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01924 483300
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CR Review

Lady Day
April 2022

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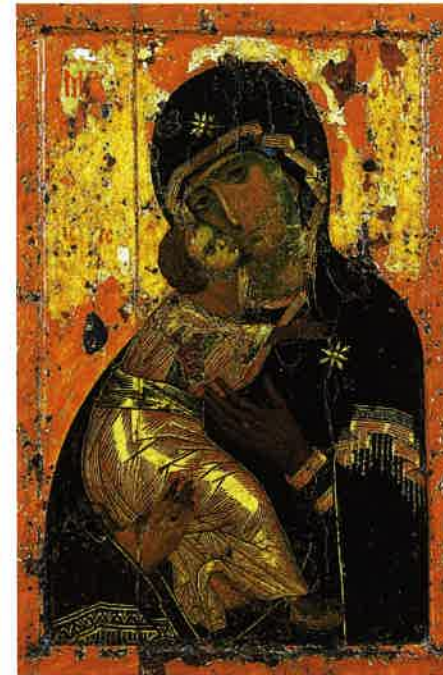
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Praying for Ukraine

It is hardly possible to begin this issue of the CR Quarterly Review without mentioning Ukraine. Who knows where the situation will have reached when you receive this issue? Let's hope it will be all out of date. So many words are being poured out on the subject, and certainly need to be. It's difficult to know what to add, without saying more than there is room for. One message we send is that we at Mirfield, and without doubt religious communities all over the world, including, I am sure, in Ukraine and Russia, are joining with all people who are praying so intensely at this time. We cannot understand this kind of evil, but we stand before the Divine Mystery holding it all, and focusing intently on the Cross and Resurrection of Christ – the Christ who is in Mariupol.



Our Lady of Kyiv/Vladimir

Keith Battarbee has written about the Icon shown here:

The ikon was very probably originally painted in Byzantium, and sent as a gift to the Duke of Kiev (using the historical form of the city's name) in 1131 by the Patriarch of Byzantium. Later it was taken to the city of Vladimir and ended up in Moscow, where it remains. It's known by several names – the Virgin / Mother

of God of Kyiv, of Vladimir. It is an early example of what then became the ikon type of the Madonna of Mercy, which is particularly appropriate precisely because its history spans the Rus' nations who eventually became the Russians and the Ukrainians, and because it is emblematic of the value of mercy.

So the icon holds before us both the Ukrainian and the Russian peoples, for all of whom we need to pray:

- for the Ukrainians having to fight,
- the civilians suffering so catastrophically,
- the leaders who are targeted,
- all those weighed down by worry and fear,
- and the refugees;
- and also for those Russians disturbed by war, conscription and false news,
- the young conscripts trapped to their dismay in war,
- the people who have the courage to protest,
- and all those cut off from truth,
- not least those who hold the power.
- Our Lady of Mercy, hold them all before the Lord,
- Christ our Saviour, be with them.

We have received many suggestion for prayer; here are two:

I've committed myself to saying the Lord's Prayer at 12 noon every day while the conflict is happening, and am encouraging people where ever they are each day to do the same. It's simple but very effective.

(Rev Richard Corrie)

We have been using a simple bidding, short silence, a recording of the Lord's Prayer in Church Slavonic (there are various recordings on Youtube), ending with a collect prayer, and the words of the sentence: 'Live with one another in peace, and the God of peace be with you.' We started this on Ash Wednesday, and I had multiple requests to play the recording of the Lord's Prayer on Sunday. People said it helped them focus their prayer. I've also discovered that you can post a service happening elsewhere onto your parish's page on the CofE's *A Church Near You* website. I'm encouraging my little flock to join CR for Compline as part of our Lenten exercise. Perhaps others in the CofE could post something similar on their *A Church Near You* page.

(Canon Christopher Irvine)

George CR

Archbishop Desmond Tutu and CR

Three Brothers remember



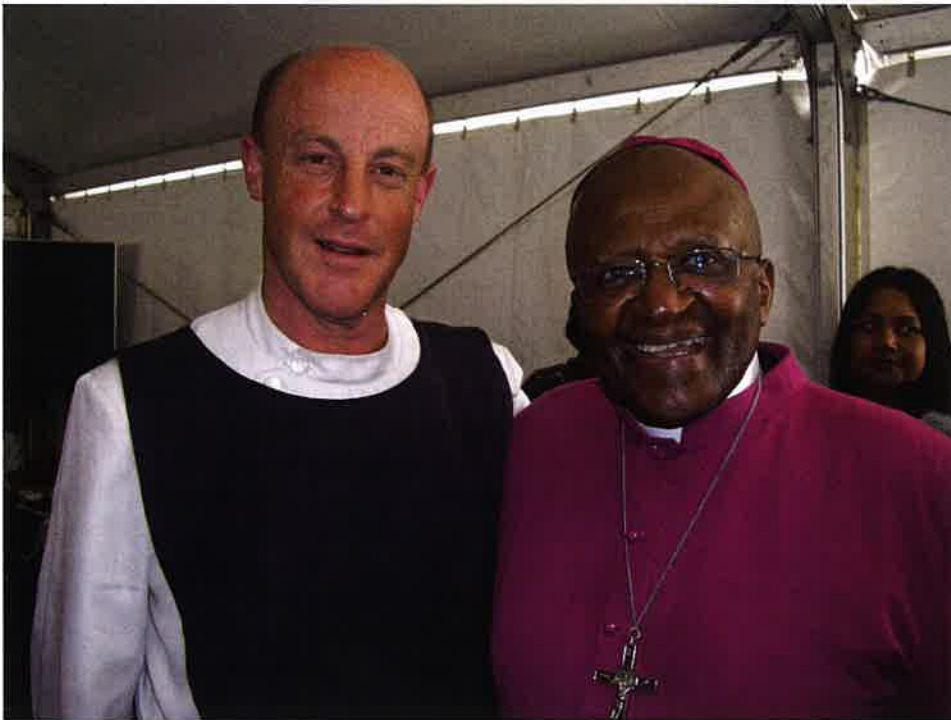
With Trevor Huddleston

Many who watched the funeral of Archbishop Desmond Tutu at St George's Cathedral Cape Town on New Year's Day would have been aware that they were witnessing the end of an era for South Africa, the church, and indeed humanity, as a good and great man was committed to the care of God unto eternal life. It was a poignant and impressive service, with elements of a state funeral; but at heart it was very much a requiem mass movingly celebrated by the present Archbishop of Cape Town in thanksgiving for a faithful son of South Africa who had been a prophet, pastor and great man of prayer. In the front row of the cathedral were Leah Tutu and members of the family, under the full gaze of the world's media, and our hearts went out to them in their grief and loss.

