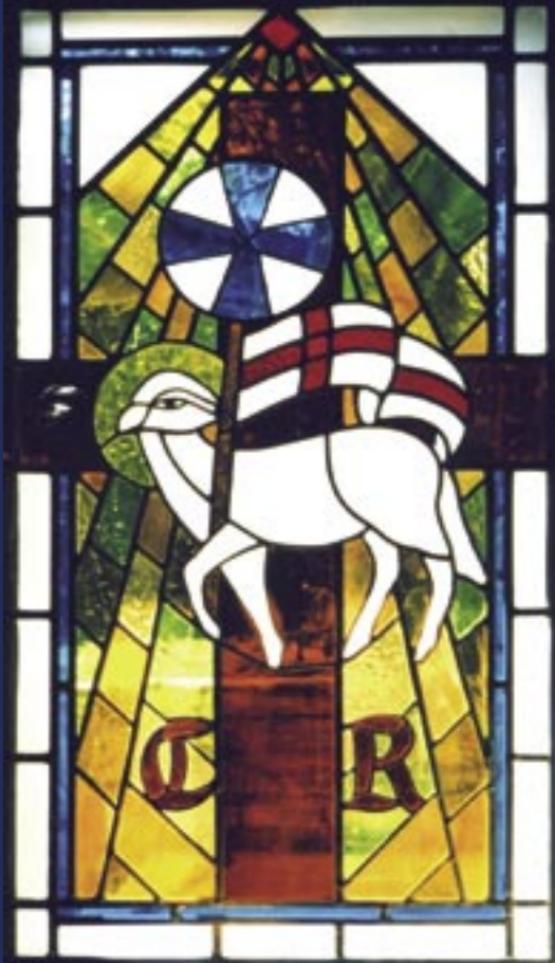


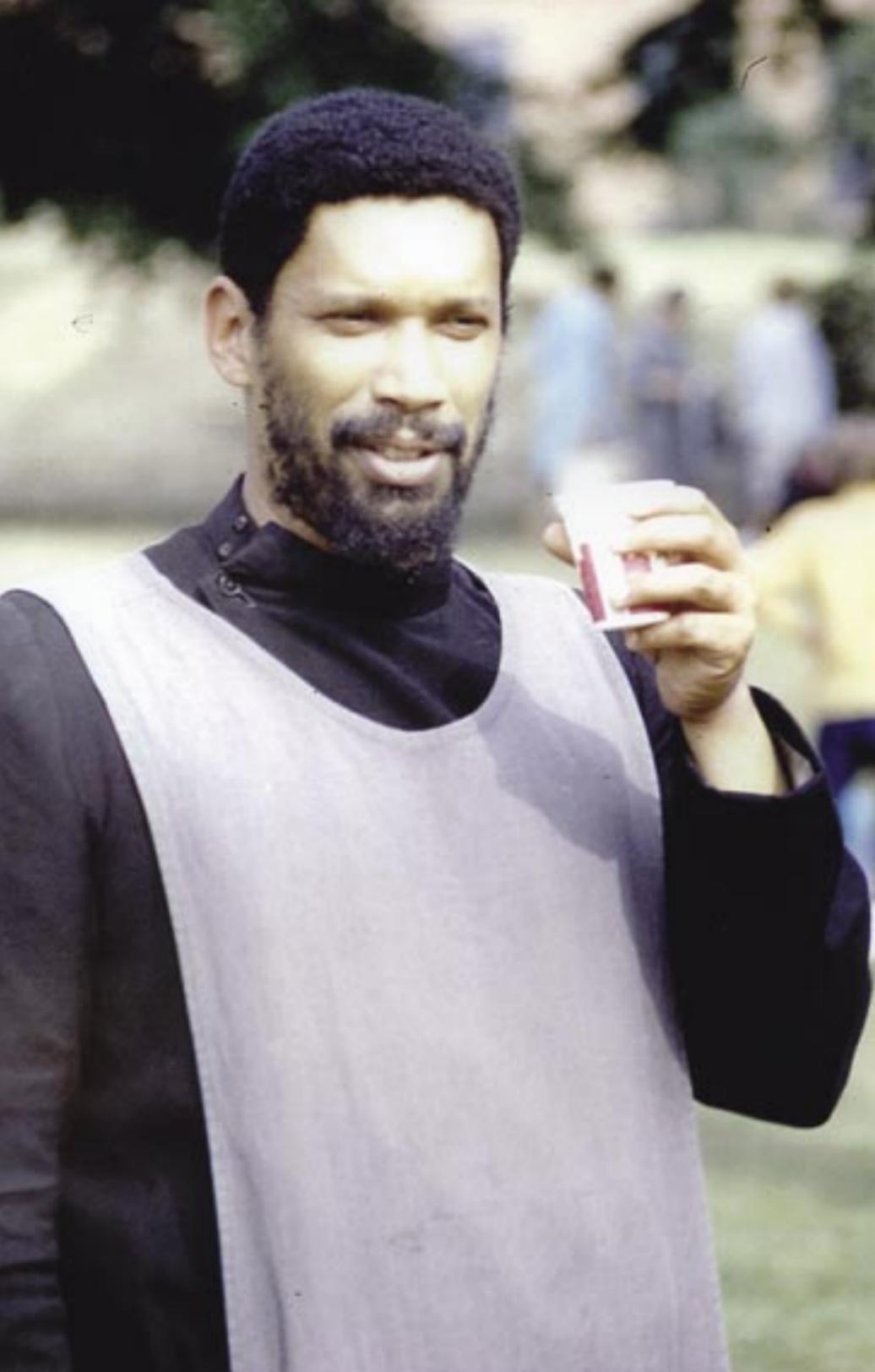
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**QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE  
COMMUNITY OF THE RESURRECTION**

Epiphany 2011

Number 432



# CR

Epiphany 2010

Number 432

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## Zachary Russell Dunbar Brammer CR

17<sup>th</sup> Oct 1931 - 13<sup>th</sup> Sept 2010

Russell Dunbar Brammer's parents in Bermuda were loyal to the British Empire and to the Anglican Communion. Father joined up to serve his king during the Second World War, and later worked in His Majesty's dominion of Canada. Mother belonged to the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire and to the Mothers Union. She enjoyed her frequent and lengthy visits to England, felt quite at home in its parishes and at the House of the Resurrection. But there was one establishment skill these parents never taught their only child, the art of dissimulation. Russell could have been the boy in the story about the emperor's clothes, except that the veracity of his outburst would have been more bluntly expressed, "The damn fool is buck naked".

Zachary, as he became in the Community, could therefore be somewhat alarming on first acquaintance. On my third day as a postulant at Mirfield I was in a labour gang under Father Ralph Bell, shovelling coal. "Some folks round here are pretty stoopid", said Zachary. I misunderstood. I assumed, quite wrongly, that he was having a crack at this indolent white African spoiled by too many servants. But he was simply telling the truth about my use of the shovel. In time Zachary was to become the loyalist and most affectionate of brothers, as he was to that other white African, Brother Michael Twine. Once on a small boat crossing to Iona, a fellow passenger said to Zachary, "You should see this sea when it's really rough". "I don't wanna see it now", he snarled back.

Brother Roger Castle knew art. Had he not studied at the Slade? Had he not taught in schools? He and Zachary were in a gallery somewhere in Germany. Together with the curator they were standing before a picture. Roger and the curator were puzzling about the effect achieved by the artist. "Can't you two see?", asked Zachary, "He first puts down a layer of black and then paints on top of that". Trust Zachary to get to the truth of the matter, to tell what he saw. He had a rich enjoyment not only of art but also of music. He loved listening: "There's a Bruckner symphony on the radio I want to hear," though not to Mozart. "Too bourgeois".

Zachary had a wide general knowledge, not least of history.

Michael once overheard him taking a party round the church and commented, “He could get a job as a professional tour guide.” In the Community we are supposed to keep up our reading. Zachary found the best way of doing this was to enroll in various correspondence courses. He read up on the Anglo-Saxon church, nationalist movements in the Caribbean, the conservation of resources in the Third World, and China since the Marxist revolution. Whether these courses led to any certificates or diplomas I do not know but he did acquire a BA from Huddersfield and another from the Open University plus two certificates in book-keeping. He started out on an MA but never finished.

If the state of his room was any indication of the state of his mind, I am not surprised. In the Community we are supposed to keep our rooms tidy, but several brethren have been monumental exceptions to this ideal: Fathers Gerard Beaumont, Ralph Bell, Neville Figgis and Matthew Trelawny-Ross. Zachary was a worthy successor to them. Organizing the material for his thesis may have been as problematic for him as was organizing the mountains of books, CDs and old newspapers in his room.

