



# All Saints Parish Paper

MARGARET STREET, LONDON W.1

**FEBRUARY 2012**

**£1.00**

## VICAR'S LETTER

A few years ago, we took the decision to add to our schedule a full choral Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. This was in part because we recognised that many of our regular congregation leave London to spend Christmas with their families and so miss out on our Christmas worship. This would allow them a taste of it.

At the same time, we recognised that Carol Services exercise a great fascination for people: our Advent and Epiphany Carol services draw far larger congregations than our usual Sunday Evensongs. At the Nine Lessons and Carols, the church was so full that we ran out of everything: service sheets and candle holders, mince pies and mulled wine. Since Bishop Benson devised the first one for his cathedral in Truro and Eric Milner White took up the idea for King's College, Cambridge, the Christmas Carol service has become one of the great unofficial liturgical success stories of the Church of England.

It is, I think, worth noting that this service, which is "popular" in both being well-attended and participatory, adapts the liturgical form of the Vigil service of readings. At a time when there is a good deal of anxiety about the accessibility and usefulness of traditional forms of worship, we might take heart from this. They are both traditional and yet provide a way into liturgical forms of worship for those

unfamiliar with them.

We are experimenting with some adjustments to the content of our choral Carol Services, at Advent, Christmas and Epiphany, so that they include some elements of our regular Sunday Evensong worship: a seasonal psalm and the office hymn to plainchant, and the Magnificat with the censing of the altar. At this point I draw readers' attention to the comments made about attendance at Sunday Evensong a century ago by Fr Mackay.

Last year, in Passiontide, we had a Sunday evening service on the Passion based around our new Stations of the Cross. This year, the five extra Stations, on biblical subjects, will have arrived. The clergy and musicians are devising a service of readings and music focused on them. This will take place at 6.00 p.m. on the Fifth Sunday in Lent.

The other occasions on which people who are not regular worshippers are to be found in church are weddings and funerals. Some years ago at a clergy conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked that the church is seen at its best at a good funeral. This came to mind when several people drew my attention to an article by Jenni Russell in the *Sunday Times*.

She began by discussing domestic Christmas rituals, then moved on to the inadequacies of crematorium funerals,

**“often uneasy dismal events” which people “attend out of great affection or respect, but nothing about the bland settings or the contexts lends itself to the expression of deep emotion... there is an anxiety about time, and a diffidence about the ceremony itself. Speakers can feel shy about what they have been asked to do, partly because there is no form for them to follow... as funeral planners most of us are amateurs, and it is surprisingly difficult to make a random collection of readings and recollections feel satisfying to those who have assembled to acknowledge a life.”**

She then turned to a funeral she had attended at All Saints. **“This traditional high church service was an unashamedly compelling and dramatic event. It had a magnificent setting, a choir with achingly beautiful voices, incense hanging thickly over the congregation and a vicar who could carry an audience. It was unembarrassed about taking up the mourners’ time. It deployed all the knowledge that the Christian Church has developed over two millennia. From ritual chants to mass singing, sermons and prayer, to evoke solemnity, sadness, laughter, empathy, admiration and, ultimately, hope and relief. The speeches, readings and music selected by Philip and his family made it a unique experience, but that variety was contained and transformed by being in an established dramatic form.**

**“The mourners left the church having lived through something extraordinary. Everyone I talked to felt both uplifted and dazed. Several people confided their intention to convert to high church Anglicanism the minute they felt death to be close. This was not on the whole a statement about their desire for faith, but**

**for ritual.”**

Ms Russell then returned to her original theme of rituals: **“Many of my generation spent much of their lives rejecting formal rituals — abandoning religion, avoiding marriages or christenings, writing their own ceremonies. Living in a society whose highest value is individualism, we both want to fit in and to demonstrate how different we are. Lots of us grew up, as I did, with humanist parents, so there was no long tradition to tap into. Those born into long traditions have often left them behind because they had begun to seem too smug, too processed. They had lost the element of transcendentalism that made them matter in the first place.”**

Well, we would say that we would want to bring people to faith, to the knowledge and love of God, before they sense the grim reaper breathing down their neck. We would argue that the sense of a need for ritual is an indicator of peoples’ religious yearning; a longing that can in the end only be satisfied by God because it has been implanted by the God who, as St Augustine wrote, has made us for himself, so that our hearts are restless until they find their rest in him.

