creative.

Vastiana Belfon, a Churchwarden from St John at Hackney, spoke about being an ambassador for Jesus Christ in daily life.

Ben Bell of Urban Hope spoke about his experiences working with young people in deprived areas of Islington (yes, they do exist).

Darren Raymond of Intermission Theatre and Fr Rob Gillion spoke about their work involving troubled young people from across London in theatre at St Saviour's, Knightsbridge (in an unlikely setting behind Harrods).

As well as our Churchwardens, All Saints was ably represented by Jeremy Tayler, our latest ordinand, who led one of the prayers.

Programmes like Capital Vision have a tendency, perhaps inevitable, to accentuate the new and underplay the old. I have been arguing quietly but firmly for recognition of work that is already being done. At the last Diocesan Synod, we were urged to open our churches.

I pointed out that ours has been open for more than 150 years. But we have also managed to get the Annunciation re-opened and St Cyprian's from time to time.

When there is talk of engagement with culture, this sometimes means only youth culture, fashion or sport. I have nothing against engagement in these areas, although sometimes that engagement needs to be rather more critical — of a sporting world so obsessed with winning at any cost that cheating is institutionalised, or a fashion industry that seeks to persuade people that their worth is measured by how often they change their wardrobe. The hidden cost of that is paid by factory workers in places like Bangladesh; sometimes with their lives. In the conversations about Capital Vision in which I have been involved, I have tried, quietly but firmly, to remind people that churches like All Saints make a massive ongoing investment in maintaining and developing that deep-rooted Christian culture which is expressed in art and architecture and music and liturgy; as well as simply being where we are.

As the Bishop wrote: *“At the same time we must of course maintain our day to day mission and ministry across London. We remain committed to serving the communities where we are already: through prayer, worship and practical service in the name of Jesus Christ.”*

As a card handed out after the service says, we have many reasons for celebrating the marvellous things God has been doing in recent years: *“Electoral Roll membership in London has risen by 60% in the past twenty years. Giving by individuals to their churches has risen by 50% in the last decade. In very challenging economic times, our churches have sustained their*

*ministry and mission in every community and in many hospitals, universities and other institutions. Our churches run over 1,000 projects serving local communities in the name of Jesus Christ. Over 53,000 children are educated in our church schools, up more than 5,000 in five years. London produces more than 40 newly ordained clergy each year, many of whom serve beyond London.*

*“We have re-opened five churches that had been closed for worship, and are planning the first new church presence in a new community in 40 years. Against this background of growth we have recorded more than 20% in energy savings. Over 50% of our parishes are officially Fairtrade (including ours) and over 50 churches and schools are twinned with partners in Mozambique and Angola. But in a city where the challenges are enormous, with a population expected to grow to 10 million, with a huge shortfall in housing and school provision, and increasing social division, we cannot be complacent.”*

The other side of the card says: *“As a Diocese we have reflected on the times we live in, and sought to listen and to respond: In a city of many voices, we believe we need to change the public conversation about God. In a global city where people arrive open and hungry for a new life, we believe the Gospel has answers and changes the questions. In a mobile city where, for many, networks across the capital are more important than local roots, we need to make contact with a generation that has forgotten or never heard the Gospel (think of all those young people who work and socialise around All Saints). In a city where people crave connection, we strive to enable people to gather and belong. In a diverse city of poverty and riches, of young*

*and old, of many cultures and many faiths, we seek to transform society by speaking truth to those in power and seeking change.*

*“In times of economic and financial restraint, we need to be compassionate in serving our neighbour and to use our influence for good in finance, law and public affairs. In a world city, we know our actions and witness reverberate around the world. In a universal city, we have learned that we are part of creation — instead of adding to human burdens on creation, we must participate in God’s plan to redeem it.”*

At All Saints perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we have begun to think and take action about these things. We have only made a start. We will have to go on thinking and praying hard about them, and being willing to find new ways to share the good things we have received. In churches of our tradition, that will challenge what often seems to be an obsession with defensive postures or ideas of the “correct” way of doing things, rather than a commitment to a church life and mission which is “catholic”, that is universal and whole, rather than introverted and narrowly sectional.

We have already had one day with people from the PCCs of our group of three churches, and are planning to have another day in the autumn, a Saturday when more of us can attend, when we can look at some of these challenges and the resources we have or need, with the help of someone who can bring a fresh vision.

In the meantime, we can all pray and think and talk with one another about what this might mean for us.

Yours in Christ,

*Alan Moses*

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## CORPUS CHRISTI

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The weather all week had been wet but the forecasters held out hope that by Thursday evening the rain would have gone, and so it turned out, so we were able to have our outdoor procession. If it started raining while we were outside we would just have to emulate Gene Kelly “singing in the rain”. As things turned out, while the sun did not shine, it remained dry. After an inspiring sermon by Fr Tim Sledge and a glorious Mass, we headed out into the streets.

The preparation and execution of this service is a major undertaking. As well as the normal duties of clergy and choir, sides-people and servers, the procession has to be marshalled to conform to the Council’s requirements, and we are grateful again to Cedric Stephens and his squad of stewards in their high visibility vests who did a splendid job of shepherding us through the crowds of Thursday-night shoppers and stopping the traffic when necessary. Our thanks also to the Events Committee who restored us in body as the service had in spirit.

Fr Sledge’s sermon appears in this issue.

Some years ago, the Vicar celebrated and preached at Corpus Christi here on Thursday night, then flew to New York to do it all again at the Church of St Mary the Virgin. Times Square, even on a Sunday morning, is a much more hazardous place to hold a procession. This year, it was Fr Julian’s turn but he only had to go as far as St Augustine’s, Kilburn.