A contemporary of his in high school told me that he was the brightest in the class, that they had predicted an academic career for him. However, his practice of speaking his mind had not endeared him to teachers. Instead, he went to a secretarial college in Toronto,



*left : Mission at St. Mary Magdalene, Millfield, Sunderland May 1960  
right: Zachary and Fr Clifford Green CR*

Canada, for two and a half years. During vacations he worked as a farm labourer. Back home in Bermuda he was apprenticed in the hotel trade. The skills he learned there and in Toronto were later to benefit the Community. Island life proved too restrictive. He had the travel bug. His imagination was fired by thoughts of mission and of human rights in Southern Africa. Mirfield seemed the obvious place to come. Much later, when his working at St Augustine's Penhalonga was suggested, Zachary had sufficient self-knowledge to realize that he'd also find a boarding school in the bush too restrictive.

He arrived, unannounced and unexpected, at the House in 1956. After a spell as a guest, he became a postulant and then in 1957 a novice. His profession was on Easter day, 1960. He was born in 1931. He died without fuss in September 2010.

Most of his years were lived out at Mirfield where he served as secretary to the College, in the House as assistant bursar, caterer or deputy custos in charge of the grounds or deputy guestmaster. He was a fine sight as he scythed long grass with an old fashioned Father Time implement. He planted trees which he hoped would grow enormous, such as an American redwood or a cedar of Lebanon. Big and strong, he was often a pall bearer at the funerals of brethren. He was surprisingly gentle and patient with guests and could, for example, go to no end of trouble to mail a soap dish to an elderly retreatant who had left it at Mirfield.

He had one short spell of overseas service. When the Community withdrew from Codrington Theological College, three brethren became rectors of three parishes, though they lived together in the same rectory, Fathers Alexander Cox, Claude Lunnis and Gabriel Sanford. Zachary joined them as housekeeper and treasurer. Though, as he insisted, Bermuda is not part of the Caribbean, rather to his surprise he much enjoyed Barbados. Whereas Brother Barnabas Dugdale had been a popular mission preacher around the West Indies, Zachary insisted on his layman's right not to live as a clergyman. He would not preach or take services. Instead he helped in the diocesan office. Incidentally he also insisted that the adjective is not Bermudan but Bermudian to rhyme with Canadian.

He was once sent on a course for preachers conducted by the Dominicans of Blackfriars in Oxford. He would burst out laughing when he told of that experience and of his only attempt at a sermon,

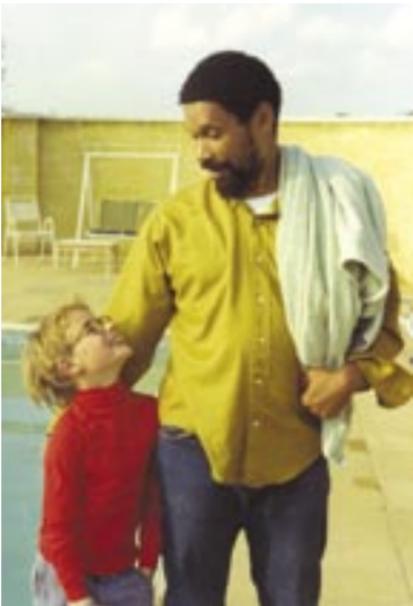


*Zachary and Fr Clifford Green CR*

somewhere in Derbyshire. In his earlier years in the Community he was a stately crucifer, a fumigatus thurifer, a competent cantor, an excellent reader, and oh what a pleasure to hear him as subdeacon at the former high mass sing the epistle to the Sarum tone. But he slowly withdrew from such churchy duties. He even gave up reading lessons, “I always get the Old Testament passages

about ethnic cleansing”. His sympathies were with the Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites and Jebusites, to say nothing of today’s Palestinians.

His rules were Never Apologise, Never Explain, Never Report. Brethren would therefore puzzle over his activities and absences. He would never use terms like ecumenical dialogue or inter faith inter face. But without telling anybody, he’d been over to Barnsley to welcome the new Methodist minister, not by attending a service, but by



mowing her lawn, clipping her hedge and carting her furniture. He arrived there without explanation or introduction and left there likewise. He had been down to Heathrow to welcome a Turkish student to London whose parents he had met while holidaying in their country. She was but young and they were concerned for her safety in this strange land. He had been to the university graduation in Lancashire of a young tearaway whom he had persuaded to return to school for his A levels. He had been to Manchester to two frail Companions of the Community, an elderly couple no longer able to journey to Mirfield. The guestmaster would therefore go to them. It was some years before he confessed to his Parkinson's. He didn't discuss it, let alone complain about it.

He volunteered to answer the phone during the small hours, and once had a conversation with a guerilla, calling from Zimbabwe during its bush war. The man wanted to do St Augustine's some harm, or at least to speak with Father Benjamin Baynham. Zachary dissuaded him from both.

If pressed, he might say something about his holidays. In his earlier years he had enjoyed hitching round Europe with Brother Roger or Fathers Kingston Erson or Jack Guinness. He picked up a smattering of languages. He made friends like the Bonhoeffer family in Germany or two elderly ladies living on a barge in the depths of Holland. In later years a former College student might invite him to British Columbia, or a former West Indian priest might invite anti-clerical him to New Zealand. He stayed with me several times in Ottawa, and thereafter always asked after people whom he had met.

Zachary did not approve of obituaries in this *Quarterly* but it has been a joy to write about him. In the Community we do not use endearments, nicknames or titles when talking about or to one another. For example, we'd never address a certain august personage as Trev or as Archbishop. But affectionate exceptions break out even to the most sensible of customs. For example, Father Samuel Lounds was almost always Sammy.

We are glad that he managed to die before the worst excesses of Parkinson's overtook him, as they overtook Pope John Paul II and Father Benedict Green, a distant relative of his, but we shall miss our Zack. Life will be duller without him.

**+Robert Mercer CR**

## Superior's Notes

The first thing to say is, Thanks be to God. The Consistory Court hearing came and went, and as a result we have been given permission to do our proposed work on the church. The start-date now being negotiated with the builders is 7<sup>th</sup> March. The work will be in two stages: stage 1 will do the basics, including heating, new floor, electrics, decoration, and the balcony to receive the magnificent new Harrison organ we have been given as a gift. Stage 2 will wait until the appeal has raised sufficient funds to pay for it: altars, seating, lift and art works. If there is a gap between the two stages, we shall nevertheless start using the church with the use of temporary furniture. The sole exception in the Consistory Court ruling is that we were not given permission to adapt the tombs of Charles Gore and Walter Frere, which is a disappointment for some, but does not affect the overall scheme.

Including the projected proceeds from pledges, the appeal has now raised £350,000, nearly all from small donations, which is an amazing response. Now we have both the permissions and the start-date, we can with confidence begin approaching potential major donors and trusts. In the meantime we shall be borrowing money set aside for the new monastery to help pay for the work. In due course there will be more to raise for the monastery itself, but we realize it has to be one thing at a time. My December trip to America had to be postponed for a variety of reasons, not least the amount of time that had to be spent in connection with the Consistory Court, but we are planning a trip for the spring, which will give time for our new American Committee to get going.

Guy Laurie our new General Manager is busy transforming the way we run the site, and enabling us to use it more efficiently to raise income. A new website is now ready (<http://www.monastery-stay.co.uk>) which will market the College and the other buildings for wedding receptions and conferences, and plans are afoot to restore the quarry theatre, to be hired out for events. We are feeling our way towards filling the gap left by Commemoration Day, and this year will see a two-day event, with a mini-Commem/Companions' Day on Saturday 23<sup>rd</sup> July, and a Fun Day with bouncy castles, welly-wanging etc. on the Sunday. All are welcome to either. More details anon.

