

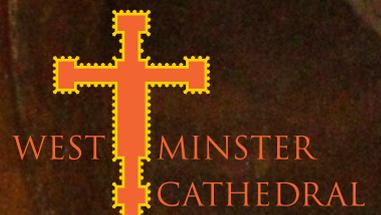
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Oremus

Westminster Cathedral Magazine



St Elizabeth of Portugal is venerated for her practical devotion, both in almsgiving and as a peacemaker



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Oremus, the magazine of Westminster Cathedral, reflects the life of the Cathedral and the lives of those who make it a place of faith in central London. If you think that you would like to contribute an article or an item of news, please contact the Editor.

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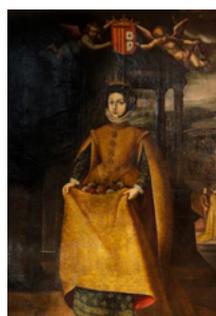
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Herself the great niece of a saint (her namesake, Elizabeth of Hungary), Elizabeth of Portugal (1282-1325) was engaged to be married at the age of 10, although the marriage itself took place a number of years later. From childhood she led a devout life and became noted for her acts of charity alongside her founding of several convents and institutions for care of the sick and needy. As a Franciscan Tertiary she spent her last years with the Poor Clares, in whose convent at Coimbra her relics are kept. Twice during her life she personally prevented wars, on one occasion riding out on a mule and stationing herself between armies drawn up for battle. In art she is generally depicted as demonstrating the 'Bread to Roses' miracle.

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A Homily for Priest Jubilarians

Cardinal Vincent Nichols

A Mass for those celebrating Jubilees of Ordination since the beginning of the pandemic was celebrated in the Cathedral on 24 May.

The prayers of the Masses we celebrate during Eastertide often speak of the joy that fills our hearts at the Resurrection of our Lord. This is, indeed, the season of joy. And today, as we celebrate these anniversaries of priestly ordination that joy is as overflowing as ever. Today's prayer, while it does not speak of Easter joy, does ask: 'that we may receive in truth a share in the Resurrection of Christ, your Son'. And the Gospel reading, from the Gospel of St John, spells out how that sharing may take place.

This passage from St John has often puzzled me: the threefold ways in which the world is wrong. What exactly is meant here? Remember, the text speaks of the coming of the Advocate who 'when he comes, he will show the world how wrong it was, about sin, about who was in the right (or righteousness) and about judgement.' (John 16: 8-10). What does this mean? Well, the key phrase is translated in various ways. It can be 'he will show the world how wrong it was', or 'he will convict the world concerning', or 'he will bring to light the condemnation of the world', or 'he will prove the world to be wrong' about sin, about righteousness and about judgement. I think that this triple 'condemnation', or 'conviction', or 'proving wrong the world' actually takes us to the heart of John's Gospel and its central challenge. Basically, this Gospel constantly asks us this one question: where do you stand about Jesus, about who he is and where he is from? Answer that question and the rest makes sense.

So, the world is wrong about sin because the only lasting sin is to reject Jesus and to fail to stand with him. Life without his Spirit, or set against the Spirit, is dead at its source, for such sin brings only death. To stand with him is to share in his risen life. The world is wrong about righteousness or fulfilment, because true fulfilment never comes from the law, from conformity, or from success, or from accrued wealth, but only from the victory of Jesus and from his Father, to whom he is now returning in glory. This fulfilment is our heritage. The world is so often wrong about judgement because the only judgement that matters is the one that comes before God and those that reflect that truth. No other opinion matters at all. No other judgement lasts beyond a fashion. Those princes of this world, who set themselves to stand in a godless judgement over others, are a sham for Jesus who, condemned by them to death, has overthrown that judgement and replaced it with his mercy. In this, too, we pray to share.

Today's Gospel, then, and our anniversary celebrations, ask one thing of us: to be renewed in our focus on the Lord, on him alone, through thick and thin, through trouble and in joy. Today we try to focus again on his call, the call that has shaped our lives and brought us to this day. We focus on thanking him for this great privilege, the privilege of his using our hands, our voices, our hearts to be instruments of his grace and mercy. What greater calling and ministry can there be? Today we look afresh to our future, whatever it may hold, that he may always be at its centre, as our heartbeat, our soul's desire, our constant and never-failing love.

In recent days, a question has been put before me. What gives life to us priests, especially in these times that have been difficult and disruptive? What gives us life? In response, I return to one of our Easter readings, from the Book of Revelation, a reading that contains one of my most cherished images of all. Here it is. Here is what gives us life.



'Then he, the angel, showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb, through the middle of the street of the city; On either side of the river, the tree of life with its twelve crops of fruit in a year, yielding its fruit each month, and the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations' (Rev 22:1-3).

So today, as here we gather around that throne in our Easter joy, let us be refreshed, healed and made fruitful by these waters of life, this gift of the Spirit, given to us constantly at the hand of the Lord. Amen.

Fr John writes



Dear Parishioners, Friends and Readers of Oremus

Clergy House sounds superficially quieter than usual as I write this, but there is a clue to its cause on the Administrator's door – a notice which bids one enter at one's own peril, illustrated by a fierce-looking virus. At the weekend, the Administrator, Fr Michael Donaghy and I all tested

positive for Covid-19, a sharp reminder that although much normality has returned, the unwelcome visitor has yet to depart. *Oremus*, of course, sets its own timetable and attempts to cock a snook at sickness, so the office has been in action to prepare this edition, not all editing being easily undertaken in a horizontal position on the sofa. Anyway, the positive clergy are keeping an eye on their tests and hope to be in public action for the coming busy end of June, when so many feasts resemble nothing so much as a whole fleet of London buses arriving simultaneously at a stop.

It seems best to use this editorial to alert you to two forthcoming events of significance for the Cathedral. First, from Saturday 3 to Monday 5 September, we shall be hosting the relics of St Bernadette, which are being brought on tour around the UK. It is anticipated that they will arrive in time for an 11am Mass on the Saturday and will then depart after the 8am Mass on the Monday morning. To be sure, it will make for a busy Sunday, but we want as many as possible to be able to share in the blessing which the visit will bring. St Bernadette was the unlikely one – impoverished and uneducated – to whom Our Lady chose to appear at Lourdes and to make her the apostle for what was to become the great Shrine. Blessed Mary chose well, for Bernadette had a depth of character and a particular simplicity which carried her through many trials to sanctity.

Rather later in the Autumn, on Friday 28 and Saturday 29 October, we have the much-delayed visit to the Cathedral of Our Lady of Walsingham, to complete the Dowry Tour during which the image visited each Catholic Cathedral in England, until the pandemic brought a halt, with Westminster alone left unvisited. There has been some impatience to complete the Tour and we will be glad to welcome Our Lady here at last. Appropriately, the Saturday is the diocesan feast of the Blessed Martyrs of Douai College, the seminary that sent so many priests back to this country to keep alive during the years of persecution the knowledge and practice of the Catholic Faith and of devotion to Christ's Mother.

Details of both these events will feature in the September *Oremus*, to which you can look forward on return from what will, I hope, have been a good summer break.

Fr John Scott

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Inter-parochial Co-operation

Linda McHugh

Just over two years ago, I wrote an article for *Oremus* about the Trafalgar Square refreshment hub. This was at the very beginning of the pandemic and the lockdowns; and the hub operated at a time where there were effectively no other services of its kind catering for the needs of the homeless. What made the project different was who was running it: not the Council nor an established provider of homeless services, but a newly-formed group called Central London Catholic Churches (CLCC) made up of volunteers from Farm Street, Holy Apostles in Pimlico, Our Most Holy Redeemer in Chelsea and Westminster Cathedral.

I would have expected the CLCC project to have lasted a few months at most but, over two years later we are still here, albeit offering something rather different to our homeless guests. We have noticed a growth in what one might term borderline homelessness or food poverty; people who technically have somewhere to sleep, be it on someone's sofa or in a hostel, but who do not have the money to buy decent meals on a regular basis because they are not in receipt of benefits. One of our regular women guests has been sleeping in a friend's garage for the last two years.

In October 2020, CLCC turned itself into a twice-weekly lunch service based in the London Jesuit Centre at Farm Street. It had become apparent that what people wanted was not just emergency provisions, as at the refreshment hub, but somewhere to provide a focal point in their lives. They need a safe place where they can sit and rest for a couple of hours, meet people they know – important for many given their loneliness and isolation – and recharge their batteries literally and metaphorically (most homeless people use a mobile phone as their only means of communication).

We can refer people to particular services, arrange for them to get showers or new clothes and generally signpost them to specialist providers. We have just run a successful job fair and we provide creative writing and *lectio divina* courses for our guests on a regular basis. Some participate in these activities, some want to be left alone, but others really enjoy the opportunity to talk to our volunteers. Many of the same people come to our lunch services week in, week out and so we get to know them, even to the extent of knowing how they like their tea or coffee. This personalised service is an important component of our total offering and guests have made it clear that they value it highly.

They also value highly the calibre of the food that we serve! We do not cook anything ourselves, but bring it in from restaurants. We also have a very simple approach to

menu planning. By popular demand, every Wednesday we serve fish and chips, with rolls and butter, fruit and apple pie and cream to follow, accompanied by as many cups of tea and coffee and biscuits as guests want. On Saturday, it is pizza and salad.

The cast of volunteers has changed over the last two years but we have a strong contingent from Westminster Cathedral. We range in age from 21 – 85 and come from all walks of life; we even have Bertie, our therapy dog, a great favourite with guests. We are always looking for new volunteers so, if you are interested in helping, please contact me to find out more. (lindaemchugh@gmail.com).

At the moment, what we also need is money. When set up initially, we received donations from individuals, SVP groups and a grant from the Cardinal's Lenten Appeal. That money has long since been spent and we need urgently to raise funds to keep CLCC going. All our staff are volunteers and we pay no overheads at the Jesuit Centre. Nonetheless, we have to buy the food that we serve to the 90+ people who have lunch with us each week and we now need to raise £1,500 per week to keep going, given the way that food prices are rising. The Cathedral's parishioners have a strong tradition of responding generously to appeals to help the homeless and I hope that you can help us ensure that this unique project, offering food and friendship, can continue to support those for whom it is so important.



CLCC Volunteers



Bertie, also a Volunteer

How you can help the CLCC homeless project

On-line banking:

Bank: NatWest, Piccadilly

Sort code: 60-02-20

Account Name: Farm St Church

Account number: 04835891

As a reference, please quote CLCC

Cheques should be sent to Patricia Morgan, Farm St Church
114 Mount Street, London W1k 3AH. Please make your cheque payable to Farm St church and write CLCC on the back.

The Power of Forgiveness

Ismaele Conte



Maria Goretti photographed in 1902, the year of her martyrdom

St Maria Goretti (feast day 6 July), was martyred on that day in 1902 at the age of 12, perhaps to show us that there is no such thing as being too old or too young to live a saintly life. Her assassin stabbed her 14 times as she would not give herself to him, solely for love of God. Brought to hospital, her family realised she would not survive; her mother kept watch at her bedside. In a moment of lucidity, soon

before she died, she forgave her assassin, telling her mother: 'Out of Love for Jesus, I forgive him; I want him to be with me in Paradise'. Alessandro, her assassin, once out of prison, reconciled with Maria's family, and after much discernment joined a Capuchin monastery becoming a friar.