Br. Philip remembers:

I first met Archbishop Desmond in 1986 at St George's Cathedral in Cape Town where I worshipped and served at the altar. Those were heady days as the struggle against apartheid intensified, with the cathedral often being the venue for gatherings, with services of protest and lament taking place alongside the usual round of liturgy and pastoral care. Under the inspiring leadership of Dean Ted King, the congregation was already a multiracial one, something of a rarity even then, with a strong political and social consciousness, and being part of it all was really exhilarating. For some time people from the informal settlements, whose shacks had been mercilessly bulldozed by the authorities were sheltered and fed in the cathedral crypt, and it was moving to know this while attending Choral Evensong or perhaps a Mozart mass in the church upstairs.

I vividly recall, having been a server there, a mass of re-dedication by Desmond, after the cathedral had been violated by police, who had driven protesters inside and savagely beaten them. Emotions were running high. Even the annual Palm Sunday procession in the streets outside on the very doorstep of Parliament felt like an act of protest and defiance! All of this gave St George's the name of "the people's cathedral", a name that summed up its role at that crucial time.



With Brother Philip CR

And Desmond's unique and infectious sense of humour could often defuse a dangerous situation. The main Sunday eucharist with its mixed congregation, choir, servers and clergy was like a vision of the free and democratic South Africa which was surely coming and nothing could stop. Desmond, or "the Arch" as he seemed to enjoy being called, was often at the cathedral saying mass, and could be seen at prayer if you knew where to look. This was no surprise, as prayer was obviously the well-spring of his faith and ministry. Many will attest to that. But few of us then realised what an extraordinary person he was - what a gift to the church, and to humanity - and what a role he was to play as spiritual father to a new and revitalised South Africa. And how much it would cost him.

Another memorable occasion was the peaceful march of some 30,000 protesters through Cape Town in September 1989, led by Desmond and other church leaders, which together with the others that followed in cities right across South Africa, effectively signalled the beginning of the end for Apartheid, and the growing possibility of something new. Within months Nelson Mandela had been released from prison and it was only natural that Desmond was the one to introduce him to the huge crowd that had gathered at the City Hall.

Not long after Mandela's release, I came to Mirfield to join CR, and Archbishop Desmond assured me of his support and prayers as I did so, and took an interest in my progress as the years went by. One of his outstanding qualities was that of a pastor, with nothing too much trouble in terms of an e-mail, a phone call, bouquet of flowers or a visit. His intercession folder was said to be legendary, and tens of thousands will surely have their own precious memories of his concern, his care and his love. For many years I always received a message from him on my profession anniversary, as did other CR Brethren who had South African connections, so typical of the man. We shall not see his like again.

I will always be very grateful for Archbishop Desmond's support and his care, and for all he did for South Africa and other places of conflict and struggle. When next in Cape Town, I will be sure to make pilgrimage to St George's Cathedral where his ashes now rest before the high altar. I shall pray for Desmond and give thanks for God's providence in making him in so many ways the right man in the right place at the right time. And a true father in God.

Rest in peace Tata Tutu, and may you rise with Christ in glory!

Fr Crispin recalls:

Fr Timothy Stanton CR met me when I disembarked at Port Elizabeth on 27th November, 1969 and drove me to my new home in St Peter's College, Alice. Together with three other colleges it formed the Federal Theological Seminary

of South Africa. St Peter's College was staffed by members of the Community of the Resurrection. Fr Benjamin Baynham was the Provincial and Prior, and Fr Aelred Stubbs was Principal, assisted by Fr Mark Tweedy and Fr Theodore Simpson. Bro Charles Coles CR assisted by Mrs Leah Tutu, was Seminary Librarian, and Fr Timothy was the parish priest of Alice. Fr Desmond Tutu was also a Seminary lecturer and resident member of the College staff, though not a member of CR. Together with his wife Leah and little daughter Mpho he lived in a separate house next to the college buildings and chapel. Desmond also was chaplain to Anglican students at Fort Hare University across the road from the Seminary.

I first met the Tutu family on my second afternoon when I was sitting on a deck chair outside the Community Room. Little Mpho, aged six, came across the grass from her house towards me. 'What are you doing she asked.' 'I'm trying to get brown.' I said. 'I'll give you some of my skin,' she said, 'If you will give me some of yours!' Sadly for us Desmond left Alice to take up a better paid appointment at Roma University in the Kingdom of Lesotho. I saw little of him and Leah as they were busy packing and I soon went to Pretoria for our Community retreat and when I returned to college they had left.



A lift from Alan and Jane Speight

I visited Roma to see Desmond and Leah in Lesotho soon after they were settled there but in 1972 he was offered the post of African director of the Theological Education Fund, part of the world Council of Churches. He was required to reside in London but made frequent visits to countries in Africa to arrange grants to institutions and students training for Christian ministries. Desmond at this time was being nominated for election for bishop of vacant dioceses. I was present at the election of the Bishop of Grahamstown when he was nominated. In 1975 he was considered for Johannesburg but Timothy Bavin was elected. He offered Desmond the position of Dean of Johannesburg Cathedral. It was a hot spot, as I realized having listened to the radio's reports in 1971 of the trial for treason of former Dean Gonville French-Beytagh. Soon Desmond was subjected to frequent vilification on the current affairs programme. We at the Federal Theological Seminary in Alice had our own problems. The South African government compulsorily purchased our buildings and we were forced to move to Umtata in the Transkei, and after only a year there were forced by the Bantu Homeland government to move to Pietermaritzburg.

In 1978 I returned to Mirfield to join the staff of the College of the Resurrection and did not see South Africa again until 1987 when I became Provincial in Johannesburg. Desmond was by then the Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, 1986-96. He was keen to promote women to ordination to the priesthood in Southern Africa and arranged a conference to debate this question. He invited representatives from every diocese in the Province. The conference was addressed by six speakers. Siggibo Dwane, a former colleague at Alice, led in favour of the proposal and the Bishop of Bloemfontein and I were against. After the conference ended Desmond put his arm round me as we walked and said to me 'I don't agree with you but I will completely defend your right to hold your views on the matter'. Not long after at the Provincial Synod in Swaziland the ordination of women was passed. I was disappointed but remain a huge admirer of Archbishop Desmond.

