

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE
COMMUNITY OF THE RESURRECTION

EPIPHANY 2018

NUMBER 460



CR
Review

Poem for Meditation

“Who do you say that I am?”

A reflection on Mark 8:27-30

To call you ‘Father’ was never a problem.
You were the divine reflection of my dad
who adored me and kept me safe,
who I could curl up against and be
enfolded in his weight-bearing arms;
a man of few words, whose eyes spoke scripture,
and whose smile sang the psalms.

In rebellious years, I challenged patriarchy,
along with every inequality, and was glad
to balance you, my Father-God, with
Mother and Creator. And somewhere
you became my Beloved too, the
Bridegroom, the Mystical Lover
who entered my heart.

But now, you are more than all of these.
You are the God who stands at the crossroads
looking out for me; the God who invites himself
to eat in my home, who gives me the freedom
to roam, to be fully and undoubtedly me;
who is a partner in all I undertake,
and converses with me as a friend.

You are no longer the Abba of my childhood,
nor Mother, or Teacher or Lover.
You are the God who comes alongside,
who shares the load and the laughter,
who, having created me, will tend me
in the heavenly garden that
sets new seeds of love.

Maggie Jackson

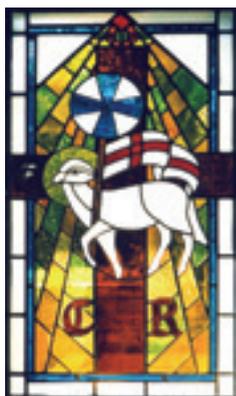


Image from 'The Horse Boy' by Rupert Isaacson (Published by Penguin 2010).

This photograph is of Rupert Isaacson with his severely autistic son who he took to Mongolia in the hope that healing could be found amongst 'The Horse People'.

I see this image as a 'Pieta'. It shows the tenderness and the strength of a loving Father and it causes me to reflect on my own images of God. My poem 'Who do you say that I am?' relates how this relationship has changed through my life.

Maggie Jackson



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Epiphany 2018

Number 460

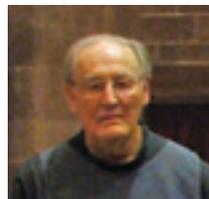
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Br. Roy France CR died on 11th December 2017.

May he rest in peace and rise in glory. An obituary will appear in the next issue of CRQ Review. The following is a poem written by Simon Holden CR after watching in the night with Roy during his last hours.

Dying Brother

Not why? but where?
The long loved brother,
sprung and sung when young,
to train us as we are today.
The song transformed into
a siren for society
in lost and troubled choirs,
now breathing the *Bridge*
to where the premiere of
new music in which
Roy will reign!



Who is my enemy?

An ecological reflection on the parable of the wheat and the weeds (Part 1)

Jesus told them another parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field. But while everyone was sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and went away. When the wheat sprouted and formed heads, then the weeds also appeared. The owner's servants came to him and said, 'Sir, didn't you sow good seed in your field? Where then did the weeds come from?' An enemy did this," he replied. The servants asked him, 'Do you want us to go and pull them up?' 'No,' he answered, 'because while you are pulling the weeds, you may uproot the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest. At that time I will tell the harvesters: First collect the weeds and tie them in bundles to be burned; then gather the wheat and bring it into my barn.'"

Matthew 13:24-30 (NIV)

Who is my enemy? I need to know. Jesus told us to pray for them, in one of his more interesting injunctions which seem to me to pander to our lower natures. Pray for your enemies, he says, because, in what Kant would recognise as an action with very mixed motives, it will heap coals of fire on their heads. (The other injunction of dubious piety is the one to take a lowly seat when you attend a feast, then when the host calls upon you to 'come higher, my friend', everyone sees you move to your exalted place above the salt.)

Why do we not pray for our enemies? That is to say, why is not 'enemies' included in the intercession categories alongside world, church, community, sick and dead? It really is an effective way to draw the poison out of the wound, if someone has hurt you or someone you love very badly, to pray with sincerity for their wellbeing and flourishing. The crystalline fury in one's own heart is dissolved into an altogether more creative and approachable soft woundedness. And we might understand the parable of the wheat and the weeds in this light. We have to live alongside our enemies so we may as well not be rigid with hate all the time. This reading of the parable brought to mind some friends of ours who kept goats. When their goats ate all their neighbour's prime roses they sold the goats, knowing only too well (they were lawyers) to what depths and lengths of enmity their goats' behavior could lead.

Of course, if we did have a specific category of 'enemy' in the intercessions the person making them on behalf of the gathered congregation would have to think of some each time. Who are the enemies of the people? Only the *Daily Mail* knows, clearly. No, tempting as it might be to slot in worrying public figures, to name enemies in such a listened-to context would be invidious, inappropriately

political, mischievous, yes, very tempting. All one could do is to leave some all too rare silence and allow the people time to think silently of who has hurt them and then say a prayer for whoever that might be.

Enemies can be extremely helpful as a motivating force. In one of the best manuals for leadership I have ever read, Richard Adams' *Watership Down*, Hazel, the Chief Rabbit, observes that a rabbit is only ever able to make its fastest, most powerful dash, when the *elil*, or enemy, is upon it: not before, not by imagining it, not by the rabbit's own will power, but by the external force that fills the rabbit with the energised terror it needs at that precise moment. I persisted with learning to scuba dive because I was more terrified of the Amazonian instructor requiring me to "put zee regulator back in your mouz, Claire" than the claustrophobia I felt in the water. I once gave a talk at a comprehensive school that was in the same town, Oundle, as the eponymous private school. The comprehensive school did consistently well in all areas of its life as the pupils felt a constant urge to show their sworn enemies at the posh school that they could be as good as or better than they. Our enemies make us grow, and perhaps that is another way to hear the parable of the wheat and the weeds. The wheat grows stronger and more resilient because of the presence of the enemy amongst it, just as our bodies gain antibodies and hence resilience if exposed to the right amount of bacteria and infection; and our psyches also grow if they learn to stand up to and live with the right amount of disagreement and resistance. Finding the balance between exposure to risk and loving protection is the art of being a parent or a teacher. Those magnificent roles can be thought of by analogy as a potter throwing a pot on a wheel. The potter must keep a firm hand on the inside of the pot to give it a distinct interior, and a hand of equal firmness on the outside to give it a shape. In the analogy the two hands are the hands of love and of discipline. Remove the interior hand of love and the hand of discipline flattens the pot into a misshapen lump. Remove the exterior hand of discipline and the clay flies off the wheel to pebble dash the walls and ceiling.