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## THOMAS CROMWELL

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**Thomas Cromwell** is an historical figure who has become much better-known thanks to the novels of Hilary Mantel. Friends who

watched Professor Diarmaid MacCulloch's recent television programme about him, were surprised to hear the Vicar's voice and see members of the congregation celebrating Mass at the Lady Altar. We are not expecting a BAFTA nomination for our brief appearance.

Professor MacCulloch's most recent book is called "Silence" and he came to All Saints in person one weekday to record a radio piece about it. The book is based on his Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Edinburgh. Fr Alan is reading it at the moment and will produce a review for our August issue.

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## SMALL WORLD

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At an Anglican Catholic Future conference for priests on "Priesthood and the Eucharist", one of the speakers was Fr John Cullen, whom some members of All Saints will remember from his time here. He has now retired from parish ministry, but we are not allowing him to be idle.

At the conference, I fell into conversation with an Italian priest who has been serving as a Chaplain of the University of Birmingham but is about to become the Priest-in-Charge of St Alban's, Birmingham. This is the parish of which Canon David Hutt was Vicar before he came to All Saints and where he was instrumental in saving the parish secondary school (now an Academy in a state-of-the-art new building). Fr Nicola lo Polito will be both parish priest and chaplain of the school.

All Saints has a continuing link with St Alban's because our Parish Paper is printed there by the St Alban's Church Litho Unit, run by our friends Edward and Maureen Fellows.

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## OFFICE REFURBISHMENT

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The parish office has been undergoing a major transformation. The partition which divided a fine Butterfield room has been removed and we now have a more open and lighter space for people to work in and to which visitors can be welcomed. New office furniture, more suited to the needs of modern office technology and more comfortable for those who work with it, will be installed.

The room used to be the Vicar's study in earlier times, and a relic of this is Prebendary Mackay's desk. This is in a rather sorry state, but we are looking at having it restored.

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## ALL SAINTS POETRY TEA

### Saturday 24 February 2013

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Sandra When writes of *A Visit to John and Paul's Barge in Wapping*:

Emerging from the narrow platforms and steep iron staircases of Wapping Overground Station, we wound our way between converted wharfs and riverside houses to the moorings where John and Paul keep their barge. Here we paused to take in the wide panorama of the Thames dominated by Tower Bridge and the immense pale triangle of the Shard. From this magnificent but chilly scene it was a relief to plunge into the warmth of the small floating community hall where we were to hold our poetry tea and where we quickly settled ourselves on wooden benches all around the walls.

First John and Paul showed us their official DVD of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee River Pageant celebrating the normally unsung community of people who regularly take

to the river in all sorts of craft. After this they read us their account of how they had managed to overcome all the obstacles to getting into the Pageant and how they had nearly met with disaster at one of the rehearsals when another barge lost control in front of them. Then we fell upon a sumptuous tea, much of it baked for us by Pamela, John and Paul.

After tea we started to read the poems we had brought and suddenly everyone was part of the action. Yvonne told us of her childhood spent living in a bungalow far up the Thames at Laleham and how she used to go shopping and to church by boat. She then read us a short heartfelt poem about what happened to Laleham when the developers came in and huge blocks of flats stamped out all the life and character of the place. There were poems historic, celebratory and dismal, reflecting the different moods of the river. The one that took my breath away with its huge historical perspectives was the poem read by Christine and Francis Lillie. It was an extract from ‘The River’s Tale’ by Rudyard Kipling. *“But I’d have you know that these waters of mine/ Were once a branch of the River Rhine/When hundreds of miles to the East I went/And England was part of the Continent.”* John and Paul closed our readings by singing a river shanty they had written themselves, “Away the Swale”, and we all joined in the chorus. It

was about a trip they had made to Faversham with eight other barges from their moorings, for a little holiday. It sounded a lot of fun.

After a rapid clear-up of tea and as dusk was falling, we finally got to see the barge. In the hold, which had once carried cargoes of potatoes in Holland, we found a charming flat with an elongated living room and experienced the alarming shudder caused by a passing river boat. Beyond the living room, at the front of the vessel, were a kitchenette, bedroom, bathroom and toilet, all small but perfectly formed.

We thought we had seen everything, but no, John and Paul then took us to the stern of the barge where we found the old living quarters. These consist of a tiny living area clad in beautiful varnished wood with oblong portholes, bevelled mirrors and original fireplace with a warm stove. It was completely uncluttered, tranquil and classic. Behind this on a platform, was a bed concealed by half-closed wooden panels.

After this last treat, and having enjoyed John and Paul’s hospitality to the full, we said our goodbyes and drifted away to our more prosaic homes.

*This poetry tea raised £108.00 towards the All Saints Restoration Fund.*

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## **SERMON FOR CORPUS CHRISTI 2013, BY REVD TIM SLEDGE, VICAR OF ROMSEY ABBEY**

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This feast day is one of the most powerful statements the Church makes. Today, we demonstrate the outward, transforming power of Jesus Christ — or put more simply, how we live and are seen “in the flesh”.

So let us first talk about demonstrating

and being seen.

I say this with something of the zeal of the convert as a somewhat late arrival to the Corpus Christi Ball, not even knowing about processions until after ordination! As a curate in Huddersfield, in the reordered

church of St Thomas', I was faced with my first Corpus Christi procession. The parish was predominantly Sikh and Muslim — a large golden topped temple stood just a few yards away from our Gilbert Scott spire. So I was troubled about how “culturally right” this was. Should we be processing in this way through streets which were predominantly of a different faith tradition?