Maria is a gift from God to us all: her life is a reminder of the very words that Christ spoke from the cross: 'Forgive them, for they do not know what they do'. Let us look at her life to remember that being Christian means to love our neighbour and our enemies alike: 'For if you love those who love you, what reward will you get? You must therefore be perfect, just as your heavenly Father is perfect'. Alessandro's radical change of direction is an example of how, through forgiveness, it is possible to build rather than destroy, and to bring even our persecutors to Christ, who makes everything possible: even for us, through his spirit, to strive for and to reach perfection, love and unity.

A typical dish from the region in which Maria was born, is that of 'Olives all'Ascolana'. You will need:

- 250gr large pitted green olives; 125gr mince (either beef, pork or a mix); and 2 eggs
- Salt, pepper, parmesan and nutmeg to taste
- Frying oil, Breadcrumbs and flour to bread them and deep fry them
- Stuff the olives with a mixture made with the mince, one egg, parmesan, nutmeg and salt and pepper, then dredge them in flour, pass them in beaten egg and finally roll them in breadcrumb.

Deep fry them, serve them as hot as possible with lemon wedges and bless the Lord for his abounding Love!

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Medieval Mass-going

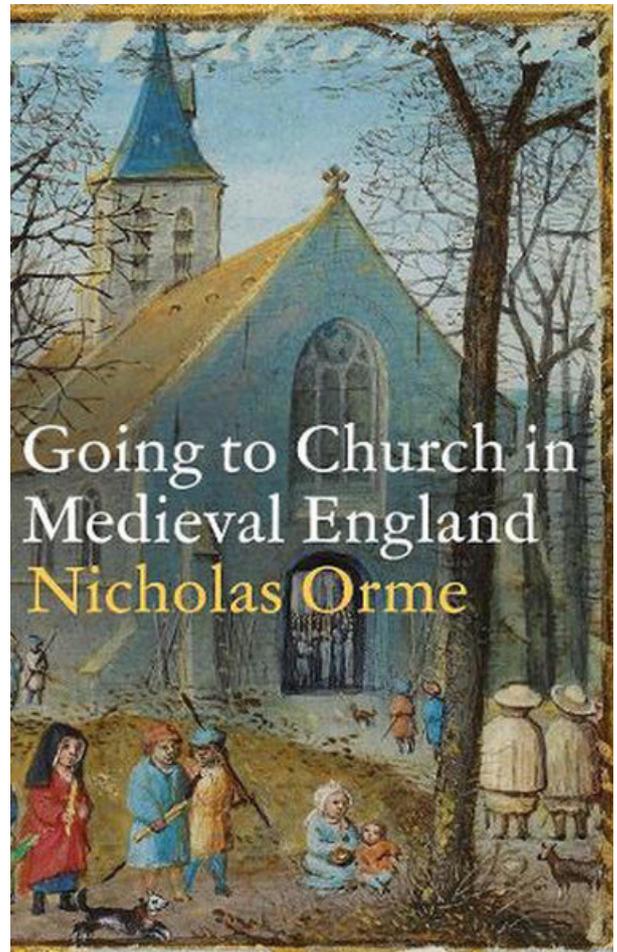
Professor Andrew Sanders

Going to Church in Medieval England, Nicholas Orme; Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 2021; ISBN 978-0300-0-25650-5

Sunday worshippers at Westminster Cathedral would find much that remains familiar in the kind of Mass that would have been offered in an English parish church in the centuries before the Reformation. Then the entire service would have been in Latin, but the shape, the ritual gestures and the major elements of the Eucharist would be recognisable. That said, every other aspect of mediaeval worship in England would now seem strangely alien. Long before the reforms initiated by the Second Vatican Council, radical changes in the nature of the clergy and in Catholic worship and practice had become normal.

Most vitally distinctive was the liturgy itself. As Nicholas Orme points out in his excellent book, parish churches used liturgies which had originally stemmed from those used in the metropolitan cathedrals. For dioceses in the northern province of York, worship was pretty consistently based on what happened in York Minster, a church served by secular canons. In the southern province of Canterbury, however, things were more complicated. Canterbury Cathedral was a monastic establishment and the elaborate pattern of the worship of the monks was difficult to replicate in a parish church. As a consequence, churches in the southern province most commonly used liturgies originally devised in the diocese of Hereford or, more commonly, in the newly-constructed cathedral at Salisbury. This 'Sarum Rite', together with all other local rites in Europe, disappeared in the mid-16th century superseded by the uniform 'Tridentine' liturgy imposed by the Council of Trent. The same was true of the rest of Catholic Europe, but, as Nicholas Orme points out, the newly de-Catholicised parish churches of England now had a distinctively uniform vernacular liturgy imposed on them in the shape of the steadily revised Books of Common Prayer of the 1540s and 60s.

A medieval worshiper was, as far as we can tell, largely a passive figure. His or her parish church was served by a priest who was often assisted by a clerk. Both men were supposedly adept at Latin. Virtually everything they did or said in church was in the Latin language. They preached rarely but they used their pulpits to read pronouncements, marriage banns and notices. In richer churches, notably those in towns,



there were more clergy, including chantry priests, who assisted with a form of eucharistic worship performed in the chancel (their congregants being excluded from personal participation by a rood screen). Liturgical responses seem to have been the preserve of clerks or choirmen allowed behind the screen.

Apart from leading daily worship, a parish priest was required to teach the elements of faith and perhaps to offer instruction in Latin. In Lent in particular, he heard confessions and, it seems, used the act of confession to ascertain the extent of his people's knowledge of the Creed, the Paternoster and the Ave Maria (all still exclusively in Latin). Parishioners only received Holy Communion at Easter, and, if they were privileged, at Christmas. They knelt, stood, or perhaps sat, in the nave of their church barely responding to what was going on in the chancel and rarely ever entering it. Baptisms

were at the font and required complete immersion in all weathers (though Orme records one instance of the baptismal water being heated with a hot iron from the local forge). Weddings took place in the church porch, a practice still remembered in the number of substantial mediaeval porches that survive. A parish priest was probably most at one with his parishioners when he led the regular processions at the feasts of the Ascension and Whitsun and during Rogationtide, either in and around the church or through the parish. These processions held such a notably prominent place in mediaeval worship, accompanied as they were by singing, crosses, banners, statues and portable emblems, such as dragons, that they provoked the wrath of later Protestant authorities. They were amongst first rituals to be suppressed, even though they were vigorous popular demonstrations of village identity.

Perhaps the most significant element of this study of mediaeval worship lies in Orme's accumulation of scraps of often lost or overlooked information gleaned from all over medieval England. We have few direct records of exactly how a parish functioned liturgically and especially of how a congregation conducted itself, since so much was destroyed by the Reformers. It was not only wall paintings, altar fittings, statues and vestments that perished, but so too did books, local traditions and customary observances. Orme uses legal records (often of misbehaviour) as much as surviving church documents and instructions issued by bishops, but he also splendidly marshals references in late mediaeval literature, tellingly using snippets from Chaucer, Langland, Pearl and the Gawain poet. His historical range is broad, covering the period from St Augustine's mission in the sixth century to the advent of the Reformation. He significantly notes that the earliest records of parish worship is of a time when there were no parishes as such. Local worship was centred on 'minsters', not all of them Cathedral churches, but substantial foundations housing multiple priests who were able both to attract worshippers from distant settlements and available to travel out taking the Word and the Sacraments with them. Local churches in later Saxon England seem to have been founded by land-owning families who maintained certain privileges in the subsequent centuries, including seats and tombs in the chancel. Orme's last chapters attempt to examine both the drastic changes in parish life brought about by the Tudors and to acknowledge that there were often odd continuities. As he writes:

The Reformation may be likened to a tide washing over a reef. At the upper level the tide carries all before it, but underneath the reef remains: in historical terms the resistant compound of customs, vested interest and stubborn human natures.

Due to their 'stubborn human nature', Catholic recusants, deprived of their ancestral parishes, had to find new ways of worship and alternative methods of 'going to Church'.

For your Diary – *St Francis of Assisi*

National Gallery



St Francis in Meditation (1635-9) by Francisco de Zurbarán

The first major art exhibition in the UK to explore the life and legacy of St Francis of Assisi (1182-1226), one of history's most inspirational and revered figures, will be staged at the National Gallery next spring. The exhibition presents the art and imagery of St Francis from the 13th century to today and examines how his spiritual radicalism, his commitment to the poor, his love of God and nature, as well as his striving for peace between enemies and openness to dialogue with other religions, make him a figure of enormous relevance to our times.

Curated by National Gallery Director, Gabriele Finaldi, and the Ahmanson Research Associate Curator in Art and Religion at the National Gallery, Joost Joustra, *St Francis of Assisi* brings together paintings from across the National Gallery's collection – by Sassetta, Botticelli, and Zurbarán – with international loans, including Caravaggio's *St Francis of Assisi in Ecstasy* (Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art, Hartford, about 1595), Josefa de Óbidos', *St Francis and St Clare adoring the Christ Child in a Manger* (Lisbon, Private collection, 1647), as well as works by Stanley Spencer, Antony Gormley, and *Arte Povera* artist, Giuseppe Penone. The exhibition will include a new commission from Richard Long (b.1945).

The selected artworks, ranging from medieval painted panels (several predating the earliest paintings in the National Gallery), relics and manuscripts to films and even a Marvel comic book, will throw light on how St Francis has captured the imagination of artists, and how his appeal has transcended time, continents and differing religious traditions. From his native Umbria, his image spread rapidly to become a global phenomenon. From the earliest written biographies by Thomas of Celano and St Bonaventure (13th century) and the first painted altarpieces and murals (notably those attributed to Giotto in the Upper Church of San Francesco at Assisi), Francis' life became both an example worthy of imitation, and a continuous source of artistic fascination. His powerful appeals for peace and human solidarity, his engagement with Islam, and his embryonic environmentalism are themes that still resonate with us today.

The exhibition will be accompanied by a fully illustrated publication and by a rich programme of lectures, events, activities, and digital content, and will run from 6 May – 30 July 2023 in the Ground Floor Galleries, with free admission.

At a Funeral

Fr Chris Clohessy

This homily was preached at the Funeral Mass of the late Berenice Roetheli RIP

Imagine that you were given five minutes, strictly five and no more, to speak to a child, still enwrapped in its mother's womb, to tell that child something of crucial importance and that, just for those five minutes, the child were given the capacity to hear and understand your words, to communicate with you. In those five minutes, you surely wouldn't talk about local or international politics, or the scourge of disease and cures, or the misery of lockdown or the shadows of war. Surely, the first thing you would say to the child is to tell him: 'Don't get too comfortable. Your life in there is not your *real* life: your *real* life will begin at the end of nine months when you will be delivered from there into the world. And I can't begin to describe the excitement, the beauty, the wonders of the world that awaits you! I can't begin to describe to you what laughter is like, or what love feels like, or the sheer splendour of music and art, of mountains and seas. Just you wait. You'll soon be here, in this glorious world, this glorious new life that awaits you'. There's a good chance the baby won't believe you. Why should he? He is perfectly comfortable, warm and well fed. He has absolutely no evidence of what you are promising, not a single scrap of evidence of any other life outside of the life he is now living. But it doesn't matter whether he believes you or not, doesn't matter whether there is evidence or not. The life of which you speak exists. As does that life of which we speak when we talk of the resurrection.

