



All Saints Parish Paper

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VICAR'S LETTER

I am writing this on the Monday in Holy Week and you will be reading it in Eastertide. Yesterday, after the outdoor Liturgy and Procession of Palms, we stood in church to hear the Passion according to St Matthew sung by three soloists and the choir. In the Liturgy of the Passion on Good Friday we will hear the St John Passion sung in the same way.



All Saints' Easter Garden

(Photo: Andrew Prior)

We have had some practice listening to long Gospels this Lent, with the stories from John's Gospel of Jesus and the Samaritan Woman at the Well, the Healing of the Man Born Blind and the Raising of Lazarus. These, forty verses or more in each of them, the clergy had to sing alone. We are not trained singers, so we always try to practice what we have to sing; and in the case of those long Gospels and texts for Holy Week which we sing only once a year, more assiduously than ever. Fr Michael will be singing the Exsultet and the elaborate chant of the Gospel at the Easter Vigil this year. I will be getting off relatively lightly with the Solemn Prayers on Good Friday and the Mass of the Easter Vigil.

With all that in mind, I read with interest an article by the tenor Mark Padmore in *The*

Guardian about his current production of Bach's St John Passion. It has much to say to us about church music and about worship in general.

He acknowledged the benefits of recording technology which makes available a far wider range of music to many more people than could ever have attended live performances in an earlier age. But he also identified some dangers. The instant availability of recorded music can make it easy for us to become casually familiar with it. We start to hear even live performances passively, as if they were simply a repetition of the familiar. We hear, but we don't listen. Against this, he argues that "there is always more to learn, more to discover and because music unfolds over time we can only ever hold an impression of a piece in our mind".

Another danger is that “our reliance on recordings encourages a strange connoisseurship whereby they are judged against one another. There is a misguided search for the definitive performance — as if there could be one single ideal interpretation... music becomes a possession rather than a process... we are in danger of losing touch with the greatest strength of classical music — its liveness. The unrepeatable, unpredictable nature of great music performed in the moment for that moment only.”

Padmore then asks: “How then, can we encourage attentive, active listening? How do we communicate a piece to an audience with immediacy and urgency? And how can I avoid complacency when coming back to a work that I have known for 35 years and performed 130 times? One way is to question our own assumptions and preconceptions.” He reminds himself and his fellow-performers that the *Passion* was not a standalone concert piece but an integral part of a liturgical event, the three-hour service on Good Friday, with its prayers, chorales, motets, organ improvisations and a very substantial sermon placed between the two parts of the *Passion*.

We hardly need to be reminded that the music we hear at All Saints is part of the liturgy. That does not mean that we have no need to question our assumptions and preconceptions about the meaning and purpose of worship and the different elements which make up our form of it.

Familiarity is one of the strengths of liturgical worship. The variable elements, those which reflect the seasons of the Church Year or the readings in the lectionary, are held within a framework, the “ordinary”. Its very familiarity, its repetition, Sunday by

Sunday and day by day, aids us in exploring the other without getting hopelessly lost. And even familiar words, ones used every day like the Lord’s Prayer, yield riches which we only discover through repeated use.

There is, however, a danger in familiarity. Routine can take hold, attention can wander, we find ourselves doing and saying things on automatic pilot. Worse still, we come to resent elements of the liturgy which challenge and disturb us. In a world in constant flux, it is natural that we should see in worship a source of comfort and stability, but if that is all then we lose sight of the Christ who is at the heart of it.

The other de-familiarizing element which Padmore has adopted is to perform the *St John Passion* without a conductor. This requires more rehearsal and more responsibility for the performance from every performer. “Bach lived before the invention of the ‘maestro’ and, I believe, conceived his music as chamber music, relying on subtle gestures between the players and a high level of musicianship to guide the performance.”

The priest who presides at the liturgy is something of a conductor — but he is not a celebrity maestro, much less the compere of a TV game show — a model of presiding which seems to have crept into some churches these days.

But everyone who takes part in the celebration of the liturgy, congregation as well as clergy, choir, readers, servers, is taking part in the performance. We are not there to be passive recipients. We are a congregation, an assembly of God’s people, not an audience. Yes, there are parts where we listen: to the priest when he prays on our behalf, to readers during the liturgy of the

word, to the preacher during the sermon, to the choir singing the setting of the Mass, an anthem or motet; but even this is an active, attentive, engaged, expectant listening.

Over forty years of priesthood I have celebrated many more than 1,300 High Masses and countless more said ones. How can I avoid complacency? I believe that one of the most important gifts the clergy can offer to their people is in their prayerful and prepared and recollected celebration of the liturgy. If we arrive at the last minute; if even that last minute is taken up with chatter rather than prayer and silence, if we haven't gone over the texts we will be reading and praying, if we haven't prepared the homily we are going to preach, if we are disorganized and flustered, then we let people down.

There is an equivalent for lay people: it involves getting to church on time — in good time — and what we do when we get there. Now there are times when the unpredictability of London traffic and transport can make us late — but I do wonder why the same people always seem to be late almost every Sunday.

At All Saints, we work hard at maintaining an atmosphere of calm and quiet in church before services. This is so that people can pray — not just other people — but you and me. If we are on duty, in some lay ministry — as singer, server, reader or sidesperson — it is especially important that we make time to pray.

As congregations, large or small, we need to listen to each other as we pray and sing. Can I hear anyone above my own voice? If I can't, then I am too loud. Learning to listen to each other, as well as to God, in church is good training in the art of listening to others in the rest of life.

Then a final warning from Padmore: Clergy who work in churches like All Saints, and those who worship in them, need to be aware of the spiritual peril of an approach to worship as something we possess rather than a process which possesses and transforms us. If we think that we've found or produced the "best" High Mass or Choral Evensong in London — and so our pilgrimage is complete, we are wrong: it has only just begun.