There comes a point when what one thought of as enmity, competition and disagreement and therefore to be resisted, taken issue with or fought, ceases to be that as one's own strength grows and the other weakens. Nancy Astor famously defined success as "being bored by the people who used to snub you". A fair fight becomes bullying when one's strength grows. The





enemy becomes anything but. The fighter in us is disappointed when the one we fought has no fight left in him, and becomes a pathetic thing. Remember the pictures of the fugitive, shambolic Saddam Hussein when he was finally caught and killed, he whom the west had made an enemy and the focus of all our fears? Who rejoiced at that moment of so-called triumph? And this is another way of hearing the parable of the wheat and the weeds. As both grow, what was a threat to the wheat when its shoots first emerged becomes a paltry thing when the wheat is

fully grown into its own robust strength.

This, I believe, is where humanity now stands in our relation to the environment. We have understandably seen ourselves as vulnerable to nature's threats: we do not have the fur to keep us warm, the developed senses of smell or sight or hearing to alert us to danger, the speed to flee from that danger or the strength to fight it. Unsurprisingly, we have used our brains to find ways of putting ourselves at the top of the food chain and staying there. That developed into a highly sophisticated ability to make the environment adapt to our needs, rather than adapt ourselves to the environment. And under this regimen, not least because forming communities and working with each other was essential to its success, humanity flourished. We fought adversarial nature, using our ingenuity to make it serve us, so this narrative goes. There are those who suggest that our environmental crisis is not that at all, because nature is too big an enemy to be overcome by puny humans, that in the battle between humanity and nature, nature will always win, that natural occurrences such as volcanoes, tsunamis, earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes and pestilence prove that nature is far and away stronger than humans. I believe that those who so argue yearn for nature to remain a worthy opponent calling out human ingenuity. I wonder if this yearning remains particularly in settled populations of the so-called New World who are the descendants of rugged pioneers determined to conquer new lands.

But we think that, argues George Marshall in his 2014 book, *Don't Even Think About It: why our brains are wired to ignore climate change*, because we are stuck in the wrong narrative. How can the Earth be our enemy when for a hundred years we – humans, not volcanoes – have shifted the percentage of trace gases in the atmosphere to unbalance its protective maintenance of breathable air; when for

a hundred years we – not tsunamis – have replumbed and polluted the hydrosphere, and warmed the oceans so that they will emit, not store, methane; when for a hundred years we – not earthquakes – have sucked oil and dynamited coal from the lithosphere; when we – not hurricanes and tornadoes – have stripped the pedosphere of its protective layer of trees; and we – not pestilence – have dominated the biosphere so that only organisms that we need, like wheat, can survive? Does that not look a lot like someone who has fought a worthy adversary so successfully that the adversary is now on her knees, gasping for breath, bruised and gouged and flayed, waiting for the final kick or punch that

will finish her? Is this another reading of the parable of the wheat and the weeds, as a warning against trampling on the weeds too soon and so thoroughly that the wheat towers over them?

A friend who was foreman on a building site had to deal with an obstreperous and supersized worker who was stirring up resentment and revolt in the team. Finally Martin approached him, squared up to him, and said,



The Wheat and the Tares by Abraham Bloemaert

“Fred, you’re looking for trouble.” Fred towered over Martin, arms akimbo, and responded: “I don’t see any trouble”.

We are in the wrong narrative. The environment is not our enemy. What if we replaced the enemy narrative, which has a conquering hero, with a quest narrative whose hero is on a journey of discovery? ...

Claire Foster-Gilbert

Director, Westminster Abbey Institute
Based on the University Sermon given at Great St Mary’s,
Cambridge, on 7th May 2017

[Part 2 of Claire’s article will appear in the Lady Day 2018 CRQ. Read on to find out about this quest, how we may live well with the natural environment, and how else Jesus’ parable of the wheat and the weeds may be read today. Eds.]

Eustace St Clair Hill (Part 2)

[Eustace was a member of CR who served as an army chaplain in the First World War. In the Michaelmas 2017 CRQ Review we read: A letter home on 21st July 1916 from Eustace shows that he is already in Europe and witnessing the horrors for himself.]

In a letter dated November 2nd, 1916 Fr Keble Talbot wrote:

“I am sorry – though proud – to hear about Eustace. I do hope they will save his hand. He is, I fear, a long way from here – in fact Rouen, I think, must be where he is.”

Later in the same *Quarterly* a note from the editor confirms that, like so many of the men he had served, Eustace had become a casualty of the war:

Fr. Eustace Hill has, we are sorry to say, been wounded, and has in consequence had to lose his right hand. He had frequently been out at night in “No man’s land” helping to bring in the wounded without suffering any harm; but at last, one night he was hit in the heel, the arm, the wrist and the hand. The doctors tried to save his hand, but found it impossible, and after a time of great suffering, they had to amputate it. Father Hill was brought to England early in November to the Royal Free Hospital, London, and when he is well enough hopes to go to Devonshire with his sister for a thorough rest and change.

The Devon air must have miraculous properties or perhaps the mantle of Elijah had fallen on him. This man had already endured two years of the most awful of wars; he had received four wounds; he had lost his right hand (an injury that would eventually lead to the amputation of his arm to which later photographs bear witness). Yet in less than eight months we find him back in the line of fire at Ypres. A soldier who served with Eustace writes:

‘Padre Eustace St. Clair Hill, Chaplain of the 1st S.A.I lost his right arm in front the Butte de Warlencourt and awarded the Military Cross. Returned to France in



Butte de Warlencourt 1917



Casualty Clearing Station.



Drawings of Stretcher bearers at Butte Warlencourt 1917 and Wounded Casualty Clearing Station

April 1917 and served at no.32 Casualty Clearing Station. Taken prisoner in March 1918 at Marrieres Wood.’ Extracts from *Echoes of War (1915-1918) Memoirs of Geoffrey George Lawrence – 1st S.A.I.* (online).



South African troops close to Marrieres Wood, March 1918

On August 4th 1917 in his War Diary Osmund Victor CR records that on his own arrival in Vlamertinghe he spent an hour with Eustace at 32 Casualty Clearing Station (ccs). This was the beginning of much collaboration between the two CR Fathers until Eustace’s capture by the Germans on March 23rd 1918. Here is Osmund’s entry for 4th August:

“10 am motored to Vlam. Chateau with Fitch to meet Case... Back to 32 CCS an hour with Eustace.”