Because we believe the resurrection, that instant in which God, leaning in low over our lives, catches us as we fall one last time and scoops us up into the resurrection. Berenice believed in it too. So did those eyewitnesses at the very beginning, ordinary fishermen and housewives, who contended they had seen, not a phantom, but Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, and they clung to that conviction for the rest of their years, never backtracking: through prison, torture and for many of them, death, but never backtracking. They could not have endured that, not all of that, if it were a story they had created around the fire together one evening to fool their friends. In 1972 a scandal called 'Watergate' erupted. It ensnared some of the most powerful men in the world, and yet with all their resources and skill, with all their spin doctors and personal assistants, they could not keep the story going for more than a few months. The housewives and fishermen, hardly the world's most powerful or resourceful, eyewitnesses to the resurrection, were still preaching its truth 40 and more years after it happened.



We believe in the resurrection. Berenice believed in it too. So did St Paul, who understood that it is utterly crucial: if Jesus did not rise from the dead, then he lied and I would not take seriously anything he said. But if he did rise from the dead, then I can stake my life in his every word and promise. The child in the womb might say: 'Give me evidence!' Our only reply is: 'I, who am already living the new life of which I speak, I am the evidence!' In the same way, if we ask Jesus for proof

of the resurrection life he promises, he will tell us that he himself, already living the resurrection life, is all the evidence we need, and we can believe him, because his word is trustworthy. The issue on which everything hangs is not whether or not people like his teaching, or even like Jesus: it is whether or not he rose from the dead. We believe it. So did Berenice. St Paul believed it too: *If Christ has not been raised from the dead, he insisted, if this life is all we have to hope in, then we deserve more pity than anyone else in the world.* But we believe in the resurrection. Not a hazy, woolly optimism that somehow things may work out in the end, but a sure and certain hope in the resurrection of the dead. That's why Bach can begin the last chorale of his St John's Passion with the expectant prayer: *Lord Jesus, thine dear angel send, whenever my mortal life shall end and bear my soul to heaven!*

We believe in the resurrection because we cannot but believe those eyewitnesses. And because God has promised it and God's word is true. In a sentence, buried deep in the Old Testament book of Ecclesiastes, the scriptures say that *God has planted eternity in the human heart.* It means that God made us to live forever. That's why we have an inborn instinct that longs to live. Because God designed us like that, wired us that way, in the likeness of God, the bible says, to live for eternity. That is why death is always so abhorrent to us. There are all kinds of things that would be abhorrent to us simply because we were not designed for them. Not designed to fly through the air the as a bird does. Not designed to swim in the sea as a fish does. If we tried to do these things, our whole being would revolt against such a thing, because we were not designed for such behaviour. It is for this reason that

the very idea of death is so abhorrent: with precisely the same gut instinct that warns us off trying to fly like a bird or swim like a fish, we know we are not designed to live a few years and then become extinct. We know this life is not all there is. Like those months in our mother's womb: if anyone had tried to tell us then that the life we were living in the womb was not our real life, that there was more to come, something bigger, something greater, something unimaginable, we would barely have believed them. These years here and now, in these bodies of ours, may seem like the ultimate life to us, but God's word says there's more to come and our gut tells us so too. Our instinct assures us of this because *God has planted eternity in the human heart.*

We believe in the resurrection because we know there are some things in this world that simply cannot be fixed without it – broken things, injustices, fragmented lives too damaged to mend or to be put back together again on this side of life. If justice exists, then injustices must be redressed. If they cannot be redressed here in this life, there must be some other opportunity in which they will be. The truth is that people can endure the most appalling things if they know there is resurrection, if they know that beyond this life there is more life, if they have heard the inner voice of God which whispers: 'There is more to come'.

And we believe in the resurrection because we see people already caught up in it. Resurrection is not just about life after death. It is about a lifestyle, a spirituality here and now. We live resurrection, firstly, by practising dying in small ways: dying to prejudice, dying to harmful opinions, dying to stagnant ideas, scraping off the old layers of one old life and then another. Those linen cloths left behind in the tomb by Jesus remind us that part of the resurrection for our lives is about things in us that have to be left behind if we are to rise, really rise, to a new type of life. And we live resurrection, by practising rising from whatever tomb we have holed ourselves up in or have allowed others to build around us. Scraping off more old layers. And all the while, our lives are lived facing East, the place where the sun rises, until, St Peter writes in his letter, the day dawns and the morning star rises in our hearts.

Our lives are a journey back to the house of the Father. That journey has nothing to do with death and dying, everything to do with how we choose to live every day, nothing to do with our quality of life, everything to do with the quality our lives are adding to the lives of others. We believe in the resurrection. So did Berenice. A flame burned in her for God, and for this house. May the Morning Star which never sets find that flame still burning. How, then, as we accompany her into eternity, can we begin so to live so that our death will be fruitful for others? Is it possible to prepare for our death with the same attentiveness with which our parents prepared for our birth? So did Bach, who ends his chorale: *And when from death Thou wakest me, in bliss untold mine eyes shall see, O Son of God, Thy glorious face, my Saviour and my fount of grace!*

For Those in Peril on the Sea

Stella Maris



© Stella Maris

Sea Sunday (on 10th July) is a special time for seafarers and for *Stella Maris*, the Church's maritime welfare agency, when every year when the whole Catholic Church celebrates and prays for all those who live and work at sea. As a global maritime charity, we provide practical and pastoral support to seafarers and fishers in the UK and around the world, including those affected by the war in Ukraine.

Many seafarers are currently stuck in Ukraine, unable to escape the fighting and running dangerously low on food and medical supplies. Families of seafarers are desperately trying to flee to the border. Ukrainian seafarers around the world are waiting anxiously for news of their loved ones, and fearful of what will happen when their contracts end. In response, *Stella Maris* is making mobile phone SIM cards available to Ukrainian seafarers free of charge. It is providing practical and emotional support to Ukrainian seafarers worried about their situation.

In Odesa, our Ukraine team has remained in the country. They are working with humanitarian agencies to ensure that vital food supplies are delivered to seafarers trapped on ships in the Black Sea, whilst they are also running a soup kitchen to help families of seafarers in the city. Meanwhile families of seafarers, especially wives and children, need assistance to get to the borders, where the refugees can then be helped by the wider *Stella Maris* network across Europe. In Poland, one of our centres is providing emergency accommodation to 50 people, mainly women and children. This facility is a vital source of refuge and respite.

Stella Maris CEO and European Regional Co-ordinator, Martin Foley, underlines how the war in Ukraine is once again highlighting the importance of shipping and seafarers to the world economy: 'We must not forget the war's impact on seafarers and their families. Our chaplains have met Ukrainian and Russian seafarers united in their heartbreak at what is happening. Across the world, we have been working hard to help them keep in contact with their families back home. Listening to the seafarers, their anxiety and weariness is palpable'.

Stella Maris need Catholics throughout the UK to support Sea Sunday and Martin adds: 'We respectfully appeal to readers of *Oremus* to support our ministry with fishers and seafarers at this critical time by praying for them on Sea Sunday and kindly making a donation to support our work through link below. We will be very grateful for any support you can kindly provide'.

To donate online please go to www.stellamaris.org.uk/donate

Image: Chaplain meets with Ukrainian Seafarer

Coming Together in Bury St Edmunds

John Saunders

Benedictine monks joined Catholic and Anglican parishioners in an historic ecumenical celebration of one thousand years since the founding of the Abbey of St Edmund in mid-May, with Bishop Alan Hopes of East Anglia and his Suffolk Anglican counterpart, Bishop Martin Seeley, taking part.

Abbey 1000 is the umbrella name for events being held in Bury St Edmunds to commemorate the millennium. Located in the heart of the town, the abbey was once one of the largest Benedictine monasteries in England. Its remains are extensive and include the complete 14th century Great Gate and Norman Tower, as well as the impressive ruins and altered west front of the immense church. The relics of the martyred Anglo-Saxon king, St Edmund, were moved to this site in 903, and his shrine became a place of pilgrimage. The Abbey of St Edmund itself was dissolved by Henry VIII in 1539.

The founding monks came from Hulme in Norfolk and Ely in Suffolk in 1020. These journeys were retraced by pilgrims who walked from there to St Edmundsbury Cathedral, the latter group arriving at the start of a weekend titled 'Abiding Wisdom', a convention which sought to explore the wisdom of St Benedict and his Rule for 21st century living. The weekend brought together around 100 people, including Catholic and Anglican monks and nuns, some of whom had travelled from Belgium. In brilliant sunshine they were able to undertake a heritage tour with information being supplied by Bury Tour Guides. They were also able to view the steel sculpture of a giant monk (7'6" tall) designed and made by local people, surrounded by mosaics crafted by school pupils depicting the life of St Edmund. Following a keynote address on Saturday, delegates were able to experience a variety of workshops and later to view an online address from Rowan Williams. The evening celebrated the arrival of pilgrims who had that day walked the seven miles from Chevington.

To enable a fulness of shared celebration, the Catholic churches in Bury St Edmunds and Lawshall closed their doors and parishioners instead attended St Edmundsbury Cathedral where Mass was celebrated by Bishop Alan Hopes. His Anglican counterpart Bishop Martin Seeley preached on the inspiration provided to us by St Benedict. This unique occasion was shared by a congregation in excess of 300 and definitely fulfilled one of the aims of *Abbey 1000*, to bring communities together in a climate of friendship. After a short break, a Sung Eucharist was celebrated by Bishop Martin, this time with Bishop Alan preaching, once again highlighting the significance of St Benedict. The Cathedral was well attended by its own parishioners, who were joined by Catholics who had remained for both services.

Guests were able to enjoy the Cathedral's hospitality over lunch and then to view an exhibition of seven Abbey manuscripts in the Treasury, these being on loan from Pembroke College, Cambridge. It is the first occasion since the Abbey's dissolution that the manuscripts have returned to their place of origin and they reflect the brilliance of the monks' script and illustration. The weekend concluded with Sung Vespers in the Cathedral attended by clergy, civic dignitaries and a congregation of more than 200. After the service they processed through the Abbey Gate to the site of the Abbey's crypt, where an address was given by the Rt Rev Geoffrey Scott, Abbot of Douai Abbey, focusing on the spiritual importance of past monastic times and the central importance of St Edmund, who was the patron Saint of England until St George was designated as his replacement in 1348.



The Abbey Gate House

© Richard Cooke

Summing up this historic occasion, Canon David Bagstaff said: 'There was a great feeling of togetherness throughout the weekend and a true sense of connection with those countless Christian pilgrims who have gone before us; but also a sense of responsibility and urgency to continue to hand on the Christian faith in this present time for those who will follow us. What a tremendous weekend – it was worth waiting the extra two years.'