But I was put right by a conversation just before with a local Imam. Walking along the road with him and chatting about all sorts of things, I did that deeply English and often Anglican thing, in a lull in the conversation, which was to default and say: “It’s a bit chilly at present, where has the sun gone?” (Actually — it rarely appeared in Huddersfield but that’s another thing!) The Imam rounded on me and said: “Why is it you Christians always talk about the weather and don’t talk about God”. I was rightly chastised. It has stayed with me ever since. The important link to my point tonight is that he went on to say we — all faiths — need to show, demonstrate and share our faith graciously and generously.

In the tense religious situation we find ourselves in this city, this is a reminder to us all of what we show and how and what we share and grow in understanding. Corpus Christi does that, because it forces us to ask the question of what it means to live as the body of Christ in the world. How do we show? How do we demonstrate this?

Tonight is about showing and demonstrating, not in words, but in action. It is one of those few times when we get out of the church and are seen “in the flesh”. For that is what we proclaim, profess, and live. There is something here about being “in the flesh” which is part of demonstrating Christ.

Last night, my wife and I went to watch a recording of QI at the London Studios. My wife is borderline obsessed with Stephen Fry. And to see him “in the flesh” was something of a thrill for her. There is something different, of someone you have seen “on screen” or read in words, about seeing them in the flesh. More tangible, more immediate. Sometimes more disappointing (although this was not the case for my wife!!) but she longed to go and see him in the flesh.

Tonight is about living and being “in the flesh”. We process behind the presence of Christ — flesh in the world. We demonstrate — (which is where, of course, we get the word Monstrance from) a showing, an outward living transforming purpose. So we are taking Christ out, at the end of this Eucharist — we are dismissed!

This is the model of what we should do at the end of every Eucharist, to take Christ out. It is one of the few times when we take seriously the often forgotten part of the liturgy — the dismissal. *Ite Missa Est* — the Mass has ended ...No! The Mass has only just begun. Go in peace to love and serve the Lord — it really means — Go in flesh — literally enflesh that which you have received — the real food and the real drink, which makes John’s account of the last supper so distinctive.

Corpus Christi challenges us with this understanding of what it means to live and ‘enflesh’ the Gospel beyond the confines of our church walls. Austin Farrar, the great priest and preacher, spoke of the priest as a walking sacrament. And this is not just exclusive to the priest — it is the call and command for the whole people of God — the royal priesthood. I think he is saying that each time we walk down the street, engage in

conversation (not about the weather), there is that opportunity for Christ to be broken open and shown, and for Christ's life to be 'enfleshed' — this is more than incarnate presence, it is incarnate proclamation. It is the demonstration to live and to feed a world which is starving for substance, identity and meaning.

In case you haven't noticed, we are swamped by the new growth in coffee shops and fast food chains who will ask us a question, or list two different prices — an eat in or a take away price — or we will be asked which one of these we are doing. We choose one. But... for us, as a Eucharistic movement, the answer is both. We are both an 'eat in' and a 'take away' movement.

**So unless we actually demonstrate and 'enflesh', we cannot be transformational in the world.**

The best example I have ever seen of the transformational power of this sacrament is the composer of our anthem this evening — Olivier Messiaen. Now, I am going to name-drop here, but before I was ordained, I worked as an arts and music festival promoter for a number of years. Back in 1990 — although it could have been yesterday — I was running a festival in the North of England, where we hosted Messiaen. We were premiering his 2<sup>nd</sup> piano concerto and a number of his other works. I picked him up from a recording in Maida Vale and drove him and Pierre Boulez, and Messiaen's wife Yvonne Loriod up the M1 to Huddersfield. It was in London cab terms — my only time for saying — "you'll never guess who I had in the back of my car!"

I met him a crumpled up man in his early

80s, clutching his breviary. No sooner had we cleared the north circular, when he asked not 'where are the rehearsals?' not even 'where is Huddersfield?', but what time is Mass tomorrow morning? I told him and assured him that I would take and collect him. Which I duly did, I took him to Mass. I think he had slept in the already crumpled jacket and shirt. He was still clutching his breviary. I said I would see him in an hour. When I returned, what came out of the church has formed my sacramental understanding ever since. Put simply Messiaen returned to the car, a changed man. The best way to describe him was that he looked ironed. Gone was the crumpled worried man, gone was the burden, gone was the sin he was carrying, and everything else known only to God, here was a man utterly transformed.

Here was a new man, a man who had met Jesus in the flesh and was transformed, but who now had left the building, enfleshed, ironed by the love and grace of God.

Messiaen, transformed by his encounter, set that encounter to music in response. In his music — which we are blessed with this evening — we hear demonstrated, sung, lived, enfleshed, the transforming power of this sacrament. This was Messiaen's own "eat in and take away moment".

So tonight let us not just be an eatery, but a 'take away' movement. As we receive the presence of Christ, let us be the "carry out", and walk as the body of Christ as the living, transforming body, demonstrating what it means to be the Corpus Christi and respond as Messiaen did to his own *sacrum convivium* — his own sacred banquet, and carry Christ out to feed our hungry and thirsty and broken world.

**Sunday 14 July at 7.15pm**

**Organ Recital (*following Benediction*)**

**James Perkins**

**All Saints Organ Scholar**

**Programme**

*Fantasia & Toccata op 57* — C. V. Stanford (1852 - 1924)

*Allegro from Concerto in A minor BWV593* — J.S. Bach (1685 - 1750)

*Capriccio* — J. Ireland (1876 - 1962)

*Folk Tune* — P. Whitlock (1903 - 1946)

*Dankpsalm op. 145* — M. Reger (1873 - 1916)

**Four-manual Harrison & Harrison (1910)**

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**Retiring collection in aid of the All Saints Choir and Music Trust  
(suggested donation £3.50)**

Cash bar afterwards in the Courtyard, weather permitting.