Yours in Christ,
Alan Moses

REQUIEM FOR MYRTLE

Heather Richards, Lay Reader at St Nicholas, Harpenden, and one of the group of Myrtle's friends who came to the requiem at All Saints, writes:

Dear Father Alan, Cedric and all at All Saints, Margaret Street.

Thank you so very much for a wonderful Requiem Mass for Myrtle, for making us all from St Nicholas', Harpenden, feel so welcome and for inviting me to read one of the lessons. It was a very special occasion. Thank you, too, for the delicious refreshments. It was lovely to be with you. Thank you all, and to Dee too for all her help.

Fr Alan has been invited to preach at St Nicholas, Harpenden, on the church's patronal festival in December.

IAN SEARLE 1938 – 2017

Ian and his wife Patricia were married at All Saints in 1985. After they settled in Hampton, they became parishioners at their local church, another All Saints, but kept up their links with Margaret Street through membership of the Friends of All Saints

Therese is content with what she finds in the Gospel, she does not talk about what is not in the Gospel.

As one who shares with St Theresa and the Cardinal both a deep love of Mary and their discomfort with the feverish and sentimental piety, this Gospel-centred approach to the Mother of our Lord is one I commend to those who find Marian extravagance off-putting. **AM**

NEW ALL SAINTS' PCC AND DEANERY SYNOD MEMBERS

Following the elections at the Annual Parochial Church Meeting on 2 April, the following were elected:

To Deanery Synod:

Janet Drake and Francis O'Neil.

To the PCC: Charlotte Black, Andrew Lane, Judith Mather, Keith Postance, John McWhinney, Colin Symes, Shawn Welby-Cooke and Geoffrey Woodcock.

TREASURER'S REPORT TO THE APCM

Patrick Hartley addressed the meeting:

"I am pleased to report a surplus on the PCC's unrestricted funds for the year of £11,550 which has increased reserves to £23,838 which is good news. This sounds a substantial amount but in the context of annual expenditure of £330,000 this equates to less than a month's costs so we do need to push to increase these reserves so as to be able to cover at least a couple of months' costs.

"We were fortunate during the year as net legacy income of £25,000 effectively turned what would have been a deficit into a surplus. *[Note: The PCC received a legacy of just over £60,000 and transferred £35,000 of it to the All Saints' Foundation.]*

"Notwithstanding a successful stewardship campaign our monthly congregational giving has been decreasing as a number of significant donors are no longer with us so it is fortunate that we have solid rental income, increasing grants from the Choir and Music Trust Fund and a new source of funds from the telecommunications mast in the spire. Even so I anticipate this will just cover our day-to-day costs and basic maintenance in 2017 so for anything over and above this we will need to look to the All Saints Foundation for its support.

"As it is now at least 10 years since I have been addressing the APCM I thought I would highlight some figures from 10 years ago but hopefully it won't be me standing here in 10 years' time giving you the same comparative figures!"

1. Total unrestricted income excluding legacies was **£264,777** now £319,263
2. Giving by standing orders was **£135,483** now £121,252
3. Property income was **£33,151** now £77,893
4. Grants from All Saints Choir & Music Trust Fund was **£31,000** now £60,000
5. Reserves were **£139,845** now £23,838
6. Total unrestricted expenditure was **£258,763** now £369,675
7. Common Fund Contribution was **£86,600** now £136,500
8. Music costs were **£75,948** now £101,698
9. Mission and charitable giving was **£9,872** now £13,936
10. Insurance was **£15,856** now £10,543
11. Parish administrator and office costs were **£51,792** now £50,223.

PH

**POETRY TEA,
Sunday 28 May 3pm
at Pamela's home.**

The theme will be **Summertime but there is no firm requirement to stick to it.** Please feel free to bring whatever you like — poetry or prose. To attend please speak to Pamela or Sandra in the church courtyard, or ring Sandra on 020 7637 8456 leaving your name and 'phone number. Charge £6, with refreshments.

Proceeds go to the All Saints Restoration Fund.

VICAR ON STUDY LEAVE

Fr Alan will be taking the remaining part of his study leave from 9 May to 1 June. He will be staying at the Anglican Centre in Rome.

**FR ALAN'S 40TH ANNIVERSARY
OF ORDINATION TO THE
PRIESTHOOD**

Friday 9 June, Feast of St Columba, Abbot of Iona — **6.30pm High Mass at All Saints**
Preacher: The Revd Canon Ian Paton,
Rector of Old St Paul's,
Edinburgh.

Fr Michael Bowie's 2017 Travelogue Part 1 — ON AVOIDING KOALAS

You may know that in February I returned from another expedition to the 'Sunburnt Country'. Just in time for the Deanery Chapter party. Having set both washing machines to work and disposed of my luggage I tripped lightly up the Vicarage stairs and was immediately engaged in question and answer about Austral fauna.

**THE CHURCH AS FIELD
HOSPITAL**

When Pope Francis was asked: "What kind of Church do you dream of?", he famously likened the Church he would like to see to a field hospital. "I see clearly that the thing the Church needs most today is the ability to heal wounds and warm the hearts of the faithful; it needs nearness, proximity. I see the Church as a field hospital after a battle."

On Tuesday in Holy Week All Saints became a field hospital. After an hour of hearing confessions, I went to wake one of our homeless guests who was snoring loudly before we began the Mass. He did not respond to my efforts or those of Dr Michael Duggan (regular member of All Saints' congregation who happened to be attending lunchtime Mass) to wake him. So, we decided to call for an ambulance. No sooner had we begun the Mass than the paramedics arrived and began to minister to him. They continued throughout the service and the patient was removed on a trolley just before the blessing.