The Angel Hotel, opposite the Gate House

© John Sutton

By the time you read this, many of the events planned will have taken place, but I include the report both as a record of a relatively small community coming together and as a pointer towards a possible day or weekend away. My own day visit to Bury was a disaster really, as I arrived just before a torrential rainstorm, was soaked through by it and spent most of the rest of the day trying to get dry and warm again. However, I saw enough to realise that the town has real charm and interest; I will return, having checked the weather forecast thoroughly next time. Ed.

Red for Victory

Richard Hawker, Head Sacristan

The casual subscriber to the *Cathedral Chronicle* in June 1946 would have read the following entry:

'It is hoped that on Whitsunday we shall see for the first time the new red "Victory" frontal, the cost of which has almost been raised by the Altar Society during the past year.'

It is therefore propitious that 76 years later, almost to the day, that the high altar was adorned on Whitsunday (that is, Pentecost) with the self-same Victory frontal, obviously commissioned to celebrate victory in Europe during the Second World War.

Some may find the colouring somewhat peculiar. There is a tendency in the eyes of the English to think that the only shade of red acceptable is that of the side of a London bus, and many of our red vestments and hangings are in this very 'primary' red. But there is a spectrum of colour, rather than one shade having to fit all situations. Our Victory frontal is of a much more 'tertiary' colour, often referred to as Sarum Red. It is a very successful attempt at harmonizing with the marble in the sanctuary, rather than trying to overpower it. It is also a singularly appropriate colour when one considers our red brick exterior.

Enough theorizing on the subject of colour however; let us turn our attention to the design of the frontal itself. Consistent with many of our altar frontals, the Victory frontal necessarily incorporates a large, simple, strong design, so as to be easily visible and striking from any distance, but especially from the back of the Cathedral. The frontal draws our eyes to the very thing it covers: the altar of sacrifice, the primary focus of our worship of God. The contrasting blue, yellow, and gold appliqué and cord-work help to emphasise the redness of the frontal. These more muted colours allow the red to shine through, without being overpowered, but supported by the ornamentation. This decoration shows highly stylised leaves and bindings, also worked with stitching in the same colours, which helps to provide some depth and texture to what would otherwise be a very flat design. At the centre is a monogram of the Greek letters Chi and Rho: an ancient symbol for Christ.

.....

We see a reasonable amount of this frontal through the year: it is generally used for Pentecost, the Holy Apostles, and the English Martyrs.



The Victory Frontal in use at the Cardinal's Pentecost Mass in Thanksgiving for the Platinum Jubilee

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Storms of Controversy – The Early Mosaics

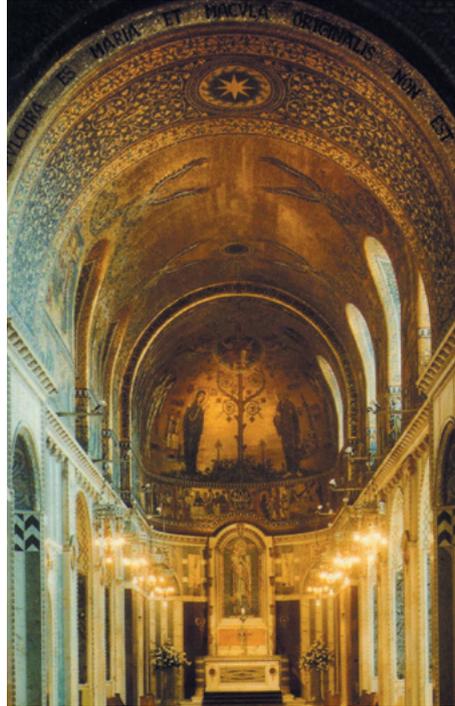
Patrick Rogers

The period 1933-35 witnessed the greatest uproar in the history of the Cathedral. It was all about the new mosaics. The man who instigated and organised the protest was an author and expert on Italy, Edward Hutton. After his death in 1969 his papers were given to the library of the British Institute of Florence, which subsequently granted access to the Cathedral. The papers provide new and revealing insights into what really went on during those troubled years.

When Francis Bourne became Archbishop of Westminster in 1903, the Cathedral was largely devoid of mosaics. After visiting Sicily in 1905, Bourne decided that what he wanted was something resembling the 12th century Norman-Byzantine mosaics of Palermo and Monreale. He continued to be disappointed with the mosaics going up in the Cathedral and believed that this was because they had been designed by non-Catholic artists. But in 1923 he had his portrait painted by a Catholic artist, Gilbert Pownall, and was convinced that at last he had found the man to bring Monreale to Westminster. Pownall was sent to Italy to study the mosaics there and then began his designs, a school of mosaics being established in the Cathedral tower in 1930 to execute them.



Gilbert Pownall and his wife.



Gilbert Pownall's mosaics in the Lady Chapel. Installed 1930-35.



The Flight into Egypt scene in the Lady Chapel.

Pownall's first mosaics were unopposed, the design for a confessional recess being viewed by the Times only as a little too pictorial. Similarly, the mosaic for St Peter's Crypt was, and is, generally considered to be Pownall's best. But before this was completed by the mosaicists, storm clouds were gathering with the unveiling, in February 1932, of the Lady Chapel apse mosaic, described in the Catholic Times as 'sprawling meanly and anaemically over the vault'. Then at the end of 1933 the great blue

Cathedral sanctuary arch mosaic was unveiled. On 7 December the Daily Telegraph published a letter from Edward Hutton in response, introducing him as a critic of Italian and Byzantine art. The letter described the Lady Chapel mosaics as 'meaningless, weak and incoherent' and that on the sanctuary arch as 'seeming to involve the whole great church in little less than ruin'.

But it was not Hutton's letter which caused the furore. It was Cardinal Bourne's furious response in the Cathedral Chronicle of January 1934, in which Pownall was defended and Hutton's credentials as an art critic challenged. The confrontation was immediately taken up in the national press and Hutton had achieved the publicity he needed, writing again in the Telegraph in January to point out that Our Lady in the Lady Chapel had been portrayed as the patron saint of London, thus depriving St Paul of that title. Nevertheless Bourne continued to support Pownall and in July a model for the mosaic decoration of the Cathedral apse was put on display for comment. Again Hutton wrote to the Daily Telegraph, this time describing the model as 'very feeble, ugly and confused in design, without dignity or beauty'. Work on the apse mosaic began in the autumn.

Cardinal Bourne died in January 1935 and Cardinal Hinsley succeeded him. This time Hutton tried a different tack. His papers in Florence reveal that in January 1933 the Burlington Magazine had suggested that he draw up a protest petition signed by influential people. They also show that the publicity he had attracted by 1933-34 had resulted in wide support, including that from two Chaplains at the Cathedral, though one was mainly concerned about the discomfort of the Canons'

stalls. Hutton therefore formed a committee of five and drew up a petition to the new Cardinal, to be signed by leaders of the world of art and architecture, urging Hinsley to stop the work on the mosaics and form a committee of experts to advise him. A preliminary letter (which Hinsley ignored) was followed in August 1935 by the petition signed by the Presidents of the Royal Academy and RIBA, the Directors of the National Gallery, Tate Gallery, Victoria and Albert Museum and many more.



Edward Hutton, aged 92, in 1967.

This time Hinsley responded. It is here that the Hutton papers are the most revealing, for they include an effusive handwritten letter from Hinsley of 4 September 1935 agreeing strongly that a commission of experts should be set up and asking Hutton to convey to those signing the petition the Cardinal's heartfelt thanks for enabling 'me to take up a firm position in this very important question. There can be no doubt that the Cathedral cannot be allowed to be the happy hunting ground of amateur experimentalists'. Hinsley followed this up with a meeting with Hutton and another member of his committee on 23 September, at which Hutton repeated his demands. It is clear from the Cardinal's letters and notes that he had decided that only money specifically so dedicated should be used for decoration and that other available income should go to Catholic schools. But to be so frank with Hutton was a mistake which was to have repercussions.

At the end of October 1935 Hinsley received another letter from Hutton calling for the mosaic work

to be stopped and a committee of experts set up, 'the names for which were submitted to your Grace at your request'. Hutton warned that 'the pressure for public expression in this matter is so strong and widespread that unauthorised publication in some form or another might appear at any time'. On 30 November, in the belief that the contract with Pownall was merely verbal and from year to year, Hinsley suspended work on the mosaics, to the dismay of the former, who claimed he had a contract for another three years. Shortly before 10pm on 2 December, Hinsley's secretary telephoned Hutton with the decision. Hutton records in his notes that (as suspected) he immediately telephoned the press revealing details not only of the petition and of those who had signed it but also of the Cardinal's appreciative response. Next day it was all over the newspapers.

A fortnight later Hinsley issued a statement that the petition had been published without his knowledge or consent. But at the same time the press reported that Pownall's mosaic designs and the school of mosaics had been abandoned. Hutton remained in contact with Hinsley and met with the Cathedral's solicitors regarding the terms of the contract with



Gilbert Pownall's 1931 design for the Cathedral sanctuary arch mosaic.

Pownall who, after initially being sent just £100 in compensation, secured £2,000 in July 1936 after taking steps to sue for breach of contract, a charge which Hinsley was in no position to challenge in open court. It was also Hutton who, soon afterwards, provided Hinsley with the names of three Catholic laymen for the new art advisory committee. The names were accepted and the appointments made in October. Hutton had not nominated himself, but was nevertheless put out at not being invited. He finally became a member in 1938. Meanwhile, Pownall's part-finished apse mosaic was taken down and only the 1939-45 War saved the sanctuary arch. In 1940 a Cosmatesque marble pavement, modelled on that in the Cappella Palatina in Palermo, was unveiled in St Paul's Chapel in the Cathedral. It was designed by Edward Hutton – and Cardinal Hinsley liked it.



Gilbert Pownall's model for the Cathedral apse mosaic.

Thieves, Tombs and Turkey

Fr John Scott

My great-great-great uncles Eli and John continue their voyage on the Nile and report home in letters to Leeds:

In a Boat on the Nile.
Tuesday 9 December 1862.

Dear Father and Mother,

My last letter was written in Cairo immediately before commencing the voyage up the Nile. Now we are fairly launched on this noble River and have been so for a week. We took to our boat and sailed from Cairo a week ago today at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We had the pyramids in full view for some distance and found some interest in the contemplation of these wonderful structures. They were, however, at a considerable distance from us and their magnitude was therefore somewhat subdued.

The River and its associations taken together afford us a large amount of interest and pleasure. There is some degree of monotony about it, but this does not become in any wise wearisome. The climate is sunny, warm (except in the early morning and in the evening when it is somewhat cold) and invigorating. The banks of the river are in some places sandy and desert but mostly covered with doura, which may be styled Egyptian corn, and palm trees. During the day everything is brilliantly lighted by an unclouded sun and in the evening by the silvery light of the moon (which is now fortunately only just past full).

We rise in the morning between 6 and 7 when we have coffee, buffalo's milk and bread with butter made from the milk aforesaid. Then breakfast (which consists of sundry courses of meat ending with dessert) is served at 11. Dinner comes on at 5 o'clock in the evening. This may be described as an expansion of the breakfast. Our time is variously employed sometimes walking along the banks of the river seeking employment for our guns, sometimes reading, sometimes conversing. Thus day after day passes in a very agreeable manner. With respect to health, this mode of life seems in every respect adapted to promote it, and we may be said to be in first class condition as we are blessed with good appetite, good digestion, good assimilation, and as a consequence good bodily powers and good spirits. You will think after this description that it is all very very good.

