

# CR



## QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE COMMUNITY OF THE RESURRECTION

St. John the Baptist 2011

Number 434



**Title:** St Peter and the Fish

**Media:** Oil on wood panel

**Size:** 20" diameter

**Artist:** Revd Matthew Askey

## Picture Prayer Meditation

### St Peter and the Fish

St Peter and the fish shows the scene where near the end of John's Gospel (*John* 21:1-14), after his death, Jesus meets again with the apostles in Galilee as he had promised them. We see Peter standing in the sea, about to come ashore, hauling the 153 fish onto the beach. To the left we see the fire Jesus has prepared for the breakfast of the apostles. The sea is choppy and Peter stands: confused or amazed? Uncertain, certainly. This is a painting all about the elements of nature, and about Jesus. How we are each one small part of the whole of nature, but how with Jesus we take a central place in the story of life, because through Jesus our individuality is made whole by its joining with that of all mankind. Peter's story is our story, just as Jesus' story is also our story, if we let it be.

The light of dawn is the colour of this painting; on the horizon the clouds and hills are broody and unstill. Galilee is alive with the wind of the Spirit of God. The image of the Spirit can also be seen in the fire Jesus has prepared for the apostles' simple breakfast of fresh fish. He provides the essential ingredients of life so they can live – life in the body (food) and life in the Spirit (fire). He comes to us where we are already (fishermen are of course at sea fishing) and he gives what we need when we need it. The awakening dawn seen in this painting is also the awakening of Peter's own vocation to be a fisher of men – something Jesus had said to him so long before... but now, perhaps for the first time, he comes to understand what Jesus means, and what it will take and cost as Jesus sends him out to feed his sheep (*John* 21:15-19).

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<b>Picture Prayer Meditation</b>	<b>1</b>	<i>Matthew Askey</i>
<b>A Word from the Editors</b>	<b>3</b>	
<b>Poverty: The Scourge Of Humanity</b>	<b>4</b>	<i>Professor Joseph H. Hulse</i>
<b>Figs</b>	<b>8</b>	<i>Andrew Brown</i>
<b>A Journey Round Zimbabwe</b>	<b>13</b>	<i>Daniel Humphreys</i>
<b>Nothing for the Journey</b>	<b>16</b>	<i>Ben Bradshaw</i>
<b>As Death is only a Short While off</b>	<b>18</b>	<i>Dee Howley Nicolas Stebbing CR</i>
<b>Benedictine Spirituality – Part 1</b>	<b>20</b>	<i>Antony Grant CR</i>
<b>Kirklees Faiths Forum Speech</b>	<b>26</b>	<i>Fakhara Rehman</i>
<b>What's in a Name?</b>	<b>29</b>	<i>John Gribben CR</i>
<b>Companions and Friends</b>	<b>33</b>	<i>Nicolas Stebbing CR</i>
<b>Book Reviews</b>	<b>37</b>	

## A Word from the Editors

Dear Readers,

**T**his is the issue of the CRQ Review which comes with a subscription renewal form inserted and I know many have wondered what the right thing is to do with this form.

Here's what we think:

- 1) If in a previous year you have filled out and returned to us the standing order form on the back of the insert, then there is no need to do anything now.
- 2) If you prefer to **renew year by year**, fill in your details at the top of the form on the back and tick **Option 1**. Then send it with your subscription addressed to 'The Editors CRQ Review', here at the House of the Resurrection.
- 3) If you would like to switch to paying annually by **standing order**, fill in your details at the top of the form at the back and tick **Option 2**. Then fill in your bank details and return the form to 'The Editors CRQ Review', here at the House of the Resurrection.
- 4) If in the past you have given a donation to CR and we have regularly sent you a copy of the Review (and this includes many Companions and Friends of CR), we now need to ask you to make a payment as subscription to the CRQ Review separate to any donation. You can do so either by standing order or by renewing your subscription annually. In other words, we have had to separate the arrangements for distributing the CRQ Review from those for belonging to the CR wider family. We apologise for the fuss this may cause you. It is all to do with being a charity. We can and do receive Gift Aid on donations and this is an important part of our income. But we have to show very clearly that the whole amount is genuine donation and not payment for any service we offer. The CRQ Review counts as a service and so we need to charge a subscription. Thank-you for your patience and understanding in this matter.
- 5) Maybe you have forgotten whether you have filled in and returned the form, or sent a cheque previously? Please don't worry – just get in touch with us and we can let you know.

With our thanks for your continuing support for the CRQ Review, and warm thanks also to Linda Blenkinship and Denise Hyndman who come every Wednesday as volunteers and work tirelessly and with wonderful sympathy to keep us linked up with all subscribing to the Quarterly Review.

We are always glad to hear from readers and to receive contributions. While we can't promise to print everything we receive, please don't let that deter you from sending us something you would like to see included.

**Oswin Gartside CR** on behalf of the editorial team.

## **Poverty: The Scourge Of Humanity**

I was fortunate to be born and raised in a poor community. Droylsden, the Lancashire town where I came into the world on 28 September 1923 contained four cotton mills, the owners of which, each a devout Wesleyan, lived in North Wales. In common with most others I was born in the upper bedroom of a row house with no indoor sanitation. All the facilities were down the yard. Droylsden was also home to a pig farm owned by a man called Piggy Newton. Conservatives never bothered to run a candidate in national elections. Twas said if tha put Piggy Newton's owd sow ont wall with a Labour banner round its neck it 'ould get voted in!

My parents and particularly my paternal grandmother taught me that there was always someone worse off than oneself and one should do one's utmost to help them. My grandmother, though an old age pensioner, when she knew someone was in financial difficulty, would slip a shilling under their door wrapped in a bit of newspaper.

Most neighbours worked in one of the cotton mills and paid sixpence per month to a 'knocker-up' who knocked with a long pole on their bedroom window at 6.00 am every morning, except Sunday, to waken them in time to start work at 7.00.

My father was the town baker so we never went hungry. Every Thursday he spoke to the accountant in each of the mills to discover if the mill workers had had a good or bad week (they were all on piece-work). If the reports were of a good week we

baked a few fancy goods for the week-end; if they had had a bad week we made belly-fillers that they could afford. I began working in father's bakery when I was four years of age. When not working in the bakery I delivered bread, door to door from a horse-drawn van. I quickly learned that everything delivered must be of the quality demanded and affordable; that poor people demand value for the money they spend since that is all they can afford; also, as poor people gain in prosperity, they spend surplus cash to diversify their diet.

I attended the local Council elementary school. A J P Taylor, in his book that covers the history of Britain from 1900 to 1945, states that of pupils who attended northern Council schools, only four out of every thousand eventually reached university. Thanks to my parents' active interest in education, I won a scholarship to the local Grammar School. I well recall the boy with whom I shared a desk at Fairfield Road Council School begging me with a flood of tears to take him with me. He was brighter than I but, since there were over 50 pupils in the class, those whose parents didn't take time to encourage and instruct their children condemned them to labouring.

From the Grammar School I went on to the Faculty of Technology of Manchester University, where because of WWII, four-year courses were condensed to two-and-a-half years, the solitary 'vacation' being two weeks at camp with the Senior Army cadets.