Afterwards, the paramedics told Dee, our Parish Administrator, that we had done the right thing in calling them. If Christopher had been left unattended he could have died. *AM*

There was cooing over our delightful and 'iconic' bears (the icon in question presumably being one of S. *Ursula*) not to mention the platypods (I advocate this plural of platypus: '*platypi*', sadly often heard, is a plural from the Wrong Language, and 'platypusses' sounds like the punchline of a dead-cat joke. Or a campaign slogan

favoured by the President of the USA).

I admitted to having seen one Koala bear but having failed to approach it. Sensing disquiet and confusion in the assembly, I explained that the little arboreal herbivorous marsupials in question have Sharp Claws, extremities which they readily use on the over-friendly. I attribute their dark moods to an unremitting diet of gum-leaves: indigestible, one suspects. And ask yourself how you'd feel about someone ten times your size picking you up: you see their point of view. KBs also express their feelings by urination, a detail I fear I mentioned, hoping I'd hit on an unanswerable discouragement to pursuing the topic. Fr Beauchamp rebuked me with a reminder that we were eating. We moved swiftly on to other less controversial subjects such as the future of the Church of England.

So I've got as far as telling you I've been home again. Perhaps I'd better add a few facts. The cold bath that is Lent came late upon us in 2017, so I didn't Not-Celebrate New Year in the air this time (see last year, Chapter One). Ash Wednesday lazily procrastinated until St David's Day this year (a coincidence producing calendrical turmoil among the Christians of Wales, and causing John Lewis to mark the beginning of Lent this year with daffodils and leeks rather than their usual well-advertised Sackcloth and Ashes sale), so I didn't need to depart London until St Wulfstan's day. I believe that St W, bishop of Worcester, was the last surviving pre-Conquest bishop. Information about his attitudes to air-travel, or indeed the existence of Australia, is lacking. Setting aside such irksome detail and invoking his patronage on my journey I shed Lethe's haze and gathered the bags.

I had again engaged Messrs Etihad. This year, overcome by the opportunity to

carry me a second time, they sent a car to ferry me to and through the Purgatory that is Heathrow Airport. I strive never to be up, let alone on any form of transport, at 05.45, so it was a revelation to me that we are not in fact very *far* from Purgatory. The illusion of distance, as so often in London, is actually a matter of Traffic. The charming driver whisked me to Terminal 4 in less than 30 minutes; another kind employee gathered my baggage and presented it to a third and even kinder employee. I am incapable of Travelling Light. I may have said this before. But my three bags were nothing to these Jeeves's of the air. I turned out to be many kilos below my maximum baggage allowance, even after loading myself up with presents for clergy children and items left behind by Cousin Barbara on her recent visit. Somehow this felt Wrong. Having been brought up in an anxiously parsimonious clerical household I was relentlessly schooled to *waste nothing*. If there was an allowance one should fill it. Having failed in this, as in so many proper life-aims, I made my way to the Lounge and settled to a decent breakfast and The Essential Cappuccino. Having broken the fast and said Morning Prayer in peace, I boarded an A-380 and off we took.

I had with me a supply of books. An overly large supply. I always convince myself that I will use the excess of time provided by this journey for self-improvement. But, sadly, the lure of the in-flight entertainment system always overwhelms; after a couple of Chekhov short stories, I weakly succumbed and embarked on the first series of *Victoria*. As a child I found this monarch strangely fascinating, though I always preferred her racier Tudor forebears. The latter have been somewhat traduced by recent televisual offerings (and, in my lengthening memory, Keith Michell's *Six Wives of Henry VIII*

wasn't much better, redeemed only by Glenda Jackson's magisterial sequel, *Elizabeth R*), but this account of the now *second-longest* reigning English monarch seemed plausible. More importantly it Passed the Time. After only seven hours we paused in Abu Dhabi, there to pick up the risibly minimal allowance of cigars to which Australian bureaucracy allows entry, at least free of duty; fourteen additional airborne hours loomed. Once I'd finished with Victoria, a film or two beckoned, then the suggestion of sleep. All my fellow travellers were doing an excellent imitation of the west end of All Saints Margaret Street. I attempted to join in.

And at last we were (what still feels to me like) Home. My scary grandmother Catherine Bowie, a fifth-generation Australian, always referred to England as Home, with an audible initial capital H. At least, that is, until she visited Home and was firmly reminded that she belonged Elsewhere. Oscar Wilde, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, memorably records Algernon being given the choice between 'this world, the next world and Australia'. His response indicated a decided aversion to death or Australia. The Relatives seem to have been of a similar mind. She never mentioned Home again.

At Kingsford Smith Airport a car was again on tap, but in a more egalitarian local idiom. No chap standing with one's name on a sign: instead, a desk marked 'Etihad drivers' which one gingerly approached and was then, if favoured, allocated a driver by a man with an impressive clipboard. Happily my name was in the book of life and the driver and I emerged into evening sunshine. From long experience I know that a man travelling alone in Australia will have a happier journey if he sits in the front of the

car and makes an effort at conversation. I've always enjoyed this: the conversations are often broadening.

And Peter, who was driving me, was keen to talk. The son of Russian immigrants, he had spent his entire life in Bondi. His newly-Australian parents were non-practising Jews, who had gravitated to the magnetic centre of Sydney's large Jewish community, next to the most famous and least interesting beach in the world. Having been to Jewish schools and forced to learn a certain amount of Hebrew he had naturally become a Buddhist. Many people in Australia now believe themselves to be Buddhists (certainly better than being a Jedi Knight, which an astonishing number claimed to be on the most recent census) and some of them even actively practise versions of their faith. Large Buddhist temples have been built to the north and south of Sydney, adding exotic flourishes to otherwise unremarkable skylines in Wollongong and Gosford.