After Desmond retired I along with all the CR brethren in the West Turffontein Priory in Johannesburg were invited to Desmond and Leah's Soweto family home for Christmas lunch each year. The first Christmas we went there Desmond had flown home after celebrating the Midnight Mass in Cape Town cathedral. When he arrived in Soweto he joined us before the meal and chatted with us happily for more than an hour, alert as ever. It was a great honour to be included in this family occasion but I think Desmond over the long years had come to regard our Community as in a special way part of his extended family. He used to say that the C.R. had a share in Leah because they contributed to the lobola (dowry) when he married her. Fortunately the community were celibate!

Fr Nicolas writes:

With Desmond Tutu's passing we lose one of the great Christians of the last 100 years. Desmond was a great priest, a hard working bishop and a very brave man. From the 1970's he was the main voice of the African people in South Africa in their struggle for justice and freedom.

Desmond was not a politician though people accused him of mixing church and politics. He loved God and he knew God loved us, all of us, regardless of our skin colour. He loathed apartheid because it was blasphemy. To treat a black person, or any person, badly was not just wrong; it was blasphemy! You were abusing someone God loved. So he spoke out everywhere he could. The government tried to silence him and failed. He ignored threats. He trusted God and got away with it. Nelson Mandela spent his first night out of prison at Desmond's house in Cape Town. Desmond stepped back from the limelight, but when, a few years later, the ANC government began to go down the road of corruption, ignoring social injustice, he denounced them. He denounced leaders in other African countries, including Zimbabwe, for their corruption and injustice. People listened to him because he spoke the truth. He cared about the poor, the weak, the maltreated, as Christ did and as God does. Like all true prophets he told us how it looked to God.

He was also enormous fun. Every interview with him on You Tube shows him laughing. He could tease you but he would listen to you. He would



+ Desmond at Mirfield

laugh with you or cry with you. He would sit on the floor bare foot and leave the chairs for others. (I saw that.) And he used humour to deflate people's anger. On one occasion we asked Desmond to confirm some young people at a White boarding school we cared for. Their parents were outraged. A Black, "communist" bishop confirming their children! When we processed into church the atmosphere was electric, the anger palpable. Then Desmond began to preach: "I'm very pleased to be here, very pleased indeed. In fact, if I were a different complexion, I could say I was tickled pink." The church exploded with laughter. From that moment, everyone sat on the edge of their seats listening as this great priest spoke of the sacraments of confirmation and holy communion.

Yet he was not a showman. When Desmond was in Oslo receiving the Nobel Peace Prize he phoned up our Community house in Johannesburg. I took the call. Desmond wanted to book in for a quiet day of fasting and prayer. Desmond never forgot that God came first.

Crispin CR, Philip CR, Nicolas CR

New Paintings

On 28 January we dedicated two new paintings by Nicholas Mynheer to hang behind the altar in St James's Chapel. They were a donation from Simon Wethered in memory of our former brother and one-time Superior, Silvanus Berry CR. Ten years ago our former sacristy was transformed into a pleasant chapel for small groups, while still functioning at the further end as the sacristy. The space, however, was rather bare, with a need for something worthy to represent St James, as part of our pilgrimage route of "Stations of Salvation". Nicholas Mynheer has created two panels to hang either side of the Corpus (body of Christ crucified) behind the altar, in such a way that he sees the 3 works as a triptych. The panels were blessed at Mass in the Chapel, and afterwards we



*Simon Wethered and
Nicholas Mynheer*

all joined the College, who had all come up to the House for the traditional Collop Monday buffet lunch. (Collop Monday comes before Shrove Tuesday, and was traditionally a day when people ate up their “collops” or leftover bits of meat before Lent started).

Nicholas Mynheer writes:

The beautiful Corpus of Christ sculpture hanging in the Chapel of St James was the starting-point for my paintings dedicated to the life and death of St James. It was important that the paintings and the Corpus work together forming a triptych, for Christ is central to the life, ministry and death of St James. The proportions of the painted panels were determined by the arches in which they sit and the size of the Corpus sculpture. I thought strong vibrant colours would work well in the space, especially as the paintings are not large in proportion to the arches.

In the Left-hand panel James is called by God along with his brother John. James turns and looks up, directing our attention to God and pointing to Christ (the carved corpus).



James drops a fish, symbolising his call to be a ‘Fisher of Men’. His brother Simon tidies away the nets until such time that they are needed again. In the distance we see James setting sail for the Iberian Peninsula taking (and being driven by) Faith (symbolised by the chalice). A scallop shell, symbol of St. James and pilgrimage, lies on the sand. In response to Christ’s call James turns and looks directly at Christ (the Corpus) and directs our attention with his gesture.

In the Right-hand panel James raises his arms in praise of God, his posture echoing the crucifixion. Above, Christ opens his arms to receive James, as well as us. James’ sacrifice is set on the mountain top symbolising the place where Earth and Heaven meet. Christ’s posture recalls the Supper at Emmaus depicted on the Resurrection Altar. James, like Christ before him, is transfigured, emphasised by the presence of the disciples Peter, James and John (upper left) and the prophets Moses and Elijah (upper right), as in the account of Christ’s Transfiguration. In the foreground lie two symbols of St. James, his pilgrim staff and his scroll with text testifying to the Incarnation of Christ written upon it.

Nicholas Mynheer

Fighting Drugs in Tafara

Tafara is a high-density suburb on the edge of Harare, and St Philip's is the church where Fr Philip Mutasa, Chairman of Tariro in Zimbabwe, serves as Rector. During this past year the Tariro charity has provided some resources to help deal with the drug problem in the area. This was after one of the church's young people, addicted to drugs, committed suicide. Another young man describes the situation:

Futures, visions, dreams, opportunities and potential that our community had for the young people have been destroyed by rampant drug abuse. The elder generation looks to the young generation for fresh minds and energy. Sadly, with a large part of the young abusing drugs, these hopes will come to nothing.