After his recent visitation of the parish, the archdeacon encouraged us to blow our trumpet rather more than we are given to doing with our Tractarian tradition of “Reserve”. He was speaking in the light of the success of the Restoration Programme, but I think we can take heart from these unsolicited comments from a journalist that both in our pastoral care of the sick and the dying, and in our liturgical celebration of human life and death in the context of the life, death and new life of Jesus Christ, we have something which is both true and real. These things do not happen in isolation,

they do not spring ready-made from a resource book or web-site; they come out of that wider and deeper life of worship and service, prayer and study, which has always been the reason for All Saints' existence.

Yours in Christ,  
*Alan Moses*

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## PARISH NOTES

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### PEOPLE

Christmas brought two pieces of happy family news at All Saints.

On Christmas Eve, Louisa Ridgeway of our choir had rushed back from a singing engagement in Liverpool in order to sing at Midnight Mass. She had also come back to another engagement as she and Tom Green became engaged to be married. Our congratulations and best wishes to them.

On Christmas Day, our youngest worshipper at High Mass was Amelia Gralka, born four days earlier. Our congratulations to Joanna and Nicholas.

### NORMAN CAPLIN

#### **Lily writes:**

*First of all, my profound thanks for making Norman's funeral service such a celebration of his life. It is a day that I and many others will never forget. Even the sceptics in the extended family tree were 'gobsmacked' to coin a phrase!*

*Your word picture of Norman was so very apt, and we all recognised the Norman we knew and love, and who sometimes exasperated us.*

*As always, our beloved Paul and the choir produced music from heaven, which at times, was breathtaking.*

*The whole service was full of the love and joy of God's presence, and Norman would have rejoiced in it.*

#### **Norman's daughter Elaine writes:**

*I just want to say a big thankyou to you and all at All Saints, Margaret Street. You have all been so supportive throughout this difficult time and we are grateful for all the love and friendship that has been shown to us. ... I know how much it has meant to Norman and Lily to be brought Communion at home and in hospital. Knowing that prayers were regularly being offered gave them, and me, great comfort and reassurance.*

*As for the service on 29th November, the Requiem Mass was from start to finish truly wonderful. I am writing separately to Paul and the choir to thank them for the music, but in particular, your address captured so well the essence of who Norman was, and what he was like. We miss him terribly, but it is a great comfort to look back on that service which said so much about him, his faith, music, sense of humour and friendships.*

#### **His son Michael writes:**

*Thank you for all the support given to Norman and Lily over the years by you and all the personnel at All Saints, particularly latterly. This, I know, has meant a great deal to them, and to the rest of the family.*

*The Funeral Mass was a perfect memorial in words, music and prayers. The opening Burial sentences were breathtaking and the Sanctus and Benedictus from Norman's Mass sung so beautifully is something I will not forget.*

*We are very grateful for the church facilities after the service for drinks and cake and extended conversations between people who had not met for a long time.*

## SUNDAY PARKING

Westminster City Council has postponed the introduction of charges for parking in the evening and on Sunday afternoons until after the Olympics and the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. However, just before Christmas they announced a considerable extension of double yellow lines where there are at present single ones. Some of this is sensible, around corners for

example, where cars are not supposed to be parked anyway. The council claims that this will make life easier for the disabled but the extent of the double yellow-lining seems far greater than required for that and will result in a considerable reduction of the number of free parking spaces, before a final decision is made on their original proposal. Those coming to church by car should bear this in mind.