In a letter home written on the same day Osmund supplements this terse entry with vivid picture of Eustace’s life and activity at Casualty Clearing Station 32 during the most dangerous campaign of the war:

Eustace is on the most advanced casualty station in these parts – well within the shell fire area, but after... He has a spare bed in his tent so I slept there, and found it to be very refreshing to be in the open, after nearly a week in our dugout, which is safe but damp and stuffy. He is frightfully driven with work; hard at it all day, and often up at all hours at night. Two sadly growing cemeteries adjoin, and as the worst cases – abdominal I think all – are put down there, he has about 30-40 death beds to attend and funerals to take every day.’(*CRQ Michaelmas 1917*)

As he continues Osmund draws our attention to one of Eustace’s great works

of mercy for which he was noted in both the Boer War and WW1 – letters to the bereaved: “Apart from the strain of ministering at bedsides, this means an enormous amount of correspondence to families every day. He was getting badly behindhand, so I put in a morning’s work, and helped him to clear up arrears – over 100 communications to relatives, I think.”

The memoir of Geoffrey George Lawrence gives us a hint of Fr Hill’s attractiveness:

On our march southward we stopped for a weekend near a village called Section de Longpre and our platoon with company headquarters was billeted on a small farm holding. The owner, a widow, was so kind to me and made us as comfortable as possible in the barn or outhouse that she possessed. The company officers and Padre Hill had their quarters in the dwelling house. The good madame was greatly impressed by our tall fine featured saintly chaplain. She came out to tell us about him the next morning and described him as tres grande – tres grande – and much else.

As this writer tells us Eustace was to finish the war in a German prison camp and a note in *CRQ (St John Baptist Day 1918)* confirms this:

We are sorry to say that Fr Eustace Hill is a prisoner in Germany. He was taken prisoner with some South African men of the regiment to which he is the chaplain on March 23rd.

We have heard that he is in a camp at Rastatt, in Baden – a relief camp to that of Carlsruhe. We have had one letter home from him; and he writes quite cheerfully and we now know that he is unwounded, which is a great comfort. We have arranged for food and clothes to be sent to him.



This was not quite the end of the war for Eustace. As he had spent himself so bravely in recovering bodies and burying the dead, his final task as a soldier was to help in the identification of unmarked graves to the War Graves Commission in 1920.



Eustace searching for graves

Eustace was a hero, crazy enough to risk his life to bring water to thirsty and dying men, crazy enough to return to the battlefield with wounds that would make most men say “well, I’ve done enough”. He hated the war but he was full of zeal

– zeal for Christ and zeal for righteousness and, thus inspired, he loved souls for Christ’s sake. I suspect he may have enjoyed excitement and that after his experiences the quiet life of convalescence tortured him as he thought of what the men at the front were going through.



Painting of an aged Eustace

I feel a little sad that the story of Fr Eustace St Clair Hill doesn’t end at Mirfield. There is no obituary in the *CRQ*, no grave or memorial in the cemetery. After the war he returned to Community life and became a much loved principal of St John’s School in Johannesburg. Anglicanism was going through one of the many controversies that have rocked it ever since the Communion took shape in the 19th century. The particular crises came when the Lambeth Conference reversed its previous teaching against contraception. It may be strange for us to think that this might cause anyone enough anxiety to feel bound to change ecclesial allegiance but for Eustace this was a matter of conscience. He believed that an ecclesial body did not have authority within itself to alter the teaching of the ages. So he became a Roman Catholic. He did not lose the call to the religious life that had drawn him to Mirfield. He became a Benedictine, first at Prinknash and then at Farnborough Abbey where he is buried and where (I am told) old boys of St John’s make an occasional pilgrimage to the grave of a much loved principal.

John Gribben CR



Farnborough Abbey

An Intern at Mirfield

“Oh you mean a monastery in a Buddhist temple, like a Zen or Shaolin-style?”

“Wait, you mean there are monks in Christianity?”

“Do you have to shave your head?”

“What will you eat? Rough bread and cold water?”

“Will you not speak to anyone at all for a month?!”

“What are you going to do there? Just pray the entire day?”

When I decided to come to Mirfield, these were just some of the questions I received from curious and incredulous friends, acquaintances and even strangers. (Yes, among other people, the immigration officer at Heathrow asked me the very first question on the list!) So what is this former civil servant, now training for future full-time pastoral-theological ministry at Trinity Theological College Singapore, wanting to do at the Community of the Resurrection? And for 5 weeks at that! My wife, who is not here with me at Mirfield, was certainly looking for some good answers.

The short answer: I am hoping for exposure and insight to patterns and practices of spirituality that can be integrated into life in a busy world.

‘Busy’ is an apt descriptor for Singapore. It is a common response to the question, “How have you been?” Singapore is

an energetic, dynamic country. It is a city-state and island-nation of a mere 719 square kilometres – about the size of Anglesey in Wales – but much more crowded, with a population of 5.6 million. There is no countryside

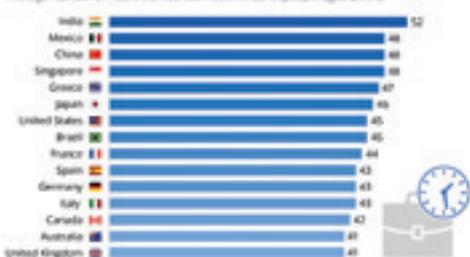


Singapore skyline

region to which one might decamp for a quieter or slower pace of life. Although Singapore has been self-governing for less than sixty years, it is now considered among the most developed countries on the globe. Singapore prides itself in being among the top countries globally in numerous areas: economic output, home ownership rates, educational outcomes, even visa-free travel. (These are all easily google-able factoids, lest I be misunderstood as blowing one’s own trumpet.) Unfortunately, we are also highly ranked in hours worked, time spent on schoolwork, and lack of sleep. Singapore, for all its desirable qualities, is simply a fast-paced, driven and competitive society.

Where Do Millennials Work The Longest Hours?

Average number of hours worked each week in 2013 (people aged 20-34)



Source: International Labour Office, 2013

Forbes statista

Singapore students suffer from high levels of anxiety: Study



Source: The Straits Times, 2013

How they compare

Number of hours worked per week



Source: PwC, 2013

The country is multi-ethnic, multi-lingual and multi-religious – and to a large extent, peaceably so. Christians comprise 19%, of which a third are Roman Catholic and the remainder Protestant. Orthodox and other denominations are a minority. (For the interested: the rest of the population is 44% Buddhist, Taoist and traditional Chinese folk religionists, 14% Muslim, 5% Hindu, and 18% non-religious). Trinity is a Protestant union seminary constituted by Anglicans, Lutherans, Methodists, and Presbyterians, but we also have a number of faculty and students from Baptist, Pentecostal and independent churches. While my own local church background is Methodist, my pastor-in-charge has organised annual ecumenical healing services jointly led by the Roman Catholic archbishop and the Anglican, Lutheran, and Methodist bishops. Talk about diversity! Given the wide variety of faith traditions and the absence of an established church, Christianity is not considered a major part of Singapore’s national heritage or socio-cultural fabric (unlike in Britain), nor is Christianity particularly treasured for the time-honoured beauty of its liturgy, art and music.