Drug abuse has been in the community for years, but the growth of it over the last few years has been deeply worrying. What are the causes? One of the major ones is the collapse of the national economy that has created a huge rate of unemployment. As many are not going to work, they have little or nothing to do during the day; their only alternative to boredom is drug abuse. They say 'marijuana brings meditation and enlightenment but crystal methamphetamine does it better, and brings emancipation.' Social media around the world has also played a part to influence the growth of drug abuse. The world has become a small village and young people are exposed to the worst drug abuse habits on social media. Their 'cool idols and celebrities' use drugs and say that they perform better, and that increases drug abuse. Peer pressure and lack of information contributes equally to this abuse. With the corona-virus pandemic came the worst drug, Crystal Meth in our suburb of Tafara.

Drug abuse, in particular that of Crystal Meth, has affected the young people in almost all facets of life. It causes mental health damage, with hallucinations and sleeping disorders. It is believed some can go up to a fortnight without any sleep and it does not need an expert to tell how much mental disorder that will cause. It is said that if you use Crystal Meth once or twice you become addicted. Since most users are unemployed, they have no source of income. They run around the streets in search of money to satisfy their addiction. There is a worrying increase in crime rates as some are robbing people and many are stealing items from their own homes to sell to buy the drug. Under the influence of drug abuse, one stops being careful. There is a high risk of early pregnancies and the spread of sexually transmitted diseases. Young women are not spared by the epidemic of drug abuse. Many, sadly, are now experts in it.



Children at St Philip's Tafara

Since Christ is the Saviour of everyone, and the Church believes in the gospel, Christians have risen to the occasion to help young people come back from this wrong turn. St Philip's Anglican Church in Tafara under the direction of Canon Philip Mutasa took initiatives to save the youth from this devastating epidemic of drugs. The event which triggered off Father Mutasa's concern was the suicide of a young member from the church. This was caused by Chrystal Meth, famously known on the streets as Guka. As one of its side effects, Guka brings suicidal thoughts and hallucinations, and it is believed that the poor young man fell victim to this effect.

Surely when one door closes, another opens; Father Mutasa after that tragedy started an initiative with the youth members to form a task force called 'SAVE YOUTH', with the aim of taking the youth out of the dark hole of drug abuse to a better place in life. Charity begins at home, so the task force started to help the young members of St Philip's Church Tafara and opened avenues for the young people to be educated, entertained and occupied. All to create



Fr Philip Mutasa and parishioners

a haven away from the drug abusing streets. Save the Youth Task Force began by holding an informative and entertaining campaign at Cleveland Dam in Msasa, Harare, one of the good leisure centres nearby. There youngsters were lectured on drug abuse and its effects, and solutions for rehabilitation were provided. Furthermore, life skills were taught with the help of Fr Mutasa, Fr Magada from St Mathias outstation, and Ordinand Gwenguruve who was then at Holy Name outstation. The event was a success. The day did not only have lectures but music and a Braai (barbecue) as well. Another workshop was held at the Church of St Philip Tafara, with a consultant, Aunt Greta, from Manicaland. Aunt Greta's subject was 'Life Choices'. The main aim of the sessions was to open and widen the way young people view things, and how they can make better decisions in life, mainly away from drug abuse.

The best story is well told by the one who has been in it. Mubatirapamwe Youth organisation came with those who have been in it and survived the drug abuse. Telling their testimonies, explaining the myths behind the Crystal Meth Drug, and by all means urging all youths to shun drug abuse and stay clean, the Mubatirapamwe team came in numbers and that was an informative

and rich interaction. All these were done to keep the youth well informed, because in the journey of salvation they say 'many people perish because of lack of knowledge.'

An idle mind is definitely the devil's workshop – hence the Save Youth Task Force with the assistance of Father Mutasa raised funds to start projects that will keep the youth occupied and entertained in a much better way. For instance, a project making and selling detergents was started. From the causes of drug abuse, it is clear that idleness is a factor that cannot be ignored. Covid 19 lock-downs that kept everyone at home with nothing to do and closed schools, left the young vulnerable; consequently, out of boredom, they chose drugs.

The project initiators hired experts in detergent-making, who trained five youths to make dish-washing liquid soap, toilet cleaners, thick bleach and usual bleach, hand-wash, pine gel and multi-purpose cleaner. The trained group then trained others and the project kick-started. All these efforts to find something for the youths to do and not run to drug abuse, and on a brighter note, get something for their pockets, since there are no jobs out there. A study centre was opened for those studying at all levels and provided a WiFi



Detergent made for sale by the youth group



The drugs awareness group

Service at the church for the young men and women to research and pursue their education and stay informed. Since covid 19 brought in the new way of learning – online learning – the impoverished youths had access to lectures via ZOOM and other learning platforms. For the youngsters below the age of 12, a play centre was established with swings, seesaw, trampoline and slides.

The fight to draw youth from the deadly hole of drug abuse continues, as the aim of *Save Youth* Task Force is to increase its impact from the church, going out to the community and, God permitting, touch the whole country.

Cyril Mushambi

“Can these Stones Come Alive?”

Ralf Schmitz is parish priest of the Sacred Heart church in Trier, Germany, and an old friend of CR. Our twin Benedictine Community of St Matthias is part of his parish.

For almost 15 years I had been living as pastor of the deaf community in the vicarage of the formerly independent parish of Sacred Heart of Jesus. In 2003 it was integrated into the parish of St. Matthias' monastery, together with another. Since then parish life had largely come to a standstill. The reasons were complex. The social structure in the district had changed fundamentally. Many students moved to the district. The number of people who have lived here for a long time is decreasing. An above-average number of artists who work at the nearby theatre live here. The “unchurching” may have progressed faster than in other parts of the city. Many residents work in neighbouring Luxembourg and use cheaper accommodation without really integrating into local life. From a lively suburb community life in the 1970s and 1980s, all that was left was an ageing Catholic women's community. The only service was the Saturday evening eve mass, which because of its early start at 5pm also had an appeal beyond the area. For a long time I assumed that the Sacred Heart Church would be the first in that part of Trier to be closed – the costs are out of all proportion to the benefits. Eight other parish and monastery churches are within a kilometre radius. The Cathedral can be reached on foot in just 20 minutes. The explosive nature of the question became clear: “Can the stones of the Sacred Heart of Jesus come to life?”