After war service in the RAF with Bomber Command (I still am concerned about the number of innocent German women and children my bombs inadvertently killed) I was awarded a research fellowship at what is now Strathclyde University and began a career in food and nutrition research.

It had been discovered that, despite huge post-harvest losses, nowhere in Asia was there a facility where men and women could be trained in food preservation. Funds were raised in Canada to be used to bring men and women from across Asia and to support them while in training in both short, intensive courses and longer courses.

Since the first course began in 1963, over 8000 men and women have been trained from 48 developing countries. Most of the money raised in Canada came from food industries but

eventually we established fund-raising committees in every major city. The Prime Minister, the Hon Lester B Pearson, decreed that all Army, Navy and Air cadets would sell ball point pens “To write-off Hunger”. Selling ball-point pens and other means of raising money was adopted by several thousand university and high school students.

I visited many developing countries and witnessed a great deal of rural poverty, and in 1970 I was appointed Programme Director of Agriculture Food and Nutrition at the International Development Research Centre of which Lester Pearson was Chair of the governing Board. The purpose of AFNS was to support what poor people wanted to do to develop their standard of living. Because people have not benefited from higher education, it does not mean they are incapable of learning a new set of skills. Recently in India we trained a group of poor, relatively illiterate, women to build and operate a large food factory. These were tribal women who have lived in and survived on the fruits of a natural forest for many generations. We went through the forest and selected fruits, nuts, wild honey and spice plants that could be processed into saleable commodities. We also discovered 60 plant extracts many of which have now been registered by the Medical Research Council as Ayurvedic drugs. The latter are sold to pharmacies, clinics and hospitals; the processed foods to food retailers.

Given the disposition of the rich to become richer, the ever-rising price of foods and the inequity of resource distribution, I do not believe the poorest folk will survive to the end of this century. In India, while IT specialists can earn \$100,000 per year, there are still 40 million desperately poor people. Many small farmers commit suicide because of their impoverished state. The warming climate causes more frequent and pervasive droughts in Africa. Yet southern Africa was brought to the Christian faith by Anglo-Catholics.

Unless and until there is fairer distribution of the planet's finite resources and far greater economy in how they are used, the poor will not survive. I live in Canada where there is greater investment in extracting oil from tar sands than in taking care of the poor. Canada contributes barely 0.32% of its GDP to aid for the poor. Tar sands extraction is filthy; the aqueous extract seriously pollutes ground water. It would appear that Canadians



(and even more so people of the USA) are more concerned with feeding their automobiles than feeding hungry people.

And so, having been born and raised in a poor community, having devoted the past 40 years of my life in trying to help poor folk, I am discouraged at all around I see. Unless the richer members of the global society share more equitably their resources with the poor there can be little hope that the poorest will survive.

The poor community into which I was born was a communalistic society; people helped one another. When a neighbour succumbed to rheumatic fever the rest of the neighbourhood supported his family. This wasn't regarded as an act of charity but of good communalistic sense. If my father became unfit to work, the neighbours would have taken care of us. In the poorest communities who have nothing, they have nothing to share with their destitute neighbours. So it is up to the richer nations and folk to share their surplus wealth with those who have nothing and cannot afford their daily bread: a situation that will worsen as the costs of food production, preservation and distribution continue to rise.

What can those who believe they are Christians do? For a start they can tithe; give at least one-tenth of their gross income to the Church; the Church's obligation being that the money is given to feed the poorest of the world's people. Christians, and the Church to which they are affiliated, should press their governments to give more to feed the poor than they spend on armaments. The USA, supposedly predominantly Christian, spends infinitely more on weapons to destroy human life than on means to maintain life.

The Ministry of Health informs us that 30% of Britons are excessively fat; the same is true of North Americans. Yet supermarkets persist in offering two or three for the price of one food item. The same supermarkets are spreading into the poorer nations; no doubt they will encourage affluent Indians to eat more while utterly ignoring the needs of the poor.

As has been said earlier, but deserves repetition, unless and until richer folk and nations share their excessive resources with the poor and destitute, there can be little hope that the latter will survive.

**Professor Joseph H. Hulse**

# Figs

*Visitors and Guests know that Mulberries and Figs flourish at Mirfield, though by no means UK natives. Both occur significantly in sayings of Jesus, as well as in the Old Testament. We asked Andrew Brown, a botanist, to explain their highly unusual features.*

## ΤΑ ΣΥΚΑ, ΣΥΚΑ (ta seeka, seeka or 'figs is figs')

About ten years ago, this title was used as a topic for impromptu humorous quips at a dinner at one of our ancient colleges. For those without the Greek, the phrase was translated 'Figs is figs,' or 'Things are how they are.' Well, are they? What is a fig? Is it a sycamore, or, indeed, a sycamore? And where do mulberries fit in?

In modern Greek a fig is το συκο (seeko) and a mulberry is το μούριο (mourio). If we put the two together we get συκομούρο, sycamore. This word was used for the fig in ancient time and it appears in the Bible eight times. Sycamore, which, in English, is now used as the common name for *Acer pseudoplatanus*, which has nothing to do with figs or mulberries, was formerly also used as a common name for a fig. There are about 65 biblical references to the fig or figs but only four to mulberries.

## What Figs and Mulberries have in common

Figs and mulberries are in the same **botanical family**, Moraceae, named after a small part of the family, **genus** *Morus*, the mulberries. In this genus there are 13 species from temperate regions and tropical Africa. The flowers are small, windpollinated and easily missed. Members of this family also all produce latex in their stems and their fruits are always **drupes**. Botanically, a fruit is the product of a fertilised ovary, whereas in common parlance a fruit may be much more than that. For instance, in the apple, the fruit is the core with the seeds in it, whereas the flesh of the apple grows from tissues that have nothing to do with the ovary.

A **drupe** is a fruit with a skin, flesh and stone, containing a seed (like a plum.) The **drupes** in the mulberry are small (like the individual bits in a blackberry). In the fig they are even smaller.



*Mulberry Fruit*

Both mulberries and figs produce their very small inflorescences (bunched groups of flowers) before or just as the leaf buds begin to open.

Black mulberries, which resemble fat dark maroon loganberries, are generally ripe in midsummer and are ovoid about an inch long. Figs are generally ripe in mid to late autumn. Dependent upon variety their skin varies between shiny light green and dusky blackish purple. At the fat end of the fig is a small hole called the **ostiole**.

## **Mulberries**

It has been said that the Morea, a name for the Greek region of the Peloponnese which came into use in the tenth century AD, is derived from *Morus* the word for mulberry, because the three peninsulas of the Peloponnese give the landmass the outline of a typical three lobed mulberry leaf. I think this unlikely given the weird shapes that were given to geographical features even late into the times when mapping was becoming sophisticated. A more likely reason is



*Black mulberry fruit*



*Female mulberry flowers*

the planting of mulberries for silk production, especially around Thebes, where the plain was known as the Μοροκαμπος (Morokampos – plain of mulberries.) This planting became important after silkworms were smuggled from China to Byzantium in the sixth century AD. Europeans

are likely to be familiar with the black mulberry, *Morus nigra*, cultivated principally for its luscious earthy-flavoured juicy black fruits, and with the white mulberry, *M. alba*, cultivated as a shade tree in the streets of small towns in Greece - but most memorable as the source of food for silk worm (*Bombyx mori*) caterpillars. In 1610 King James I tried to ensure self-sufficiency for England in its supply of silk and had mulberries planted in large quantity, including on four acres of what is now Buckingham Palace grounds. Unfortunately it was black rather than white mulberries that were planted. How very English! If you have never tried it, if you ever get to Turkey, try some black mulberry icecream (*kara dut dondurması* in Turkish.) The best fruit-flavoured icecream ever!