**CDs of All Saints, Margaret Street choir and organ will be on sale.**

**Future Organ Recital Dates for the Diary:**

Sunday 29 September and Sunday 24 November 7.15pm

Charles Andrews, Associate Director of Music, All Saints

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**IONA PILGRIMAGE  
Easter 2015**

Fr Gerald is thinking about organising a pilgrimage to Iona, **Monday 6 - Sunday 12 April 2015**. It was the Isle of Iona that St Columba made his home in the sixth century and from where much of the north of the British Isles was evangelised.

The group will stay at Bishop's House. There are 15 rooms (8 double, 7 single).

Depending on how many go the cost for full board will be £350 - £460 per person at 2013 prices. In addition there are travel costs. Again this will vary depending on whether



the group goes by air, rail or road. We should allow up to another £250 per person.

Group members will need to be able-bodied and not prone to sea sickness. It's impossible to predict what the weather will be like but group members will need to be prepared for all that Scotland is famous for!

For further information see the following websites:

Iona <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iona>

Bishop's House <http://www.island-retreats.org/iona>

St Columba <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Columba>

If you would like to come please contact Fr Gerald ([gerald.beauch@btconnect.com](mailto:gerald.beauch@btconnect.com)) as soon as you can. If there is sufficient interest he will convene a meeting in the autumn this year to outline a programme and make some initial decisions about travel.

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## TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT: COMPANIONS IN CATHOLIC MISSION

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*A talk given by Canon Chris Chivers, Vicar, John Keble Church, Mill Hill, London and Chairman of Us (formerly known as USPG) for Anglican Catholic Future at All Saints, Margaret Street, Tuesday 14 May 2013.*

Henry Pulling is a retired bank manager with a love of dahlias and the bells of his local parish. But when his mother dies — at least the woman he has always supposed to be his mother — he finds himself in one of the many north London Crematoria where I'm occasionally also to be found. Accosted by an elderly lady — who introduces herself as the Aunt Augusta he had supposed to be long dead — he finds himself taking a taxi ride with her that will change his life. Along the way — via Brighton, Boulogne, a journey on the Orient Express from Paris to Istanbul, and a longer plane journey to Paraguay — he learns that his mother is not his mother, his father is not who he supposed him to be either, love is for more than dahlias, and a modicum of risk is needed if suburban respectability is to be transcended with something more life-like. As companion to his aunt, his eyes are steadily opened to the joy and the pain of reality, and the fire within,

that has perhaps lain so dormant, now ignites him into something more like fullness of life.

It's a slightly contrived and eccentric opening. As my German friends remind me, only an English Anglican would dare to introduce some theological reflections via the outline of a comic novel. But Graham Greene would surely forgive my pushing the language with which I've conflated the essence of his novel *Travels with my aunt* in a somewhat biblical direction; though he'd be less sanguine about my suggesting that his church in Brighton devoted to the development of the spirituality of dogs — and in which Aunt Augusta plays such a starring rôle with one of her lovers — must undoubtedly be the earliest reference to a fresh expression of Church that I can find!

But ponder the shape that Greene enunciates through the adventures that befall Henry Pulling, and we discern a trajectory that reaction to a death invariably invites.

Companions along a road move forward together from the disjunction of death, pondering its antecedents and its consequences, engaging with the reality of

what is now to be faced, the pain and the joy of the whole experience, and joined in conversation with a companion who acts as some sort of foil to the tension, the introspection, the innate but as yet inchoate and unrealised potential of the companions in conversation, until there comes a moment when it all comes together, eyes are opened and truth becomes a shared reality.

That's also a somewhat contrived retelling of Luke 24, and the journey on the road to Emmaus. Contrived, in the sense that it feels like I've made Luke fit Greene this time, rather than the other way round.

My point here is not to get us into the archetypal nature of narrative. That's a discussion for another place. But to offer some kind of framework within which to tease out a number of issues about which I believe we need to reflect more deeply in terms of Anglican catholic mission.

Let me bring something into sharper focus here by suggesting that the notion of a framework itself is the first reality in respect of which we need to give some thought.

It's always seemed to me that the Emmaus narrative offers a picture — or what some now call a guiding metaphor — for the gift that the catholic tradition celebrates as the Church. People on a journey together, moving from scriptural to sacramental revelation, guided by the Lord of life; a school for holiness, a learning community — as St Thomas Aquinas would encourage us to think of it — in which faith seeks understanding — so says Anselm, experience is tested, so says Henry James, eyes are opened, and the kingdom is experienced proleptically. Certainly, beyond my horribly inadequate exegesis of Church from Luke 24, the narrative contains the shape of every Eucharist and that above all else of course

expresses the being and nature of the Church, and the mission of the Lord who leads it.

I suppose what I'm trying to do here is to shift the ground somewhat. For in English reflection on mission it's Pauline theology — with very good reason — that has characterised the framework that's usually been offered. I don't in any way dispute the validity of such an approach. This is one of many cases in which 'both-and' must triumph over 'either-or'. But I do think that however truthful and profound is a theology of interdependence in Christ, as we have it from St Paul, there's a need not just to inhabit an idea or an image of a body with its many limbs and organs, but a narrative that can act as a corrective to some — at least — of the practice that has tended to result from the Pauline paradigm.