## A HOLY LENT

In the introduction to the liturgy of Ash Wednesday we are invited, **“in the name of the Church, to the observance of a holy Lent, by self-examination and repentance, by prayer; fasting and self-denial; and by reading and meditating on God’s holy word.”**

At **Sunday Evensong** (6.00 p.m.) on the first four Sundays in Lent, the parish clergy will preach a series of sermons on these Lenten practices:

Lent 1	<b>Self-examination and Penitence</b>	Fr John Pritchard
Lent 2	<b>Prayer</b>	Fr Gerald Beauchamp
Lent 3	<b>Fasting and Self-Denial</b>	Fr Alan Moses
Lent 4	<b>Reading and Meditating on God’s holy word</b>	Fr Julian Browning

There will be an opportunity for discussion after the service in the Parish Room.

### Lenten Study Groups

We will be reading through the Archbishop of Canterbury’s Lent Book: **“Love Unknown”**. This is by **Ruth Burrows**, a Carmelite nun and author of a number of best-selling books on the spiritual life.

There will be meetings at Yvonne Craig’s home on Thursday mornings (from February 29th) at 11.00 a.m. and at Mary Ashwin’s home on Thursday evenings at 7.00 p.m. Please let the Parish Office know if you would like to take part in one of them.

### Stations of the Cross

This devotion will be held at All Saints on Fridays after the evening Mass. We will alternate using the fourteen traditional stations and the sequence of biblically based ones from Common Worship.

### Lent Appeal

Our self-denial of Lent should issue in almsgiving, generosity to those in need. Our Lenten alms this year will go to:

**The Bishop of London’s Lent Appeal: “Giving Ministry Wheels”**. This aims to provide better transport for the bishops of our link dioceses in Angola and Mozambique.

**The Marylebone Project**: The Church Army’s work with homeless women, both providing emergency housing and enabling them to find long-term accommodation and work.

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## REVISION OF THE ELECTORAL ROLL

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The Electoral Roll has to be revised before the Annual Parochial Church Meeting on March 25th 2012. Inclusion on the revised Roll is the qualification to attend, participate and vote at the Meeting. The Roll will be closed for its revision between Monday March 5th and Friday March 9th 2012. No further entries may be made between March 5th and the close of the Annual Meeting.

Would all members of the congregation please check their entries on the copy of the Roll available in the Parish Office; any alterations should be notified to me c/o the Parish Office, please. Anyone else who wishes to be included on the Roll, and is qualified to do so, should complete one of the forms at the back of the church and send it to me. Apart from the legal aspects of this exercise, an up-to-date record of our members is essential for the smooth running of a non-residential parish like ours.

*Catherine T. Burling, Electoral Roll Officer*

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## MUSIC

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**A Review of Harry Bramma's CD**  
from "*The Gramophone*", reproduced with permission.

**Bramma** — *Alleluia, this is the day* \* *The souls of the righteous* \* *O salutaris hostia (two settings)* \* *Tantum ergo Sacramentum (two settings)* \* *Benedicite, omnia opera* \* *It is high time to awake out of sleep* \* *People look east* \* *God is light* \* *I will go unto the altar of God* \* *I will receive the cup of salvation* \* *Be filled with the Spirit* \* *The Kontakion of the Departed* \* *Late have I loved thee.*

*Choir of All Saints, Margaret Street, London*  
*/Paul Brough with Henry Parkes, organ.*  
*Priory F PRCD1060 (59' • DDD)*

### **Bramma from his old church's musical team**

Dr Harry Bramma has made a distinguished contribution to church music during a career encompassing organist/choirmaster positions at Worcester and Southwark cathedrals, and Director of the Royal School of Church Music. All the music on this disc is composed in a conservative idiom and has a restrained, prayerful quality; the powerful, extrovert flourishes of Leighton, Mathias or Rutter won't be found here. However, Bramma's contemplative miniature settings are equally enjoyable and his intimate knowledge of the liturgy and sacred texts results in expressive word-painting.