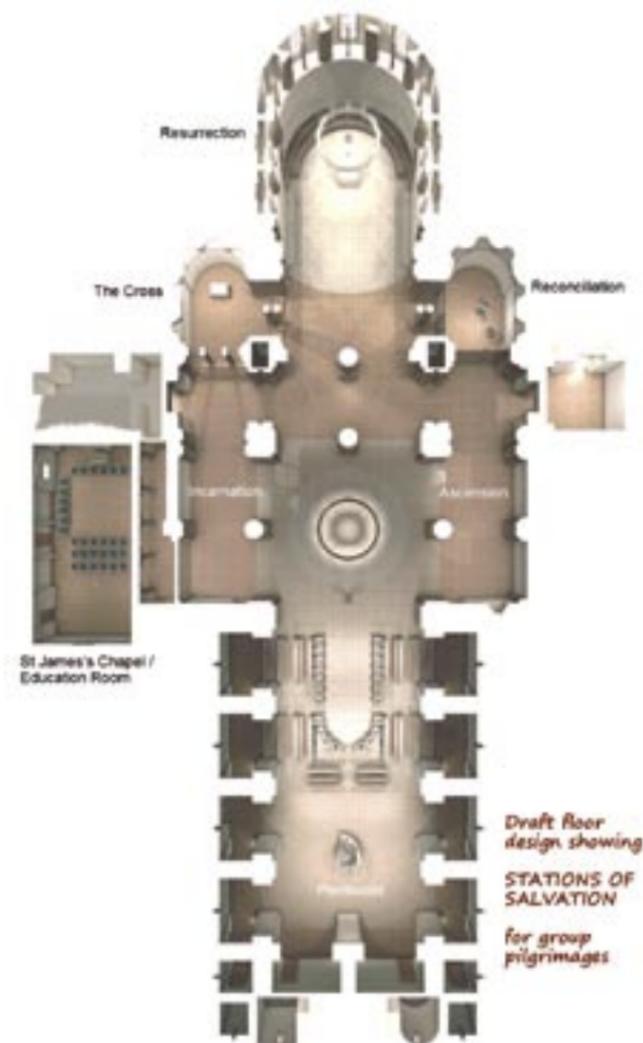
Other Appeal fund-raising events planned for next year:

- Easter Monday family day with egg hunt on April 25<sup>th</sup>;
- The Auction of the Centenary on October 22<sup>nd</sup> (for more details of this, and how to become involved, see elsewhere in this issue of CRQ Review)
- and a Concert of Carols with a local school in Advent.

Readers of the Review will be very welcome at all of these.

Interest in Religious Communities continues to grow, and we have been told that 33% of enquiries to the Anglican religious communities' site come via the CR website.

**George CR**



**STOP PRESS**

The Appeal  
Vigil of Prayer  
in December  
was fantastic.

Thanks.

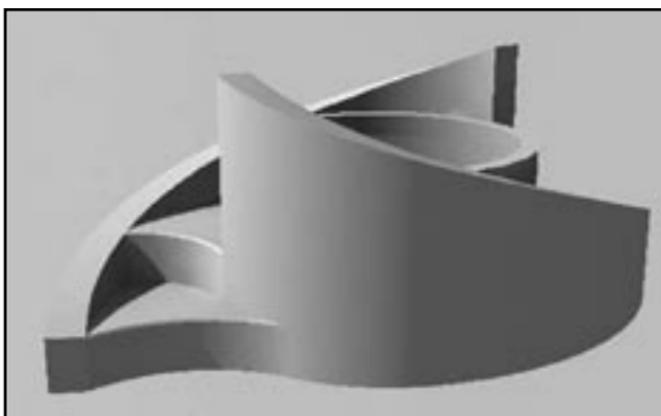
## Fonts Yesterday and Today

**A**s Gordon Roxby showed in the last issue, there is a lot we don't realise about fonts. There has been a dramatic rediscovery in recent times of the font as a key reference-point for our Christian vocation. Our journey starts with the font, and it is part of Christian tradition to return there to face again and again the implications of our calling. We do this at the Paschal vigil in the night of Easter, but there are other traditions of returning more frequently than that. St Augustine and others speak of the *pascha annotina*, a return to the font on the anniversary of our baptism. The reciting of the Apostles' Creed in the Anglican daily offices is a commemoration of baptism – that creed originates in the profession of faith of candidates standing in the font. It would be even better to revive the old practice of going to the font at the end of the office to sing the praises of the baptismal waters. In Eastertide in this country and all over Western Europe there was a tradition of doing this every day at evensong, in response to the angel's words to the disciples: "go to Galilee – there you will see him". It is becoming a practice in some places to start the eucharist at the font, confessing our sins there and being sprinkled with the water of regeneration.

The font is a penitential symbol, a sign of our constant need to return and be washed, not least in the Sacrament of Reconciliation. Conversion involves a death to the old person that we were, in order to participate in the resurrection of Christ and become something new, which doesn't replace what we were before but washes us on towards perfection. The font is the Red Sea, speaking to great moments of transition in our life. It contains primaevial water where the Holy Spirit hovers. It echoes the grand watery themes of Scripture, the rock in the wilderness, the fountains in the psalms, the River of Life in Revelation. It reverses the order of everything: now we start with death and the outcome is birth.

In our renewed Community church at Mirfield we will have a water feature that will also be a font for baptism by immersion. It is in the form of a double helix in light-coloured stone, based on a traditional plan in which the candidates enter the water from the west and pass through towards the east, the direction of the

Dayspring from on High. The design, the result of co-operation between CR and our architects, looks a bit like surging waves, but also picks up the theme that will to be attached to the west end of the church – Pentecost. We can think of the spiral Tower of Babel in medieval paintings: the font redeems Babel, conferring a new gift from the Holy Spirit – oneness in the Church, despite our diversity of languages, cultures and opinions. A small jet of air will quietly ripple the water’s surface, like the Spirit’s breath. The font will function too as the holy water stoup for that end of the church (where the entrance to our new monastery will be) so that we shall be “returning to the font” each time we enter.



There is an ingrained human tendency to shrink symbols for the sake of convenience. So fonts gradually shrank from rivers and tanks to birdbaths. The shape of our new font will mean that adults can be submerged, but also the most practical way to baptize babies, even if they are not immersed, will be for the Minister to get in the water to do it. Convenience is the death of symbols, while their full message will always tend to be larger-than-life and inconvenient. Even if the font in your church is a birdbath, you can for instance recover what the symbol is supposed to say by creating a pool around it. In ways like this it is time to use our imaginations to let the font speak its powerful message to the full. And once you have started with the font, you need to start thinking about the other shrunken symbols in your worship ...

**George CR**

# Contemporary Art In British Churches

13<sup>th</sup> Oct – 3<sup>rd</sup> Dec

Some day, hopefully not too far off, when the Church of the Resurrection is all glorious within, thanks to planning permission and donors, the Community hopes three or four outstanding works of art will be commissioned to make it even more of a pilgrimage centre than it is already. A number of artists have come and shown us examples of their work, and we were invited to this exhibition at Wallspace, All Hallows on the Wall, 83 London Wall, EC2M 5ND.

So far our supporters and other donors have been incredibly generous (**yes, you are all regularly in our prayers**), so there is real hope that this vision will become a reality. As I was in London on the opening night of the exhibition, it was my privilege to take up the invitation. All Hallows is a quite small 18<sup>th</sup> century church which doubles up as an exhibition gallery, and is the headquarters of *ACE (Art+Christian Enquiry)*, and *Wallspace*, as well as the London section of *Christian Aid*. The nave was crowded with artists, clergy, and other interested folk – and above all with new works of art for our churches: sculpture, paintings, engraved glass.

Why bother with contemporary artists, when our churches are mostly crowded if not cluttered with artifacts and craftsmanship? To answer that, ask another one: what **impact** does all this labour of past generations have on you? It is indeed considerable. . Here many generations have prayed and worshipped. Here Granny used to sit. That was the Squire's family pew. There are the great lists of those who died in last century's world wars. The windows are filled with stained glass: great craftsmanship, based on medieval examples. There is a massive amount of woodwork, exquisitely carved, also based on medieval models. There is an unworldly atmosphere of peace and quiet. **This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven.** (*Genesis 28:17*). Jacob's vision was in the open, long, long before the Temple was even dreamed of.

In our church, in your church, what is there to help us see how Christ the Lord walks with us in our streets, sits with us in our

homes, works with us in factory, office, supermarket? Suffers on the Cross with us? Sees with our eyes, hears with our ears, touches with our hands? That he is slain again in our wars even today, starves and dies with the famine-stricken? That He is the refugee, the asylum seeker, the jobless, the excluded? And also King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The work of real artists always opens our eyes to what is in front of us. Think of Turner, think of Samuel Palmer. It is wonderful that churches once more are commissioning contemporary artists, who open our eyes to the Christ in our hearts, in our midst, in friend and in stranger.

See: [www.wallspace.org.uk](http://www.wallspace.org.uk). Also: [www.acetrust.org](http://www.acetrust.org).