Nevertheless, Christians have made pioneering efforts in areas such as education, healthcare, serving the underprivileged, and supporting migrant workers. Given Singapore’s philosophy of pragmatism, such tangible acts of care and social improvement are, generally, more highly valued. This type of environment – crowded, fast-paced, practical – makes it nearly impossible

for purely contemplative types of Christian spirituality to survive. That said, Paul's letter to the Corinthians reminds us that any activism not rooted in self-giving love is ultimately just noise. Therefore, it is vital (Latin *vitalis* = life) that ministry and service in Christ's name are connected to a life-giving source of spirituality. In my view, the active monastic traditions – with their rhythms of prayer and activity, of retreat from the world and ministry in the world – can benefit contemporary Singaporean Protestantism. CR's way of life is certainly attractive in this regard.

In Singapore, many Protestant congregations have annual congregational 'camps' (held in hotels in Malaysia or Indonesia rather than in countryside tents or cabins) for Bible teaching and communal fellowship. Apart from these staples, there has been, in my observation, increasing interest and participation in quiet days and retreats in some quarters of Singaporean Christianity, perhaps partly in response to the harried pace of life. While this is certainly an excellent development, there is perhaps room to go beyond such one-off events, towards an integration of spirituality in the regular tempo of daily living. Many Singaporean Christians already have habits of a daily 'quiet time' of devotional reading and prayer. However, these are generally undertaken on an individual basis, and practices can vary widely in intensity and quality. There thus seems to be room for daily reading and reflection on Scripture in a communal manner. Not everyone will be able to gather in a church sanctuary for morning and evening prayer, much less CR's four Daily Offices. But perhaps the monastic practice of praying in mutual fellowship at set times can be fruitfully adapted to unite Christians in mind and spirit, despite the separation of physical distance.

Further, as a soon-to-be full-time Christian ministry worker, I am concerned to facilitate the provision of adequate and appropriate pastoral care, of which spirituality is a vital component. We have been taught that pastoral care is not merely crisis intervention or counselling, but also entails forming and sustaining a meta-narrative world in which Christians can find healing and reconciliation, guidance and vision. Busy Singapore needs contextualised spiritual practices to encourage continued Christian formation and maturation. Spiritual practices, especially those undertaken in community and integrated into daily life, can play a significant formative and preventive role in pastoral care.

So why am I here? Not primarily to pray the entire day or to spend a month in quiet solitude. I do, however, want to be immersed in a lifestyle of prayer and work, so that I can observe, reflect, and learn. I hope to gain exposure to a pattern of integrated spirituality that can be expressed in one's day-to-day experience, not just in a weekend retreat setting. I would like to observe and experience how spirituality and community can be fruitfully blended with meaningful service in the church and to wider society. I am looking to identify practices and ways of

living that can be fruitfully transplanted to benefit both lay people and ministry workers in Singapore.

Since I began with some questions that others have asked me, permit me to end with some questions to you, the reader.

- What are the most practical and sustainable ways to **integrate** spirituality with duties and assignments in the hectic secular world?
- How can the rhythms and practices of Christian spirituality be **intentionally shaped** to benefit not just those committed to a monastic vocation, but everyday Christians?
- How can spiritual exercises and the daily hours of prayer be instruments of refreshment, perspective and hope, not just in retreats and getaways removed from regular routines, but **interwoven** into the daily fabric of ordinary Christian thinking, feeling and living?
- In what ways can monastic patterns of life be adapted for contemporary urban settings, such that they continue to emphasise **common identity and communality**, despite separations of time and space?
- What factors best support the integration of Christian spirituality with **involvement** and engagement with the broader struggles in society?

If this short article and these questions have triggered any thoughts, suggestions or stories at all, I would very much like to hear from you. I blog about my experience at CR Mirfield at <http://mirfieldintern.wordpress.com> – feel free to visit, and leave a comment or two. You can also reach me via email, at mirfieldintern@gmail.com

Gilbert Lok

serves as an Associate Lay Leader at Aldersgate Methodist Church, Singapore. He is currently pursuing a Master of Divinity at Trinity Theological College, in preparation for full-time pastoral-theological ministry.



Trinity Theological College, Singapore

A BIKER-VICAR! Ooooh, will you marry me?

This is what you get for enjoying a brief moment of contravening silence rules with Brother Antony!



It's the 29th August and I am enjoying some respite from a Parish project I was working on during a retreat at Mirfield. I was walking in the quiet grounds of the rose garden when I was approached by a smiling and wide-eyed Br Antony who asked if that was my motorbike parked outside? I pleaded guilty, and then ensued a discussion about the unexpected joys of motorcycling. Within a couple of hours, a note winged its way to me asking if I might write a few words for the CR Quarterly. Thinking this might be the big break I have been praying for into the world of print, I agreed!

Earlier that week I had the sad duty of presiding at a funeral of an ex-biker who had died under sad circumstances. I felt I wanted to pay a tribute to our shared interest and so I turned up to the funeral on my Yamaha Virago 1100CC – spick and span

with chrome gleaming! I also conducted the ceremony in my leather jacket and biker boots. I am sure you can imagine that the music for that occasion was not quite Crimond. Afterwards, at a local pub, I spent some time with some of the biker community who had attended and we got talking. Not long after our conversation had started I was approached by one of the women in the group who said “Ooooh a biker vicar – would you marry me!”. Unaccustomed as I am to such wild requests I said I would love to! She told me that she and her intended were to be married next year, but since she had met me she loved the idea of a biker Vicar doing the wedding instead – would I be willing? If it is possible, then we may have something to look forward to next year.



How wonderful when a mutual interest draws people together, and especially when it opens up opportunities for gospel ministry! Though not a member, I am aware that the Christian Motorcycle Association have been seizing on this opportunity to reach out in love to those they encounter at various biker-meets. It is a great organisation!

But how did the 'biker thing' start for me in the first place? To answer that I need to go back in time to when I was a young airman in 1982.

A beleaguered Argentinian government had decided to invade the Falkland Islands in April 1982. Due to our heavy lift capability, with the recently acquired Boeing Chinook HC1, my Squadron (No 18, at Royal Air Force Odiham in Hampshire) had been ordered to support the Task Force and was sent into action by the PM of the day, Margaret Thatcher. The mission: recover the islands from enemy occupation. The Squadron motto *Animo et fide* means 'With courage and faith' and much of both was to be demanded of us as we went to work. In May that year of the four aircraft despatched to the Falkland Islands three were lost onboard the doomed *Atlantic Conveyor* after it was sunk by Argentinian Exocet missiles; fortunately none of our personnel were. Back home I received my marching orders and, with a heavy heart (I had only been married for 3 months), began to make my own preparations for departure 'down south' onboard the good ship *Rangatira*. Then four days before we set sail the Argentinian forces surrendered (they had obviously heard I was coming!).