I realise that I'm in danger of being both too abstract and too general here. So let me be more concrete. When I sent the title for these reflections to Fr Alan Moses and Fr Philip Chester I believe that I typed, *Travels with my aunt: partners in catholic mission*. I cannot be sure because age does weary and the years condemn me to forgetfulness. But when I attended the launch of Anglican Catholic Future I found that it was now not 'partners' but *companions in catholic mission*.

That may seem more abstract again. But allow me to suggest that whoever changed the title — whether consciously or unconsciously in a helpful act of translation — knew exactly what they were up to and the territory not only that the present speaker but all of us should be inhabiting.

It was Max Warren in the book he published in 1958, *Partnership: the study of an idea* who got the C of E and its mission agencies — he was soon to head one of them

— onto the language and into the reality of partnership. Partners in world mission was one of the strap-lines for USPG, now Us. Partnership House was where USPG and CMS came together in, if not a marriage, then at least a (mostly) civil partnership.

Partnership has undoubtedly been one of the defining ideas of post-colonial mission; and Warren was writing of course just as Iain Macleod, as Colonial Secretary, was giving real impetus to the movement of colonies to independence; as also the ecumenical movement was in its heyday, with the dizzying hope that by 1980 denominational Christianity as we've known it would be finished. The ASB when it arrived in that year seemed somewhat of a poor consolation prize for Anglicans who had given their all for that oneness of the Church into which we are still called.

Partnership fitted the age as bonds of control were loosened. But if we're honest — and this is a complete hostage to fortune remark of course — though there has been great awareness of the Power dynamic as also the fact that this lay in Western hands, not in those of the Majority Christian world, what we used of course to call the Third or Developing World, when we were still evaluating everything through the lens of a Western prism — there's nonetheless been very little real release of that power.

Partnership has good Pauline roots, as I've suggested, and it's not that the idea is wrong. But the reality, if we're at our most self-critical, hasn't been so often partnership at all.

When he talks of colonialism Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu says that in the nineteenth century the white man arrived in Africa with the Bible and the black man had the land. The white man invited the black

to kneel down before the Lord of life and opened his eyes to find that the white man now had the land and the black man the Bible. Of course the roots of liberation lay in this reality. The Bible, the sacraments, the teaching majesty of the Church invariably have a habit of triumphing over injustice. That's what they're there for. But the point I'm making here of course is that many frankly still operate with a model of partnership where the west has the financial resources for "poor people" who are not in any way seen as resource rich. Of course the Majority world Christian partners with whom work is being done are not often financially rich. But there are many other kinds of richness.

It will seem disingenuous to some for me to raise this issue in Christian Aid Week itself, but as I played some of the DVD material Christian Aid has produced for this week — as brilliant as are the narratives of the work in Kenyan, Bolivian and Zimbabwean contexts — the introductory film with its language of partnership and poor people — those two concepts leap out like a refrain from the material with the director of Christian Aid protesting one feels just a little too much 'we have to work in partnership', as if trying to convince the organisation itself of the need to do so. All of which raises all sorts of issues about the power dynamic and to what extent this is being acknowledged in the partnership working itself. One pertinent question here might be how far such an agency sees its function as developing and strengthening the infrastructure of, say, the Church as partner in development?

Companion in this sense — and it's surely significant that the companion links between dioceses of the communion use this language — they aren't partner links, not least because in origin they weren't about

money but resolutely about relationship — this language of companionship is a helpful corrective to the power issues that may still bedevil partnership in mission or in development.

Cum panis. With bread. Of course the catholic understanding of the Church would favour such a reality. The word comes directly from the Emmaus narrative and the truth of eyes opened in the breaking of bread. It's also of course entirely dependent on that Pauline imagery of mutuality within the body. But I suspect it's a word whose time hasn't quite — but ought now soon — to come because companionship suggests an equality of relationship not always evident in partnership.

I'm not being naïve here. Of course Augusta, the worldly-wise Aunt, begins the journey with more of the power. But Henry Pulling for all his naïvety comes into his own because beyond his companionship with his aunt, there's always another companion who helps to clarify, to elucidate, to make more possible the opening of eyes. Wordsworth, the valet who attends to Aunt Augusta's needs; Tooley, the pot-smoking student; Dorothy Patterson, the mistress mourning at Henry Pulling's father's grave — these are all classic Graham Greene characters but they are more than this. They are a recognition of that deeper mutuality — all that is best in fact about the partnership tradition — that comes when a two-way becomes a three-way conversation. And I suppose we should not be surprised by this truth either in terms of the Emmaus narrative, in which a two-way conversation between confused and even disillusioned partners, companions in the Way, is energised and enlightened by a third companion, or in terms of the life of the Trinity itself. But I have a hunch that we have yet to shape our practice

of mission in this way.

I wonder, for instance, whether each piece of companionship working, or each companion link agreement is in fact animated and validated by a third party. Because such a third party would surely be a continuing corrective to the undeniable possibility that unacknowledged — or even acknowledged but insufficiently controlled — agendas may distort genuine partnership and companionship initiatives.

Again, I suspect our concept of 'third party agreement' may have its origins in the Emmaus story but I remain less convinced that this is the way we work in terms of mission.

Yet work in this way we must because the mission is God's — or as John V. Taylor correctly encouraged us to remember, it is Christ's, the mission of his Church.

Having set what I hope is enough of framework to take a conversation on a stage further — not least in questions and dialogue at the end — let me now more briefly enunciate some areas that I believe this companionship journey ought to prompt those of us concerned with the catholic identity of Anglicanism to explore. All of which are in essence variations on the themes I've so far outlined.