## Figs

In contrast to *Morus*, the genus of figs, *Ficus*, is huge with about 850 species from the tropics of central America, Africa, eastern Asia and Australia. The edible fig (the species that humans choose to eat) is *Ficus carica*. The specific epithet seems to come from the ancient Greek *Carica* for a type of fig and is possibly preserved in the modern Greek noun το καρυκευμα (kareekevma) - seasoning or spice. It is a native of southwest Asia, but is known to have been in cultivation in Egypt as early as 4000 BC. A questioner on a recent broadcast of BBC radio 4's 'Gardeners' Question Time' asked why his fig tree produced fruits without him seeing any flowers and he was told by a panellist that 'figs have dispensed with flowers.' Of course, this is nonsense, but the figs are very odd.

A fig 'fruit' is termed a **syconium** and is, in reality, rather like a mulberry turned inside out. Both are collections of tiny **drupes**. So if you open a ripe fig, what you see are all the true fruits on the INSIDE of a hollow chamber formed from the stem. Many figs are pollinated by small fig wasps, the flying females of which enter the young **syconium** through



*Ripe fig cut open to show fruits.  
The ostiole is clearly visible*

the small hole (**ostiole**) at the top. They then fertilise the female flowers with pollen from another fig, and lay their eggs in the fig before dying. When the grubs hatch, the wingless male wasps mate with the females before cutting tunnels out of the fig for the winged females to escape. Male fig flowers discharge pollen onto the winged females before they leave the **syconium**. And so it goes. Lest you be vegetarian, or even vegan, but love figs and didn't know their habits, take heart. Brown Turkey figs require no pollination (are **parthenocarpic**), so no wasps are involved, but Smyrna figs do require pollination.

*Ficus sycomorus*, the mulberry fig, comes from tropical and southern Africa and is also widely planted in the Mediterranean region for its fruit.

Other fig species include *F. benghalensis* the banyan and *Elastica* the 'rubber plant' which we are often familiar with in a domestic or office context, but which grows to a large tree in the Mediterranean and tropics. It is unknown in the wild and was formerly an important source of latex to make rubber before *Hevea brasiliensis* (in the Euphorbia family) was planted for rubber production.

**Andrew Brown**

## A Journey Round Zimbabwe

Arriving into the airport at Harare my first reaction is how quiet it is. There is one terminal and it is almost empty, the polar opposite of terminal 4 at Heathrow airport. The security is tight and we have to fill in forms in order to apply for a visa to enter Zimbabwe. The cost of each Visa is \$US55 (there is no Zimbabwean currency nowadays). I found out later that for an American citizen the cost of the visa is \$US30. The British are not popular with the ruling party, it seems.

Celebrating Mass at S.Apollo's Chiredzi, on the second Sunday in Ordinary Time, I am aware of something unusual about the congregation. Numbering over 200, there are very few people present who are over the age of 50. This is quite a contrast to many of our congregations. The reason is simply the low life expectancy. The scourge of HIV Aids and the generally poor healthcare system together make a rather obvious impact on the age profile. The folk are wonderfully friendly and welcome us warmly, and sing beautifully and with real passion. They even seem able to accept my reticence when it comes to clapping and swaying.

Just before the end of Mass I give a short talk on the rosary, and they listen attentively as my English is translated into Shona by the Subdeacon. I tell them that I have brought a large number of Rosaries, which have been donated by the Society of Mary. The people are reminded that these beads are for prayer and should not be worn like a necklace. The Mass comes to an end and then we say the Angelus together. After taking my chasuble off, I am besieged by men, women, and children who each want a rosary. The whole stock is used up. I pray that they are being used as you read this article. As we leave the Church I notice that some are wearing the beads around their necks. You can't win them all! Then a young man comes up to me and quietly tells me he is going to be married in a couple of weeks. He asks for a blessing. He also wants to know how to use the rosary properly. The people in this parish have an honest and lively faith which is wonderful to witness. Pray for the parishes of Zimbabwe – that the faithful may not lose heart.

A few days later we go to a Refugee camp at a place called Tongogara. It is miles away from the main road, down a particularly bumpy dirt track. In the course of this journey the petrol tank



*Br Barnabas CR, Fr Oliver and Fr Daniel*

drops off the car. This, understandably, interrupts our progress and we eventually manage to find a place where emergency repairs are carried out. It surprised me (and perhaps it surprises you) to learn of Refugee camps in Zimbabwe. This one has people from all over Africa – Rwanda, Burundi, Congo, Sudan, Somalia, Ethiopia. The Anglicans there greet us with great warmth and excitement, and Fr Nicolas Stebbing CR celebrates Mass for them. The congregation are raising money to build a new Church in the camp. The foundations have been laid but, as it is the rainy season, they keep getting flooded. The people are not downhearted about this. They trust that all will be well in the end, their Pastor assures me.

The Refugee camp has a permanence about it that I had not been expecting. It seems that many people will spend their lives in the rather isolated and harsh environment. Once again, the sheer numbers of children and young people is overwhelming. Many of them are, of course, orphaned. Observing the faith of the people there and talking for a short time with some of them, I note that they don't seem to be asking God, 'Why am I here in this terrible place?' Instead, the common prayer is that God support them and remain with them in that place and bring meaning and hope to their lives. We think of Jesus, the refugee in Egypt, and ask the Lord to bring his peace and blessing into the lives of his brothers and sisters in Tongogara. Pray for the refugees at Tongogara – that they

may know the blessing and hope that Christ brings.

At Penhalonga, in the mountains, we stay with the Chita Chezita Rinoyera Sisters (the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus). The name Penhalonga may be familiar to you as it was there that the Community of the Resurrection had a Priory for many years. The great Church of S. Augustine of Hippo is a fine building but it has seen better days. Inside it is untidy and seemingly unloved. Penhalonga reveals the problems that the Anglican Church is facing in Zimbabwe. There is much division and here the Sisters are loyal to the Province of Central Africa. The clergy of S. Augustine's Church are loyal to a renegade Bishop. Time and space will not permit me to go into detail about this tragic situation – suffice to say the Sisters are on the right side! The sisters are a brave and typically characterful group who have not had an easy time of late. We stay three nights with them. Unusually for Zimbabwe, there is continuous power for the first two days and then on our final day there is no power. This is a real problem in Zimbabwe and for those of us from the West it seems outrageous. The people there are used to it and cope remarkably well.

When saying Mass for the sisters (there are half a dozen or so at Mass) I am given over one hundred hosts at the Offertory. I query why this is so and I am told that the sisters have to receive Holy Communion from the Tabernacle on most occasions because of the problems and divisions in the Church to which I have alluded.