The Falkland Islands, we finally reached in Aug 1982, bore many of the scars of battle-torn territory.



My Squadron was based on the west side of east Falkland. As the Squadron Clerk part of my duties meant that every day I had to commute, by Chinook, to Port Stanley to collect the all-important mail! I did many other jobs whilst there and eventually it was recognised that I needed some mode of transport – ENTER THE 250cc Can Am Bombardier!

This very robust and reliable two-wheeler became my mode of transport for the duration of my stay (bar the couple of weeks after it was purloined by two wayward squaddies). Apart from a tiny Suzuki GT125cc in my late teens, this became my main introduction to the world of motorcycles – and what an introduction! The



practice was that I would load up the Can Am at base, we flew across the islands and then the aircraft I was travelling on would set down on the road above Stanley, lower down its rear ramp, and out I would come with my bike! (Who needs James Bond!). Suddenly I was going places. For several months, this hardy little trail bike conveyed me over some rough and bumpy terrain and helped to sustain the troops as, Santa-like, I returned with the morale boosting mail.

When the Squadron later returned to RAF Odiham we were then tasked to relocate to RAF Gutersloh in what was West Germany, in support of the British Army of the Rhine. I became a despatch rider who would have to take more sensitive messages by hand to various points within the theatre of operations – regardless of weather or conditions. This made for some very exciting riding, since a helicopter squadron, such as ours, would be deployed as near as possible to those whom we supported, often in very remote locations.

As life moved on so did I, we returned to the UK in 1986 and I joined a Rapier (surface to air missile system) Squadron in Fife, Scotland. And a little time later I was riding to work in East Yorkshire on a wee Yamaha 90cc (oh how the mighty had fallen!). But the bombing range I served meant there were ample opportunities to explore the terrain on the back of a very nippy little Honda trials bike. Then life went quiet on the motorcycle front. I had hung up my gauntlets and became busy with family life, church life and the big issue of vocation and calling into ministry.

But, the ‘bike thing’, once it is in your system – it is hard to get it out. After completing my curacy in Penrith in 2006, I could bear it no longer and succumbed to the purchase of a cheap little Chinese import (modelled on the Virago) and became a biker once more. Then in 2016 I took up my present incumbency and one day I espied a beautiful 1100CC Yamaha Virago sat sadly beneath a cover in a neighbour’s garage, it had not been ridden for years – sob, sob! I prayed for its pain and then, just to prove there is a God and He loves me, two weeks later I was contacted by the owner asking if I knew anyone who wanted a Virago!! It was a sign! I was being called to exercise pastoral care for this fine veteran of the road (with less than 10,000 miles on the clock despite being 17 years old!). I was not slow to answer that call and soon space was created in the garage and we had a new member of the family ☺.

East Lancashire is full of great riding trails across the west Pennine foothills and eastwards in to the Yorkshire Dales. Whenever there is a fair day, and time permits, I will try and grab the opportunity to ‘mount up and ship out’ for a few hours on the bike – yes, you heard right: I am indeed a ‘fair-weather rider’! There.... it is out! A couple of encounters with asphalt means I am keen to ride, but even more keen to stay alive – let me say to all THINK TWICE THINK BIKE!

We all know the old joke, “what kind of motorbike did Moses ride?” – answer: a triumph (see Exodus 15:1 where he sings of triumph in KJV). Moses was an

elderly man at this point in his life, yet still riding out! One of my parishioners is rapidly approaching 80 – and he is still riding out to keep fellowship with his own diminishing circle of friends, I look forward too to some good biking years ahead of me by God’s grace.



Rev Chris Casey

Chris is currently vicar of Rawtenstall in the Diocese of Manchester

How can Religious Life contribute to the renewal of the Church?



In my response to this question I will explore very briefly the idea of tradition. More precisely I suggest that we should explore, reconnect with and celebrate our tradition in the Religious Life as we have received it. To live the Religious Life to the full is not only to answer the call of God it is also our Mission. For centuries men and women have responded to the call of Christ, and entered into a flowing river of Religious Life with complete conviction that this is a way of life that leads to God.

So, tradition. What can we say about it?

Tradition is living and we enter into it. It holds before us the wisdom that brings life to the people of God. It is handed-over, not handed-down, from generation to generation as a stream hands over its waters to the river. It is to be cherished and cared for.

To the early mothers and fathers of the Church, tradition and revelation went hand-in-hand with each other. They lived in the fullness of the tradition. The story of Salvation sits at the heart of our tradition: Incarnation, Cross, Resurrection, Ascension and the gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. The Story of Salvation is our story to be told afresh, lived and proclaimed: handed-over in the Creeds, revealed to us in the scriptures, and seen in the lives of those who live the baptismal life to the full!

I would like to suggest that our modern world (and now post-postmodern world) in which we live, has ridden roughshod over the traditions handed over to us. As a younger person [is 31 young?] I would like to ask older generations what they have done with my inheritance, because what is handed over to my generation is not something that seems altogether cherished, if there is indeed anything to be received at all? But all is not lost!

Western Religious Communities have been through a great deal of change too, but the tradition still lives on. There is much to be received by those who have stayed with the tradition and immersed themselves deeply into its rhythm, regardless of our noisy and reeling world. These are the Religious who have more to hand-over than they realise. It is from these Religious that I have much to learn.

There are many different streams of tradition, and all are a gift from God. All of our Communities have a known *Way* or *Rule of Life* that leads people to the heart of God. We are increasingly finding that people want to explore and commit themselves to a *Rule of Life* that enables them to share in our rich tradition, where they too can enter into the mystery of salvation. Our Community has a wider Family made up of Christians who want to make a commitment to keeping a *Rule of Life*. They do this because they want to grow in prayer, but also be held accountable for their way of life.

Question: how can our Communities find ways of sharing our respective traditions with others, and offer them a *Rule of Life*?

I do not wish to criticise the secular world or even the secular church, but it is difficult not to notice the turmoil that people are in. All of us who receive guests will have noticed this. Those who visit us at Mirfield often arrive dissatisfied and abused by life in the world. I offer three examples of areas where we can help with renewal as we engage with others.