Our boat goes well with sail when there is a favourable wind, and when there is not the sailors drag us along by means of a rope in like manner as the horses drag the boats along the canals in England. At intervals



Our boat on the Nile

we pass by a village built of bricks dried in the sun so that the houses look like mud heaps.

It is interesting to note the habits of the inhabitants, as in many things they appear in striking contrast to those of our own countrymen. Their civilization appears to be very limited.

The 5th and 6th of December were remembered by us as notable days in your history, and in spirit we wished you many happy returns of these days and much prosperity and peace. We should be glad to hear something of you if we had opportunity. You will, I have no doubt, sent us a letter or two to Cairo (to the Post Office) while we are going and returning on the Nile, so that we may hear of you when we return. In one sense we seem to be almost out of the World. Here newspapers are a thing unknown, i.e. since we left Cairo,



An ostrich farm at Heliopolis



Arabs at Prayer in the Blue Mosque

so that we can know nothing of what is going on in the civilized world. Our stock of literature is necessarily limited and the horizon of our mental as well as our physical vision is contracted with a comparatively small space.

When we meet any of the natives, as we do not know their language, we are of necessity dumb and besides the little circle of tourists there is only our Dragoman who can speak English. This state of things gives additional force to our appreciation of St Paul's Sentiment: 'I had rather speak five words with my understanding that I might reach others also than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue'.

We are now getting near to Minieh, the place where this letter is to be posted. I am not sure that I shall be able to prepay it further than Cairo as I must send it under cover to the English Consul and request him to forward it from Cairo. However, I have no doubt you will willingly pay whatever may be necessary.

With love to you, George, Henry, etc. from John and myself, I remain, Dear Father and Mother,

Your affectionate son, Eli Plummer.

PS. I have also written to Louisa by this mail.

On the night of the 9th, the boat was invaded by thieves and some of our baggage stolen. We were awake by our Dragoman and just reached the deck in time to see the rascals disappearing in a clump of palms. At Minieh, an important town having large sugar factories, we made our first stop for bread baking. This business takes place once in each week or 10 days and is the occasion for an orgie on shore amongst the sailors.

The first objects of special interest met with on the journey are the rock-cut tombs of Boni-Hassan, famous for the so called frescoes of Joseph and his Brethren. These paintings furnish us with the most ancient and curious representations we possess of the daily life of the Egyptians in the Bible Era, for at that early period



Frescoes of Joseph and his brethren

they were executed. There is scarcely an incident in ordinary life that is not here found delineated; even the games and amusements in fashion 3,000 years ago are fully illustrated.

The tomb is of the time of Osisteran I, with whom Joseph is supposed to have been contemporary.

You will notice in the view the columns supporting the portico. It is most probable that these columns furnished the Greeks with the model from which the Doric order of architecture was developed.

.....

In our Boat – on the Nile
Saturday evening,
13 December 1862.

Dear Father and Mother,

Here is just a line or two which I send along with a letter to Louisa to say that we continue well. We are steadily progressing towards the Monuments which bear testimony to the greatness of Ancient Egypt, and have everything to make us comfortable. The tour thus far has been very pleasant and agreeable. We have very little that is particularly new since my last letter. Every day we have progressed more or less and expect to reach Siout, the Capital of Upper Egypt tomorrow. If this letter is not too late, we wish you all at Leeds 'A Happy Christmas' and 'A Happy New Year'. Roast beef and plum pudding would taste very good here as well as with you. But it does not seem to enter so much into the Egyptian mode of life. Last Sunday was honoured with a Turkey, so that you see we are not without choice dishes here. I think we are to have another tomorrow. Then we have pigeons and fowls to our heart's content and a little French wine to supplement the whole.

Our wants, both mental and physical, are well supplied and our circumstances (thanks to your great kindness) are such as might well in many respects be envied.

Hoping you are all well at Leeds, and with love to you, George, Henry etc., from John and myself.

I am, Dear Father and Mother, Your affectionate son,
Eli Plummer.

The Flypast

The Editor of *Oremus* was alerted to the Platinum Jubilee Flypast as he stood at the high altar of the Cathedral celebrating the lunchtime Mass simply by the sound of it roaring overhead. However, I am grateful to the Cardinal for this dramatic image of the RAF almost seeming to salute the Cathedral tower as the jets passed high over the Palace.



At the Palace

Her Majesty seems to have decided that her Jubilee Celebrations would not be complete without Cathedral representation. Several of us had been to Garden Parties before and were ineligible, so it fell to this group to take tea and (alas) not be introduced to members of the Royal family. From left to right: Peter Stevens (Assistant Master of Music, correctly dressed), Sam Holloway (Maintenance), Fr Mike Maguire (Precentor), Chris Kelly and Art Bakanovas (Maintenance) with the Administrator.



Fulfilling a Vocation

Many parishioners will remember Francis Thomas, who served two years here as Sub-Administrator's Intern after having taken a Theology degree at Leeds University. From the Cathedral he went to Allen Hall Seminary and so we have seen him from time to time on those occasions when seminarians come to the Cathedral to assist on major occasions. On Saturday 11 June we were pleased to witness his Ordination to the Diaconate and offer our sincere congratulations. For the coming year he continues at the seminary during the week, but spending weekends in Edgware parish. Next year, God willing, he will be ordained to the priesthood. Many who are ordained for the diocese come from outside it, so Francis, whose roots are in Willesden, can be an encouragement for the discerning of local vocations.



© Diocese of Westminster



A One Year-Old?

The heading poses a question: When you pass your 100th Birthday, do you carry on counting, or start again from scratch? If the latter, then we were pleased recently to celebrate the first birthday of Frances Bridges, who has been a parishioner for 50 years and is a familiar face each week at the 10 am Mass. With her are Fr Michael, who celebrated the Mass, and Kevin Greenan who faithfully supports Frances around the Cathedral with motive power.

What is in that Bag?

If you go to visit Westminster Abbey or St Paul's Cathedral, you will find Security Staff outside, checking the contents of any bags that you may have with you, before allowing you to enter the building. A different scenario plays out here at the Cathedral. Our Security will not inspect bags, although they will ask men to remove their hats as necessary and ask everyone not to bring open food or drink into the Cathedral. So no, Fr Brian (pictured) is not practising to be an Abbey Security Guard, but it is simply fulfilling one of the Chaplains' most constant duties, the blessing of the wide range of objects of devotion purchased from the Cathedral Gift Shop and / or St Paul's Bookshop. Some people even buy things at the Abbey Shop and bring them down the road to be blessed, although we prefer you to make your purchases here and so support the Cathedral.



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Telling their Stories

Steve Burrows

He was sitting in a wheelchair, and was the only patient in the large high-ceilinged room, where windows at one end overlooked an urban street two floors below. This was in a hospice ward a few years ago, where I was a staff nurse. He was upset. Things were going wrong, and he couldn't stop them. I looked and saw this, and saw the problem. On the floor were little puddles of liquid; serous fluid that was weeping from his oedematous legs through soaked bandages and pooling below his feet. His advanced terminal cancer was knocking him about. Wet swollen legs were nothing. It could and would do better than that. But, for now, this pleasant gentleman in his sixties was embarrassed and distressed by this leakage.

I had to re-dress his legs. I told him I was coming to help him and not to worry. I put some urgency into it. I also prayed silently that my ministrations might be therapeutic; if not physically, then mentally. I gathered the required materials. I wiped and cleaned up the floor. I took off the old sodden dressings and pushed them into a plastic bag. Already we were improving. It had stopped raining. Now for the bowl of warm water with emulsifying ointment in it; and the feet went in; and that was better. I put gauze squares into the water and used them to wipe over the fragile skin on his legs, and to pull between his toes to clean the gaps there. And after that I laid a towel on the floor for his feet to rest on, and unrolled some paper-towel to pat his legs and feet dry. He was easier now. The sun had found a gap in the clouds.

There were a few layers to be applied when re-doing the dressings. Non-adherent woven sheets went directly on to the skin. Then, while I was wrapping two absorbent pads over these, around his calf and ankle, and taping them together so as to enclose his leg, he remarked: 'Forty years ago in Crystal Palace I worked opposite a place that made cladding. That was what Crystal Palace was known for, cladding. It's funny to think of that. I never would have thought it then. And look at me now'. 'And this reminds you of cladding?' I responded. He assented with a nod, and seemed to wonder at the thoughts as they came back to him. When I left him a little later, with dry clean comfortably-banded legs, he was a more peaceful person. Again, when I returned to the ward a few days later I discovered that he had died. 'He went quickly', I was told.

Mgr Ronald Knox, the Catholic priest, in his book of talks for schoolgirls, *The Gospel in Slow Motion*, wrote (page 6): '... the unconscious part of your mind is always alive to God's will. You know how you find yourself



The Pool of Bethesda by Robert Bateman (1836 - 1889)

suddenly humming a tune, and say to yourself, "Good gracious, I wonder what on earth put that tune into my head?" ... you didn't recall it to your memory by any act of will. It dug itself up ... from ... your unconscious mind; and it dug itself up because God told it to. It's only when his call comes to your conscious mind, to your will, that it is sometimes disobeyed'. The providential accident of the pads resembling cladding had 'dug up' the patient's healing memories, and brought his past back to him there in that empty place.

The Gospel at a Mass a few weeks ago was about Jesus healing the man by the portico'd pool. Jesus: 'knowing he had been lying there a long time, said to him, "Do you want to be healed?" The sick man answered him, "Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool when the water is troubled, and while I am going another steps down before me."' (John 5:2-9) In his homily the priest noted that Jesus had asked the man a question, and so invited him to tell his story. This, the priest explained, enabled the Holy Spirit to go more deeply into the man to heal him.

The following may be a true case of going from the sublime to the ridiculous, but it may continue the theme. I was on a journey during which a youngish couple were talking to each other at the front of the bus. She said: 'I don't like mint ice cream'. Then she continued, as if it was important that he understood her: 'Why don't I like mint ice cream?' She waited for an answer. 'Because it tastes like bubblegum?' ventured the man. 'Because it reminds me of toothpaste! Because it tastes the same as toothpaste!' she exclaimed. 'Oh yes, right,' he acknowledged. She subsided then, seemingly satisfied that he had heard her.

CATHEDRAL HISTORY – A PICTORIAL RECORD

The Mobile Altar, 1965 – 1967

Paul Tobin



The introduction of the vernacular into the Mass on the First Sunday of Advent in November 1964 saw a number of churches setting up free-standing altars, usually in the middle of the sanctuary, so that the celebrant could celebrate Mass facing the congregation (*versus populum*) rather than with his face to the east (*ad orientem*), as had been the custom for many centuries. It was the 1970s that saw the complete reordering of sanctuaries, which in some churches saw high altars being removed and destroyed.