Peter, however, was much more than a religious hobbyist. I owned up to my professional religious allegiance and our conversation became Deep. Mention of my Father's experience of Buddhism in West China seventy years ago did not cut ice — Chinese Buddhism was, he opined with suitably karmic gentleness, a debased form of Buddhism-Lite, akin perhaps to HTB in our eyes, though he was prepared to admit that, as is true of HTB, people are better off there than in, say, Jedism (is that the name of the denomination?). Well-advanced in meditation techniques he was even learning Sanskrit to deepen his knowledge of the tradition. Sanskrit is not a study for the faint-hearted and I was duly impressed. I was struck by the seriousness of this forty-year-old product of secular Judaism meeting secular Australia. Christianity is not doing

well in Australia, not least because of the current Royal Commission, of which more later. We tend to throw up our metaphorical hands and decry the lack of religio-cultural depth in a society where life is, literally, *sunny*, for most people much of the time. Here was someone seeking meaning by far different methods than getting and spending, or the relentless pursuit of physical relationships which, we are routinely told, describe the limits of most Australian lives. A local tradition which does nobly survive is that of the proud autodidact: Peter had tapped into that and found Buddhism. Surely an honourable outcome.

Having been gently decanted by him in Bent Street (an unimaginatively-named thoroughfare near Circular Quay, being the only one which doesn't run in a straight line), I presented myself to the Porter at the Union Club. This was early Friday evening, and most sensible Members had departed to be with their N and D. Because it was also January (the August of the South, you understand) serious Renovation was under way. Many of the public rooms were out of use and one lift was permanently frozen on the Third Floor. The other lift (a charming wood-panelled conveyance, *circa* 1950), although operational, had conceived an aversion to answering calls from the ground floor, so the porter kindly tooled off to the basement to bring it up for me. I quickly stuffed it with luggage, squeezed myself in among the bags and staggered to the seventh floor where the view over the city raised the S. Palm Trees swayed by the Mitchell Library; Renzo Piano's local flight of architectural fancy winked at me from across the street; improbable Australian accents issued from the TV. Determined to Stay Up (my remedy for jet lag) I decided on a walk, possibly some food, and one

chore at the nearest ATM.

This proved ill-advised. I always think I'm functional after a 23 hour journey, but experience should have warned me otherwise. I had a newly issued credit card with a PIN I would never remember. It seemed like a useful project to approach an ATM and re-set this to the number I've used for all my accounts since ATMs were invented. I can remember no other. It is a random number imposed on me by the bank in 1980, so it remains a relatively sensible choice, having no discernibly logical connection to me.

Wandering into the stifling evening, I came upon the Hunter Street branch of my bank. The ATM responded generously to my suggestion of a new PIN and all was well. Until, that is, I thought also to bulk up my store of colourful local currency. If you find the new £5 note a bit bright and slippery, spare a thought for us who've had all our notes in shockingly colourful iterations of this plastic genre for about 20 years. Duly extracting the spondulicks, I strolled a bit. After a block or two, gazing blearily at the receipt, I sensed that I'd taken more out of this account than I'd yet put into it. 'Fine' I reasoned, 'there is a computer in my sitting room at 25 Bent Street; I will effect a transfer'. Or dazed words to that effect. Later, when the trusty computer got up steam and made the adjustment, I realised that I no longer had the ATM *debit* card. Things could have been worse: my *credit* card was working, and everywhere in Australia now accepts payment by that seductive method of waving your card in the general direction of a machine. My compatriots (including their banks) actually call this 'PayWave', an appealing alternative nomenclature to our prosaic 'contactless'.

PW works for transactions up to \$100. At present rates of exchange that is £61. So, while PW is very convenient to the hard-of-remembering, if one's card is lost or stolen, many transactions can be quickly amassed, whatever the PIN. Contemplating this possibility, action seemed called for: I found and 'phoned the 'Lost Cards' department of my bank. A delightful and helpful person sympathised and generously forbore to remark on my stupidity as he cancelled my card and assured me that no one had been Waving it at anything. I had left the card in the machine, which had then done its mechanical duty and swallowed it before any enthusiastic PayWavers could have their Waving Way with it. I established that my new card could be sent to my old branch, in the northern suburb of Chatswood. This would take five working days. Since we had now embarked on The Weekend (the most revered, if not quite aboriginal, Sacred Site of Australian life), and the following week included the contentious local celebration of Australia Day, a public holiday, I resigned myself to liberal use of the *credit* card until Monday week.

I had contracted to remain in the Club for the weekend before moving to my friends' house in Glebe, solitary accommodation being the best place to readjust to a new temporal rhythm without disturbing others. 'Solitary' proved an understatement. On Saturday, breakfast was achieved in the Presence, rather than the Company, of the Club's Resident Member (all clubs have one of these — Fr Gilbey, famously fulfilled the rôle at the Travellers here in London; I met another in the New Club in Edinburgh who I subsequently discovered was known to Fr Alan from Old St Paul's days). Once I realised that this dour old cove, who had

put on a jacket and tie to eat his Saturday Breakfast, was utterly uninterested in human contact, I scorned to discover his name. We sat adjacently in mutual non-recognition on three successive mornings. We each had a copy of the local excuse for a newspaper, so we could *politely* ignore each other.

Having enjoyed the first of these *petits déjeuners* (and I can report that The Essential Cappuccini were perfect), I leapt forth into the already sunburnt streets of our oldest city and went in search of the various things which, despite reasonable preparation and far too much luggage, I had failed to bring. This year these were sunglasses, a hat and a hairbrush. The first and third were easily achieved; the middle term was eventually obtained from the venerable Strand Hatters (Sydney has no Strand, but it does have a delightful, if diminutive, Victorian Strand Arcade), where a honey-tongued salesman persuaded me to exercise my *credit* card with rather more than a Wave, in Payment for an Ecuadorean straw number. It was a good fit and nothing to be ashamed of. Indeed I was gratified on more than one subsequent occasion by street vendors addressing me as 'the gentleman in the nice hat'. For once a sartorial choice that commanded widespread approval.