*John*

How sad it is that (not for the first time) the Sacrament of Unity highlights the fractures and sins which scar the Body of Christ. Pray for an end to the politicisation of the Church in Zimbabwe.

It might be assumed that the Sisters are so caught up with Church politics and problems that they have no time for anything else. Not so; they run an orphanage and make hosts and they also grow their own crops. In common with many people I met, they keep chickens as well. A little orphan boy of about 11 years old lives in the room next to the kitchen. He is called John and he was



rescued from a homeless existence a couple of years ago. He is thriving in this environment of love and commitment to Christ.

These are just a few reflections or snapshots of my time in Zimbabwe. There are many other examples of great faith and selfless action which I witnessed. Having read this you may be asking why I have not written more about the political situation, the violence, and the corruption at the heart of government. I could indeed have written about this, but you can read about that in your Sunday papers, as I did before I went to Zimbabwe. The examples I have given have been chosen deliberately because they are probably things you would not find described in the newspapers or hear on the news bulletins. Zimbabwe faces many problems – political, economic, social, healthcare etc. Despite this, there are countless examples of sheer goodness and compassionate faith which bear witness to the love of God. They remind us all of the Gospel imperative to ‘go and do likewise’.

May Holy Mary, Help of Christians and Consoler of the afflicted, pray for the Church and people of Zimbabwe.

**Daniel Humphreys**

Parish Priest of St. Mathew’s Willesden



## Nothing For The Journey – A College Student’s Challenge.



**M**y name is Ben Bradshaw and I am a student at the College of the Resurrection. On 11 July I will start the biggest challenge of my life to date. I will be walking from Mirfield to Buckfast Abbey in Devon, 322 miles. On my journey I will not be taking any money or food with me. Like St Francis, John Bradburne, and many others, I will be completely dependent on God and on the charity of strangers. I will not know where my next meal will come from or where I will sleep. My walk will be based on the Gospel reality (*Luke 9: 3*).

Why have I decided to take on such a challenge? I am hoping that this walk will generate the funds needed to support two of the poorest communities on the planet.

Tongogara refugee camp in Zimbabwe was a place I visited last year with Fr Nicolas CR. Since that visit I have been raising funds so that we can build the refugees a church where they can worship as a community.

The refugees have fled from all over Africa having suffered horrific experiences; everyone I spoke to had witnessed loved ones being murdered. They told me that their faith has been the only thing that has kept them going through all of this. However, the only building at the camp that they have to worship in is too small and is falling down, meaning the refugees are unable to come together as a community to worship which is so vital to keep them going.

The church we are building will also be used as a community centre, allowing for the children at Tongogara to get a better

education and give them the best possible chance of a future. Many of the children have spent their whole lives within the refugee camp and know of no other way of life. Thanks to the generosity of many people, the church is now well on the way to being built but we still need to raise more if we are to complete the church and also be able furnish it.

Mutemwa settlement in Zimbabwe cares for over 60 patients who all suffer from various disabilities including leprosy. As at Tongogara, life at Mutemwa is extremely hard and money is always short. The residents are in constant need of food, medicines, medical care, clothing and shelter, all of which are vital to improving the standard of life for the residents.

John Bradburne devoted the last 10 years of his life to care for the residents of Mutemwa before he gave up his life for them and was murdered in 1979. He has become the inspiration for my walk as he lived his whole life trusting in God and in the kindness of strangers. He was neither a nurse nor a doctor; he was simply a servant of God, a man who loved the downtrodden and those rejected by society. The fundraising from my walk will allow the love and care John showed to the seriously disabled residents of Mutemwa to continue.



*John Bradburne*

My walk will take me through Glossop, Buxton, Leek, Stone, Shifnal, Kidderminster, Droitwich, Worcester, Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Dursley, Bristol, Shepton Mallet, Yeovil, Chard, Sidmouth, and Teignmouth. So if you are local to any of those areas please do keep an eye out for me between 11 July and 25 July.

If you would like to support me on this big challenge you can do so at- [www.justgiving.com/Ben-Bradshaw](http://www.justgiving.com/Ben-Bradshaw)

Or you can post a cheque made payable to *CR Zimbabwe Account* and send to me: Ben Bradshaw, College of the Resurrection, Stocks Bank Road, Mirfield, West Yorkshire, WF14 0BW

*Thank You.*

**Ben Bradshaw**

## **“As Death is only a Short While off..”**

### **Continuing the interview with Dee Howley...**

*Dee, I owe you an apology; there were a couple of things I got wrong in reporting our last talk. Would you like to correct them?*

Thanks, Nicolas. Yes, you said I felt cheated. Not cheated actually but taken by surprise. I wasn't ready for retirement; I loved my work but it quickly became clear I couldn't go on with it. And the other thing is that you had me say, 'work is who you are'. Work is not who you are, but our society makes us think it is who we are. Giving up work, losing a job can be devastating because you seem to lose your identity. People ask us, 'What do you do?' The important question is, 'Who are you?'

*How has cancer changed that?*

It's a very aggressive cancer and I have had to learn patience, not to have stress or anger. That slows it down. Then when I stopped work I found I quickly filled the gap with relationships. I could really concentrate on my friends and family and enjoy them. I also found I had time to stop and look at things. I found the world a much more beautiful place than I had thought. Work makes you rush because it is exciting and noisy. Cancer really taught me to live.

*Do you think most life is escapist?*

Yes. We escape into work. We are obsessed with having fun. Magazines and TV distract us from life. We are obsessed with keeping active, young, fit, healthy, living longer, with having intense experiences. That's not real life, and even for Christians it stops them really discovering Christ, who is real life.

*Is it helpful to talk about your sickness?*

Yes, with people who are sensible, who don't try and talk you out of it, or persuade you you are going to be fine. You want people to listen, and to offer help if you need it. You don't want them to be jolly and pretend there's nothing wrong.

*Has it made a difference to your faith?*

Oh yes. I used to hate Holy Week. This year it was wonderful, walking with Jesus to his death. Suffering, my suffering, and resurrection have become joined together. Easter is real to me because I know I'm dying. I know this isn't the end. I know there is life waiting for me. I have hope and joy and an intensity of life which death can't take away.

**Dee Howley** was speaking to **Nicolas Stebbing CR**

*Dear Editor,*

As someone involved in the hospice movement I found the words of Dee Howley's interview truly inspiring. Her honest and frank responses to the questions posed by Nicolas were deeply refreshing and present an ongoing challenge to all of us who hold some claim to the Christian faith to live our lives in the light and not in the darkness of death. Very often this is not the case for many battling with terminal illness – people feel robbed of time and opportunity with an increasing sense of debilitation. There is also a corresponding sense of everything in life being taken away from them, bit by bit. I know of many who simply feel that their existence has been without purpose and without meaning – an empty void of slow deterioration. Dee's words offer the possibility of some other way to live with the certain knowledge of death; a new awakening to what is truly important and a release from so much in life that may bother or absorb our daily life that is simply a waste of time. Her words will resonate with many others, not involved with the terminally ill, to lead and live each day for the moment, to see the beauty that is all around us, to discover fresh honesty in our relationships, the chance to put ourselves right with ourselves and with those around us and to seek that peace of God that truly does pass all understanding – even in the light of death.