At Westminster Cathedral, the Administrator at this time of change was Mgr George Tomlinson, who had been appointed earlier in 1964, following the departure of his predecessor, Mgr William Gordon

Wheeler, who had become Coadjutor Bishop of Middlesborough. Mgr Tomlinson was by nature a liturgical innovator and to address the trend for Mass being celebrated facing the congregation, had a mobile altar commissioned, designed by Williams & Winkley, which would be used for all the public Masses, except the daily 10.30am High Mass that continued to be celebrated at the High Altar.

The portable altar that soon came to be known as 'Meals on Wheels' was constructed complete with baldacchino and altar steps. It was powered by an electric motor and fitted with a braking system. When not in use it was parked in the space in front of the Confessional nearest



the Lady Chapel. Needless to say that after a period of time the motor was discarded, resulting in the altar being pushed into position by two reasonably strong men. The power socket can still be seen on the nave floor.

The life of this unusual structure came to an end in 1967 when Cardinal John Carmel Heenan was concerned that by this time there were no fewer than three altars being used for different Masses in the Cathedral. In late 1966, a pseudo-marble dais and steps had been erected (known as the Fablon Marble) on the wooden floor of the Sanctuary where another altar could be used. Both these altars were removed and for Masses celebrated *versus populum*, a wooden structure with the same dimensions as the High Altar was brought back into use and placed in the middle of the Sanctuary carpet. This continued to be used during the 1970s and featured at both the Funeral Mass of Cardinal Heenan in 1975 and the Ordination and Installation Mass of his successor, Cardinal Basil Hume in the following year.

Sources: Pictures, Alfred Lammer from article by Paul Walker, 'Viewpoint: Reordering Reoriented' in *Ecclesiology Today* 41, December 2008

In retrospect: from the *Cathedral Chronicle*

A Plan Unrealised

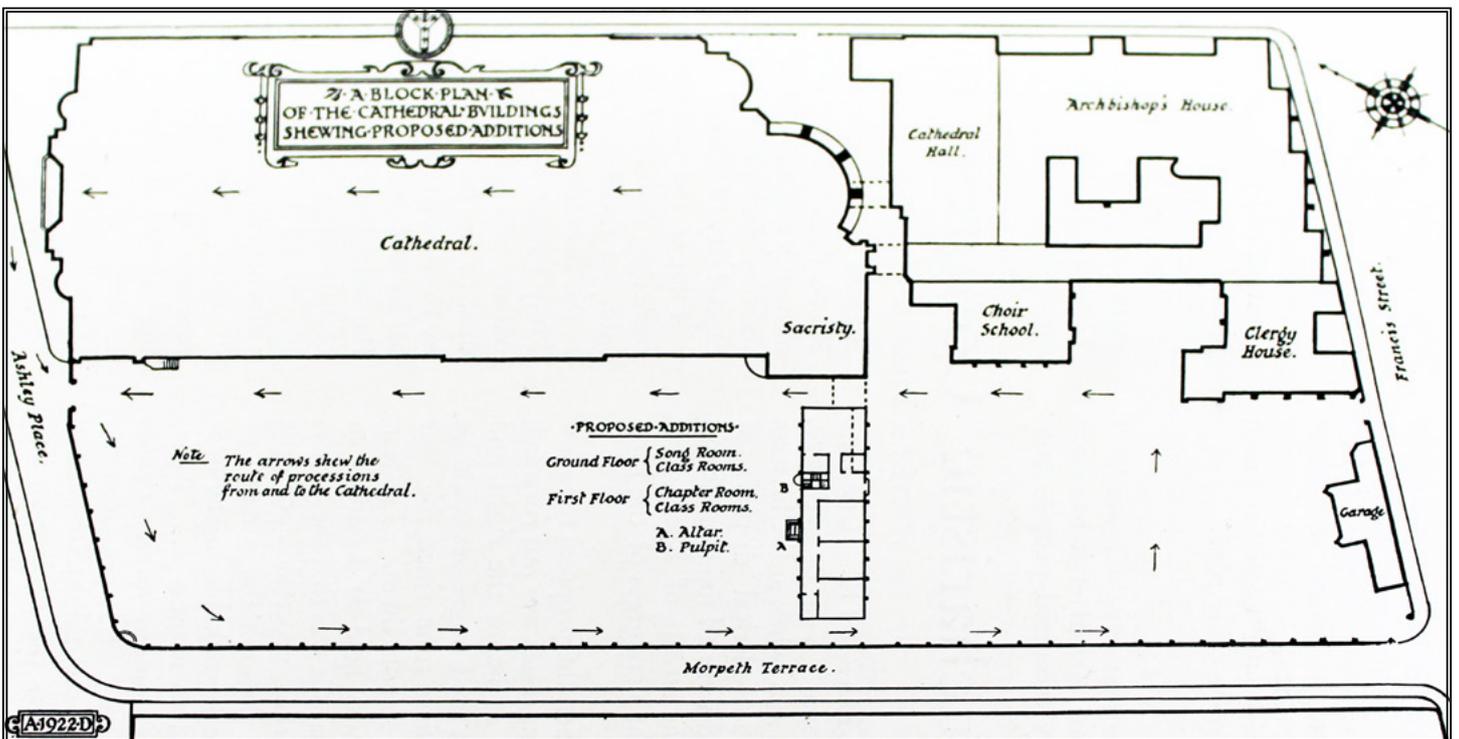
What of the exterior of the Cathedral? Cathedrals have a message for vast multitudes who may never enter their doors. The block-plan illustrated reveals the Cardinal's bold and happy project for augmenting the actual buildings and for utilising and adorning the Cathedral precincts. As there are many people who cannot easily visualise architecture and landscape-gardening from ground-plans alone, it may be worth while trying to picture what will be seen by those taking part in Catholic processions when the scheme has been fully realised.

Pouring out through the central portal of the Cathedral and turning left into Ashley Place, the faithful, on turning the south angle of the façade, will at once catch sight of big bronze gates thrown back in welcome. Pressing over the threshold they will find themselves in an oblong space, much larger than the nave of the Cathedral. The west and south sides of this oblong are to consist of a high monumental wall, such as one sees in Italy, perhaps with alcoves, or perhaps with cloister-like arcaded corridors, like those which surround the Campo Santo at Pisa. The enormous flank of the Cathedral itself will form the north side, while the east will be almost closed in by an entirely

new block of buildings in which it is intended to provide a 'song-school', a Chapter Room, a large room for general purposes, and enough new class-rooms to allow for more day-boys being brought into the choir school.

Scrutiny of the plan discloses some remarkable features. Between the southern end of the new buildings and the monumental wall shutting off Morpeth Terrace, room is left for a wide-processional path. Sweeping onwards, the pilgrims will enter a second enclosure ending in a clump of trees, which should help to bring out strongly the picturesque roofs and galleries and buttresses of the Cathedral apse. Turning first northward and then westward, they will thread a handsome archway (indicated on the plan by dotted lines) south of the sacristy, and will thus regain the big oblong enclosure. At the east end of this enclosure, with the two-storeyed block of new buildings for a reredos, will rise a great Altar, with a pulpit near at hand, so that Benediction can be given and sermons preached to a throng such as no building in London could hold. Despite our fitful climate, the stimulus given to Catholic devotion by open-air celebrations on so huge a scale should be great indeed.

from the July 1922 Westminster Cathedral Chronicle



The plan above is referred to in the accompanying article. It shows the Cardinal Archbishop's "bold and happy project for augmenting the actual buildings and for both utilising and adorning the Cathedral precincts."

Sir Edward Elgar O.M.

It was with real joy that the Administrator, Mgr Bartlett, was amongst the company in Westminster Abbey on 1st June for the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the most eminent English Catholic composer. The memorial is in the form of a black marble diamond set in the floor of the north choir aisle. How much more fitting would be a memorial to Sir Edward in his own Cathedral – his 'own' in that the first public performance of this composer's most supreme choral work, *The Dream of Gerontius* was given in this, as yet unfinished, Cathedral in December 1902.

Editorial

It was only a few days before his Feast on 22 June, that I first had an opportunity of visiting the splendid shrine to St Thomas More in the Undercroft of the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. A fine bronze of the Saint looking so much more full-blooded than the Holbein portrait stands well upon a grey stone altar set in a small niche. Before it, and here alone in the Chapel, two prie-dieux are in constant use.

Two immediate impressions. That alone amongst the royal or distinguished men and women whose remains are buried in this noble Chapel, finely restored, Thomas More, man of honour but neither royal by blood nor clerical by vocation, should be afforded such pre-eminence in 1972. That the Primary Royal and Anglican Chapel in the land should encourage and permit not only a shrine to one who first refused to take the Oath of Supremacy, but should carry with pride the final inscription, 'Canonised by Pope Pius XI, March 19, 1935'.

Only one explanation would seem to make these facts credible – the dynamic presence in this day of the Holy Spirit. How else account for the raising up of an English Saint for universal veneration in an age of apparent unbelief? Why the appeal of Thomas More in particular to the sceptical pluralist society of our day? Why the unique ability of Thomas More to bring visible witness of that Christian Unity for which he died – and moreover in the very place in which he suffered in defiance of the King, the First of the Royal Palaces of Britain, the Tower of London?

That Robert Bolt's fine play and film, *A Man for All Seasons*, has helped to revive popular interest is undeniable. But the true answers go much deeper. Thomas More is the great English witness to the basic Christian affirmation of the supremacy of the individual human conscience, the crown of unique personal creation. In a world in which the majority of men are still victims of physical or mental oppression, Thomas is the beacon of the heartfelt longing for absolute respect of the human personality found in true liberty of conscience. In a world which daily feels the dehumanisation of man in the false worship of profit and lustful ambition, Thomas More is the affirmation of eternal hope. The truth, as usual, is simple. St Thomas More was a man of perfect integrity. He was a whole man and is therefore a holy man. Sanctity is the seal of complete human integrity.

from the July 1972 Westminster Cathedral Journal

The Organ Scholar Moves On



Marko Sever

The last two years have been rather full of surprises. Not all surprises are necessarily bad, however. Between cooking for Clergy House lunch, removing disobedient pipes from dusty corners of the organ, singing for Vespers because no one else could, and assisting in the transportation of saints, I can safely say that it has been one of the most rewarding jobs I've ever had the pleasure to undertake. Each day, when time came for the evening routine of Sung Mass and Vespers, everything else became peripheral, and I was quickly reminded of what is at the core of what we do; to make music for the greater glory of God.

Much of my first year was marred by snap-lockdowns and needlessly ambiguous guidelines, although, in spite of this, I managed to find great comfort in whatever the daily routine happened to be at the time. Each day was bookended with Morning Prayer on one end, and evening Mass on the other, often interspersed with numerous other liturgies throughout the day. One of the many highlights of this routine became the late-night organ practice in a dark Cathedral. It is the quietest the building ever gets, and it feels rather surreal to be alone in such a large and cavernous space. It was the ultimate 'me time', and an excellent way to cap off the day and reflect.

Having now spent six glorious years living and working in various cathedrals and churches in England (I had only intended to stay for two), I will soon be returning to my home country, Australia. At risk of sounding overly sentimental, the pandemic gave me time to reflect on my immediate future, and despite its tediousness, it has allowed me to realise my need to be closer to my family. It has also driven me to undertake various solo projects, notably, the imminent release of my debut CD – *Symphonie Passion*, featuring the Grand Organ of Westminster Cathedral, soon to be available in the gift shop and on Spotify (1 August).