My London neighbour Martin Woolley, who has an Australian Past, had requested the acquisition of some unique local soap; I also required several bottles of the similarly indigenous health supplements to which Martin has introduced me: magical pills of horseradish, garlic and Vitamin C which banish for ever the common cold. All these I found in the venerable pharmaceutical emporium of Soul Pattinson, directly opposite the Strand. This ancient family

firm naturally rejoices in the advertising slogan ‘for every Body and Soul’, wherein lurks a sermon-illustration which must be firmly quashed. Thus punctuating a happy Saturday with shopping and repeated retreats to my air-conditioned suite, I reacquainted myself with the CBD (I’m sure you can unscramble the ubiquitous antipodean acronym) and the gentle hedonism that is modern Sydney.

Tomorrow promised an early morning walk in the harbourside Botanical Gardens and High Mass at Christ Church St Laurence. Cheered by this pleasant prospect, I wandered down to the Sydney Cove Oyster Bar near the Opera House and spent a delightful evening in the company of *huitres* and other *fruits de mer*, watching the sun set over the Harbour Bridge. Thus I recalled that it isn’t ursuline icons which beckon; the prospect which calls me Home is undoubtedly Sydney Harbour on a sunny Saturday evening.

Next month: More Happens. Promise.

“THY KINGDOM COME”

In the Acts of the Apostles, the disciples are instructed by the risen Christ to remain in Jerusalem until the promised Holy Spirit is given at Pentecost. We read that the apostles in the upper room **“with one accord devoted themselves to prayer, together with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus and his brothers”**.

After this example, the nine days between Ascension and Pentecost have traditionally been devoted to prayer for the Holy Spirit. They have become a pattern for novenas of prayer for particular intentions. In recent years the Archbishops of Canterbury and York have invited church communities and individuals, in

this country and beyond, to join in this period of prayer.

Archbishop Justin wrote in the *Church Times* on 9 September, 2016:

“CLERGY in the Church of England might have been surprised to receive a letter from the Archbishop of York and me earlier this year. In it, we invited them and their communities to take as a focus, between Ascension and Pentecost, prayers ‘for a renewal of their expectancy and the overflowing of Christ in their lives together, so that people right across the country see who Jesus is and are drawn to faith in him’.

“This was, no doubt, received with groans of scepticism by some. It may have even found its way into a few vicarage recycling bins. On the one hand, it might seem too obvious: “Archbishops would ask for people to pray, wouldn’t they?” And perhaps a bit presumptuous: “Don’t they know how busy I am already?”

“Then the time of prayer — called *Thy Kingdom Come* — arrived. Messages began pouring in from churches around the country that were making time to pray for the witness of the Church and fresh confidence to share their faith. It was not just from one particular tradition or area — every tradition and expression of church was represented. Many churches hosted whole weeks of 24/7 prayer, some for the first time, and many in partnership with others in their deanery. Some held prayer days, half-nights of prayer, or novenas of prayer. The “beacon” events in cathedrals were packed, and there is no telling how many individuals played their part with prayer at home. We estimate that more than 100,000 Christians joined in about 3,000

events and services during those ten days.

“Many parishes reported lasting change as a result. The assistant minister of St John’s, Hoxton, in London diocese, Jono Tyrrell, told how it had “created a spiritual hunger for ‘more’... It has brought an increased sense of ‘togetherness’, as people feel closer to one another. It has filtered down through all areas of church life, and the sense of the presence of God when we gather continues to grow.”

“St Aidan’s, Gravesend, in the diocese of Rochester, opened its doors from 8am until 8pm during *Thy Kingdom Come*, allowing anyone to come in to pray or sit in silence. It presented the opportunity for numerous conversations with people who rarely came through its doors, and led the Vicar, the Revd Lusa Nsenga-Ngoy, and the PCC to think seriously about how the building can be opened to the community in the longer term.

“This spontaneous desire to join was not limited to the Church of England. The Roman Catholic Bishops’ Conference of England and Wales encouraged churches to pray. Churches in the United States, Bermuda, and Israel — to name a few — heard the call, and joined in.

“I am certain that this enthusiastic response did not spring from a sudden respect for archiepiscopal authority. Dr Sentamu and I may have invited churches to pray, but this call responded to the creativity in many parishes, the deep desire to pray, and the hunger to see lives transformed by the love of Christ. These so easily get smothered under the inevitable busyness of life.

“So it was emphatically not a top-down, centralised initiative. Instead, it

demonstrated that when God calls people to pray — and to engage their friends, neighbours, family, and communities, with the good news of Jesus Christ — there are hundreds of ways of responding.

“Christians of every tradition, in whatever context, share many things in common. At the core of *Thy Kingdom Come* is one of the most important: a reliance on God to send the Holy Spirit to empower us as witnesses to the good news.

“In Acts 1: 8, shortly before his ascension, Jesus tells his disciples that they “will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth”. Jesus links being a witness and the empowering work of the Spirit. We cannot be witnesses on our own.

“When I spoke with Cardinal Vincent Nichols recently, he said that those days of prayer at Pentecost had had far deeper resonance in his own life and prayer than ever before. There was a real sense of new growth, he said. For me, it seemed to be a fresh sign of the Lord saying to us: “The Spirit is given to you to carry on and do the work.”

“We all know that it is only the Spirit that leads people to Christ. It is not something that we are able to instigate or make happen. It is only God who can heal people’s incapacity to perceive his love, and also to make cold hearts warm. That is why prayer must always be the first action of evangelism and witness — because we are utterly reliant on God for its fruition.