This can be heard at its best in the *Benedicite, omnia opera* where, despite the repetitive text, Bramma's choral and organ textures have an impressively wide variety. One can hear in his harmonic style the influence of Elgar, Howells and Vaughan Williams. The occasional chord progression in the manner of Delius is unsurprising when one recalls that Bramma is also a Yorkshireman, born near Bradford. There are many imaginative choral scorings and Bramma is especially fond of the groupings of upper voices and lower voices — sometimes apart, sometimes together. As one might expect from such an experienced choral director, all the vocal lines are eminently singable and beautifully shaped, with a hint of plainsong.

I'm sure the composer will be delighted with the radiant singing of the choir of All Saints, Margaret Street, under the assured direction of Paul Brough. Organist Henry Parkes provides colourful support on the magnificent cathedral-sized Harrison organ. The quiet modesty and spirituality of Bramma's music makes for an attractive CD.

*Christopher Nickol*

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## DIARY DATES

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### Thursday 2 February — Presentation of Christ *Candlemas*

#### 6.30 p.m. Procession and High Mass

*Preacher:* The Very Revd Victor Stock, Dean of Guildford

Low Masses at 8.00 a.m. and 1.10 p.m.

### Wednesday 15 February — Cell *OLW/All Saints*

6.30 p.m. Low Mass with hymns

7.00 p.m. **“Lady of Walsingham’s Incubation at Berkhamsted”**

by Fr John Pritchard, Assistant Priest and Cell Superior.

Followed by light refreshments. *All are welcome.*

### Thursday 16 February

7.00 p.m. **Bible Study** on St Mark’s Gospel. *Please note change of date.* We start with a simple supper and aim to finish by 8.30 p.m. The group meets in the Vicarage.

### ASH WEDNESDAY 22 February

#### 6.30 p.m. High Mass and Imposition of Ashes

*Preacher:* The Vicar

Low Masses, with ashing at 8.00 a.m. and 1.10 p.m.

### Friday 24 February, and every Friday in Lent

7.05 p.m. **Stations of the Cross**

### Saturday 25 February

2.00 p.m. **Memorial Service for Ann Maguire**

### Wednesday 29 February, and every Wednesday in Lent until 28 March

11.00 a.m. **Lent Study Group** at Yvonne Craig’s.

### Sunday 25 March

12.45 p.m. **ANNUAL PAROCHIAL CHURCH MEETING**

## CONFESSIONS BEFORE LENT

### Monday 20 February

12.00 - 1.00 p.m. Fr John Barrie

5.00 - 6.00 p.m. The Vicar

### Shrove Tuesday 21 February

12.00 - 1.00 p.m. The Vicar

5.00 - 6.00 p.m. Fr Gerald Beauchamp

### Ash Wednesday 22 February

12.00 - 1.00 p.m. Fr John Pritchard

4.45 - 5.45 p.m. The Vicar



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## ALL SAINTS FESTIVAL 2011

### THE SERMON BY THE VERY REVD PETER ATKINSON, DEAN OF WORCESTER, AT HIGH MASS ON FESTIVAL SUNDAY

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*Readings: II Esdras 2: 42 - end;  
Hebrews 12: 18 - 24; Matthew 5: 1 - 12*

FORTY years ago, as a young man, I came into this church. I didn't know anyone here, and I had only the vaguest conception of the liturgy that was unfolding in front of me. But what spoke to me, as it has spoken to so many thousands of others, was this building; and I remember that as a significant moment in my personal pilgrimage. And although this is not the first time I have preached here, it is an immense privilege for me to help you mark the completion of the latest phase of the internal restoration of this church, which first spoke to me so many years ago. I do so with a sense of discharging a forty-year-old debt of gratitude. And what a splendid way to celebrate the Season of All Saints, re-connecting with the figures of the saints and angels who crowd the sanctuary, surrounded (as the Epistle to the Hebrews puts it) by so great a cloud of witnesses.