1. Doing Theology:

School and College students who visit us come with an idea of God, whether they believe in God or not. Sadly our education system in the UK teaches that God is a moral being: God does good because it is good to do good. But, we know that we live and move and have our being in relationship with the living God, the Author of Life and of our Salvation. To us this may seem obvious, but to our young students it is ground-breaking stuff. Our tradition holds us and God in relationship as we study theology.



The National Education Curriculum for Religious Study requires that we teach students “awe and wonder”. This is ridiculous! It is not something that can be taught; it is something that comes about from experience. We fulfil this requirement simply by inviting students to enter the church building. As the young students enter the silent church, you can hear their little gasps of astonishment!

We have a dire situation in the Church of England concerning theology. Preachers can find it difficult to say anything about God. They prefer a message that makes our society feel happier, warmer and fluffier inside. But our tradition holds before us a different way of doing theology: where the doctrines of the Church are the fruits of prayerful pondering and meditations, where the writings of the saints inspired and celebrated the beautiful revelations of God that touched people’s hearts and minds. These writings inspire but also hold us to account; they give nourishment but also guide us along the narrow path.

In the academic world we often hear a kind of critical theology that can be brutal and is not nourishing. Or we can end up reading an academic theology so dry that no one is inspired. It saddens me deeply that scripture itself is not being given a chance to nurture God’s children.

Question: How can we engage theologically with scripture and share our insights and meditations?

2. Prayer:

In England we have a problem, our priests, and therefore our laity, do not know how to pray. Actually that is not quite true: their prayer life does not mature. This is because wisdom and experience about prayer are not easily found. One consequence of a throw-away society is that people’s staying power is very weak,



and so they discard the tradition before they have even scratched the surface to discover its wisdom.

Children are taught to pray simple prayers, “God bless Mummy; God bless Daddy” - and that is right to learn as children - but as they grow up their prayer needs to develop and they need good spiritual care as this happens. It does not happen where clergy do not know how to pray. And so, the children stop coming to church and their relationship with God falters, and at school they develop a misunderstanding of God, as explained above: by our own failings in prayer we spectacularly fail our children. I am deeply thankful for the elderly priest in my parish who encouraged the children to pray. He would listen to me talk to him about my prayer and relationship with God. And in our teenage years he was there to help us wrestle with God, as we wrestled with our parents!

Question: How can I find opportunities to enable others to grow as people of prayer?

3. Symbols and Externals:

We all know that the Gospel looks like something. Our outward actions are signs to others of the transforming nature of the Gospel that takes place within. Our tradition is communicated and witnessed to by signs that others see; they may seem peculiar, but are the outward signs of a life of grace. This is sacrament, and that is what our tradition hands over to us - a way of being transfigured by love, of being made holy by the Holy Lord. Over the centuries our tradition has developed symbols, rituals, gestures, clothes that speak to us and to others of the life that we are living. This is not because we wish to show others how great we are, or stand out so that others can admire us (though the sin of clericalism never seems far off!). Religious Life is rich in symbols. As a swimmer puts on her wetsuit to swim in the sea, so we take up the outward symbols of our tradition - a happy consequence of the Religious Life to which we are called, and we must not



be embarrassed or ashamed by that. Liturgists speak of the shrinkage of symbols from worship because of convenience. Other outward signs disappear because, like the rest of the world, we have become too self-conscious. We have Anglican clergy who do not wear their clerical collars because they do not want to appear different, or to offend others! When tradition is lived well, it becomes a mystery into which we enter and submerge ourselves, where God and neighbour are our focus, not ourselves. Therefore entering into the monastic milieu of the living tradition is the antidote to self-conscious, individualistic selfish preoccupations about ourselves.

Question: What has disappeared that could be restored so as to help our focus toward God. What symbols, rituals, gestures, clothes (however peculiar!) speak to others of the joy that is found only in God?

Concluding words:

Mine, and younger generations, are accused of being lost, selfish, disobedient, unstable, uncommitted, wayward - the list is endless... And it is true that we have lost meaning and seek to fill the empty space inside by chasing after the wrong things. But it cannot be totally our fault that we are like this. We are living with the consequences of the actions of previous generations. Religious Life has held more firmly to its traditions. It has much to offer the people of God, who seek the wisdom of a way of Life that connects them with ground beneath their feet. Religious Life still brings people closer to God. May every Religious find the grace and confidence to live joyfully the life to which they are called, and offer to our Church, and to the world, a witness to the fullness of Life found only in Jesus Christ.

Jacob Pallett CR

[A version of this article was delivered as a talk to the International Interconfessional Congress of Religious at the Casteller Ring Community at Schwanberg, near Würzburg in August.]

President Crocodile in Zimbabwe



For a few days we hoped things would be otherwise! Robert Mugabe and his dreadful wife had been removed. Would a new unity government emerge? Would the new president Mnangagwa turn out to be reformist, despite his past? His nickname is Crocodile. As a friend's maid said "There used to be two crocodiles in the river. Now there is only one. Is it safe to cross the river?" Mnangagwa is like Mugabe. He and the army are responsible for massive human rights violations over 40 years. They have been largely responsible for keeping Mugabe and ZANU-PF in power. They haven't changed their spots. His new cabinet is of his own faction within the Party. That is not good news.

Yet it is not all bad news. We have been praying for change in Zimbabwe, and now there is change. We pray for the right kind of change, and maybe this is it:

- Mugabe has gone and will not be back. Nothing good could happen until he went. His wife may try to make a comeback but she lacks support;
- Mnangagwa does not have the Mugabe charisma. He was not the leader who brought the country to independence. He does not have the kind of adulation Mugabe got within Africa. The Zimbabwean people do not like him. He is in power because of the army. He is not secure;
- This could cause him to crack down on all opposition. We must pray that does not happen;
- It could encourage him to seek support wherever he can find it, and he

will only get that if he does give us free elections. These would probably result in the defeat of ZANU-PF;

- Africa does not like army coups, having seen too much of the harm they cause. He will struggle for support in Africa if it is clear that the army are really in power.



Mugabe with Mnangagwa above and with the army below.

- The country needs to return to the rule of law and the constitution. We need to pray also for the opposition: Tendai Biti, David Coltart, Joyce Mujuru, Morgan Tsvangirai, Nelson Chamisa. Morgan needs to retire from MDC; the others need to bring the opposition together into a single grouping.



- We need to pray that change, as it comes, will be peaceful. It is probably due to our prayers that it has been peaceful so far. We have all seen the tragedy of the Arab Spring which started with such joy and so quickly turned sour.
- We need to pray that change will be slow, incremental and organic. Then it will last.



Stop Press From Zimbabwe December 17:

All is calm here. There is an atmosphere of cautious hope. The business world has improved as more money has become available. There are practically no police road blocks.