**Hugh Bearn**

## Benedictine Spirituality – Part 1

The first thing we notice about the wonderful spiritualities of St Francis, St Ignatius of Loyola, St Teresa of Avila, St Therese of Lisieux, even our own home grown Celtic spirituality, or the spirituality of the Wesleys, is how extraordinary they seem: “no sex please, we’re British.” Highly coloured, exotic, emotional, to say the least. But with St Benedict we feel quite safe. No ecstasies, no levitations, no bi-locations, no trances, no stigmata, no flagellation. Even St John of the Cross, who was against all that sort of thing, had to grab hold of railings to avoid being carried upwards by his emotion.

The first reason for the homeliness of Benedictine spirituality, for us, is its rootedness in parish life. This is quite a revolutionary thing to say, though you might not think it, and it originates with our homegrown George Guiver CR in his ground-breaking and accessible book, *Company of voices, daily prayer and the people of God*, 1988, 2001. Until this book came out, it was generally thought and taught that monasticism originated in the Egyptian desert. At first they lived as solitaries, then came together to live in community. Why did they go to the desert in the first place? This was because after the emperor Constantine accepted Christianity in 313 AD, the church was infiltrated with worldliness, instead of being a holy, persecuted, huddle. But George Guiver teaches us that we need to start earlier, in the cities and villages where Christian folk met and meet regularly for daily prayer. Some will be able and will want to give more time to it than others. Think of the widows mentioned in Acts, or of the still earlier widows who frequented the Temple. In parishes people’s commitment varies. Some will want daily Mass, morning and evening prayer. Others can just manage Sundays. There are groups of servers, Sunday school teachers and the like, adults and children in choirs, etc, Bible study, prayer groups, healing groups. It is in these groups that vocations to ordination start, and to the religious life too.

St Benedict (c480-550) was born at Nursia (Norcia), 167km north east of Rome where he went to be educated. He did not find the *dolce vita* attractive and withdrew to a cave at Subiaco 40 miles east of Rome. There he lived as a hermit, and was joined by others.

Before Benedict's death he had founded 12 monasteries there. But local jealousy caused him and a group of monks to move (c529), to Monte Cassino 140km south of Rome, half way to Naples, where he remained until his death.

When c540 he began to draw up his Rule, there was a vast amount of experience and a number of earlier rules already for men and women living in community. All the time he harks back to the desert monks as the ideal, but he provides something simpler, quite frankly easier, less extreme, for ordinary people - the sort of people who today draw back from the spend-spend-spend of consumerist society and its essential shopping therapy, its Tesco-anity. They want the unseen, unheard God at the centre of their lives, and they experience him in daily prayer with others and then at other times.

The second reason for this sense of familiarity is that Benedictine spirituality permeates our national life. Christianity had to be re-introduced into this country after the fall of the Roman empire. In southern Europe the Roman empire dwindled and invaders became part of the post-Roman civilisation of what were to be France, Spain and Italy. But in England Anglo-Saxons and Norsemen took over completely. Surviving only in remote pockets, Christianity had to be re-introduced by missionaries sent from Rome, headed by the monk Augustine of Canterbury, who landed in 597.

Benedictine monk-missionaries founded **communities**, unlike Celtic hermits. As a result there are 13 cathedrals today which were founded as Benedictine abbeys: Winchester, Canterbury, Coventry, Gloucester, Durham, Peterborough Ely, Chester, Norwich, Rochester, St Albans, Worcester, and York. Westminster Abbey functions in much the same way. Others had chapters of Canons Regular, or were Collegiate churches, where the clergy lived and worshipped



*St Augustine preaching the Gospel to the king*

as communities before the Reformation, and afterwards too. Until the Reformation, later cathedrals, like Wakefield, also formed worshipping communities with their chantry priests singing the offices in choir with the parish priest.

At the Reformation, when monasteries were dissolved from 1536 by Henry VIII, abbots often found themselves becoming bishops, and priors becoming deans: the very words, *dean* and *chapter*, originated in Benedictine monasteries. The time-table of daily worship, surpliced choirs and choir schools, are carried forward from monasteries into cathedrals, with new texts by Thomas Cranmer based on the old ones. Cathedral clergy, whether married or not, live in cathedral closes or in cloisters. They continue to live, as well as worship, in community. We have never lost a living tradition of daily offering of prayer and praise.



The ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge started as houses of study for monks and continued until the 19<sup>th</sup> century to live a distinctly monastic form of life with daily prayer and worship and choirs. Fellows, the teaching staff, were unmarried and in holy orders. And that meant that boarding schools continued also to be run on monastic lines, with daily worship and surpliced choirs.

Hence the taken-for-granted community aspect of English life. Village pubs are communities. Think how different are the bars and cafes of continental Europe and the Americas. How different student life too: here we have student unions and residential hostels with their common life, which doesn't exist elsewhere.

A monastery has been defined as a "*school for the Lord's service*" – its purpose to form Christians. Solitude **and** mutual bonds are equally important for being open to the mystery of Christ - His hidden but real Presence in every aspect of life. For St Ailred (1109-1167) the monastery is not only a *school for the Lord's service*, it is a *school of love*. The monks are brought to friendship with God through their fraternal life in community. But this doesn't mean the monastic



life is a source of continual joy. The abandonment of human will to divine will involves suffering, and life in community often presents trials and crosses. For members to be stable members of community, they must be able to support with the greatest patience one another's weaknesses of body or behaviour. Monastic life is made up of the **Opus Dei** (the Divine Office) and work: **laborare est orare** (to work is to pray) divided between the *contemplative* and the *active* - the practice of prayer and manual labour. It is better to live in a monastic community and thus combine the active with the contemplative, rather than live alone. In the Christian past the words *action* (or *practice = praktikos*) and *contemplation* did not describe different kinds of Christians engaging or not engaging in different forms of prayer and apostolate. Practice and contemplation were understood as two poles of underlying ongoing spiritual rhythm, a gentle oscillation back and forth between spiritual activity and receptivity.

Jean Leclercq says this: monastic life is a "*prophetic life*" because it consists in waiting for the coming of the Lord, in prayer and penance; it is an "*apostolic life*" because it is a life of community in love, after the example of the disciples in the Cenacle and the first Christians; it is a "*life of martyrdom*" because it involves separation from the world and a constant warfare against the obstacles to charity; it is an "*angelic life*" because it seeks total detachment through prayer, asceticism and chastity; it is an "*evangelical life*" because it seeks to imitate Christ by walking the way of the Gospel. The early church considered monks to be successors to the prophets of the Old Testament. Every genuine prophet is a witness for God, and the monk's separation from worldly things is in essence a statement that God's kingdom is to be valued above all else. A monk's life should be a silent but eloquent witness to the primacy of God which is attained when materialistic aspects of existence are set aside.

The apostle's first concern is with the sanctification of his own soul, before he or she can be dedicated to the sanctification of others. The 12 apostles learned by being with Jesus before he sent them out. The sanctification of others is spreading the Gospel. Benedictine monks followed Irish monks as the evangelists of Europe. Life in community centred entirely on Christ results in the Spirit giving each one of us varying gifts, and the ability to use

them for the good of others.