Shameless plug aside, I am overwhelmed by the wealth of opportunities I have been entrusted to carry out. Working with the Cathedral Choir has led me to immerse myself in the world of Gregorian Chant and Renaissance polyphony, which have together influenced my musical identity considerably. Living in Clergy House with seven priests and four nuns has given a new perspective on community life. It also goes without saying that my colleagues have been an absolute joy to work with; supportive, charming, witty, and far from dull. I have absolutely no regrets.

Tales of the English Martyrs

St Thomas More's daughter Margaret having distributed all her money to the poor, for her father's soul, when she came to bury his body at the Tower she had forgotten to bring a sheet; and there was not a penny left among them all. Wherefore Mrs Harris, her maid, went to the next draper's shop, and agreeing upon the price, made as though she would look for some money in her purse, and then try whether they would trust her or no; and she found in her purse the same sum for which they had agreed upon, not one penny over or under, though she knew before certainly that she had not one coin about her.

Sir Thomas More by Hans Holbein



© Frick Collection, New York

The Months of July/August

The Holy Father's Prayer Intention

July – For the elderly

We pray for the elderly, who represent the roots and memory of a people; may their experience and wisdom help young people to look towards the future with hope and responsibility.

August – For small businesses

We pray for small and medium-sized businesses; amid economic and social crises, may they find ways to continue operating, and serving their communities.

The Cathedral is open from 7.30am and closes in time for 7pm.

Monday to Friday: Morning Prayer 7.35am, Mass 8am, Mass (Latin, unless there is a Funeral) 10.30am, Confessions 11.30-12.30pm, Mass 12.30pm *, Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament 1.15-4.30pm, Confessions 4.30-5.30pm, Sung Vespers 5pm (Latin, Choir, except Tuesday, English, Cantor), Solemn Mass 5.30pm (Choir, Tuesday: Boys' voices, Wednesday: Men's voices).

Saturday: Morning Prayer 7.35am, Mass 8am, Mass 10.30am (Latin, Choir), Confessions 11.30-12.30pm, Mass 12.30pm *, Confessions 5-6pm, Sung Vespers 5.30pm (English, Cantor), Sung Mass 6pm

Sunday: Mass 8am, Sung Morning Prayer 9.30am, Sung Mass 10am *, Confessions 10-12.30pm; Solemn Mass 12noon (Choir), Solemn Vespers and Benediction 4pm, Confessions 5-6.45pm, Sung Mass 5.30pm, Mass 7pm

* Live streamed via the Cathedral website

For an interim period the 10am Sung Mass will be livestreamed on Sundays rather than the 12noon Solemn Mass. It is hoped to revert to livestreaming the 12noon Mass later in the year.

Friday 1 July

Ps Week 1

DEDICATION OF THE CATHEDRAL (1910)

No Friday abstinence

5pm Solemn Second Vespers
5.30pm Solemn Mass (Full Choir)
Palestrina – Missa Papæ Marcelli
Malcolm – Terribilis est locus iste

Saturday 2 July

Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday
2pm Permanent Diaconate 50th Anniversary Mass
4pm Low Mass in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, 1962 Missal (Latin Mass Society)

Sunday 3 July

Ps Week 2

14th SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

12 noon Solemn Mass (Full Choir)
Rheinberger – Cantus missae
Palestrina – Exsultate Deo
4pm Solemn Vespers and Benediction (Full Choir)
Stanford – Magnificat octavi toni
Elgar – Give unto the Lord
4.30pm Mass for the Deaf Service (Cathedral Hall)

Monday 4 July

Feria
2.30pm Memorial Mass for Sir Francis William RIP

Tuesday 5 July

Feria
(St Anthony Zaccaria, Priest)

Wednesday 6 July

St Maria Goretti, Virgin & Martyr

Thursday 7 July

Feria

Friday 8 July

Friday abstinence

Feria

Saturday 9 July

Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday
(St Augustine Zhao Rong and Companions, Martyrs)
6pm Vigil Mass with Adult Confirmations (Cardinal Nichols)

Sunday 10 July

Ps Week 3

15th SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

§ Sea Sunday
12 noon Solemn Mass (Men's voices)
Lassus – Missa Dixit Ioseph
Palestrina – Ego sum panis vivus
Palestrina – Panis quem ego dabo
4pm Solemn Vespers and Benediction (Men's voices)
de Monte – Magnificat septimi toni
Cavalli – Salve Regina

Monday 11 July

St BENEDICT, Abbot, Patron of Europe
§ Europe

Tuesday 12 July

Feria

Wednesday 13 July

Feria
(St Henry)

Thursday 14 July

Feria
(St Camillus de Lellis, Priest)

Friday 15 July

Friday abstinence

St Bonaventure, Bishop & Doctor

Saturday 16 July

Our Lady of Mount Carmel
2.30pm Deanery Youth Confirmation Mass (Bishop Hudson)
6pm Victoria Choir sings at Mass

Sunday 17 July

Ps Week 4

16th SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

12 noon Solemn Mass (Men's voices)
de Monte – Missa Benedictus es
Victoria – Laudate Dominum

4pm Solemn Vespers and Benediction (Men's voices)

Victoria – Magnificat quarti toni
Clemens non Papa – Ego flos campi

Monday 18 July

Feria

Tuesday 19 July

Feria

Wednesday 20 July

Feria
(St Apollinaris, Bishop & Martyr)
St Mary's University graduations, morning and afternoon ceremonies
10.30am Mass cancelled
7.30pm Grand Organ Festival Recital (John Butt)

Thursday 21 July

Feria
(St Lawrence of Brindisi, Priest & Doctor)
St Mary's University graduations, morning and afternoon ceremonies
10.30am Mass cancelled

Friday 22 July

Friday abstinence

ST MARY MAGDALENE

Saturday 23 July

ST BRIDGET OF SWEDEN, Patron of Europe
§ Europe
2pm Permanent Diaconate Ordination Mass (Bishop Hudson)

Sunday 24 July

Ps Week 1

17th SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME
12 noon Solemn Mass (Men's voices)

Durufflé – Messe cum iubilo

Lassus – Pater noster

Phinot – O sacrum convivium a 8

4pm Solemn Vespers and Benediction
(Men's voices)

Bellini – Magnificat octavi toni
Lassus – Omnia tempus habent

Monday 25 July

St JAMES, Apostle

Tuesday 26 July

Ss Joachim and Anne, Parents of the
Blessed Virgin Mary

Wednesday 27 July

Feria

Thursday 28 July

Feria

Friday 29 July

Friday abstinence

Ss Martha, Mary and Lazarus

Saturday 30 July

Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday
(St Peter Chrysologus, Bishop &
Doctor)

2.30pm Memorial Mass for Bishop

Joseph Rayappu

Sunday 31 July

Ps Week 2

18th SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

12 noon Solemn Mass (Cantor)

**4pm Solemn Vespers (English) and
Benediction (Latin)**

Monday 1 August

St Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop & Doctor

Tuesday 2 August

Feria

(St Eusebius of Vercelli, Bishop; St Peter
Julian Eymard, Priest)

Wednesday 3 August

Feria

Thursday 4 August

St John Vianney, Priest

Friday 5 August

Friday abstinence

Feria

(The Dedication of the Basilica of
St Mary Major)

Saturday 6 August

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF THE
LORD

**4pm Low Mass in the Blessed
Sacrament Chapel, 1962 Missal
(Latin Mass Society)**

Sunday 7 August

Ps Week 3

19th SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

12 noon Solemn Mass (Cantor)

**4pm Solemn Vespers (English) and
Benediction (Latin)**

Monday 8 August

St Dominic, Priest

Tuesday 9 August

ST TERESA BENEDICTA OF THE CROSS,
Virgin & Martyr, Patron of Europe
& Europe

Wednesday 10 August

ST LAWRENCE, Deacon and Martyr

Thursday 11 August

St Clare, Virgin

Friday 12 August

Friday abstinence

Feria

(St Jane Frances de Chantal, Religious)

Saturday 13 August

Blessed Virgin Mary on Saturday
(Ss Pontian, Pope, & Hippolytus, Priest,
Martyrs)

Sunday 14 August

Ps Week 4

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY

12 noon Solemn Mass (Cantor)

**4pm Solemn Vespers (English) and
Benediction (Latin)**

Monday 15 August

Feria

Tuesday 16 August

Feria

(St Stephen of Hungary)

Wednesday 17 August

Feria

Thursday 18 August

Feria

Friday 19 August

Friday abstinence

Feria

(St John Eudes, Priest)

Saturday 20 August

St Bernard, Abbot & Doctor

Sunday 21 August

Ps Week 1

21st SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

12 noon Solemn Mass (Cantor)

**4pm Solemn Vespers (English) and
Benediction (Latin)**

Monday 22 August

The Queenship of the Blessed Virgin
Mary

Tuesday 23 August

Feria

(St Rose of Lima, Virgin)

5.30pm Mass with Apostolat Militaire

Wednesday 24 August

ST BARTHOLOMEW, Apostle

Thursday 25 August

Feria

(St Louis; St Joseph Calasanz, Priest)

Friday 26 August

Friday abstinence

Feria

(Blessed Dominic of the Mother of
God, Priest)

Saturday 27 August

St Monica

Sunday 28 August

Ps Week 2

22nd SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

12 noon Solemn Mass (Cantor)

**4pm Solemn Vespers (English) and
Benediction (Latin)**

Monday 29 August (Bank Holiday)

The Passion of St John the Baptist
Mass at **10.30am**, **12.30** and **5.30pm**;
Confessions **11.30 – 12.30pm** only

Tuesday 30 August

Feria

(Ss Margaret Clitherow, Anne Line and
Margaret Ward, Martyrs)

Wednesday 31 August

St Aidan, Bishop, and the Saints of
Lindisfarne

7.30pm Grand Organ Festival Recital
(Andreas Sieling)

*Choral services will resume on Monday
5 September*

Key to the Diary: Saints' days
and holy days written in **BOLD**
CAPITAL LETTERS denote Sundays
and Solemnities, **CAPITAL LETTERS**
denote Feasts, and those not in capitals
denote Memorials, whether optional or
otherwise. Memorials in brackets are not
celebrated liturgically.