**Antony Grant CR**



*Stephen Cox*



*above and below: Iain McKillop*



*Mark Cazalet*



## **Developments for Christian Art initiatives in the Northern Province**

**T**he soon to be established Northern Sacred Art Foundation is currently gearing up to serve the Northern Province, under the patronage of the Bishop of Wakefield, and will be a first stop for any churches and institutions wanting to get involved with art and the sacred in the North. It will be formed out of a network of art practitioners, writers and scholars, collections and partner organisations (such as universities and cathedrals), and will provide consultancy services and organise exhibitions and conferences on Christian themes. In addition it will also organise the loan of individual artworks to institutions, churches etc for the purpose of a deeper prayerful engagement with original works of art. All this adds up to wanting to grow the spiritual life of the arts in the north, to encourage making and looking at Christian art, to make that connection between art and faith more visible for mission and outreach and also to deepen our Christian lives through the great gift of art. We'll keep you updated as the project progresses.

Any enquiries to: Revd Matthew Askey  
[frmaskey@btinternet.com](mailto:frmaskey@btinternet.com)



### **Prayer Update - 17/11/2010 from Bishop Chad of Harare**

Dear Friends,

Warm greetings from the Diocese of Harare (Church of the Province of Central Africa). We want to thank you all very much for your continued prayer support and for journeying with us thus far. Your solidarity with the Anglican Church in Zimbabwe is greatly appreciated. Our people continue to endure the harsh exile from their churches but cry, "for how long?" While some denominations have offered some of our congregations use of their church buildings, others (few) we hear rent our buildings from Dr. Kunonga. A number still meet in the open air. This is the beginning of our rainy season and obviously while we want it to rain we wish it would not rain on

a Sunday. There haven't been any running battles with the police lately because our people have stopped insisting on worshipping in their church buildings. A lot of our church buildings are now being used by Dr. Kunonga as schools and colleges while vestries have been turned into residential homes. What was once sacred space for us is now profane space.

Yesterday Dr. Kunonga's people wanted to take over our National Anglican Theological College (Bishop Gaul College) in Harare where we train our priests. When Dr. Kunonga's people told the acting principal and the students that they had come to take the college, the principal and students went into prayer. An eye witness had this to say about what she observed,

**“I was a stunned participant of today's attempted takeover of Bishop Gaul College. The praise and worship and prayers the boys went into drove those interlopers right out of the common room to stand in groups outside whispering. Oh yes - the Spirit of the Lord is upon all those young men in training. I was so proud to be associated with them all”.**

For the first time in a very long time, the police protected our students from Kunonga's people and told them that they could not accomplish their mission because they needed three things: (1) proof of ownership, (2) Court judgments that showed that they had been given our properties and (3) Court eviction Order. They were told to leave our premises and stop wasting police time. They left and have not come back today. Oh give thanks to the Lord for he is gracious; and his mercy endures forever!

We continue to wait for a date when our cases will be heard in the Supreme Court. Please continue to pray with us.

**Please pray for:**

1. A just end to our current struggles and a peaceful return to our churches.
2. A date to be set for the hearing of our cases in the Supreme Court.
3. The finances needed to meet our legal expenses.
4. Our people to remain courageous in the face of great adversity.
5. The ministry of the church under difficult conditions.
6. The clergy and laity of the diocese as they seek to fulfil their ministries in our context.
7. A favourable rainy season
8. Give thanks for the faithfulness and resilience of the people of our diocese.

Thank you.

**+Chad**

## “A House Divided”

“A house divided against itself cannot stand...” So said Jesus and it is certainly true. Yet divisions can be purifying and used for the Kingdom of God. That has been our experience in Zimbabwe:

In the year 2000 a new bishop was elected to the diocese of Harare. His name was Nolbert Kunonga. Those of us who knew him were appalled. He is a very unintelligent person, a strong supporter of Robert Mugabe (it was about now that Mugabe and his party were showing their true colours of violence and corruption). The elective assembly was disputed but the then Archbishop Bernard Malango from Malawi pushed ahead with Kunonga’s consecration. Soon the doubts were shown to be justified. Kunonga was racist, openly attacking whites in the Anglican church. He also attacked any priest, black or white who questioned any aspect of his rule. He arranged for some to be beaten up. Several received death threats and fled the country. The diocesan trustees soon realised funds were going missing. Attempts were made to bring the matter to court, but the Archbishop refused to allow it. When, after several years, pressure from the whole Anglican communion forced the Archbishop to act he sent a Malawian judge, known to be corrupt, to hear the case. This man dismissed the case after 2 days on the grounds of lack of evidence (which was completely false).

In 2006 the diocese of Manicaland became vacant. This is the diocese in which the former CR mission at Penhalonga is situated. Once again Archbishop Malango interfered, dismissing the local group of electors and chairing a new election; the resulting assembly (during which one elector was mysteriously murdered) produced Elson Jakazi as bishop. He too was a strong Mugabe supporter, a former army chaplain and, as I came to discover for myself, a very unpleasant man. He soon showed his colours, forcing out of the diocese those clergy who had opposed his election (they happened to be the young, bright priests). He too is very racist with a hatred of the West.

In 2007 the Archbishop finally retired. The lawyers in the diocese of Harare, led by the Chancellor Bob Stumbles, were prepared to reopen the case against Kunonga. So at the Provincial synod of

that year Kunonga arrived with a bus load of supporters, including several Zimbabwean police! Then he and Jakazi announced that they were withdrawing their dioceses from the Church of the Province of Central Africa, since that province was, like the rest of the Anglican Communion, “full of homosexuals”. Their real intention was to remove the threat of prosecution from Kunonga and gain independence for themselves so that they could continue to exploit their dioceses free from international restraints (or restraints from other bishops in the Province).

The Province immediately rejected their action. It accepted their resignations but made it clear the bishops could not take their dioceses with them. In Harare the vast majority of the people did not want to go with Kunonga. Some priests were less sure. They were concerned for houses, salaries, future. The best priests had already been chased away. Most of those who remained were Kunonga clients. It was the lay people who decided the issue. They refused to go with Kunonga. Where priests made it clear they supported Kunonga, the people rejected them. The police were called in. Congregations were physically abused, attacked with tear gas, dragged out of church. Kunonga appointed four of his priests as bishops (so he could be archbishop) but in fact they had no congregations. Almost every congregation in town had to seek another place to worship, in schools, halls, gardens, even a swimming bath. It has been a tough time for all of them, yet very exciting. People found Christ was in their midst even though they had left their church buildings. People realised they were Christian to follow Christ, not to follow a corrupt Bishop. Retired Bishop Sebastian Bakare was called in and he led the church wisely over the next year. They avoided conflict, concentrated on building up their congregations and fostering discipleship. All this took place at the time when the country was going through the worst phase of its hyperinflation, yet somehow they managed. The spirit in the congregations changed and became excited, upbeat and joyful. Many congregations have grown in size during their time of exile. Others have grown in depth.

Opposition and persecution have continued. Various legal attempts have been made to establish that the CPCA owns the property that Kunonga has occupied. A few judgements have been made in favour of the Province. They have been ignored by the

police who still block off Anglican churches if there is any sign that the congregations will return. Clearly the government is preventing the case from coming to court since even a corrupt judiciary could not find in Kunonga's favour.

In Manicaland the situation is more complex and more divided. Elson Jakazi realised quite quickly that he had made a mistake and would lose his diocese so he announced that he had changed his mind and had been accepted back into the Province. In fact the bishops of the Province refused to have him back. However, while attention concentrated on Harare diocese Jakazi convinced most of his priests and people he was still in the Anglican church. He has managed to cling onto most of the diocesan schools and institutions since this is where the money is. Many of the congregations have since changed sides as have some of the priests. Sadly a lot of the good priests as well as some bad ones remain in the Jakazi camp.

In 2009 the diocese of Harare elected Chad Gandiya, who at that time was working for USPG, as their bishop and soon afterwards Manicaland elected Julius Makoni, then on the senior staff at HSBC. Both bishops have had a rough ride but are succeeding in rebuilding their dioceses, re-establishing their finances, strengthening the congregations and retraining the clergy. Both bishops have received death threats. It is an inspiring time to be an Anglican, and it requires courage since Anglicans are (without saying it) in opposition to the government. The police constantly harass them.