“The transformation of lives by the love of God in Christ does not have its inception with a conversation, or a course,

or a guest service (as valuable as these things are). It starts with followers of Jesus Christ getting on their knees before God and praying: “Come, Holy Spirit.” This is one of the earliest prayers of the Church, and not the preserve of one particular tradition. Liturgies around the Church have been praying for the renewing work of the Spirit for centuries.

“There is nothing new here — but, rather, something essential. The period between the Ascension and Pentecost is all about waiting and praying. It was so for the first disciples, and, although we live after Pentecost, we must pray for a renewal of the Spirit again and again.

“This praying for the Spirit turns us from looking inwards to looking outwards, because it is the Spirit of Jesus Christ, who lived his life for others. The Spirit is not given primarily to bless us privately, but so that we can bless the world around us — primarily by witnessing to the life-transforming power of Jesus Christ.

“In 2017, the invitation is going out further and wider to pray together in the run-up to Pentecost. Churches across the whole Anglican Communion have been invited. In the meantime, the presidents of Churches Together in England have called on their Churches to take part.

“The vision is to join with the whole family of God the Father, in praying for the empowering of God the Holy Spirit, that we may be effective witnesses to God the Son, Jesus Christ. It is one that I joyfully urge you to get involved with. Let’s pray as one: ‘Come, Holy Spirit’.”

Resources for prayer can be found on the “Thy Kingdom Come” website.

We will be joining in through our daily worship at All Saints and material to help people pray will be available in church.

AM

100 YEARS AGO

The Vicar wrote in his notes:

“Evensong will be said plain on one evening of the week from now until the summer holidays. The boys cannot go to Wembley as often as usual, because the fares are so high and we are so poor, consequently I want them to have one good long afternoon there once a week.

“The boys are now singing many offices and Masses unaccompanied. I think the congregation will wish me to express to them our appreciation of the way in which they are meeting the difficulty caused by Mr Vale’s work for the army. They are showing great efficiency, and also what we appreciate even more, the spirit of enthusiasm and good comradeship which has distinguished our choristers for many years.

“The crowd which attended and tried to attend the Three Hours Service here surpassed anything I have yet seen at All Saints, the choir and sanctuary were full of people and many stood throughout the time... We had large congregations for the Lenten sermons on Sundays, but the weekday attendance at Masses and services generally was not so large as usual. People are working too hard now to go to church much on week-days.

“By putting Mr Campbell’s Friday series of sermons (“Lessons from the Sacred Passion”) a quarter of an hour after Evensong, we enabled numbers to come who could not have come a moment

earlier. On these occasions there were great crowds. For Mr Campbell's last sermon we had the pleasure of welcoming the Revd J.H. Shakespeare, Secretary of the Baptist Union and recently President of the Free Church Council, to All Saints. Mr Shakespeare, who occupied the stall next to mine during the sermon, afterwards dined with the clergy.

“The Church was full to overflowing for High Mass on St George's Day. As usual during the War a number of wounded soldiers were present. The orchestral music never went better, and in the Mass we were glad to hear the beautiful unaccompanied Russian music again. The War Office kindly spared Mr Vale to conduct our music on this great national occasion.

St Cyprian's Clarence Gate, Glentworth Street, NW1 6AX

Saturday 1 July 2017

**Celebration of the 90th Anniversary of
T.S. Eliot's Baptism (29 June 1927)**

with Bishop Rowan Williams and Bishop Richard Harries

T.S. Eliot was baptized at Finstock, Oxfordshire. At the time and from 1920—1932 he lived successively at flats 9, 98, 177 and 68 Clarence Gate Gardens. St Cyprian's was his parish church where he became a daily worshipper and where Viv, his first wife, continued to worship after the marriage had ended.

Programme for the Day

(Morning and Lunch ticketed/church open to public 2.40pm)

- 10.30am Arrivals & Coffee
- 11am Welcome & Introductions
- 11.10am Poems read by Pupils of the Francis Holland School, Regent's Park
- 11.40am ✕Rowan Williams: *The Fire and the Rose: Eliot and the Incarnation.*
- 12.20pm ✕Richard Harries: *T.S. Eliot's Conversion*
and in Conversation with ✕Rowan
- 1pm Cold Buffet Lebanese Lunch with Wine
- 3pm Evensong & Benediction with the Francis Holland School Choir
- 4pm Tea and Cake (**Donations are invited**).

The morning and lunch is by ticket only (limited to 150). Price: £40.

Available from Fr Gerald Beauchamp gerald.beauch@btconnect.com.

Tickets will be sent by post so please include your mailing address.

*Cheques to be made payable to 'St Cyprian's PCC' or payment by
BACS to 56-00-14/12138126. Ref 'T S Eliot'.*

**Profits from the day will be shared equally between St Cyprian's Church
and Christian Aid.**

***With regret the church has no sound system or loop
and neither are there toilets available for disabled people.***

SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES

MUSIC AND READINGS

● SUNDAY 7 MAY 4TH OF EASTER

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 334 All people that
on earth do dwell

Entrance Chant: *Misericordia Domini*

Setting: Darke in E

Psalm: 23

Readings: Acts 2: 42 – 47
1 Peter 2: 19 – 25

Gradual Hymn: 369 Happy are they,
they that love God

Gospel: John 10: 1 – 10

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Creed: Darke

Offertory Motet: Resurrexi — Byrd

Hymns: 282 Faithful shepherd, feed me
463 (ii) Thine for ever!