What Happens and When

Catholic Grandparents' Association

Hinsley Room,
Second Sundays 12-3.30pm

Charismatic Prayer Group

Cathedral Hall,
Fridays 6.30-9pm

Divine Mercy Prayer Group

St Patrick's Chapel,
Sundays 1.30-2.30pm

Filipino Club

Hinsley Room,
First Sundays 1-5pm

Guild of the Blessed Sacrament

Blessed Sacrament Chapel,
Mondays 6.15pm

Guild of St Anthony Lady Chapel,
Tuesdays 6.15pm

Interfaith Group Hinsley Room
Third Wednesdays 2-3.30pm

Lectio Divina

Hinsley Room,
Monday 7-8pm

Legion of Mary

Hinsley Room,
Monday 1.30-3.30pm

Nigerian Catholic Association

Hinsley Room,
Fourth Sundays – 1.30-2.30pm

Oblates of Westminster Cathedral

Hinsley Room, Fourth Sundays
2.30-4pm

Padre Pio Prayer Group

Sacred Heart Church
First Thursdays 1.30-3.30pm

RCIA group

Vaughan House,
Tuesday 7-8.30pm

Rosary Group

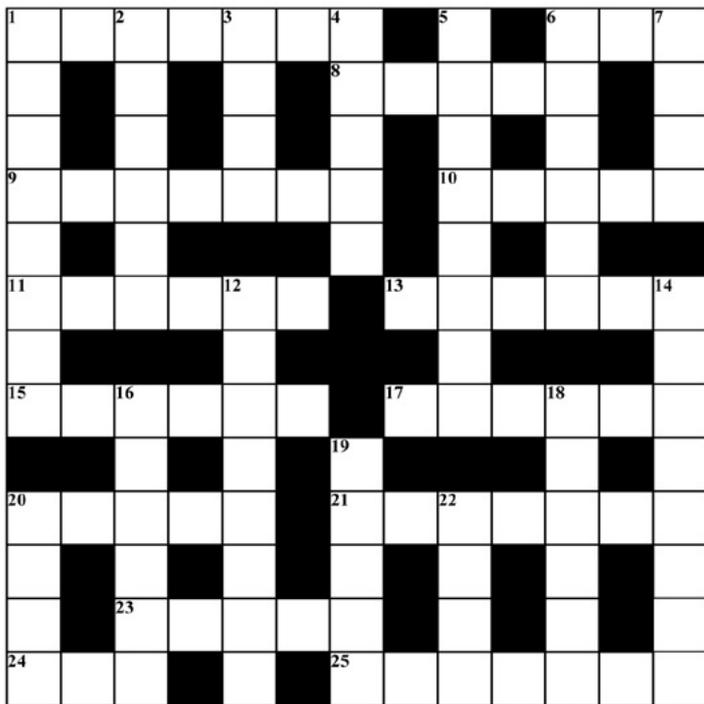
Lady Chapel,
Saturday 10-10.25am

Walsingham Prayer Group

St George's Chapel,
First Tuesdays 2.30-4pm

Yoruba Association

Hinsley Room,
Third Sundays 1.30-3pm



Alan Frost July 2022 – No. 101

Clues Across

- 1 Miss Peters' sleuthing monk of novels and TV series (7)
- 6 St Joan of ---, mother of St Dominic (3)
- 8 First name (pseudonym) of 1 Across writer (5)
- 9 & 17 Across: Prolific writer of 'Hark the Herald' and other hymns (7,6)
- 10 Ringing sound of, e.g., Big Ben (5)
- 11 Those of England traditionally crowned at Westminster Abbey (6)
- 13 Splayed opening in a medieval church wall allowing person outside to see altar (6)
- 15 & 17 Across: Anglican minister and poet, father of 9 Across and John (6)
- 17 See 6 Across
- 20 See 19 Down
- 21 Popular coastal holiday area in southern Portugal (7)
- 23 Trojan beauty, 'the face that launched a thousand ships' (5)
- 24 '--- pro nobis', 'Pray for us' [response in Litanies] (3)
- 25 Saint, patron of things lost, linked to Padua (7)

Clues Down

- 1 Musical entertainments, as at the Albert Hall during the summer (8)
- 2 St Vincent, founder of Order to which St Catherine Labouré (of the Miraculous Medal) belonged (2,4)
- 3 First murder victim in the Bible (4)
- 4 'The darling buds of May, and summer's ---- hath all too short a date', W.S. Sonnet 18 (5)
- 5 St Margaret Mary, disciple of the Sacred Heart, born July 1647 (8)
- 6 Pilgrimage town associated with Ss Francis and Clare (6)
- 7 St, mother of the BVM, Feast Day 26 July (4)
- 12 First Cistercian Abbey (with famous ruins) built in England (8)
- 14 'Show us Lord --- ---- and grant us...' Psalm 84 Douay-Rheims (8)
- 16 Sister of Lazarus, who witnessed Jesus's miracle (6)
- 18 Litany to Our Lady and location in Italy of her Shrine (6)
- 19 & 20 Across: Document(s) signed by King John granting important freedoms, in British Museum (5,5)
- 20 In Greek mythology, the Muse of history (4)
- 22 Animal sent into the wilderness by Aaron, carrying the sins of God's people (4)

ANSWERS

Across: 1 Cadfael 6 Aza 8 Ellis 9 Charles 10 Chime 11 Rulers 13 Squint 15 Samuel 17 Wesley 20 Carta 21 Algarve 23 Helen 24 Ora 25 Anthony Down: 1 Concerts 2 De Paul 3 Abel 4 Lease 5 Alacoque 6 Assisi 7 Anne 12 Rievaulx 14 Thy Mercy 16 Martha 18 Loreto 19 Magna 20 Clio 22 Goat

Mary's Assumption

Alfred Barrett (1906-1985)

There was silence in heaven, as if for half an hour
Isaiah's coals of wonder sealed the lips
Of Seraph, Principality and Power,
Of all the nine angelic fellowships.

The archangels, those sheer intelligences,
Were silent, with their eyes on heaven's door.
So must our fancy dower them with senses,
Make them incarnate in a metaphor.

There was silence in heaven as Mary entered in,
For even Gabriel had not foreseen
The glory of a soul immune from sin
Throned in the body of the angels' Queen.

Blessed be God and Mary in whose womb
Was woven God's incredible disguise.
She gave Our Lord His Body. In the tomb
He gave her hers again and bade her rise.

Bright from death's slumber she arose, the flush
Of a chaste joy illumining her cheeks;
Among the motherless in heaven there was a hush
To hear the way a mother laughs and speaks.

Eye had not seen, nor ear of angel heard,
Nor heart conceived – until Our Lady's death –
What God for those that love Him had prepared
When heaven's synonym was Nazareth!

Her beauty opened slowly like a flower,
Beauty to them eternally bequeathed.
There was silence in heaven; as if for half an hour
No angel breathed.



The Assumption of the Virgin by Pinturicchio

To submit a poem whether by yourself or another for consideration, please contact the Editor – details on page 3.

A Mosaic Restored

Tessa Hunkin and Helen Craig.

Until a few years ago, almost nobody knew that the deteriorating mosaic of a Madonna and Child on a Hampstead Cemetery headstone was the work of mosaicist, painter and Pre-Raphaelite artists' model Gaetano Meo (1849-1925) – and that he too lies under the mosaic he created as tribute to his wife Agnes Morton on her death in 1921. That is, until his great-granddaughter and former Hampstead resident Helen Craig, herself an artist and illustrator, learned of the mosaic and its parlous state.

Meo was 14 years-old when, in 1864, he set out alone from poverty-wracked southern Italy to walk to England. He was aiming for the Gold Rush in California, and carried only his harp, which he played in exchange for bed and board. He reached London in 1865, where a tip from a barber in Clerkenwell's Little Italy led to employment by fellow Italian Dante Gabriel Rossetti as a model (Dante's Dream) and subsequently for other Pre-Raphaelite artists, including Edward Burne-Jones (Love Among the Ruins) Henry Holiday (Dante and Beatrice), Simeon Solomon, and William Blake Richmond; to whom he became assistant, model (Venus and Anchises) and life-long friend, moving to Hampstead by 1881 to be near his studio. From Richmond, Meo learned to paint, exhibiting at the Royal Academy, and also began to work in mosaic, assisting Richmond in St Paul's Cathedral, and going on to commissions at St Andrew's Chapel, Westminster Cathedral, Debenham House and more.

Helen Craig grew up surrounded by art and by stories of her artistic family. Her great-grandmother was actress Ellen Terry (another Hampstead resident) whose son by architect Edward Godwin was theatre designer Edward Gordon Craig. While a guest at



No 8 Downshire Hill, he fell for Gaetano Meo's violinist daughter Elena, who lived at No 41. She ran away to live with the married Craig, enraging her father. In later years they reconciled, and their son, Helen's father, art director Edward (Carrick) Craig, often sat as a boy with his Italian grandfather, listening to tales of the brigands Meo encountered on his walk to England, the Calais captain who smuggled him aboard a ship bound for England, his meeting with Rossetti, and more. In years to come, the mosaic on the Hampstead Cemetery grave would be somehow forgotten, its existence no longer known to the family or those who knew of Gaetano Meo's work.

Almost a century later, determined to save her great-grandfather's last mosaic from approaching ruin, Helen Craig teamed up with noted mosaicist Tessa Hunkin who herself worked on the mosaics in Debenham House, to restore the Madonna and Child. Skilled cleaning, replacement

of fallen tesserae, re-gilding and Craig's reimagining of the figures have brought Meo's Madonna and Child back to the brightness and beauty which the grieving widower gave it in 1921. It resumes its place in what must surely be a minuscule number of English gravestones adorned with a mosaic made by the artist who lies underneath.

The grave is at the rear of Hampstead Cemetery, Fortune Green Road in the northwest quartile (Section E7 No 46).

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Learning about the Most Precious Blood of Jesus

Louis Hawthorne, Year 6



Writing for this month's *Oremus*, I was given the topic of the Most Precious Blood, but I must admit that I did not know much about this feast. Now, however, I have learnt a lot and let me share with you what I found.

The month of July is dedicated to the Most Precious Blood of Jesus, a Feast which was established in 1849 by Pope Pius IX. Blood is our life-force. Jesus made the ultimate

sacrifice by dying a bloody death on the cross to save us from sin. His blood represents His unconditional love for us and this feast gives us the chance to reflect on what this means to us.

So, why is this feast especially important for Westminster Cathedral? I discovered that in 1895 the church was originally dedicated as the Metropolitan Cathedral of the Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ and as you enter the cathedral you may notice the Latin words above the entrance: *Domine Jesus, Rex et Redemptor, per Sanguinem tuum salva nos*. This translates into English as: 'Lord Jesus, King and Redeemer, heal us through your blood'. Although the Most Precious Blood is not celebrated everywhere now at the beginning of July, the feast of the Dedication of the Cathedral is always celebrated here on the first day of this month.

You may have heard of the Litany of the Most Precious Blood. But what is a litany? In religious terms, it is a type of prayer. It is usually led by the priest reciting petitions or requests with the responses given by the congregation. The Litany of the Most Precious Blood of Jesus was approved for use in 1960 by Pope St John XXIII. There is also a Precious Blood Rosary consisting of seven mysteries, to represent the seven times Jesus shed His blood. The rosary was composed in 1809 by Francesco Albertini, a Roman priest. Some people that pray

the rosary every day, like to pray the Precious Blood Rosary on Fridays as an acknowledgment of Jesus' passion.

I am now in my final year at St Vincent de Paul Primary School. I am so grateful to all my teachers for their dedication and kindness over the past eight years.

I would like to especially thank my current teacher Miss Storey (Assistant Head Teacher) who is also our SENCO, theatrical director and Latin tutor! And to Mrs Fothergill (Head of School) who has cared for us and taught us RE in a most inspiring and prayerful manner. It is an honour to be part of the Westminster Cathedral parish community – something I shall carry with me all my life. Happy Feast Day for the Dedication on 1 July!



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