Some incidents describe the situation:

- St Augustine's Penhalonga is largely under the control of Jakazi, but the CZR sisters are loyal to the Church of the Province of Central Africa. In February the sisters had one of the CPCA priests to say mass for them and some of the faithful lay people. Later in the day the police arrived, summoned by the Jakazi priests, arrested three of the sisters and some of the lay people, treated them roughly, stripped them of most of their clothes and put them in a stinking cell. It was some hours before the lawyers could get them out. Those sisters are now even more fiercely committed to the CPCA!
- When I visited St Augustine's in August we had to endure Bishop Jakazi and an Archdeacon shouting at us that we had no right to be on the mission. We stayed. However when we went

back we were denied entrance so Sr Heather Francis OHP and I went round the back and climbed in over the mountain.

- At St Ann's, Wedza, two CPCA priests, Frs Luke Chigwanda and Paul Mudowaya, were conducting mass when they were attacked by the police, driven away with whips. They completed the mass outside the mission and the priests were then arrested.
- The Bernard Mizeki festival this year was given government permission to be held at the Shrine. However, the week before Kunonga's supporters burned the camp site; and when the thousands of CPCA pilgrims turned up a few days later they found the place ringed by armed police. So they went to the Marondera show grounds and had a magnificent celebration there instead!

There are any number of such accounts of police brutality and Anglican courage. Broadly speaking the situation is now this:

In Harare diocese practically all the town congregations cannot meet in their own churches, but must use halls, gardens, schools or anything they can find. In rural churches most churches seem still to be in use. The Kunonga faction, though possessing most of the buildings, has no congregations. Kunonga and his clergy celebrate in empty churches, when they celebrate at all.

In Manicaland the new Bishop is making steady progress and numbers are turning in his favour. While we were there Jakazi's Mothers Union met at St Augustine's with about 1,000 members, while the CPCA Mothers met in town with over 4,000. Town churches still can't be used and the loss of most of the schools (though they are coming back) is a severe one.

Persecution strengthens and deepens the Christian faith, but it leaves many scars. Particularly in Manicaland, good Christians have found themselves on both sides and many bitter words have been spoken; many bad things have been done. As we pray for the healing of these divisions we need to pray for the reconciliation of priests and lay people who have been torn apart by them. Please do pray. Our prayer will defeat the evil activities of police and government and will protect the faithful, particularly the clergy. We must long for the divisions in our house to end.

**Nicolas Stebbing CR**

## Fresh Expressions in the Sacramental Tradition

What to expect from a day entitled ‘Fresh Expressions in the Sacramental Tradition’? The rather intriguing subtitle was **B<sup>3</sup>**: Belong-Become-Believe, plus **E<sup>3</sup>**: Explore-Express-Evangelise = **(BE)<sup>3</sup>**:

About fifty of us gathered at St. George’s, Beckenham on a Saturday in June to ‘dip our toes in the water.’ The proceedings took the form of an extended celebration of the Eucharist.

Revd Ian Mobsby from the Archbishop’s Fresh Expressions team and member of the Moot Community in the City of London ([www.moot.uk.net](http://www.moot.uk.net)) led the day. This Community, a fresh expression of church, runs weekly John Main meditation groups for stressed out bankers, who know there is more to life than materialism, greed and consumptive gratification. Suddenly we’re finding the resources of catholic spirituality resonate with seeking people. They challenge us to open up these resources in ways authentic for them. In Archbishop Rowan’s words, it is about ‘opening up the spiritual landscape about what is possible regarding mission and evangelism in our contemporary world.’ How to practise radical hospitality to strangers, inviting them in to experience the holy mysteries, to encounter God so that they become followers of Christ through belonging and believing. We are to reach out beyond ourselves and, guided by the Holy Spirit, to hold off sentences that begin ‘but’, and hold on to ‘what if’ questions. God the Spirit can then re- envision us. The catholic Anglican tradition today has to engage with those who are questioners and not just followers. We start with our own repentance, because many seekers come to church for guidance and are merely ignored or shamed.

In ‘Hunger and Thirst for the Spirit (a fresh look at the classical spiritual disciplines)’ led by Canon Paul Francis, we looked at how ‘discipline’ has the same root as ‘disciple’. ‘Spiritual disciplines’ are not just archaic austere practices to ‘subdue the flesh’, but aids to our journey and growth in faith. The context is the contemporary hunger and thirst for spiritual depth and integrity. What too often happens is just about image and presentation, looking for the next thrill, without depth. We used Matthew 5:3 “How blest are those who know their need of God” and also Jeremiah lamenting the

spiritual poverty of his day in Jeremiah 2:3 “They have forsaken God, the fountain of living water and dug cisterns for themselves, cracked cisterns that can hold no water”. Jesus is the ‘water of life’ and Christianity like a forgotten wellspring is there to be re-discovered. Can people really see abundant life when they look at the church? It’s not always necessary to repair the cracked cistern before doing anything else. If water flows in fast enough, leaks can refresh the dry ground outside! Spirituality is how we form Christ in us. The working of the Holy Spirit within us, on our freely chosen path, is in fact deliberate, planned and timetabled, and does not happen by chance. We are like boats, sails positioned to ‘catch the wind’ of the Spirit. Spiritual disciplines are a supporting trellis in the garden of the heart, giving our climbing roses space to bloom!

To transform the world we need to be transformed ourselves, and to show evidence and signs of a transformed life. ‘Spiritual Fitness’, Graham Tomlin’s book, uses the analogy of the gym.

The elements of a Rule of Life are: Firstly individual, prayer, fasting and spiritual reading, and secondly corporate, worship, confession, spiritual direction, and hospitality. Four ‘Rules for a Rule of Life’ which CR Companions might find useful:

1. A Rule is not a collection of rules. It liberates rather than restricts, and is a means to an end, not an end in itself.
2. A Rule of Life is not just another thing to do. It is grace and freedom, not punishment and law.
3. A Rule of Life is not there to help us to do things better and manage life more efficiently, rather it is about the person we are called to be, to aid us in our walk with God.
4. A Rule of Life is not something to invent for ourselves like ‘pick-n-mix’, but something worked out with someone else to whom we are accountable. We are part of something bigger than ourselves.

Mission and evangelism take us back to the core of the faith. We have to let go of some things, whilst finding new resources. This is breathing new life into the catholic and contemplative traditions, which can be places for spiritual encounter and spiritual seekers. Let us as Catholic Anglicans keep this ancient-future perspective and hope. Some weeks later, I am still finding much to reflect upon from this and the other workshops - and much to challenge me.

**Vanessa Dixon, Companion CR**

## Mission In A Secular And Multi-Faith World

*Reflections on a discussion between some of us from Mirfield  
with some monks of Trier.*



“**T**he joys and hopes, the sorrows and fears of the people of this age, particularly the poor and oppressed of all kinds, are also the joys and hopes, the sorrows and fears of the disciples of Christ, and there is nothing truly human, that does not find its echo in their hearts.” (*Gaudium et Spes*) Of all the words that came out of Vatican II those words are perhaps the most famous, and have proved the most influential in changing the face of the Roman Catholic Church towards the world in which it lives. As Christians we do not just serve Christians; we serve all of humankind, for all men and women are children of God, equally beloved of God. So, too, do we serve the material world since that also was created by God. Yet how does this great insight into God’s way with men affect our approach to Christian mission?

Since the time of Jesus Christianity has been a missionary movement. If it hasn’t done mission it has withered and died. In the early years mission was done by straight preaching and teaching and thousands were gathered to the faith. When Christianity became the state religion mission was often done by force or by convention. All of us would reject force now as a means of mission. Yet many missionaries in the past, and even in the present, offer

a very forceful presentation of the Gospel. They preach it with passionate conviction, with quotations from scripture which should convince people that if they do not accept Christ they will be damned for eternity. There is a self-righteousness, a lack of attention to others that many of us find unacceptable in this way of preaching the faith. Yet we are bound to spread the faith, to baptise, to teach, to call people into the kingdom of God. If we fail to do that we are failing to do what Jesus told us to do in the Gospels and what Paul did by his example.

There are, however, two problems about the world in which we live, here in England, today:

1. We live surrounded by men and women of other faiths: Jewish, Muslim, Hindu and Buddhist, and because we are not cut off from these communities in the way we once were, we have found that many of them are very good people. Much of their devotion is deeply moving and genuine. When we get together and talk with them we find we share far more than we ever imagined. They seem to be as much on the road to salvation as any Christian we know. Why should we try and get them to change their faith? Is theirs not at least as good as ours? As it happens, it is very difficult to get any of them to change their faith. They are not attracted to Christianity. Is it better to leave them where they are?
2. The second problem is those at the other end of the spectrum, the truly secular. Now many of the truly secular people are selfish, money orientated and destructive (and so are many Christians!). But most are just like most Christians – fairly ordinary citizens living identical lives. And some we know are wonderful people, caring, compassionate, hard working and with very high moral standards. But they see no point at all in Christianity. Some are definitely hostile to Christianity and will not listen to a word about it. Others may like us and even value the work we do; some even like the church to be there with its lovely worship and sound teaching. Yet nothing we say seems to move them to step inside the church. They do not seem at all worried about their eternal salvation. Should we try to make them worried? How can we get through to them?