Two years ago, the Archbishop of Canterbury preached to you here and spoke of the 'need to tell the stories of the Saints to remind ourselves what is possible within any Christian family'. And, he went on, 'within our Anglican family we need to go on telling a few stories about those who have shown us that it is possible to lead lives of Catholic holiness even in the Communion of the See of Canterbury!' I should like to speak to you this morning about someone, who himself spoke about holiness, and also practised it; someone, indeed, who preached from this pulpit: Edward King, Bishop of

Lincoln, who died one hundred and one years ago. Not quite a contemporary; not even someone within living memory; but someone at any rate with whom we shared either end of the twentieth century.

Edward King has come as close to being formally enrolled among the saints as is possible in a Church which lacks a formal canonization system. What was so remarkable about him? Evidently he was possessed of a character and a personality that irradiated goodness, compassion, integrity, charity — indeed all the Christian virtues. He once said that 'light-heartedness is at once the right and duty of a redeemed Christian whose conscience is in fairly good order', and he exemplified that redeemed light-heartedness in his own life. Light-heartedness — and light. Henry Scott Holland, a friend for many years and, like King, a Professor at Oxford, wrote of him that 'it was light he carried with him — light that shone through him — light that flowed from him... He was alive with a spirit of good cheer which years could not damp, nor infirmities becloud. He thought better and better of the world every year that he lived. It was impossible to depress him. He loved everybody and everything.' So, apart from everybody, whom did he love? He loved his friends — and they were many. He loved his parishioners — in a tiny Oxfordshire village. He was still corresponding with some of the farm-labourers, for whom he had established a night-school, half a century later. He loved his ordinands —

he was Principal of the newly-established Cuddesdon Theological College. It was a love not without challenge. ‘We were most tenderly, yet most unflinchingly, compelled to place our lives before God’, recalled one of his students. There is the authentic note of holiness: the quality of the numinous, inspiring awe as well as love, fearful as well as attractive.

In 1885 Gladstone appointed Edward King Bishop of Lincoln; but there were misgivings on the bench of bishops. King was thought to be disorganized, no kind of administrator. Worse still, he was considered untidy, and the Bishop of Newcastle sent him the address of a decent tailor. But those who knew him well believed that a remarkable episcopate was about to begin. ‘It shall be a bishopric of love’, wrote Scott Holland ecstatically; and so it was. Stories abound of his pastoral solicitude, his encouragement of hard-pressed and worn-out parish priests, the endless trouble he took with individuals. When a young Grimsby fisherman was condemned to hang for murder, it was King who visited the boy, confirmed him, signed an unsuccessful petition for the commutation of his sentence, and stood with him at the end upon the scaffold. A firm Anglo-Catholic, the first Anglican bishop to wear a mitre since the Reformation, he won the hearts of the people of protestant Lincolnshire. ‘Nowt but an old Methody’, said a Wesleyan. ‘It might have been the General himself!’ exclaimed a Salvationist. ‘Saintliness and shrewdness were equally characteristic of him’ was the comment of one of his clergy; ‘he was, in the best and highest sense, a man of the world without an atom of worldliness’.

Edward King thought about holiness — not his own, which he would not have

noticed; but the *idea* of holiness, and the idea of becoming holy. The re-connection of the sacramental life of the Church to the idea of personal holiness is one of Anglo-Catholicism’s great gifts to the Church of England, and King taught that as well as practised it. He was in no doubt whatever that the means of grace — scripture and sacrament, prayer and fasting and almsgiving, meditation and confession — were exactly that: means of *grace*, the methods by which God nourishes the Christian soul in sanctity.

But he was fearful of religiosity taken as a short-cut to authentic holiness. While Principal of Cuddesdon, it was reported to him that one earnest young student had eaten nothing for the whole of Holy Week. On Good Friday, the student received a note from Edward King: ‘Dearest man, eat breakfast and come down to the lower level of yours, E.K.’ He had the same gift as St Philip Neri of gently deflating ridiculous expressions of religion.