“God is love: he loved us first, his love for us was revealed when he sent into the world his only Son, so that we could have love through Him” (1 John 4: 9). St Bernard (1090-1153) says: “The reason for loving God is God himself; the measure of loving God is to love him without measure.”

Our free will is the key to conversion and progress in spiritual perfection. Filial love is the disinterested love of God as our Father, and enables us to taste the sweetness of the Lord. The highest stage of love is the pure love of God, totally devoid of self-interest. St Bernard says this type of love is one in which the individual no longer loves himself except for God’s sake, and his only prayer is *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

The spiritual teachings of the Benedictine St Bernard exerted a strong influence on the Franciscans, St Thomas a Kempis, the Rhineland mystics, St Ignatius Loyola and St Francis de Sales. St Hildegard of Bingen said that a good predisposition for contemplative prayer is spiritual reading and meditating on what has been read. But much better than this is the Divine Office.

Benedictine core values see us as an integrated whole, body and mind, living a life-style centred on Christ and listening for God



St Benedict  
Antoine Gélinau  
[www.abbaye-tamie.com](http://www.abbaye-tamie.com)

in all of life. The Benedictine rule confronts those who live it as forcefully as possible with the Gospel and its demands. *Regula & traditio*: written text and tradition. *Stabilitas*: commitment to community. *Conversatio*: conversion/openness to change, personal transformation. *Obedentia*: listening to and obeying God and one another. *Ora & labora*: work and prayer held together. *Hospitalitas*: taking care of others including the sick. There are three groups St Benedict identifies with Christ, and we need to take trouble with them all, for His sake: the abbot, the sick, and guests. Just as the sixth century St Benedict, whether consciously or not, preserved the values of Christian civilisation in the

face of invasion by non-Christian barbarians, so those in monastic communities today seek to preserve similar values in the face of consumerism. It is not the elite culture of the Roman villa, or country club or country house (though it sometimes can look a bit like it) but the practice of civilised behaviour, that puts the interests of the other, of the others, of the community, above my own – that is what makes community possible.

Benedictine spirituality approaches life through ordered daily prayer that is biblical and reflective. It is not a spirituality of escape but one that fills time with an awareness of the presence of God. A way of life that helps a person to seek God and his will daily. A balance between corporate worship, spiritual reading and work - in the context of community.

*Pray always* Scripture says: *Prefer nothing whatsoever to the work of God*, the Rule says. Impossible? But if we train our souls to remain tied to a consciousness of God, as the Rule directs, then even when other things appear to have greater value or more immediate claims on our time, then consciousness of God becomes a given. And consciousness of God is prayer.

Benedict's instructions to prefer nothing whatever to Christ comes from the writings of Cyprian, third century Bishop of Carthage: "*for he has preferred nothing to us.*"

**Antony Grant CR**



*From a recent speech given at Kirklees Faiths Forum  
to inspire co-operation with Faiths Forums to make  
neighbourhoods better places to live and work*



I begin with the name of God, Most Merciful, Most Kind

It is an honour and a pleasure to have the Archbishop of York with us today.

There are 4 billion people of faith in the world – what a resource, what an opportunity! Sadly they are often portrayed in a negative light. In times of conflict, distress and tension, it is up to us, all of us, to ensure we are recognised, valued and celebrated for our commitment to make positive change by coming together and transcending cultural and religious differences.

None of us would have achieved our current positions in isolation. We have been supported, whether that is by our families, our friends or our colleagues; we must reciprocate this support and, through our positions empower our communities to have the confidence to come together and build lasting friendships. We are all different and have something unique to offer; this difference is something that must be embraced and not feared. Being British doesn't mean giving something up; for me, it means gaining something, because I am part of a beautiful spectrum of faiths and backgrounds. The attribute which distinguishes our nation from any other in the world is its freedom. Purging the differences that make up our country is getting rid of what makes Britain so special and promising. Why must a person “assimilate” or “integrate” to be considered a British citizen? This is a country of Christians, Muslims, Jews, Hindus,

Sikhs, Buddhists, Atheists and people of countless other religions. Practising our religion doesn't place us at contrast with British values; it places us in complete accord with them, because although our country is predominantly Christian, it respects all faiths and has never sacrificed the rights of the minority for the sake of the majority. So, you don't have to wear the hijab just because I believe you should and, equally, I don't have to take the hijab off just because you believe I should. If we are met with resentment, it doesn't mean that there is something wrong with us practising our religion – it means there's something wrong with our society if it can't tolerate differences among its people. If we all open our hearts and minds to learning about each other, our beliefs, and our practices, then the darkness of fear and even hatred will inevitably be lit by knowledge and understanding. I can only hope for more interaction and dialogue between us, just like this event, so we can create more opportunities to teach other and chip away at prejudices that we unknowingly hold within ourselves.

It is also vital that as a diverse faith community, we do not just adapt and respond to issues, we need to influence individuals, groups, councils and governments. To change systems, our voices must be united and they must be heard.

Thank you.



**Fakhara Rehman**  
Kirklees Faiths Forum  
Community Faiths  
Co-ordinator



# Family Fun Day

**Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> July 2011, 2pm to 6pm**

**The Community of the Resurrection  
Stocks Bank Road, Mirfield, WF14 0BN**

**Have a great fun afternoon in the grounds of  
the Community of the Resurrection**

## **Attractions this year include:**

*Bouncy Castle*

*Plant Stall*

*Cream Teas*

*Raffle*

*Kid's Races*

*Face Painter*

*Cake Stall*

*Beer Tent*

*Tombola*

*Church Tours*

Free entry and everyone welcome  
(including dogs)

## What's in a Name?

What's in a name? Since becoming CR's auctioneer I have been intrigued at the number of items which carry a well known name. From a chance encounter with Jeffrey Archer one of our Companions was able to supply me with an autograph. The same intrepid Companion has obtained an autographed pair of Wes Brown's (Man Utd.) boots and a bottle of whisky signed by the prime minister.

One of the most beautiful items is an autographed photographic portrait of Princess Margaret sent by her to the Community after her visit in 1966. One of the most endearing is an 1876 schoolboy's edition of *Don Quixote* inscribed:

'To Frederick I. Manning

With Love and best wishes from his affectionate Brother.

H.E. Manning May 14 1876' [i.e. Cardinal Manning]

An enamelled Russian altar cross – the gift of a friendly convent – would have been a very fine item in itself but when I turned it over I found written on the back:

'To Revd J Nevin, Rome: With the compliments and salutations of  
[difficult to read but looks like] George W Weir St Petersburg 1883'

The historian in me felt that there was a story here somewhere and so I tried the internet. I found nothing on the sender but of Revd Robert J Nevin there was quite an interesting entry:

Robert Jenkins Nevin was born 24 November 1839 at Allegheny City, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, the son of John Williamson Nevin and Martha Jenkins Nevin.