There is no easy answer to this problem. It is one that will need to be worked at patiently over a long period. There are, however,

some basic principles we need to recognise which are fundamental to the Christian gospel we are trying to present:

1. We need to listen. This is the point of inter-faith dialogue. We cannot enter into any kind of respectful conversation with those of another faith if we caricature their beliefs. We need to listen carefully, imaginatively and open-mindedly as Christ himself would have done. This is true whether we are talking to the convinced secular atheist or a Muslim. We need to hear from them what they really believe, what values they have, and above all why they find us irrelevant, or even objectionable. We can't answer their criticisms of the Church until we know what they are. By listening we are doing what Christ would do, showing them respect as fellow children of God, created by God and loved by God. That means taking them seriously.
2. We need to recognise how hard it is to listen. If we are to listen properly we need to empty ourselves of prejudices and assumptions, most of which we are not aware of. We need to set aside the arguments that we might be marshalling in our minds and stop trying to assert ourselves, or our faith. Our whole attention must be on the other (a very Christian attitude!) if we are to hear what they are really saying.
3. We need to offer people the truth about ourselves. Christians have got many things wrong in the past: the crusades against Muslims, the pogroms against Jews, the lack of respect for other people's cultures, our own identification with western materialist values which contradict the Gospels themselves. We mustn't pretend. In being honest about our past and present we will be actually in line with a precious part of our own Scriptures: the Old Testament records many disreputable stories about Israel's heroes, how Abraham denied Sarah was his wife, or David committed adultery and murder. In the New Testament, too, we hear of how Peter denied his Lord, how the disciples constantly misunderstood Jesus, and there is quite a lot in Paul's letters which could be airbrushed out to give him a more friendly reputation. Speaking the truth will do us no harm and will gain us respect.
4. Part of this is to offer people our own brokenness. Particularly in the secular world we are seen as judgemental, self-righteous and hypocritical. If we can show that we know we are sinful, that

we are compassionate and understanding towards those whose marriages have broken down, those who are gay, those who have lost their jobs or any of the other things that make people unhappy, people will begin to realise that the God we worship is also compassionate and understanding, not judgemental.

5. We also need to think very carefully about our Christian faith. It cannot just be our aim to increase the size of our congregation! What does the Christian faith have to offer a Muslim, a Jew, or a humanist? We may say “salvation and life eternal”, but what does that mean? Most of us became Christians as babies; many of us have never really thought about why we have remained in the Church. What can we say about our faith that would make it really attractive to another?
6. In the end we must show love. Love doesn't bully or brow beat. Love invites a person to come into a place where he or she is loved. It invites that person to see the love of God and to decide whether to accept it. To do that we must love them and learn how to show it. Neither of those things are easy. In any process of preaching the Gospel, the first person who needs to be evangelised is ourselves. That is where we must start!

**Nicolas CR, Eric CR, Barnabas CR.**

### **“Temple & Eucharist”**

...a study day with Dr Margaret Barker

*Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> March*

Bradford Cathedral, 10.30am - 4.00pm.

£5.00

(includes drinks) Please bring a packed lunch.

Morning theme - **The Wine**      Afternoon theme - **The Bread**  
Atonement, Mary and Holy Wisdom will also be touched on.

For Bookings, please contact the Cathedral

*CRQ Review hopes to carry an article by Dr Barker in a future issue.*

**I**t happens almost every year that the frost strengthens up to minus 30 degrees in the Moscow region during the days of Epiphany and we even have the word-combination in Russian language “Epiphany frosts”.

But in spite of this cold we have the tradition here in Russia to cut cross-shape holes in the ice of the rivers and lakes this night for the Great Blessing of waters all over the world and to dip into the water three times in recollection of Christ’s baptism in the river Jordan.

**Andrew Aidov**



# Sale of the Centenary

The Community of the Resurrection  
will hold a grand auction on 22<sup>nd</sup> October 2011

**To be conducted by George Gribben a celebrated Belfast auctioneer**

We will be inviting all our friends to join us in this venture to restore our beautiful house of God in its centenary year.

We will need volunteers to collect, deliver and temporarily store donations

And we will want you to give generously from your attic, box room, jewel box or glory hole

We are aiming to raise £10,000+ so if you have items that are likely to fetch £50 or more you can make a big difference but don't worry, smaller lots are very welcome.

However we don't want modern furniture, crockery or electrical goods(unless new) or modern clothing – these items don't do well at auctions.

Some things that do well:

- Memorabilia** War, Sport and Entertainment
  - Vintage clothing** Old Uniforms
  - Jewellery** Costume and the real thing - the older the better
  - Old postcards and envelopes with stamps**
  - Paintings** especially if signed and dated
  - Watches** even broken ones but not battery
  - Medals and badges** War, coronation, BB, Scouts and Guides
  - Old Comics and annuals**
  - Church ornament and vesture** Not cassocks or surplices
- And anything with a famous signature**

**If you have it, we want it.**

**If you can't bring it, we will try to fetch it.**

Please don't bring anything large without checking first!

Please contact:

**Fr John Gribben**

[jgribben@mirfield.org](mailto:jgribben@mirfield.org) 01924 493339

## It's the Way I Tell Them

**S**ome years ago I was asked to give a retreat at a Convent. The setting was very beautiful and the weather was perfect. I went with all my addresses prepared with the result that I had a wonderfully relaxed week free from all the tasks and drudgery that one always has to do in your own community. And out of this grew the stories...

I was sitting in my room on the first night after Compline. As that office is recited at a much later hour at Mirfield, a long night of freedom stretched ahead of me and I felt the urge to do something creative. I began to wonder what it would be like to write a descriptive passage – not for work, not to include in sermon, address or lecture but for the joy of doing it. And I began to exercise my memory, to look back to the Belfast of my childhood, to the years between 1948 and 1953. I chose something very simple – the shed in my Granny's back yard, the store where she kept her provisions:

*The Shed was one of the most wonderful of structures in the whole of east Belfast. Gran's second husband had built it as a pigeon loft. Granda Clarke had died before any of them were born but all the grandchildren and step-grandchildren thought of the Shed to be their own. We shall consider it to be the special possession of Gippie, Blitzzy, and Flackers, the Three Cousins whose story I am about to chronicle.*

*The Shed stood in Granny Clarke's back yard. It had a ground floor and two further stories. Its roof touched the eaves of Gran's terrace house in 65 Douglas St. It was built out over the roof of the lavatory and formed a little archway beneath which if you turned left you found the door to the Shed and right was the way to ease and comfort. No 65 had the most comfortable outdoor loo in the street.*

*Gran used the Shed as a store. On the ground floor were the meat-safe, logs, firewood and a chopping block. Axes, saws and sundry tools hung round the walls rather like the armour in an old castle. Sacks of potatoes, carrots and onions were neatly stacked against the wall. Gran, who kept lodgers, bought in bulk. The other two floors were achieved by means of ladders and Gran had forbidden the Three Cousins to climb up into them. They had obeyed her injunctions as far as the second story was concerned. The first floor contained flour, raisins, lentils and things that would keep for a considerable length of time. When you entered the Shed you were aware of a heady mixture of smells – potatoes, vegetables and wood from the ground floor and the aroma*

*of spices from above. Surely the headquarters of the Three Cousins must have been the den of all dens.*

Before I realised it I was embarked on a fictional odyssey through streets, schools, church halls and cinemas of yesteryear. I called the collection *Swap you for Yer Dandy* after the custom of comic swapping current in that era. The Three Cousins Gippie, Blitzzy and Flackers never existed and some of their exploits stretch the imagination but they call to mind an atmosphere, carefree and innocent, which once existed alongside the river Lagan when trams rolled gently over the Albert Bridge.



I never got round to putting them into a publishable form (laziness, lack of ambition, no time) but I used to read them to groups of friends over a drink or sometimes during meals at retreats and the response was always enthusiastic. Indeed several years of students petitioned for repeat performances. Several people refused to believe that the stories were fiction and have questioned me as if they were my personal reminiscences.