‘I do value so highly’, he wrote to one of his correspondents, ‘a *natural* growth in holiness, a humble grateful acceptance of the circumstances God has provided for each of us, and I dread the unnatural, forced, cramped ecclesiastical holiness, which is so much more quickly produced, but is so human and so poor’. Again, ‘Only go gradually, and, as far as possible *naturally*, taking the circumstances God gives you, and trying to serve him in them’.

Having said that, however, King was quite clear that the Christian life is the business of becoming holy, and that is not to be left to chance. He was quite prepared to use the startling image of ‘machinery’ to make the point. ‘We know the machinery now for Saint-making, and we have got the



*stuff*, only we must work and make them.’ But what *is* that ‘machinery’? ‘I want to see English Saints made in the old way’, he went on, ‘by suffering and labour and diligence in little things, and the exercise of unselfish, untiring love; quiet lives lived away in holes and corners and not known to the public while alive.’ That is exactly the Little Way of his contemporary Ste Thérèse of Lisieux, though I do not think they can have known anything of each other.

So there, in summary, is the story of Edward King, English saint of the twentieth century. Edward King’s ‘life of Catholic holiness lived within our Anglican family’ is neither the first nor the last to have been so lived; but the significance of it lies in the coherence of his teaching about holiness, and the unconscious practice of it himself.

Sometimes we talk of the Saints as exemplars of what is impossible for the rest of us. ‘We feebly struggle, they in glory

shine’, indeed; but that must not be the last word on the subject. The holiness of the Saints beckons us towards them, urges us to practise lives of holiness ourselves; as Edward King said, ‘we have got the stuff for Saint-making, only we must work and make them’. So this All Saintstide is not just a celebration of those who are holy; it is a call to become holy ourselves. It is a call to be renewed in prayer, in reading the Scriptures, in devotion to the Eucharist, in the use of solitude and silence, in that simplifying of our bodily life that we call fasting, in that unstinting generosity to others that we call almsgiving. It is a call to practise the Beatitudes: to be poor in spirit, to be merciful, to be pure in heart, to be peacemakers, to hunger and thirst after righteousness. As we marvel at the sight of the blessed, gathered around the altar of this church, we are looking, not at other people’s calling, but at our own.

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## ALL SAINTS FESTIVAL 2011

### THE SERMON AT FESTIVAL SUNDAY EVENSONG BY THE REVD JONATHAN KESTER, PRIEST-IN-CHARGE, EMMANUEL CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD

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Mobile ‘phone ring tones. They’re the scourge of our generation — intrusively shattering the peace of the library, the theatre, even the railway carriage. Sometimes they’re refined and cultural — Bach’s “*Well Tempered Clavier*”, an aria from *The Magic Flute*. Even the haunting opening “*Requiem Aeternam*” from Duruflé’s work, so seasonal for this time of year.

My ring tone is rather more prosaic and on one occasion when not properly monitored caused me deep liturgical and social embarrassment as a Mirfield trained

Anglo-Catholic clergyman.

Deep from underneath chasuble, alb, amice and cassock, and unnervingly close to the radio microphone whilst at the altar, came the effortless harmonic choral progression: “*Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? Caught in a land slide. No escape from reality.*”

Over and over again. And, because the ‘phone was so deeply concealed under layers and layers of Watt’s embroidered craftsmanship, it refused to be silenced.

You will be glad to know that my preparations in the Sacristy here at Margaret Street have ensured that I have spared myself the embarrassment of visiting the canned tones of Queen's *'Bohemian Rhapsody'* on you this evening.

But of course theological questions are often posed in the most surprising and unlikely places. After all, what is the real life? And what is just fantasy?

I'd like to suggest to you this evening that something which is at the heart of the wider Church's celebration of All Saints and your Festival, concluding this evening, gives us the clue as to where indeed we might seek the real life. There's something reassuringly rooting about that great Cloud of Witnesses, that community of love and prayer which surrounds us and enfolds as we continue our own pilgrim journey here on earth.