As in Ezekiel 37.3, I had the feeling that the question was directed at me: “Son of man, can these dry bones live again?” And my honest answer was: “You know that, only you, Lord!”

Signs of hope

At least the question could not be an unequivocal “no”. There were also signs of hope. The church interior is bright and simple. It is particularly suitable for sign language services. As pastor of the deaf community, that was particularly important to me. Since 2003 we have been using the former vicarage of the Sacred Heart parish as our community centre – with an office and smaller meeting rooms, the pastor's apartment, a guest floor and a large garden. It took a while for the deaf community to get used to the new place. The advantages were obvious – at least for me: On a sunny Sunday in the church we don't need artificial lighting. Visually the space is quite sparse, dominated by the red and blue chancel windows. Every small visual change caused by light, textiles, objects and pictures unfolds a different spatial effect and atmosphere. Over

time, however, the deaf community became more than at home. The worship community was even more important than a friendly, inviting church interior. Having got older, I sensed a great deal of openness and curiosity among many of the church service participants. They were survivors of the “congregational church” that had developed in the course of the Second Vatican Council. The last pastor had shaped the congregation strongly in this direction - and the congregation followed the path with great conviction. From the beginning, the deaf congregation and a residential community with people with intellectual disabilities from a neighboring parish were very welcome in the integrative (later inclusive) services. If today - in Covid times - the congregation quite naturally uses their hands to pray and sing instead of singing, even if no deaf worshippers are present, then this is the fruit of many years of good and creative cooperation. The Easter triduum was formative. In the first years after the parish merger, the services from Maundy Thursday to Easter were only held in the main church of St. Matthias. The deaf community began celebrating its own in sign language in 2005, with many elements of youth work. The core of the church service was a group of young deaf people who spent the entire Easter days together in our vicarage. Over the years, the number of non-deaf church participants has increased, so that today these services are fully inclusive: they are celebrated simultaneously and equally in signed and spoken language.



Easter vigil

In 2017 two committed women visited the Augustinian Church in Würzburg. It had been reordered and was almost unrecognizable: the arrangement of the chairs and some other changes gave the space a whole new look. We thought: “We should try that here!” This is how the project was born: We wanted to find out what would happen if we rearranged the pews – and placed the altar and lectern in the middle of the church. The pews were easy to rearrange and set up between the four pillars in the nave. A blacksmith from the parish created four simple candlesticks that take up the shape of six large candlesticks in the choir. These four smaller candlesticks are easy to convert. With a frame and a glass plate, they form the altar in the nave. Simple in its form, provisional, transparent and yet striking, it creates the focal point in the nave together with a similarly designed lectern and two candlesticks. The benches form a hexagon around this center. “Give us 70 days, from Easter to the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus!” I asked the worship community on Palm Sunday 2017. “After that we will put everything back and evaluate with you whether anything has changed and how we are want to continue”. We got that leap of faith - there were no complaints to the bishop. The marginal location of Herz-Jesu in the parish of St. Matthias and its marginal art-historical insignificance were a blessing. There were no discussions in the Parish Council, and we were able to experiment undisturbed in a church that shouldn't even exist any more.

“sredna - see, hear, taste differently”

The first project period was from Easter 2017. The “sredna” brand comes from the German word “anders” (=differently) written backwards. Inspired by the deaf community in particular, we wanted to enable spiritual experiences “with all senses”. In the deaf community it is unimaginable to celebrate a Sunday service without the “eighth sacrament” (coffee & cake) afterwards. People often have a long way to go and enjoy the personal encounter. Another experience with the deaf community made an impression on me: one day a community festival was totally rained out and the vicarage garden could not be used for the festival after the service. A larger space was not within reach. So we moved to the church without further ado – under the gallery and in the side aisles. We turned a few pews, set up tables, and celebrated the “eighth sacrament” in the church. The participants were enthusiastic: “We will always have our garden party here in the future!” In the church, eyes and ears are addressed above all. “Tasting” is either reduced to the Eucharistic gifts or banned to outside the church door. It should be different with us. During the renovation of 1992/93, herbal and medicinal plant motifs were applied in the church by the parish painter Heinrich Feld: on the wooden ceiling in the vault, on the triumphal arch above the altar, on the front of the organ gallery, but above all on the Stations of the Cross. Medieval traditions



and interpretations were incorporated, plants and herbs became symbols of the healing effects of Christ and his sacraments. One of the first events was entitled: "From olive tree - thistle - dandelion". Heinrich Feld took three Stations of the Cross, and explained the plants and their meaning. The Regional Cantor Joachim Reidenbach improvised on the organ. Afterwards, dishes made from the themed plants were offered for tasting under the organ gallery. A first, very original experience under the heading "see, hear, taste differently". Various other spiritual events with a cultural and a culinary dimension have been added over the years. The get-together "under the gallery" after the evening mass was fully established until the start of the Covid pandemic. With a glass of wine or soda, part of the congregation stays together for a while - preparation and follow-up are self-organized. The earlier Sacred Heart Festival with a festive service and procession followed by a parish festival had fallen asleep over the years due to a lack of participation and helpers. It was reborn, also as a parish festival for the deaf community. The inclusive service in sign and spoken language was followed by a lively and light celebration in and around the church. When we wanted to put the pews back in the traditional order, there were protests from the traditional church community: "The pews should stay where they are now. We no longer want to give up the feeling of community in the service!" For two years we lived with a compromise: Outside the project period, the pews in the

front part of the church were traditionally aligned, in the back they stood in a U-shape. After a vote at the 2019 community festival, the community decided: The order of the benches will remain in the shape of the hexagon. I would like to mention two experiences in particular: The 2019 Christmas mass was a very special experience. Then many "Sacred-Hearters" return to their families of origin, and it's important for them to see the old familiar places. But it was amazing how positively the new seating arrangement was received. The second experience was the first mass after the first Corona lockdown in 2020, which also affected the churches: Despite the mandatory masks, the church service participants were able to look each other "in the eye". The feeling of community despite the distance was very comforting and continues to this day.