So when the Community Appeal was launched and, realising that I don't have the strength to run marathons or the brains to win on *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*, I thought up a way of raising funds and giving the Church of England a good laugh at the same time. One group who have asked me to do an evening have advertised it thus:

## **SWAP YOU FOR YER DANDY**

### *An Evening of Blarney*

In which Fr John Gribben will read the adventures of a group of young rascals from the streets of Belfast in the early fifties.

If you are a glutton for nostalgia, if you like old comics, if you are not put off by rude playground humour, if you enjoy a good laugh (and a good cry) why not come along and relax for the evening and take a trip down memory lane?

So if you would like to hear more, if you enjoy nostalgia, don't mind a bit of risqué school boy humour and want to help the CR Church Appeal, why not organise an evening at say £5.00 per head and include a glass of wine? One parish could have a good social event or a group of parishes might get to know each other better. I am willing to travel and will come for any size of group provided only that travel is covered.

**John Gribben CR**

House of the Resurrection, Mirfield. WF14 0BN  
[jgribben@mirfield.org.uk](mailto:jgribben@mirfield.org.uk)



*A group at HR enjoying a recent residential week-end for friends and supporters*

## Companions And Friends

Since I became Chaplain to the Companions and Friends of CR I have worried about how best to present our charism of the Resurrection. On this occasion I can do no better than offer you a superb piece of writing by the recently beatified John Newman who describes how we must see the risen life of Christ, starting *now*. Read it slowly and let the wonderful power of his language sink into you:

“Start, now, and rise with Christ. See, he offers you his hand; he is rising; rise with him. Mount up from the grave of the old Adam; from the grovelling cares and jealousies, and fretfulness, and worldly aims; from the thralldom of habit, from the tumult of passion, from the fascinations of the flesh, from a cold, worldly, calculating spirit, from frivolity, from selfishness, from self-conceit and high-mindedness. Henceforth set about doing what it is so difficult to do, but should be done, must not be left undone; watch and pray, and meditate, that is according to the leisure which God has given you. Give freely of your time to your Lord and Saviour, if you have it. If you have little, show your sense of privilege by giving that little. But anyhow, show that your heart and your desires, show that your life is with your God. Set aside every day times for seeking him. Humble yourself that you have been thitherto so languid and uncertain. Live more strictly to him; take his yoke upon your shoulder; live by rule. I am not calling on you to go out of the world, or to abandon your duties in the world, but to redeem the time; not to give hours to mere amusement or society, while you give minutes to Christ; not to pray to him only when you are tired, and fit for nothing but sleep; not altogether to omit to praise him, or to intercede for the world and the Church; but in good measure to realise honestly the words of the text, to ‘set your affection on things above;’ and to prove that you are his, in that your heart is risen with him, and your life hid in him.” [J H Newman, ‘Rising with Christ, *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, VI, 15]

We are delighted to welcome into our group of Companions Jean Pailing who lives in Kent, and Jim Johnson in North Carolina. It also seems very likely that some small but enthusiastic groups of Companions will soon form in Wales. We shall be delighted to

renew our long links with the Principality.

Below you will see advertisements for the Companions Day in July and the Study Days in August. Both these events serve to bring Companions and friends together which is good in itself; but they also offer a slice of catholic teaching. I become more and more convinced of the need for our Christians to be well educated in the faith. Please do come to one or both of these events if you possibly can. It will be well worth the trouble and expense.

**RIP** Dorothy Smith, Mary Dight

**Nicolas Stebbing CR**

## **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!

There will be talks in the morning and afternoon on Art, Music and Poetry. Mass will be celebrated at Midday. Lunch will be provided. 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.

## **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.

For both these events please contact:

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

# Canterbury Cathedral Pilgrimage

Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> September 2010

**I**t was around April 2009 that Kevin Sims CCR emailed me to say he had met the Archdeacon of Canterbury Cathedral, the Venerable Sheila Watson, and on discovering they both had CR in common, the Archdeacon generously volunteered to host a group of Companions to the Cathedral. Naturally we jumped at such an offer, and so began our 20 month marathon effort setting up the day.

The day started at St. Augustine's Abbey on the outskirts of Canterbury for 35 enthusiastic people. We assembled there and, at 10.15 exactly, processed in comparatively meditative silence to the Cathedral through the cobbled streets. It was quite an experience. Once inside the Cathedral Precincts, we headed for the Lodge and revitalising hot drinks and biscuits which thawed any residual shyness on anyone's part. We soon established we were from such diverse places as Billericay, Essex; Lancing, W. Sussex; Usk, Monmouthshire; Bedford; Hertford, Reading, etc. Fortified, we made our entry to the magnificent Cathedral, bustling with visitors and pilgrims alike, and made our way down to the beautiful Eastern crypt chapel. Christopher Irvine, Canon Librarian of the Cathedral and recent Principal of the College of the Resurrection was our host for the day and warmly welcomed us - our individual commitments to CR linking us together in this most historic place in the struggle long ago to establish the Church of England. Fr Nicolas Stebbing CR then celebrated a mass of the Resurrection. A delightful young organ scholar played for us and the singing, in that space, was superb! Michael Stocks and Jean Pailing were admitted as Companions. It was a very special moment and very atmospheric.

Afterwards, we had to tear ourselves away temporarily for hot lunch in the Lodge before some of our number went on Guided Tours which included passing the spot where Thomas Beckett was slain on the orders of Henry II. There is a wonderful memorial there which does require one to ponder on the power struggles that went on (and still go on) between church and state. Afternoon tea was followed by 3.15 Sung Evensong with Canon Christopher

and the Very Rev. Roger Willis, Dean, conducting the service. The weather was still warm and fine and the low sun made the honey-coloured walls come alive. Wonderful.

Thank you Archdeacon Sheila and Canon Christopher for being such hospitable hosts and I know it will be a day to remember for all of us, especially those who had never before visited this pearl in the crown of the Church of England.

P.S. On the Friday night, before the Pilgrimage, Kevin organised us overnighers to meet at the oldest pub in Canterbury for a riotous evening, in the best tradition of Canterbury pilgrimages. (See Chaucer Canterbury Tales. )

For photos see:

<http://www.mirfieldcompanions.org.uk/cratcant2010.htm>

**Ros Johnson**



## Book Reviews

### **Made for goodness, and why this makes a difference.**

*Desmond Tutu and Mpho Tutu.* Rider/Harper Collins. 2010.

Isbn. 978 1 84604 252 2

We are so used to being told that we are sinners; and of course it's true. But it is refreshing to be reminded that we are fundamentally good. God has made us in His image. He loves us perfectly. There is nothing we can do to make Him love us more. We are made for love: love is our true nature. But love must be free. We are free to love God and to love one another, or we can choose not to: that is to misuse our freedom. The misuse of our freedom is what causes evil and suffering. But God goes on loving us. There is nothing we can do to make Him love us less. He really does love sinners. His forgiveness is ready and waiting for us: we receive it when we repent. But he will not violate our freedom. All this is good sound Bible teaching.

What makes this book such a pleasure to read are the stories; stories which have shaped the lives of the Archbishop and his daughter. They tell of shattering events like the murder of Chris Hani. They tell stories of incredible courage which the Archbishop heard as chairman of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission in South Africa. And they tell stories which any parent might tell, such as nights spent with a sick child after a hard day's work.

Woven into these stories is a lot of wisdom. For example they tell how evil develops. Choosing wrong is learned through a series of small decisions. The Apartheid system in South Africa didn't just happen. Black and white children naturally play quite happily together. Under this system they were taught not to. The Holocaust didn't just happen. Under the Nazis, Germans were deliberately taught to hate Jews. At the bottom of a great deal of evil is fear.

At the end of each chapter we are invited to listen to what God has been telling us in that chapter. Finally the Archbishop and Mpho tell us how they pray. It is in prayer that we come to know ourselves as we really are: God's beloved children, temples of the

Holy Spirit. God really does live in us. We are not merely made for goodness. We are made for God.

**Timothy Stanton CR**

**Leaders Learning To Listen** *Chris Edmondson*

DLT np ISBN 978-0-232-52736-0

It is good to meet a busy bishop exercising his teaching office in such an admirable way. The Bishop of Bolton expertly makes his case for the importance of listening for all who would exercise leadership, with the aid of considerable and varied experience joined to a very well stocked brain and an admirable commonplace book.