There's something about that community, forged in the new covenant of Christ's blood, which transcends all societal, racial and cultural divisions and in which we see that precious commodity of unique and vulnerable humanity imbued with sanctity as the most authentically REAL life.

For in those holy men and women, named and unnamed, in every generation, we see what it is to live and to love authentically in a life which is real and in so many significant ways counter-cultural to the often selfish, judgmental and myopic vision of their prevailing generation.

In them we see God's power and his transformational energy shining through human weakness and vulnerability in a way which is compelling and attractive — and yet in a way in which for so many of them set them at odds with the secular communities and cultures in which they lived.

No wonder then that we see both sanctity and God's transformational energy in such unlikely and surprising places, both in generations past and in our world of today. This great community of love and prayer is as much our family as our family here on earth and, like our own families, we don't get to choose its members!

In so doing we should not be surprised that the great cloud of witnesses not only nurture us and bolster us up with their love and prayers, but they also challenge us by being prophetic to us and disturbing our easy comfort as we ourselves are called to live more real and authentic lives in the image of God.

That visionary and inspirational Trappist religious of the twentieth century Thomas Merton was someone who struggled with the vocation to sanctity to which each and every one of us is called.

In his *"New Seeds of Contemplation"* he wrote:

*"For me to be a saint means to be myself. Therefore the problem of sanctity and salvation is in fact the problem of finding out who I am and of discovering my true self..."*

The great cloud of witnesses — which we celebrate tonight — are those who were most authentically their true selves, so that through their humanity we catch a glimpse of God. That's the real life, which isn't just fantasy and which allows no escape from reality — which is God's ultimate reality and his gentle and insistent call in our lives.

Sanctity is not ultimately about some ethereal, stained glass mysticism but rather about the radical transformation of the world and the imbuing and permeating of it

with God's ever-creative generosity.

It's about the world of the Beatitudes and of Mary's radical *Magnificat* which we sing at the heart of this and every Evensong.

Some of you may know that for some years in the late 1990s I was Chaplain to the Bishop of Edmonton. There's a kind of Obadiah Slope Society of Bishop's Chaplains which takes great comfort in the reassuring line of the All Saints hymn, "*We feebly struggle — they in glory shine!*"

One day in the mid 1990s I was required to get Gammarelli-clad Bishop Brian Masters, of blessed memory, to Broadwater Farm in Tottenham where he was part of an open day and could see at first hand the extraordinarily transformational work that a number of people had done — often quite sacrificially — to ensure social harmony and cohesion after the original Broadwater Farm riots in the 1980s.

As usual there was the customary lunch for the guests at which the wine flowed. Then, straight after lunch in the graveyard slot, there was a presentation — with the blinds shut and slides rather than powerpoint in those days — which charted the transformation of that community. As was his wont Bishop Brian's eyelids began to prevent the afternoon watches, until someone's clarion voice cried out, "*Is the Bishop bored or is he just asleep?*" Quick as a flash, as was also his wont, the Bishop rallied and exclaimed, "*Just asleep!*" He had indeed taken on board all that was happening and put him where he was at his best — at the heart of supporting the local communities of his Episcopal Area at grass roots level.

For there in the Broadwater Farm community at that time there was a tangible

sense of sanctity shown in lives led really, sacrificially and authentically in the transformation of that community.

"*To be a saint*", wrote Thomas Merton, "*means to be myself... and the problem of sanctity and salvation is in fact the problem of finding out who I am and of discovering my true self.*"

By being themselves, and simply being open to the will of God for community cohesion and harmony, so many in that community enabled the world to catch a glimpse of sanctity. And lives led really and authentically under God help to forge the essential solidarity of all humanity — of each and every person made uniquely and preciously in the image of God.

As that great giant in the Church of our own day Archbishop Desmond Tutu in his struggle for justice and equality for all people once put it, "*My humanity is bound up with yours, for we can only be human together*".