One reading of Graham Greene's *Travels with my Aunt*, as I've already suggested, would see the journey as one in which Henry Pulling moves from naïvety — for want of a better expression — to fullness of life, though to be more accurate the movement is really rather like the one implied by the piano report I once received: 'Christopher has had four mistresses in five terms and picked up a lot of bad habits!' It's an awakening that Pulling most needs — though

he does seem to pick up as I suppose one often does — a few bad habits along the way. But the narrative is not simply about a transfer of power or insight from aunt to nephew with the assistance of third party companions, since if the process is to be one of integrity and equality, the aunt too has to be transformed. And of course she is. In old age, she at last settles into a relationship with Mr Visconti, her beloved rogue, which is more sustainable and sustaining.

Similarly we ought to ask — indeed, if we are to correct the imbalances of partnership working we must ask — how are we in the western world changed by the companionships we develop?

Let's answer that by thinking of one concrete way in which so far we have not, or at least our ways of being and doing as Church have not really been transformed.

The steady diminishment in numbers of members of Anglican religious communities ought to be, and is of course, a source of concern for us in Europe. As the archbishop of Canterbury said in his inauguration charge, the Benedictine tradition literally rescued European civilization. Yet, transplanted into Africa, for example, though its work has been unstintingly faithful and imaginative in terms of worship and spirituality, health provision, theological formation, tertiary, secondary and primary education, its ability to attract indigenous African postulants has been almost negligible, save for the sisters at Masasi in Tanzania. But surely herein lies a headline example of how the power of one cultural model — where long-term, if not life-long celibacy is a crucial requirement — meeting the power of another — namely, the importance in terms of identity and community recognition for both men and women that is accorded through the birth of children — does not seem to find a way to

have the conversation that actually would benefit both companions.

For though we're thinking here primarily of the learning that might transform the western church, a conversation more sensitive to its African context might also have been and still be transformational there.

If in this regard we reach somewhat of a temporary dead-end we have only to look at the Province of Melanesia, for instance, to see the impact of much more culturally sensitive evangelising bishops — Selwyn and Patterson — and the growth from the seeds of their work, through Ini Kopuria's inspiring witness, of what is now the largest monastic community in the Anglican Communion, the Melanesian Brotherhood, one that is characterised by short-term vows.

Literally hundreds of young men offer themselves for a few years as brothers — sent out in pairs to remote Island and village communities in true Emmaus Road style, before moving back into the wider community, after their period of service, and then fulfilling a calling as fathers, which meets a deeply-perceived cultural norm but which also strengthens this through the discipline and spiritual depth of the monastic experience.

We have sadly yet to do the learning it seems in this country, and our monastic orders are dying a slow but inevitable death as a result. Yet the learning is there for us if we have eyes to see it and attend to our own context where celibacy — and let's not get hijacked on to this area, but merely note it — raises all sorts of issues not perceived effectively to have been addressed by the Church and where the reality is that few wish to offer themselves to a life-long commitment of this sort but some may, like the Melanesian Brothers, feel able to offer

a period of time to such a life. If they were enabled to do so, surely the impact on a catholic understanding of the nature of the Church could only be enhanced.

Perhaps the reality of a third order within the recently-reshaped Church Missionary Society and the similar structure now in the Church Army is in some way a recognition of this need?

To use old — though sadly not entirely anachronistic language — what we're trying to do of course is to transcend any lingering sense of donor-recipient model, with a notion of companionship where each is a donor and each a recipient, and where the power of the Western impetus always to be donor requires steady erosion. But equally we need to transcend that sense in which we have tied ourselves up in knots over the business of the sending of people.

There are of course financial constraints here that make the sending of mission companions from these Islands to the world Church very difficult and increasingly unlikely — and, as the Chair of the Trustees of Us, I am only too painfully well aware of them — as equally, there are good reasons to avoid that tendency to 'mission tourism' which sees the facilitation of short-term encounters that are not part of a longer-term companionship, and whose brevity and superficiality will only serve to destroy and not enhance the mutual building up of the body. But — and here I speak as one who has worked in another Province, an African Province of the Anglican Communion — the damage we will do to the oversight of the Church in these Islands if we do not have a sufficient body of clergy and laity with long-term mission companion or comparable experience, is incalculable.

Bland talk of a global village and internet connectivity will not overcome the western mind-set that is best transformed by sustained engagement in contexts other than one's own.

Brighton — and Weymouth — which were Henry Pulling's imaginative suggestions to his aunt — wouldn't quite (for all the excitements of the former if not the latter) have done the trick. The dahlias would have been just too close to hand for comfort! And offered too limiting a vision, people have a habit of cultivating dahlias not their love of the divine.

It's this necessary embrace of the other to the point where it's not other at all but recognised as equal companion in the Way, that leads me to offer some remarks on areas which, given the shape of my own ministerial experience, people might perhaps expect me to have talked about at greater length.

The first is the ethnic and cultural diversity around us. Still, too little attention is being paid to the fact that our companions from other parts of the Anglican Communion, for instance, have already through the grace of the Holy Spirit, come among us to reshape, redefine and reinvigorate our understanding of Church and of mission. I wonder how far the institution of the Church is letting them do so?

For all Graham Greene's inevitably somewhat colonial and orientalist models of thought, the presence of Wordsworth, Aunt Augusta's valet from Sierra Leone — and the pivotal, even sacrificial, albeit somewhat ambiguous rôle that he plays at the heart of the narrative (he's disarmingly like that wonderful Caribbean cleaner who looked after Alf Garnett in *Till death us do part* (1968) — is testament to a developing awareness — Greene was writing in 1969

— that the Western landscape of life had changed and was still changing. Does our catholic worship, our incarnational model of ministry, our apologetic truly reflect such change?