He was educated in Theology at the Divinity School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He continued his education at the General Theological Seminary, New York, New York and at Franklin and Marshall College. He received his D.D. in 1874 from the Union Theological Seminary, Pennsylvania, and an L.L.D. in 1887 at Hobart College. He graduated from Franklin and Marshall College with "highest honors" and delivered the Marshall Oration on "Chief Justice Marshall".

On 11 August 1862, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant, Company C, 122nd Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He was subsequently promoted to First Lieutenant and as mustered out of the volunteer service with the Company. Later in the Civil War he

commanded Independent Battery I of the Pennsylvania Volunteers. (Captain Robert J. Nevin's Battery). He was breveted Major, and commanded the Central Brigade in the defences of Washington, D.C.

From 1868 until his death in 1906, he was employed as a Priest at various locations, including Rome, Italy. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1867 at West Chester, Chester County, Pennsylvania, and served at the Church of the Nativity until October 1869, when he took charge of 'St. Paul's Within the Walls' in Rome, Italy.

John Dennison Nevin writes: "Robert Jenkins Nevin took charge of 'St. Paul's Within the Walls', Rome, where he served for 37 years. He obtained funds for the present building, begun in 1870 and finished 1876. This was the first Protestant church in Rome. Considerable international diplomacy was necessary before the Vatican gave its consent to the building of this church, and even then, Dr. Nevin's life was in danger from religious fanatics. This Gothic structure is much admired; its chief attraction for art lovers is in the mosaic designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Dr. Nevin was commissary for Bishop Potter in starting the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and selected the present site for that building."

So from one little inscription we find a doorway into a dramatic piece of Anglican Church history.

There will be several items of Trevor Huddleston memorabilia – two of them containing signatures. The first is the great campaigner's own signature on his passports as Archbishop of the Indian Ocean which contain an array of stamps detailing his journeys over four continents as he pursued his relentless vocation to bring Apartheid to an end. The second is a beautiful little painting in primitive style portraying a bishop in the East End surrounded by children. It is signed Dan Jones 1972 (when Trevor was Bishop of Stepney). Dan Jones is an East End artist well known for his drawings for trade union banners and for his school murals including a large interactive one in the Museum of Childhood.

Although it has not actually arrived yet, one of our most celebrated autographs will be the signature of Simon Palmer, a modern Yorkshire artist. There is a lot about him on the internet. The following is the entry that I found on the site of The Gallery, Masham, N. Yorks.



“Simon Palmer was born and has lived most of his life in Yorkshire. His enigmatic, captivating paintings seem to pay homage to this area of Northern England. His paintings effectively marry the present day world with the equally interesting realm of his imagination which transports us into his world filled with intriguing characters and situations unfolding before us. It is this narrative quality in his work and his wit that has successfully provided a large following from art collectors both at home and abroad.

Simon was this year’s winner of the Royal Academy Turner Watercolour Award”

Our most spectacular signature is not in writing at all. It is the carved figure of a little mouse. Yes, after much soul searching and not without some sorrow, the Community has decided to hand over its Thompson furniture in order to raise money for the church appeal. Two tables and six chairs in the characteristic chunky style of the famous Yorkshire furniture company will go under the hammer after more than half a century gracing the rooms at Mirfield. This takes the auctions targets into a new orbit. Rather than £10,000 I will be looking to raise £25,000+. This would be a wonderful result even though we would still have a long way to go before we raise the money to pay for the Church.

What’s in a name? In the end all our striving is nothing. We can’t add to God’s glory. Our aim is to build a place where we can serve the God of glory, a place where his people can come to find meaning and healing and reconciliation, a place where we will proclaim





the Name that is above every name and where “at the name of Jesus every knee will bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.”



**John Gribben CR**

## Appeal Auction



**22<sup>nd</sup> October 2011**

**2pm**

**College of the Resurrection,  
Mirfield WF14 0BW**

**Viewing 21<sup>st</sup> Oct. 10am – 5pm and 22<sup>nd</sup> Oct 10am – 1pm**

Historic furniture Georgian Regency Victorian  
Sensational Thompson (Mouseman) chairs and tables  
Antiques and art works Silver and Jewellery  
Militaria and Memorabilia  
Collectables  
Toys Coins Stamps  
Something for everyone

**Proceeds go to the church restoration appeal.**

## Companions And Friends

**B**ack in 1965 when I was 18 I was walking up the long dirt road to St Augustine's Mission Penhalonga. A car stopped and offered me a lift. I was amazed. It was a nice car driven by a black man. What amazed me even more was his absolutely fluent, idiomatic English. I had never met a black man like this. It was the beginning of a change in racial attitudes which I needed.

The man was Gilbert Rondizai, headmaster of the primary school at St Augustine's. Gilbert came from a poor family, the last of 9 children. He used to joke that he was glad his parents knew nothing of birth control or he may not have existed. He was educated at St Augustine's, became a teacher, headmaster and one of the best of church leaders. Later he went into the education department and later still was ordained a priest and encouraged the people in Zimunya to build a church where I said mass last January. Gilbert died soon after Easter.

When we look with admiration at the great work CR was able to do at St Augustine's and in many other parts of the world (including England), it is easy to forget that we could have done none of it without people like Gilbert. They were the real evangelists, the men and women at the coal face. There were, and are, a great host of them and Companions and Friends of CR have a place among them which we need to explore.

It's only a month now till the Companions Day here on 23<sup>rd</sup> July. This is not just for Companions but for friends of ours and friends of Companions, so feel free to invite anyone else. But it is important that Companions should come. The Companion's commitment is to share in the vocation of the Community and to take the values of CR into the wider world and the best way to renew our common vision of what that means is to do it together.

Could I remind Companions please to bring their commitment cards to the Companions Day so that we can offer them together on the altar? If you are not coming to the Day please send your cards in so that we know you are still alive and well and keen to keep on.

We are delighted to welcome four new companions into our fellowship:

**Rob Parker-McGee** is a former student, now a priest in the Worcester diocese.

**Neil Kelley** is vicar of St Faith's Crosby in the Liverpool diocese.

**Nick Nawrockyi** is the Senior Student for this coming year at the College and

**Mark Hawthorne** is a vicar in the Manchester diocese.

Two more students have recently become Probationers and a number of probationers are nearing the time they will make their commitments, so the group of Companions is growing quietly.

## RIP

We also ask your prayers for **Mary Cauldwell** and **Colin Weale** who have departed this life into the life which God offers them beyond the grave.

**Companions website details** - [www.mirfieldcompanions.org.uk](http://www.mirfieldcompanions.org.uk)

## Companions List for weekly Intercession

Jan 2011 version available via the Companions website or hard copy obtainable from the Companions Office. No charge, stamp appreciated.

**Nicolas Stebbing CR**

## Companions Study Week

**“An Anglo-catholic Today?- Sacraments, Church And Mary”**

14<sup>th</sup> – 18<sup>th</sup> September 2011

Is it still possible to be a catholic Anglican? What does it mean now? These few days will be spent looking at the central beliefs of Catholic Christianity, and we will take part in the Walsingham Festival day at York Minster.

The cost will be £200 to include full board.