Spiritual - Creative - Inclusive - Neighbourly

After the first positive experiences and a new vitality in the church, further focal points developed: With his pastoral project on the spirituality of creation and some planted raised beds in front of the church, parish officer Heiko Paluch laid the foundation stone for the "Sacred Heart Garden" next to the church. An unused green strip alongside the church has been used by a team as a neighbourhood garden in the city for the past three years. People from the neighbourhood who are only loosely connected to the worship community get involved here. Cooperation with local organizations and individuals meanwhile shape life in the church and around it: Events and projects with a secondary school, as well as a cult cocktail bar across the road, a neighbourhood bakery, the local AIDS help, a gay centre, cultural workers from different contexts, the local advisory board, with the local network. The cooperation happens on an equal footing. We experience openness and curiosity. The aim is to help shape a fair, social, lively and livable district. The time when the Catholic Church dominated the district is long gone. Of course, there are also reservations about the church in the district. We benefit from the distinction between



Marian devotion

the church as an institution, as an organization and and as a movement. As a “movement” we are thoroughly accepted. In the ecumenical spectrum, personal contacts have resulted in relationships with the New Apostolic Church and the Old Catholic Church. The catechumenate circle of the Deanery often takes part in church services - and brings its cultural diversity with it. Newly-baptized Iranians helped organize many church services before they had to change their place of residence due to their asylum procedure. Since the beginning of 2020, “sredna Sacred Heart” has been a registered association in order to be economically independent and to give people the opportunity to participate who have difficulties

with the officially constituted Catholic Church or who have left it. In the context of sredna, the “Cultural diaconate Initiative in Trier South” was created in September 2020, a project funded by the Diocese of Trier that uses theatre and performing arts as a medium of spirituality and diaconal action personally and politically. The employer is the parish of St. Matthias Trier. Despite the Covid restrictions, a large number of “physical” and virtual events and projects have emerged. The interaction of art, culture and spirituality is experienced as enriching and inspiring by all those involved.

New liturgical experiences in the surrounding social context – in Covid times

A good four years ago I asked the question: “Can these stones (from the heart of Jesus) come to life?” As of today I can say: Yes, they are alive. And it's good that they exist. The neo-Gothic church building with its mighty, elegant tower and the lively garden around it at a prominent street crossing has its own dignity. It is an identification-point in the district. The church is jokingly called “St. Sredna”.

Covid and its protective measures have brought us closer together with the Nelson-Mandela-School, with the “South Pole” youth centre, with artists, with the AIDS help, with various networks that meet in the church for meetings and events.



Mass with table for a lockdown meal (a server is being commirioned)



In the parish allotment

Our worship life has changed. In the summer of 2020, a team put together an exhibition about the former Sacred Heart Hospital, which brought many people to the church who had anything to do with the hospital. The hospital was right next to the church. “Half Trier” was born there. On the Saturdays there was “table music” with organ music - prayer - soup with bread - organ music at the end. The other accompanying events also had a spiritual impulse again and again. Despite the Covid rules, the “tasting” should not be completely absent and often found very creative forms of expression.

“20-Minutes-in-the-church” in Advent with “Nelson-Mandela School” unexpectedly became a low-threshold place of support after a man had run amok with a lorry through crowds of pedestrians in Trier, killing 6. Traumatized pupils with different cultural and religious backgrounds felt comforted and encouraged. A second series on the theme of “dignity” took place with the Misereor Lenten veil (you can Google to learn about this). In a performance, groups of students brought the cloth from their schoolyard to the church and reflected on the injustice they had experienced themselves.

The Sunday services in Advent and at Christmas time became solidarity services with artists who were thrown into existential and economic difficulties by the pandemic. It was important to us that there should be an intensive interaction between dance, drama, unusual music on the one hand and liturgy on the other hand - to texts from the prophet Isaiah.



English tea in church for CR brethren, with cucumber sandwiches

The “Happening& Soup” series on Saturday afternoon has been accompanying the “Dignity!!! I - You - We” with 15 queens by Ralf Knoblauch. What does indignity mean at the end of life, for women in distress, for children, for sex workers, for refugees - and how can dignity be restored? The content of the contributions is embedded in music and prayer, and at the end there is soup to take away, since with Covid eating together in the church is not possible.

The “Pray-phone” has been around for over a year – daily at eight in the morning and at seven in the evening. Between 5 and 10 people pray together over the medium of the telephone. Lyrics and songs can be found on our website. For many months we have celebrated a Sunday service as an “eve service” (in the first lockdown) and then as a “morning service” on Sunday morning as a video or telephone conference. People from all over Germany join in. The themes and texts from the “physical” services in the Sacred Heart Church were often taken up.

The “Queer Night Prayer” takes place about four times a year. It is designed by a preparatory team with elements of gay spirituality and is primarily aimed at queer people, couples and families. Of course, the service is inclusive – everyone is welcome. Occasionally it is also translated into sign language. During the lockdown times, the prayer took place online twice. Trier AIDS-Help has held a solidarity night several times in front of and in the church. Here, too, the encounter “under the gallery” is an integral part of the service.

In the meantime, the Trier Sant'Egidio community prays regularly in our church and often participates in festive services.

Fragments of living in new liturgical experiences

The new liturgical life is selective, fleeting, personal and project-related. The shared adventures and experiences change perspectives and opinions, in the best case on all sides. It takes a lot of energy and willingness to communicate. It takes a basic attitude of openness and modesty to get involved in the social space and its processes – as one player among many. We have to treat those with respect and, if necessary, let them have their say who simply don't want to have anything to do with religion, belief, and especially with the church. It requires the willingness to experiment and to take risks; an acceptance of imperfection; the willingness to set off without knowing where the journey is going. It takes an understanding of tradition that is not about guarding the ashes, but passing on the flame.

A new liturgy emerges when a worship-community engages with the local social space in which it lives and for which it is there. Liturgy grows out of diakonia – and not only through intercessions and the collection. A new liturgy is emerging in new forms of communion – physically, online or on the phone. Conversely, new communities are also expressed in new liturgies. The church building itself has been open daily from morning to evening since the beginning of the pandemic – and has become a place for individual forms of prayer and worship.

Fulbert Steffensky was a guest for a “table_talk” in September 2020. His theme was “Fragments of Hope”. Culture and thus spirituality are not planned processes. They are fragments. They consist of detours, duplications, overlapping elements and interpretations that do not follow a straight line, but simply come together, complement each other, stand side by side without relation or can even be contradictory. But in this way they open up a space of ambiguity that enables diversity, tolerance, encounters and creative development.