It is really important to pray for President Mnangagwa. So far signs are good. He got rid of the Indigenisation policy which frightened away investment. Some of the notable thieves in the previous administration are being brought to justice. There needs to be justice to get back the millions of dollars stolen by the government and Mugabe himself.

It is important to reform the Electoral Commission. At the moment it is controlled by ZANU-PF. There are thousands of dead people's names on the list, whose votes can be used to rig the elections. Thousands who should be on the lists are not.

Without being pious (!) one is very aware in Zimbabwe that it hangs on a knife edge. There is goodwill and hope and there needs to be prayer based on that hope that God is acting and wants to bring us through to a new order.

Nicolas Stebbing CR

Monsignor Augustine Hoey Obl. OSB

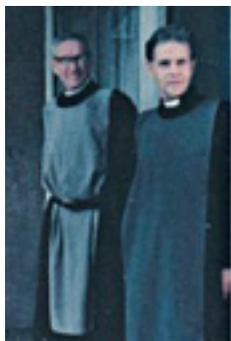
I have been a professed brother with Augustine in the Community of the Resurrection for just about half his long life. I came to know him well after my profession in December 1968 when I was sent for a few months to the Royal Foundation of St Katharine where Augustine had recently taken up residence as the Prior and Master. He was busy making the place comfortable for the small group of brethren and sisters as well as the large number of guests. Parts of the building were full of noise and brick dust. Lovely furnishings were being purchased. Augustine believed in keeping the place warm and with all the lights on, as one would expect in a good hotel. Nothing troubled him as he glided from one task to another



Years later I visited Augustine's spacious flat in a huge Council block in Hulme, Manchester, where he had established a house of prayer. It was the concrete desert which appealed to Augustine as a modern 'desert father'. He prayed the seven offices. Mattins was said in the night because he said that it is then when people most need God's help for all kinds of reasons. Augustine

persevered in this dreary setting, often alone, but he believed it was what God wanted him to do.

After some years two other members of the Community volunteered to join Augustine and so they moved to Sunderland to a redundant vicarage where once again he set up house. As one might expect it was beautifully but simply appointed and it was rigorously kept in that condition. Guests who stayed were required to help with the cleaning. One visitor described it as ‘holy housekeeping’. The contemplative life includes chores as well as prayer!



Alexander and Augustine

After Augustine was received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Basil Hume he lived at Charterhouse in London for a short time. I visited him there in his two small, dark rooms in what had been the former Carthusian monastery. Later he moved to the clergy house attached to Westminster Cathedral, which was more convenient for priestly ministry. He spent many hours in the confessional. He told me that penitents preferred the anonymity but few wanted spiritual direction, just absolution! Eventually he moved to St Peter’s Residence in Vauxhall where he was given a four-roomed apartment and was able to say Mass very early, every day. When I went to visit him he was recovering from a bad fall down a flight of stairs that would have probably killed most people. He was a tough old man! I saw Augustine on the television news, greeting Pope Benedict who was visiting the nuns and residents during his State Visit.

The last time I saw Augustine was in Walsingham on 25th May, 2015, when I travelled there with students from the College of the Resurrection for the Anglican National Pilgrimage. After Mass in the Abbey grounds I went to the house in the Friday Market where Augustine was living. It was a bitterly cold day and as he welcomed me he held out to me a glass of whisky. He was dressed in striking clericals: black cassock with purple buttons, a purple cincture and purple socks. On the wall of his sitting room were two framed letters; one from Pope Francis appointing him a Monsignor and the other from Pope Benedict congratulating him on his hundredth birthday.

We talked together for about an hour. He reminisced particularly about some of the missions he had led. He recalled with delight people’s reaction to the tableaux enacted



Augustine and Archbishop Rowan Williams



Augustine and Crispin

by members of the visiting team and parishioners to accompany his preaching. When it was time to leave we walked together into the High Street and joined the procession of our Lady up to the Abbey for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Augustine looked very splendid in his long black coat and round priest's hat, adorned with red and gold cords round the crown and two red pompoms. When we arrived for the service Augustine stood throughout, though I, twenty years' younger, had to sit down. Many people came up to greet him before he walked back home. When he was in Walsingham he worshipped at the parish church and the Anglican shrine as well

as in the Catholic parish church and the Slipper Chapel. For him prayer for the end of the scandal of disunity was vital.

Augustine died at St Peter's Residence in Vauxhall on 26th September 2017. Our Monsignor Robert Mercer, who concelebrated, Brother Steven Haws and I, represented the Community at his funeral in Westminster Cathedral on 20th October. Cardinal Vincent Nichols presided assisted by some eighty priest-concelebrants. The Administrator of the cathedral, Canon Christopher Tuckwell, preached and included a graceful tribute to Augustine's long membership of CR. The lovely music included the traditional plainsong, Latin propers for a Requiem, Gabriel Faure's Sanctus, Pié Jesu and Agnus Dei, and hymns chosen by Augustine himself: Jerusalem the golden, Let all mortal flesh keep silent, Tell out my soul the greatness of the Lord. As we followed the coffin out of the cathedral the organ burst out with Widor's Toccata celebrating a beautiful life and a splendid send-off. All who wished were able to give a final sprinkling of the coffin in the hearse before it left. His ashes have fittingly been laid to rest in the cemetery of the Anglican parish church in Walsingham where Augustine himself had preached a mission in 1951.

May he rest in peace and rise in glory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Crispin Harrison CR

Companions CR

RIP

Frank Crowe

Jack & Sheila Hoxley

New Companions

Claire Scargill

CR Companions' and Friends' Lenten Quiet Day

at the Church of St. George the Martyr,
Borough High Street, London, SE1 1JA.
on Saturday 17th February 2018, 10am to 4pm.

with

The Rev'd. Iain McKillop, Priest and Artist



Fr. Iain's talks will be based on his studies of the history of the Stations of the Cross. The day will include a Eucharist celebrated by the Very Rev'd. Andrew Nunn, Dean of Southwark.

All are welcome.

Please bring a packed lunch. Tea and coffee will be provided.

To book a place please send a cheque for a non-refundable deposit of £10 per person made out to 'V.M. Dixon', including your name, address, telephone number and email (if applicable). A further £10 voluntary donation will be encouraged on the day to help cover our host church's costs.

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Blessing of the St Wilfrid and St Cuthbert doors in the Resurrection Chapel *St Lucy's Day, December 13th 2017.*



Photo: Mark Russell

St Wilfrid strides out on one of his overseas journeys, while pointing to a shimmering Hostel of the Resurrection.

St Cuthbert, coming out of the sea, finds his feet being dried by two otters.



These panels were painted by Lorraine Lamond and donated by former students of the Hostel of the Resurrection, Leeds.