God of love
Great is thy faithfulness
(NEP 636)

Voluntary: Final, Symphonie No VI,
Op 42 — Widor

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 29: 1 – 10

Lessons: Ezra 3: 1 – 13
Ephesians 2: 11 – 22

Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high
banquet we await

Canticles: Collegium regale — Howells

Anthem: Christus Resurgens — Lassus

Preacher: The Vicar

Hymn: 484 (T167) The Church's
one foundation

O Salutaris: Schumann

Hymn: 371 (T493) He wants not
friends that hath thy love

Tantum ergo: Bruckner

Voluntary: Psalm Prelude Set 2,
No 2 — Howells

● SUNDAY 14 MAY 5TH OF EASTER

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 205 Christ is made
the sure foundation

Entrance Chant: *Cantate Domino*
canticum novum

Setting: Vigil Mass — Petter

Psalm: 31: 1 – 5, 15 – 16

Readings: Acts 7: 55 – 60
1 Peter 2: 2 – 10

Gradual Hymn: 107 Good Christian men,
rejoice and sing

Gospel: John 14: 1 – 14

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Credo III

Offertory Motet: Easter — Armstrong Gibbs

Hymns: 113 Love's redeeming work
is done
419 O Holy Spirit, Lord
of grace
201 Stephen, first of
Christian martyrs

Voluntary: Recessional — Mathias

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalm: 147: 1 – 11

Lessons: Zechariah 4: 1 – 10
Revelation 21: 1 – 14

Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high
banquet we await

Canticles: Collegium Regale — Wood

Anthem: My Beloved Spake — Hadley

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Hymn: 381 Jerusalem the golden
O Salutaris: Bush
Hymn: 295 Let all mortal flesh
keep silence

Tantum ergo: Bush

Voluntary: Hymn-Prelude on 'Jesu, Joy'
— Whitlock

● SUNDAY 21 MAY 6TH OF EASTER

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 333 All my hope on God
is founded

Entrance Chant: *Vocem iucunditatis*
annunciate

Setting: Missa Brevis — Ives

Psalms: 66: 7 – 18

Readings: Acts 17: 22 – 31
1 Peter 3: 13 – 22

Gradual Hymn: 405 (T406) Lord of the
boundless curves of space

Gospel: John 14: 15 – 21

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Creed: Merbecke

Offertory Motet: This have I done for my
true love — Holst

Hymns: 307 Sweet sacrament divine
341 Blest are the pure in heart
265 Lord of beauty, thine
the splendour

Voluntary: Pæan — Howells

EVENSONG AND BENEDICTION at 6pm

Psalms: 87, 36: 5 – 10

Lessons: Zechariah 8: 1 – 13
Revelation 21: 22 – 22: 5

Office Hymn: 101 The Lamb's high
banquet we await

Canticles: Magnificat — Buxtehude
Nunc Dimittis à 8 — Palestrina

Anthem: Ecce vicit Leo — Philips

Preacher: Fr Gerald Beauchamp

Hymn: 401 Light's abode, celestial
salems

O Salutaris: Martin Bruce

Hymn: 227 (T184) How bright these
glorious spirits shine

Tantum ergo: Martin Bruce

Voluntary: Salix (from 'Plymouth Suite')
— Whitlock

THURSDAY 25 MAY ASCENSION DAY

HIGH MASS at 6.30pm

Entrance Hymn: 109 Hail thee, festival
day

Entrance Chant: *Viri Galilaei*

Setting: Missa Brevis in B flat
— Mozart

Psalms: 47

Readings: Acts 1: 1 – 11
Ephesians 1: 15 – 23

Gradual Hymn: 130 (i) Hail the day that
sees him rise

Gospel: Luke 24: 44 – 53

Preacher: Canon Dr John Gibaut,
Director of Unity, Faith and
Order, the Anglican
Communion Office

Creed: Mozart

Offertory Motet: Cœlos ascendit hodie
— Stanford

Hymns: 133 The eternal gates lift up
their heads

134 The head that once was
crowned with thorns

132 See the Conqueror
mounts in triumph

Voluntary: Transports de joie
— Messiaen

● **SUNDAY 28 MAY**
7TH OF EASTER
(After Ascension)

HIGH MASS at 11am

Entrance Hymn: 271 Alleluia, sing to Jesus

Entrance Chant: *Exaudi, Domine,*

voce meam

Setting: Missa 'Ascendo ad Patrem'

— Palestrina

Psalm: 68: 1 – 10, 32 – 36

Readings: Acts 1: 6 – 14

1 Peter 4: 12 – 14, 5: 6 – 11

Gradual Hymn: 349 Come, let us join

our cheerful songs

Gospel: John 17: 1 – 11

Preacher: Fr Michael Bowie

Creed: Credo IV

Offertory Motet: O clap your hands

— Vaughan Williams

Hymns: 302 O thou, who at thy

Eucharist didst pray

322 Pour out thy spirit from

on high

296 (i) Lord, enthroned

in heavenly splendour

Voluntary: Final, Symphonie No 2,

Op 13, No 2 — Widor

**EVENSONG AND
BENEDICTION at 6pm**

Psalm: 47

Lessons: 2 Samuel 32: 1 – 5

Ephesians 1: 15 – 23

Office Hymn: 128 Eternal Monarch,

King most high

Canticles: Gloucester Service — Howells

Anthem: O clap your hands — Gibbons

Preacher: Fr Julian Browning

Hymn: 332 All hail the power of

Jesu's name

O Salutaris: Villette

Hymn: 131 O King most high of earth

and sky

Tantum ergo: de Séverac

Voluntary: Alléluias sereins d'une âme

qui désir le ciel — Messiaen

— All Saints, Margaret Street W1 —

Sunday 7 May at 7.15pm

Four-manual Harrison & Harrison (1910)

Organ Recital (following Benediction)

TIMOTHY BYRAM-WIGFIELD

Director of Music, All Saints

Coronation March from 'Le Prophète' — Meyerbeer (1791 – 1864);
transcribed W.T. Best (1828 – 97)

Overture: The Magic Flute (Die Zauberflöte) — Mozart (1759 – 91);
transcribed W.T. Best (his 'Op 3')

Spozalizio (Betrothal) — Liszt (1811 – 86);
transcribed Edwin Lemare (1865 – 1934)

Etude Symphonique — Bossi (1861 – 1925)

Entry is free, but we invite you to make a retiring donation
(recommended £5) to support the Choir and Music at All Saints.