“Can these stones come to life?” – That was the initial question of the church project “sredna. see, hear, taste differently” at Easter 2017. What subsequently developed was not the result of a structured planning process. We found ourselves more in the three-step “start – evaluate – change” (Dave Snowden's Cynefin model). The developments were often not planned and not foreseeable. The management team was curious about what was offered. We are eager to see what happens. “I will open your graves and bring you up, my people, from your graves (...). I will breathe my spirit into you, then you will come alive (...). I have spoken and I will do it – says the Lord” (cf. Ezek 37:12-14).

Ralf Schmitz

Website: <https://sredna-herzjesu.de/>

A Third Journey

Fr Nicolas continues his account of his visit to Zimbabwe in the Autumn.

On the Friday before Christmas we took possession of our new (second-hand) Toyota pickup. The next day Edwin and I set off, first of all north east to the Shearly Cripps Children's Home in Chikwaka. We had been there a few days before to deliver the plumber and his mate, and a mountain of equipment to start renovating the toilets and showers. Now we could see some results. The kids were very excited that at last someone is caring for them. One boy said he had been there six years and never known the toilets working! When this job is done we need to get the garden going to improve their diet.

From Chikwaka we drove across country on a rather battered, mostly tarred road to Marondera, and turned East towards the mountains. Thick mist and soft rain (we call it 'guti') enveloped us. This was good, as the country is suffering from drought. We got to St Augustine's in the late afternoon and left very early to drive up North towards Nyanga. I wish I had the skill to describe the beauty of that road with layer upon layer of mountains. When we got to the highest point, about 6,000 feet, we turned right and dropped down 2,000 feet into the Honde Valley to visit Chengetai and Dumisani, who are running our pig and vegetable project. Since it was Sunday I said mass for the four of us in Dumi's bedroom and then we ate roasted maize cobs ('mielies' to us!) and talked about how to sell the excellent crop of cabbages. The pigs seem to have adapted well to their new home.

From there we drove back out of the Valley and on to Nyanga, where we visited a small hotel run by a Franciscan community which we want to use as a retreat place for our sisters later on this year. On one side is the great range of mountains on which Troutbeck is situated; on the other a lovely view down into



Shearly Cripps kids

the communal lands. From Nyanga we drove back two hours to St Augustine's, where we found six of our young people gathered for their Christmas party: Tadiwanashe, Nyasha, Valentine, Ivy, Rufaro and (can you believe it?) Delicious. Valentine and the girls did a magnificent job cooking up vast amounts of food for us and the sisters. They all stayed the night, so it was good to be able to talk with them a bit more than I usually can.

Next morning Edwin and I set off before 7.00 to drive two hours down into the Sabi Valley and then up into the mountains to the little town of Chipinge where we have six particularly nice young people. After an hour with them we were back on the road west, over the magnificent Birchenough Bridge across the Sabi, and on to Masvingo, which we reached in time to scrounge a lunch of goat meat, pumpkin leaves and sadza off the Bishop who has just retired from the diocese. I have worked with Bishop Godfrey for the last eighteen years and he has done a magnificent job building up the new diocese in a poor dry area. We pray his successor will be as good.

Then back into the car for the next two-hour drive through to Shurugwi, where we were due to stay two nights with the sisters and the group of children.



Chipinge group

The centrepiece of this stay was the Christmas meal – a vast amount of rice, chips, chicken, pumpkins and macaroni cooked excellently by the four girls. For our two new kids, Willard and Miriam, it was probably the best meal they had had in their lives. A good part of this visit was the rain pouring down on and off throughout our stay. Shurugwi is a very dry area, and it was a joy to see the land turning green and the crops almost growing before our eyes.



Willard



Lamech and Companions

On our final day we once again set off before 7.00 and reached St Patrick's Gweru at about 10.00. The rain again made the dirt roads worse, but it was worth it to see our agricultural student, Lamech, again, along with his delightful young sister Angela and our new boy, Ebenezer, who you heard about in the last issue. Then we were back on the road in the pouring rain (lovely!) and reached Harare five hours later.

Nicolas CR

Running the Straight Race

I thought that our readers might be interested in a couple of athletic events that my brother George (known to many as the Auctioneer) and I took part in at the end of January and mid-February this year. I took four days' holiday and went to Ireland in order to run in the Irish National Masters Athletics Championships in Athlone on Jan 30th. George drove us down from Belfast on the 29th. There was a big turnout in a really beautiful stadium, and the friendship between the athletes of all shapes and sizes and ages was really amazing. George and I – running in Orangegrove Belfast's club colours – were entered for the 60 metres and 200 metres in our respective age groups, and we each won silver medals in both events.

A fortnight later we ran in the Scottish Masters Championships in Glasgow. George came over by ferry, stayed at Mirfield on 10th Feb, and we set out for Glasgow on the 11th in order to run on the 12th. The Emirates Stadium is super world-class. It was a privilege to be there, and again the friendship between the athletes was all that one believes that we should find in the Church. This time George ran in 60 and 200 and I took the 60 and (foolishly) 1500 races. We both got gold in our respective age categories for the sprint and George got silver in the 200, but the 1500 was too much for me on that occasion. The photos are myself after the 200 in Athlone, and George and myself at Athlone and the photo with three was taken as the Glasgow day was drawing to a close. The other man in



In Athlone stadium



George and John

the photo – Jimmy – was also a member of Orangegrove and got a bronze in the 800. All-told, we were satisfied.

The next morning George and I had a lovely visit to the Kelvingrove Museum and Art Gallery where, among other delights, we gazed on Dali's *Christ of St John of the Cross*. After lunch we headed for Cairn Ryan and Belfast, where due to storms Dudley and Eunice I was forced to have three extra days' holiday.

John CR

Companions

Dear Companions,

Lent is the time of year when Companions give special consideration to the rule as they prepare to renew their commitment at Easter.

Lent and Holy Week reminds us of all that Christ did for us and how much he loves us. Easter reminds us of the joy that he has called us to. So we respond to our risen Lord with thanksgiving and a determination to live fully in his New Life.

So as we rejoice once again that Jesus has brought us salvation and new life we reflect on the Companion's Rule and consider how it can be an aid as we endeavour to live that life in each other's company.