What he says is good and pertinent in this noisy age and the bibliography remarkable for its comprehensiveness which makes this small (in size only) book something to treasure. The smallness is perhaps my only criticism, for I would have liked more, and hope for more from this spring. For we are not told, "This is what I do and all you have to do is to do it as well"; rather, "I know this is what needs to be done, and all the authorities I have quoted agree, but it isn't easy."

I would have liked some reference to Gregory the Great and his Pastoral Rule for there is no little correspondence in marking the importance of listening if one is to rule.

However this book is not just for 'big' leaders, all can benefit, not least those, who like the author, have first-hand experience of teenage rebellion!

It's good. Read it.

**Aidan CR**

**The Jesus Prayer. The ancient desert prayer  
that tunes the heart to God.** *Frederica Mathewes-Green.*

DLT. 2010. £12.95. ISBN 978 0 232 52784 1

There are four places in St Paul's letters where he urges his readers to pray constantly or continually. Most people don't think that this injunction was meant to be taken literally. They think he meant them to pray regularly. But there have been some people who have

thought that constantly really does mean constantly. By repeating a short prayer for long periods of time it is possible to form a habit so that when we are not doing things which demand our full attention we find ourselves saying this prayer; it is a way of consciously keeping in touch with our Lord. Some of the desert fathers and mothers did this.

Different short prayers have been tried but in the Orthodox church the prayer “Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me” became the favourite and it has become known as ‘the Jesus Prayer’. Frederica Mathewes-Green has made a special study of what has been written about the prayer and this book is the result. She first read about it in a book by an anonymous Russian author called *The Way of a Pilgrim*, recommended by our brother Walter Frere. In the first part of the book she writes about the history and the meaning of terms which are involved and she describes how she practises it herself. In the second part she deals with difficulties and problems which people have when they try to practise it. For like every good thing it is open to abuse, and in the Orthodox church people are told only to use it under competent guidance.

This way of prayer is not for everyone. I do not believe that it is the only way of following St Paul’s injunction to pray constantly, but it is certainly one way. I thoroughly recommend the book to all who do feel drawn to practise it.

**Timothy Stanton CR**

**St John of the Cross.** *Peter Tyler.* Continuum. (2010). £14.99.  
Isbn 978 0826475619

This is a short book (174pp) in a series on outstanding Christian thinkers, but Dr Tyler gives us a long bibliography.

Juan de Yepes, or John of the Cross as we call him, was born in 1542. Due to his father’s death when he was three, he was brought up by his mother in conditions of extreme poverty. He was given some training in bricklaying and thanks to the Jesuits in Medina del Campo he had a good education. When he was 21 he joined the Carmelites who were observing a mitigated Rule.

They sent him to Salamanca University where he showed special interest in mystical theology in the Dionysian tradition. He was ordained priest in 1567. Under the influence of St Teresa of Avila he embraced the primitive Rule, becoming one of the founders of the Reform for men. This led him into trouble with Carmelite friars who had no intention of being reformed. He was arrested and taken blindfold to their Priory in Toledo. There he had the most appalling treatment. He was imprisoned in a tiny cell which had been used as a latrine and only taken out from time to time to receive the discipline which was given with some severity. All this he bore with patience and complete forgiveness. During this time in prison he had some indescribable experience of union with God through love – God’s love in the first place, to which he longed to respond, and did respond in his poetry, though he felt he could never respond adequately. “The Toledan imprisonment was the catalyst that triggered the explosion of his creativity as a poet.” It became his passionate desire to make God’s love known to the world.

After nine months he managed to escape from prison and Dr Tyler gives us a brief account of his subsequent ministry. Then he devotes chapters to the different facets of this remarkable man – John as theologian, mystic, psychologist, artist, and a chapter on John and interfaith dialogue. He continued to work on his poems, writing commentaries on them. He was an experienced spiritual director, always trying to help people to know God and his love, which is beyond all creatures and forms, and which people sometimes experience in their suffering.

Dr Tyler concludes his book with a sentence which to me describes something of Christian life according to St John of the Cross: “Like John’s leap on to the city walls of Toledo, high above the perilous cliffs of the Tajo, so, the saint says, the Christian life must be a similar leap of faith ‘in darkness and unknown’, as we take a deep breath, place our trust in God, and let go into the full clear air, alone at last, and in terrifying wonder of God’s loving embrace.” (p.152.)

**Timothy Stanton CR**

**A simplified life. A contemporary hermit's experience of solitude and silence.** *Verena Schiller.* Canterbury Press. 2010.

£12.99. Isbn 978 1 84825 025 3

A simplified life – a life simply focussed on God. This is what people were looking for when they went into the desert in the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> centuries. It is what people join religious communities to find.

But Sister Verena had not found it in the first busy years in her Community. She believed that she was called to find it in a life of silence and solitude. Her Community generously let her go. In this book she describes what she found.

First she found a suitable place, a small hut in North Wales in the tip of the Llyn Peninsular, within sight of Bardsey Island. It was a place which others had found in the past. Records go back to the early part of the 6<sup>th</sup> century and point to this place as being already sought out as a wilderness, inhospitable but challenging for those seeking God in solitude. It was a place of abundant natural life which she came to know and love. I am sure she gave that dead polecat a decent burial. She came to know what would and what would not grow in her tiny garden.

She came to know herself and her shortcomings as she had not done before. She came to know the limits of her human endurance, with the fierce weather conditions, bitter cold, storms, and an earthquake or two. She suffered a lot and wondered if it was beyond her.

But did she find Him? Her whole life was prayer. She describes it as watching and waiting. Watching for what? Waiting for what? She does not say. She tells of no visions or special revelations. Her whole being seemed content to sit and wait.

But she did find what Mother Mary Clare SLG meant when she said that a person who prays can learn to live at the point of intersection where the love of God and the tensions and suffering we inflict on one another meet and are held in God's transforming love (p.6). For that point of intersection is the cross. This life she lived, and is still living, and we are grateful.

**Timothy Stanton CR**



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# Picture Prayer Meditation

## The Nativity / Epiphany

Here we see the familiar scene of the Nativity of Jesus; born in a stable among the animals in Bethlehem, with his young mother Mary, homeless and of no significance in human terms, a refugee, without position, power, influence or money. Where is Joseph? Perhaps the figure on the left with the bucket is Joseph, helping to tend the animals? Or perhaps he's popped out for a moment to find some food to feed his new family? The circular shape of the painting makes us wonder if this whole image is a kind of internal, mental picture.

In the meantime Mary is holding her new baby close. We see them standing in a blue rectangular shape, at once a part of the whole picture and at the same time somehow separate from it. Separated by the brilliance of the blue and by the fact that we may not be sure exactly where she is standing in space; is she near a window in the next room of the barn? There is an uncertainty, an awkwardness, as to how Mary and Jesus fit into the scene as a whole; they are there but at the same time look to belong somewhere else as well, in a place of brilliant light, a place of motherly and unconditional love, a place that Jesus will carry around in his heart for all the years of his ministry among us. Is this a glimpse of the Kingdom of God? A place where the vulnerable and needy are exalted and loved?

And then finally, we should ask how we ourselves, as observers, fit into this scene ... if this is Epiphany then where, and who, are we? Do we stand in the shoes of the wise three come to offer our gifts to Jesus? ... what will I bring as *my* own gift for Jesus?



**Title:** The Nativity / Epiphany

**Media:** Oil on wood

**Size:** 20" diameter

**Date:** 2010

**Artist:** Revd Matthew Askey

## Supporting the Community and College

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

Please consider making a bequest to support the Community or College in your will using the following Forms of Bequest or simply make a donation.

### FORMS OF BEQUEST

#### 1. To the Community and its General works

I GIVE free of duty to the Members of the Society at Mirfield in the County of West Yorkshire known as the "Community of the Resurrection" to be applied for the general purpose of the said Community under the direction of the Chapter the sum of £..... AND I DECLARE that the receipt of the Bursar for the time being of the Community of the Resurrection aforesaid shall be a good and sufficient discharge to my Trustees for the same.

#### 2. To the College of the Resurrection

I GIVE free of duty to the College of the Resurrection (Incorporated) situate at Mirfield in the County of West Yorkshire the sum of £..... for the general purposes of the said College AND I DECLARE that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the said College shall be a good and sufficient discharge to my Trustees for the same.

### DONATIONS

#### 1. To the Community

Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to the "Community of the Resurrection". Please send to: The Bursar, House of the Resurrection, Mirfield, West Yorkshire WF14 0BN.

#### 2. To the College of the Resurrection

Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to the "College of the Resurrection". Please send to: The Treasurer, College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, West Yorkshire WF14 0BW.

*Thank you.*

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