**Please book yourself in for the Day by 1<sup>st</sup> August**

**with Paul Taylor and include a £25 deposit:**

[paul-taylor@gmx.co.uk](mailto:paul-taylor@gmx.co.uk) or 3 Mile End Park, Pocklington, York YO42 2TH

## Companions Day

**Companions Day this year will be here at Mirfield,  
on Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> July.**

Companions day is the day on which our Companions renew their commitments, but it is open to all other friends of CR. All are welcome to take part in the events and the worship. In fact we would love to see you!

<b>Programme:</b>	10.00.	Start with tea/coffee
	10.30	Talk by Iain McKillop – priest and artist
	12.00	Mass
	1.00	Buffet lunch
	2.00	Talk by Rachel Young – priest and musician
	2.40	Update on CR affairs
	3.30	Tea and depart

**The cost of taking part will be £10.00 a head, including lunch.**

For those coming from further afield (or indeed anyone wanting to stay) we will be offering accommodation for both Friday and Saturday nights in the college or the retreat house. Some may wish to stay over to take part in the Fun Day on the Sunday afternoon.

**Please book yourself in for the Day by 1<sup>st</sup> July with Paul Taylor:**

[paul-taylor@gmx.co.uk](mailto:paul-taylor@gmx.co.uk) or 3 Mile End Park, Pocklington, York YO42 2TH

## We're now on Facebook!

Keep up to date with all the latest pictures, news and fundraising events for the Centenary Church Appeal via our newly launched Facebook page.



Simply go to:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Community-of-the-Resurrection-Centenary-Church-Appeal/124108177667361>

Please 'like' our page and recommend to your friends to help raise the profile of our Appeal. With best wishes



**Adele Hannah**

Appeal Administrator

Centenary Church Appeal

The Community of the Resurrection

Tel: 01924 483308

<http://www.mirfieldcommunity.org.uk/appeal>

# Community of the Resurrection Companions



## London Companions Wine Tasting Evening 10 June 2011



## Pilgrimage to Walsingham 2011



## Book Reviews

**In Western Light.** *Trevor Hicks.*

Indian Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2011. £3.

Isbn 978-81-8465-134-8.

The appointment in 2007 of Revd Trevor Hicks to be Honorary Canon Poet at Derby Cathedral was an inspired one. His literary skills were already known, including as a short story writer, and subsequent years developed them further, including in liturgical contexts.

This collection of his poems is in three parts, 'Western Light', 'Dawn Light', and 'Inner Light'. They draw on a lifelong passion for past and present Celtic culture - not least that of Cornwall, Eire, and Iona - encompassing changing seasons and physical landscapes.

Some odes have explicitly religious themes. They include 'Come, All Ye' (an invitation to Bethlehem), 'No Silver' (about the Spirit's fire), 'Last Rites' (acknowledging an implicit blessing he receives in hearing a woman's dying words) and 'His Prayer' (five short stanzas that proclaim how the will of heaven is done in care, love, and service).

Additionally there are verses with touching dedications or references to family and friends. In 'To Emily - A Young Poet' he expresses the gift given to him by a young member of Bolsover parish church's congregation when she excitedly brought her own poem to him.

The book, published by the Indian Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, (website [www.ispck.org.in](http://www.ispck.org.in)), is a welcome contribution from a compassionate and sensitive wordsmith.

**David Bunch**

**Great is the mystery of faith: exploring faith through the words of worship.** *Paul Ferguson.* Canterbury Press. 2011. £12.90.

Isbn 978 1 84825 055 0

There are several good books available on the Christian faith. In this one Paul Ferguson, an archdeacon and warden of readers, reminds us that the basic facts are expressed in the words we use in church

services. It is all there, from our initial plea for help at the beginning of morning prayer to our being sent out to love and serve the Lord at the end of Mass.

The trouble is that we get so used to saying them, that we forget to think what they really mean. We are praising God for the saving work of Christ. If you feel that you are in danger of forgetting how wonderful it all is, I recommend you to read this book. Paul Ferguson has a great gift for explaining it very clearly.

**Timothy Stanton CR**

**Finding Your Way Around *Common Worship*:  
A Simple Guide.** *Mark Earey.*

Church House Publishing, 2011. £9.99. ISBN 978 0 7151 4236 3

Although *Common Worship* now has been in existence for over a decade, the size and complexity of the multi-volume set makes it possible to remain baffled by the myriad choices offered. This helpful book, written by a Director of the Queen's Foundation for Theological Education in Birmingham, endeavours to enable people to become "accomplished technicians, confident linguists and skilled artists" in the Church's liturgy by opening a doorway of understanding upon the world of worship.

The author's expressed intention was to "focus upon the basic things" by providing straightforward answers to common questions about the liturgy. It is important to know that this book is neither a history of the liturgy nor is it a commentary on *Common Worship*. Instead it is a manual – a basic reference book – guiding users through the variety of forms and functions of the Church of England's liturgical texts. As a manual it is not designed to be read straight through, but rather it is to be dipped into and consulted whenever enquiries arise.

Earey's book is beneficial to have in one's "tool box" of resources for anyone preparing and leading worship. The comprehensive Index at the back of the book is augmented by a useful Glossary of terms and a List of QTs and FAQs that provide easily accessible information available at one's fingertips. Prominently highlighted boxes featuring "Quick Tips" are another helpful feature found throughout the book. Although not an exhaustive text written about the liturgy, its brevity and simplicity is supplemented by a list of



books at the end of each chapter that are recommended for further reading by those who want to embark upon more detailed liturgical explorations.

Within his book the author addresses the importance of “leading and planning worship which enables God’s transforming love to take liturgical shape.” If this book makes it more readily possible for people who are involved in the planning of worship to convey God’s love through the liturgy then it shall have served an admirable purpose and proven its merit as a resource facilitating the creation of worship that leads one into an intimate encounter with Jesus Christ.

**Dennis Berk, nCR**

**Gateway to Resurrection.** *Maria Boulding OSB.*

Burns & Oates. 2010. £10.99 Isbn 978 1441 14388 4

This is the last book written by a greatly appreciated author. She recounts her experience of the risen Christ while she was enduring painful, terminal illness and affirms her faith in the fundamental Christian beliefs. She reflects on her journey through life and that of others, and sees in them the marks of Easter, the signs of cross and resurrection.

In chapter 2 this contemplative writes beautifully and truly about the life of prayer. ‘It is a journey to God that is also a journey *with* God; we are beginning a long search for the Lover who has already found us.’ She was deeply influenced by the ten years she spent translating some of the writings of St Augustine of Hippo. This book distils the significance of his life and reflects on his spiritual journey more insightfully than I have seen anywhere else.

Drawing on St Augustine she gives a fine chapter on the Christian interpretation and use of the psalms as Songs on the Road to our home in Christ. Her final chapter considers what it is to believe in the resurrection. It is prefigured in the baptism of the Lord, in which there is a tacit promise of resurrection for Christ and for all who are united with him. Christ by his resurrection raises those long dead and raises the entire cosmos. Sin is the refusal to accept this but God’s love is stronger than sin and invites us to enter the mystery of Christ’s risen life.

**Crispin Harrison CR**



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*Refurbishment work underway in the Community Church  
Photos: Paul Hatfield, Facilities Manager*



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Legacy stewardship is an expression of our devotion and faith, not unlike an inheritance we provide for our family.

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