When you receive your renewal card, which we hope that you will sign and return as an affirmation of your desire to remain a Companion, pray that we may all be strengthened and renewed more and more in our first love.

John CR

Society of the Resurrection

In the last few months we have welcomed the following as Probationers:

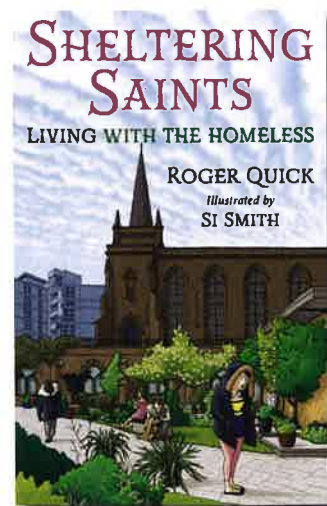
George Roach
Gill Davidson
Richard Corrie
Ben Woodfield

Mark Bradford
Stephen McCaulay
Kevin Maddy

Book Review

Sheltering Saints: Living with the homeless. Roger Quick.

Darton, Longman & Todd Ltd (2022), £7.75. ISBN: 978-1913657680



Have you ever felt like life was going well for you when suddenly the rug is pulled out from under your feet? Have you imagined all the different ways your life will be in the future when you get your dream job or the person of your dreams? Have you imagined that beautiful home, that car, those new shoes you can finally buy? If you have, you are precisely the same as every other person in the world, and that includes all those who are currently homeless or addicted to drugs or alcohol and decide to pay a visit to St George's Crypt in Leeds.

By virtue of my role at the College of the Resurrection, I am an academic. I therefore read for a living. I read various books that instil excitement and joy over themes such as theological reflection and pastoral care but never have I read a book quite like this. Some books are those which stay on the side for months, others are those which provide you with an idea or two to ponder, but occasionally, just occasionally, one comes along which 'pulls the rug out from under you'. This book is one of those.

A book of laughter, love, tears and real life, this was a book I couldn't put down. It brought me to tears. It brought me to prayer. It brought me to question what unique purpose I have in this world.

There is a phrase we may have heard, even said: 'there but for the grace of God go I'. The widely circulated story is that the term was first spoken by the English evangelical preacher and martyr John Bradford (circa 1510–1555). He is said to have uttered the variant of the expression - "There but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford", when seeing criminals being led to the scaffold. It is easy to look at others and behold their misfortune, but within the pages of this book, intertwined with the pain and suffering of the Cross which so many visitors to the crypt endure, there are stories of Resurrection and hope.

This book is not a bleak recounting of some of the troubled people who have crossed the charity's doorstep, but of those we often fail to see because we are too clouded by the pain and sorrow. This is a book that helps us to know the living saints around us.

I have never wept so much in reading a book. I sat thinking, 'if only I could be a quarter of the priest Roger is...'; but it's not about Roger. It's not about me. It's about the opportunities to find love, life and hope laid before us, as in a mirror, in the lives of the saints we are called to minister alongside, those who inadvertently minister to us.

We may find that our lives are full. We may find that we don't have the extraordinary privilege of serving in a place like St George's, but if this book teaches us anything, it is that God is teaching each of us by introducing us to the saints who walk amongst us. For it is easy to walk by those who seem to have fallen on hard times. It is easy to hold onto our dreams for the future. It is just as easy to forget that each person we meet is identical to us, with their dreams, hopes, and aspirations.

By briefly retelling the stories of some of the saints who have crossed the doorstep, this book reminds us of how fragile our own lives are. It reminds us that any unforeseen occurrence could pull the rug out from under us at any moment. It reminds us to stop and take stock of our hopes and dreams and get back to the Gospel values of faith, hope and love. Each of us needs these gifts. Each of us can give these gifts.

Through gentle, genuine storytelling, this book recounts individuals who bring with them both the Cross and Resurrection. They wear their pain so openly, so vulnerably and yet in their words and actions, they instilled such hope, such love. Some of those individuals are no longer with us but gathered into the loving arms of their creator who created them out of love; their creator who does not make mistakes but offers unlimited forgiveness for those we make.

Roger Quick writes with an insight I have never had the privilege to hold personally, yet he has this because he first came to the crypt as one who needed help. Many years later, he offers his services as a chaplain to the staff and those who pass through the doors, handing out a rosary or a cross, but always with a prayer or blessing. In his ministry, he has been moved by their stories which contain so much suffering yet are full of hope, courage and insight. In this book, he tells us some of those stories, tells us if some of those people and in doing so he lays bare the reality that these are not just people who have become homeless, looking for a bed but that each of them is a saint that the crypt is sheltering.

In our lives, we have many opportunities to help others. Still, occasionally, just occasionally, we are privileged enough to realise that we are the ones being ministered to through our actions. This book helps the reader see where God is at work more clearly.

So, this book has had an effect upon me that I never anticipated. I realise that I need to reread it, to buy it for others, for within its pages are the lives of saints, not those who are long dead with beautiful stories of miracles and joy but of

saints who live among us, living the hope of the Resurrection whilst bearing the scars of the Cross.

Love is a gift we give and receive, and this book is full of love. As you read it, that love will burn brightly and, as the good book says, 'The light shines, and the darkness shall never, ever, overcome it'.

Fr David Babbington
(Tutor, College of the Resurrection)



Please direct all materials, enquiries and comments to the editor, Fr George Guiver CR,
at gguiver@mirfield.org.uk
Articles for consideration should be sent at least 5 weeks before the issue date.

Contacts

Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, West Yorkshire, WF14 0BN

Website:		www.mirfield.org.uk
Phone and email	01924 494318	community@mirfield.org.uk
Guest dept. / Reception	01924 483346	guests@mirfield.org.uk
Fundraiser:	01924 483302	appeal@mirfield.org.uk
Companions Office:		companions@mirfield.org.uk
The Shop / Mirfield Pubs:	01924 483345	theshop@mirfield.org.uk

College of the Resurrection, Stocks Bank Road, Mirfield, West Yorkshire WF14 0BW

Website		www.college.mirfield.org.uk
Phone & email	01924 490441	gjohnson@mirfield.org.uk

St Hild College, Stocks Bank Road, Mirfield, West Yorkshire WF14 0BW

Website		www.sthild.org
Phone & email	01924 481925	enquiries@sthild.org