Book Reviews

The Churchwarden Margery Roberts, i2i Publishing, 2017,
Isbn: 978-0-9954805-8-2. £8.95.



This novel, Margery Roberts' first, is a fascinating *roman a clef* about life in a city parish. In some ways I found it reminiscent of the novels of Barbara Pym, though written fifty years later. It takes us into a world of High Church Anglicanism, church politics, and power struggles between the key players in the parish of St Benet-by-the-Wall. It is a far darker book, however, than any of Pym's.

St Benet's is so lovingly described that one can almost picture it and some might speculate that it is based upon St Mary-le-Strand in central London. It is an exquisite eighteenth century church which is deeply important to the central character, Christopher Jamieson, the Churchwarden. The church seems almost to become one of the characters of the novel, to have a personality of its own, in the way that it becomes a vehicle for the projections of the people who worship and work within it and whose lives revolve around it. For none of them is this more true than for Christopher.

In many ways this novel is a character study of one man. Christopher is portrayed as socially and emotionally isolated. I frequently found myself speculating both about what he might be like as a client in psychotherapy – not that I think he would go near such a thing – or what he would be like to sit with at dinner. He has one close friend, the loyal and compassionate Max, but other than that his life seems devoid of significant emotional attachments apart from St Benet's, which almost seems to stand in for everything he lacks. He is fatally prickly and, although it is clear that he wishes for and can appreciate friendship, he frequently repels it by his ill temper. He has particular difficulties with women. We see on a few occasions that he can appreciate young, pretty women, but middle-aged and above all *powerful* women are a problem to him. He is dismissive about a female priest he sees as being 'mumsy'. He dislikes the tendency he perceives for women to intrude into his emotional life 'with their concerned faces'. This happens a lot with Caroline, his fellow churchwarden. Even the women who polish the brass in the church get it wrong – too much polish – and he has to sort it out himself. Hints are dropped about how he has come to be as he is – a cold mother, a thwarted father, a home atmosphere in which emotional expression of any kind was impossible. He says at one point that he cannot imagine how they ever managed to reproduce. The people

around him seem to feel a mixture of compassion and exasperation in response to him, which is what I as a reader tended to feel too. It is as though there is always a better man struggling to emerge but never quite managing it.

Things all come to a head when the parish, lacking its very able and charming priest who has gone on to grander things, and with numbers dwindling and finances in a pickle, is threatened with takeover by a neighbouring evangelical church. All of this is anathema to Christopher with his love of ritual and vestments, but it is as though his very identity is under threat. This part of the novel is a portrayal of an emotional crisis that makes painful reading. The ending comes as quite a shock.

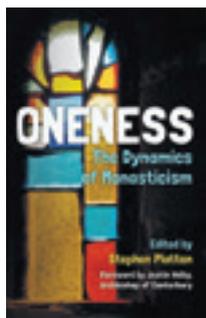
Ideally a church is a loving community of equals and this novel portrays truly difficult dynamics within a parish. This is often the reality, though mostly not to the extent portrayed here. Every church has its difficult people. That is human nature for you – hopefully improved by grace but still far from perfect.

There is much to intrigue in this book – look out for the ‘secret’ altar frontal – and much suspense to keep the reader gripped, but do not expect to come away from it feeling cheerful.

Catriona Wellesley

Oeness: The Dynamics of Monasticism.

Stephen Platten (editor). SCM Press. ISBN 978-0-3340553-2-7



About halfway down the cloister at the hermitage of Shepherd's Law in Northumbria there hangs a small wooden sculpture of Noah's Ark. Visiting the hermitage for the first time during the floods of January 2016 (and in the hammering rain), the resonance of this little object was difficult to miss. After all, here was a project that had come about — with no small chopping of wood and measuring of cubits — through the single-minded devotion of one man over the course of nearly fifty years, who, like Noah, believed he had heard the call of God, and which, at its inception (and even in its present, RIBA award-winning state), many might regard as an eccentricity, if not an outright vanity project.

For those of this mind it might be tempting to see Brother Harold Palmer as merely the latest in a long tradition of (predominantly male) cranks, whose obsessions have long since outgrown their garden sheds, figures like Ferdinand Cheval, the French postman who built the astonishing *Palais Idéal* out of stones picked up on his daily round of deliveries.

That it would be a profound mistake to look on Shepherd's Law with this kind of fond condescension is what the essays in this book are designed to demonstrate. In reality, this much should be clear from the 'List of Contributors' alone, which includes among its number two Archbishops of Canterbury, two Superiors of religious communities, and some of the most eminent scholars of religion in the country. Nevertheless, the lion's share of the book is devoted to demonstrating just how peculiar it is, historically and theologically speaking, that the existence of Shepherd's Law should strike any of us as peculiar.

The real anchor of the book, however, are the three chapters provided by Fr George Guiver. Perhaps the most valuable of the many vivid images contained in these chapters is that of the religious community as a 'microclimate'. The great benefit of this analogy is the subtlety of relationship it suggests between a microclimate and its surrounding climate since the question of the relationship between places like Shepherd's Law and the wider Church is one of great contemporary relevance. Are we to believe, with the American journalist Rod Dreher, author of *The Benedict Option*, that the future of the Church in the West is to withdraw into increasingly enclosed communities of Christian practice, or is there still hope for the climate at large?

Whatever the answer to this question, it seems likely that the affinity between places like Shepherd's Law and 'Noye's shippe' may yet prove deeper than we realise.

Charlie Annis

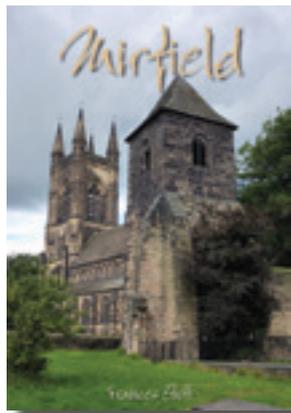
former student of the College of the Resurrection,
currently at Oldham Parish Church

Dear Editors,

I would be grateful if you could publish details of my book on *Mirfield* as unfortunately incorrect details were included in CRQ.

My book is available from myself at Greenfield House Publications, 27 Woodland Park, Royton, Oldham, Lancashire, OL2 5UY

The book is priced at £25 plus £3.50 UK P&P (overseas on request via greenfieldhousepublications@outlook.com). If you live locally to Mirfield it is



also available from Mirfield Library and two shops: Oops a Daisy and Mirfield News.

Thank you

Frances Stott

Frances is author also of *'The Church of the Resurrection: a Pictorial History'*, recently published at £6.00 and available from Mirfield Publications.



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Please send articles for consideration for the CR Review to the editors at least 5 weeks before the issue date.

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