– **ALL SAINTS MARGARET STREET** –

(Registered Charity Number: 1132895)

Parish Legacy Policy

At All Saints Church, we welcome all gifts in Wills, however large or small, and we promise to use your gift to make a difference in our parish.

Our PCC legacy policy is to encourage people to leave bequests specifically to one of our two related charities:

All Saints Choir & Music Trust (Charity Number: 802994)

which supports the choral tradition at All Saints. The capital of the Choir & Music Trust cannot be spent, only the income.

or

All Saints Foundation (Charity Number: 273390)

which assists the PCC in the care of our Grade 1 listed heritage buildings.

The capital of the All Saints Foundation can be spent.

Non Designated Bequests

When bequests which have not been designated for any specific purpose are received, the PCC's policy is to direct these to one or other of the two All Saints Trusts, or to some specific piece of restoration work or capital expenditure.

You can be confident that your gift will have a long-lasting effect rather than being used to pay day-to-day expenses.

Remembering Donors

The names of donors will be entered in our Chantry Book and they will be remembered in prayer each year on the anniversary of their death.

Contacting Us about Bequests

If you would like to discuss making a bequest to All Saints, please contact:

The Vicar/Honorary Treasurer/The All Saints Choir and Music Trust Administrator/

The All Saints Foundation Administrator

c/o The Vicarage, 7 Margaret Street, London W1W 8JG.

The Parish Administrator can put you in touch with these individuals by email.

Please email in confidence: astsmgtst@aol.com or telephone 020 7636 1788.

Mission Projects

All Saints year-round fundraising efforts go to support:

The Church Army hostels and programmes empowering homeless women into independent living in Marylebone

The USPG-led UMOJA, HIV Project in Zimbabwe,

enabling people living with HIV and Aids to live positive lives, and

The Soup Kitchen (American International Church, Tottenham Court Road) feeding vulnerable people daily

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

The Weekly Parish E-mail

This gives weekly news of events, people to pray for, and a short letter from the Vicar or Assistant Priest. You can subscribe through the All Saints website — see News and Events/Weekly Newsletter for directions about signing up to receive regular up-dates.

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

Vicar:

Prebendary Alan Moses

020 7636 1788

Mobile: 07973 878040

Email: alanmoses111@gmail.com.

Assistant Priest:

The Revd Dr Michael Bowie

020 3632 4309

Email: mnrbowie@gmail.com.

Honorary Assistant Priests:

The Revd Gerald Beauchamp

020 7258 0724

The Revd Julian Browning

020 7286 6034

Parish Administrator:

Dee Prior

020 7636 1788

Email: astsmgtst@aol.com

Parish Officials

Churchwardens:

John Forde 020 7592 9855

Chris Self 020 7723 2938

Hon PCC Secretary:

John McWhinney

asms.pccsecretary@outlook.com.

Phone messages to the Parish Office

Hon Treasurer:

Patrick Hartley 020 7607 0060

Director of Music:

Timothy Byram-Wigfield

c/o 020 7636 1788

Assistant Director of Music:

Jeremiah Stephenson

Electoral Roll Officer:

Catherine Burling c/o 020 7636 1788

----- **Service Times**

Sundays:

Low Mass at 6.30pm (Sat)

8am and 5.15pm

Morning Prayer 10.20am

HIGH MASS and SERMON at 11am

CHORAL EVENSONG, SERMON and

BENEDICTION at 6pm.

Monday to Friday:

Morning Prayer at 7.30am

Low Mass at 8am, 1.10pm and 6.30pm

Confessions 12.30 - 1pm and 5.30pm

Evening Prayer at 6pm

(Except bank holidays — 12 noon Mass only)

Saturdays:

Morning Prayer at 9am

Low Mass at **12 noon** and 6.30pm*

(* First Mass of Sunday)

Confessions 5.30pm.

Evening Prayer 6pm.

On major weekday feasts, High Mass is sung at 6.30pm

CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR MAY 2017

1	Philip and James, Apostles	Trade Unions
2	Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, Teacher of the Faith, 373	Theologians
3		University of Westminster
4	English Saints and Martyrs of the Reformation Era	Unity
5		Those in need
6		Swedish Church in London
7	✠ 4 EASTER	Vocations
8	Julian of Norwich	Writers
9		The Marylebone Project
10		Friends of All Saints
11		Unity
12	<i>Dom Gregory Dix, Monk and Scholar</i>	Those in need
13		of the BVM
14	✠ 5 EASTER	Our Parish and People
15	Matthias the Apostle	Diocese of London
16	<i>Caroline Chisholm, Social Reformer, 1877</i>	Refugees and Asylum-Seekers
17		USPG
18		Unity
19	Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, 988	Those in need
20	Alcuin of York, Deacon, Abbot of Tours, 804	Parish Retreat
21	✠ 6 EASTER	Our Parish and People
22	Rogation Day	Agriculture and Fisheries
23	Rogation Day	Industry and Commerce
24	John & Charles Wesley, 1791 and 1798	Rogation Day
25	ASCENSION DAY	The Spread of the Gospel
26	Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury, 605	Thanksgiving for the Ascension
27		The Archbishop of Canterbury of the BVM
28	✠ 7 EASTER (Sunday after Ascension Day)	Our Parish and People
29		Walsingham National Pilgrimage
30	Josephine Butler, Social Reformer, 1906	Victims of Trafficking
31	The Visit of the Blessed Virgin Mary to Elizabeth	Thanksgiving for the Incarnation