Mention of apologetic leads me to a second assertion. Until we see interfaith companionship as part and parcel of our mission we shall not be able to advance the mission of the whole Church.

Five years trying to be a companion to (mainly) Muslims in Blackburn taught me that as Anglican Catholics we are simply failing to engage at the level of faith, especially in terms of apologetic.

If I were asked to attend another samosa and cucumber-sandwich sharing event in my life I should probably have to be taken out screaming. For if the incarnation means anything for our mission as the Church it means having the conversation with anyone and everyone which sets the very framework before them of our life with which I began, namely an Emmaus framework.

Conversation is the very means of God's self-revelation. It is our means of mission. And conversation must not be restricted simply to chats with the choir — which, in reality, is what so much contemporary mission in the C of E can look like. For what so many of our neighbours, companions and — please God — friends — of other faiths want to hear is the heart of the Gospel.

They do not want some watered-down mushy liberalism. They actually want to know from us of the Christ-likeness that is of course most often a scandal to their world view but is of the essence for us. The much bigger scandal is to fail to witness to them with integrity, honesty and sensitivity the love of God in Christ. Their desire to hear

ought surely to be our cue to witness. Failure to do so for fear that we may be perceived as saying the wrong thing — the scourge of political correctness — or attempting to convert — an often heard sentiment within, as much as without the Church — is a denial of the Gospel, a denial of the God who converts — we don't do that let's remember — and the divine mission in the world, which means that God is quite capable surely of implanting the desire to hear and to question in anyone's mind and heart.

It's not our job to get in the way of such prompting but to companion it, and go where love would have us go. Graham Greene sees this in terms of the Browning couplet which Henry Pulling and his bride-to-be share with one another and with which he ends *Travels with my aunt* — “God's in his heaven. All's right with the world!” For us who hold the catholicity of the Church and its calling as the agent of divine mission so dear, that's not such a bad Ascensiontide place to be — at least if where we suppose the Church to be is somewhere in the gap between those two sentences: “God is in his heaven... all's right with the world!”

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## 100 YEARS AGO

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“A priest has lately passed away who leaves sincere and sorrowing friends in our congregation, Mr Killin-Roberts, the Rector of St Andrew's, Hertford. It is well-known that Mr Killin-Roberts was Welsh Chaplain at All Saints for some years. No one could possibly have been better fitted to carry out the interesting experiment which Mr Whitworth tried. Mr Roberts was a man of the kindest nature and possessed all the genial social qualities of his race. He joined the All Saints staff while I was a member of it, and his colleagues soon became warmly

attached to him. I remember how diligent he was in visiting his scattered flock and how cheery the Welsh tea parties were after the Welsh Evensong which was sandwiched in between the four o'clock and seven o'clock services.

“The annual Welsh Evensong in St Paul’s Cathedral arose out of a conversation between Mr Roberts and myself. I undertook to put the idea to the Archdeacon of London when I was at Fulham Place before my ordination as priest. The Archdeacon promised to lay the matter before the dean and so the thing was done. Every year the newspapers attribute the origin of the service to somebody else, I forget whom at the moment, but that is how it really arose.

“There was an enormous crowd at the first Welsh Evensong in St Paul’s. Numbers of Nonconformists sang in the choir. They wore surplices and took part in a procession for the first time in their lives. Their relatives in the congregation regarded them with much pride and pleasure.

“Killin-Roberts and I carried the collection homeward with much difficulty and counted it in my room at 84. I never saw so many pennies in the whole course of my life.

“Once Killin-Roberts gave me an acutely nervous moment. He had to leave the Welsh Evensong before it was over and he got me to sing the blessing in Welsh. It is an illustration of the innate courtesy of that agreeable race that the congregation crowded round me afterwards to congratulate me on the exquisite purity of my Welsh accent.\*

“I have one wholly different memory of our friend. I remember his spending a very hard-worked Good Friday in the middle of

which he went to St Paul’s for the Three Hours, and how amazed I was to find out quite by accident on Holy Saturday that he had not broken his fast even to drink water since Maundy Thursday.

*\*The Baptism service I took part in was bi-lingual but I left the Welsh bits to Canon Graham Holcomb of Llandaff Cathedral.*

*AM*

## SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES MUSIC AND READINGS

### ● SUNDAY 7 JULY SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

#### HIGH MASS AT 11am

*Entrance Hymn:* 103

*Introit:* *Dominus fortitudo*

*Setting:* Mass in four parts

— Monteverdi

*Lessons:* Isaiah 66: 10 - 14

Psalm 66: 1 - 8

Galatians 6: 7 - 16

*Hymn:* 379

*Gospel:* Luke 10: 1 - 11, 16 - 20

*Preacher:* Fr Julian Browning

*Creed:* Credo II

*Anthem:* Os justi — Bruckner

*Hymns:* 95, 481 (T 462), 447

(v 5 Descant — Caplin)

*Voluntary:* Toccata in E, BWV 566 —

Bach

#### CHORAL EVENSONG & BENECTION at 6pm

*Psalms:* 65, 70

*Lessons:* Genesis 29: 1 - 20

Mark 6: 7 - 29



*Office Hymn:* 150 (R)  
*Canticles:* Service in B minor — Noble  
*Anthem:* Geistliches Lied — Brahms  
*Preacher:* Fr Neil Bunker  
*Hymn:* 170 (i)  
*O Salutaris:* Byrd  
*Hymn:* 416 (ii)  
*Tantum ergo:* Byrd  
*Voluntary:* O Gott, du frommer Gott,  
 op 122 no 7 — Brahms

● **SUNDAY 14 JULY**  
**SEVENTH SUNDAY**  
**AFTER TRINITY**

**HIGH MASS AT 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 351  
*Introit:* *Omnnes gentes*  
*Setting:* Mass in G — Schubert  
*Lessons:* Deuteronomy 30: 9 - 14  
 Psalm 25  
 Colossians 1: 1 - 14  
*Hymn:* 367 (ii)  
*Gospel:* Luke 10: 25 - 37  
*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
 Prebendary Alan Moses  
*Creed:* Sung by the Choir  
*Anthem:* Ave Maria — Stravinsky  
*Hymns:* 422, 431, 372  
*Voluntary:* Prelude and Fugue in B,  
 op 7 no 1 — Dupré

**CHORAL EVENSONG &**  
**BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 77  
*Lessons:* Genesis 32: 9 - 30  
 Mark 7: 1 - 23  
*Office Hymn:* 150 (S)  
*Canticles:* Service in A flat  
 — Harwood  
*Anthem:* Hail, gladdening light  
 — Wood

*Preacher:* Fr Gerald Beauchamp  
*Hymn:* 350  
*O Salutaris:* Francis Jackson  
*Hymn:* 70 (i)  
*Tantum ergo:* Francis Jackson  
*Voluntary:* Magnificat anima mea  
 Dominum, op 18 — Dupré

● **SUNDAY 21 JULY**  
**EIGHTH SUNDAY**  
**AFTER TRINITY**

**HIGH MASS AT 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 148 (omit \*)  
*Introit:* *Suscipimus*  
*Setting:* Mass for four voices — Byrd  
*Lessons:* Genesis 18: 1 - 10a  
 Psalm 15  
 Colossians 1: 15 - 28  
*Hymn:* 339  
*Gospel:* Luke 10: 38 - 42  
*Preacher:* Fr Julian Browning  
*Creed:* Credo III  
*Anthem:* Ave verum corpus — Byrd  
*Hymns:* 73 (i), 410, 424  
*Voluntary:* Prelude and Fugue in G,  
 BWV 541 — Bach

**CHORAL EVENSONG &**  
**BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 81  
*Lessons:* Genesis 41: 1 - 16, 25 - 37  
 I Corinthians 4: 8 - 13  
*Office Hymn:* 150 (R)  
*Canticles:* The Second Service  
 — Gibbons  
*Anthem:* O clap your hands  
 — Gibbons  
*Preacher:* Fr Neil Bunker  
*Hymn:* 244  
*O Salutaris:* Schumann  
*Hymn:* 383 (ii; omit \*)

*Tantum ergo:* Bruckner  
*Voluntary:* Fantasia — Cosyn

● **SUNDAY 28 JULY**  
**NINTH SUNDAY**  
**AFTER TRINITY**

**HIGH MASS AT 11am**

*Entrance Hymn:* 498

*Introit:* *Ecce Deus*

*Setting:* Missa Brevior  
— James Sherwood

*Lessons:* Genesis 18: 20 - 32  
Psalm 138  
Colossians 2: 6 - 15

*Hymn:* 406

*Gospel:* Luke 11: 1 - 13

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses

*Creed:* Credo II

*Anthem:* I give you a new  
commandment — Sheppard

*Hymns:* 273 (T 302), 442 (T 74), 499

*Voluntary:* Præludium in D,  
BuxWV 139 — Buxtehude

**CHORAL EVENSONG &  
BENEDICTION at 6pm**

*Psalm:* 88

*Lessons:* Genesis 42: 1 - 25  
I Corinthians 10: 1 - 24

*Office Hymn:* 150 (S)

*Canticles:* Tone vi — Victoria;  
Tone vi plainsong

*Anthem:* Laudem dicite Deo  
— Sheppard

*Preacher:* Fr Julian Browning

*Hymn:* 368

*O Salutaris:* Bach (no 2)

*Hymn:* 276 (ii)

*Tantum Ergo:* Bach (no 2)

*Voluntary:* Ave Maria, op 80 no 5  
— Reger

**KEEPING IN TOUCH**

As well as the monthly **Parish Paper**, you can keep in touch with life at All Saints through:

**The All Saints Website**

[www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk](http://www.allsaintsmargaretstreet.org.uk)

**The Parish Email**

This gives weekly news of events, people to pray for, and a short letter from one of the clergy. You can subscribe through the All Saints website.

**The Weekly Notices** included in the Sunday service booklet, which worshippers are encouraged to take away.

**Vicar:**

Prebendary Alan Moses

020 7636 1788 / 9961

**Honorary Assistant Priest:**

Fr. Neil Bunker  
Mental Health Liaison Chaplain  
for Westminster.

**Honorary Assistant Priests:**

The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

020 7286 6034

**Parish Administrator:**

Please email [astsmgtst@aol.com](mailto:astsmgtst@aol.com)

**Sundays** Low Mass at 6.30 pm (Sat), 8am.

and 5.15pm. Morning Prayer 10.20am

HIGH MASS and SERMON at 11am

SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON and

BENEDICTION at 6pm.

**Monday to Friday** Morning Prayer at 7.30 am.

Low Mass at 8am, 1.10pm and 6.30 p.m.

Confessions from 12.30 - 1.00pm and 5.30pm

Evening Prayer at 6pm.

**Saturday** Morning Prayer at 7.30am.

Low Mass at 8am and 6.30pm\*

(\* First Mass of Sunday)

Confessions 5.30pm, Evening Prayer 6pm

Confessions are also heard by appointment

020 7636 1788