The tragedy is that for so many of us — myself included more than anyone else — is that we are so easily and readily beguiled by the false and illusory authenticity of our world — even my iPhone which so embarrassingly rang out its clarion cry from under my Eucharistic vestments! — that we become deaf to the gentle and insistent call of God in our lives and his promptings for us all to transform the world.

What we see in the Saints in every generation — and in our own age — is that remarkable capacity to be their true selves as created in the image and love of God, but in such way that was transformative to the world around them. That capacity for real and authentic humanity is the key to their sanctity and that is why we are so

encouraged and nurtured by their strong and loving prayers in the ups and downs and in the failures and opportunities of our own earthly pilgrimage.

And in so doing, I'm often encouraged by that stanza of Isaac Watt's well-known and loved All Saints hymn:

*"Once they were mourning here below  
and wet their couch with tears;  
they wrestled hard, as we do now,  
with sins and doubts and fears".*

For it is life lived really and authentically in the lives of the Saints that we celebrate

not only tonight but in every day of the year — as we rejoice in the sanctification of time and the transformation of the world with God's ever-creative and abundant generosity.

*"Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?  
Caught in a land slide — no escape from reality."*

May all God's holy saints — the whole company of heaven — human and holy women and men in every generation — pray for us and for all his pilgrim people — now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

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**SERMON BY THE REVD CANON CHRIS CHIVERS,  
AT HIGH MASS ON THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY,  
6 JANUARY 2012**

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What an embarrassment of riches this feast of the Epiphany offers. A feast of adoration, of worship and awe and wonder — those child-like qualities that belong to those to whom the kingdom is given. A feast of pilgrimage after truth: magi, astrologers, in search of a new-born baby. A feast of light, as a star leads them on to the brightness of the incarnate one. I remember Michael Mayne, that deeply humane and Anglican believer, once declaring in conversation: *"Faith is ninety percent imagination"*. The sort of statement that really winds up some Christians. But of course it's true. The Epiphany has so much upon which for the imagination to feast. A feast indeed of gifts — and how many sermons have you heard on those.

It was the seventh century Bede who had the imagination — it's the way inspiration is breathed into the church of course — to link the gifts with those now classic themes. Gold for a king. Frankincense — soon to be very short in supply we're

told, so in this of all places I should be sure to set aside a separate line in the budget (and horde like mad)! — frankincense for the worship of the word made flesh, for our acknowledgement of Jesus's Christ-likeness, his divinity. Because of course, as the catholic tradition of the church knows, you don't get anywhere if you ignore Edwin Muir's warning that the word made flesh can so easily be made word again. No, incense, music, colour — bring it on, all that stimulates the imagination and brings us to our knees in adoration. And myrrh to foretell the death of that child. Myrrh to add a note of realism to the glitter. To take us on in our pilgrimage lest we get stuck in the soft candlelight of a childish trance or the bright lights that invite us into a sort of perpetual adolescence, stimulating every sense but never growing our faith, never deepening our trust and love in the Lord.

Of course some have been rather more down-to-earth about the whole thing. St Bernard, a few centuries later, said the gold

was much-needed cash for a poor family, the incense was to disinfect the smelliness of the stable and the myrrh a herbal remedy against worms in children. “*Amazing,*” my wife said when she heard about the myrrh. She trained as a nurse. “*A commonsense doctor of the church at last!*”

And then in the Wakefield Mystery Plays, the magi, the wise men are actually replaced by shepherds. If I’d still been working as a cathedral canon in Blackburn I’d have shown my Lancashire bias at this point and muttered something about a lack of wisdom across the Pennines. But these Yorkshire shepherds are certainly both imaginative and worldly-wise. The first greets the Christ-child, holds out his hand and says: ‘*Have a bob of cherries*’. ‘*A bird have I brought to my bairn*’, says the second. Whilst the third demands of the baby ‘*Put forth thy hand, I bring thee but a ball: Have and play thee withal, And go to the tennis.*’

What a marvellous upending of those gifts with such serious, ecclesiastical and doctrinal pedigrees — kingship, divinity and suffering humanity — are a bowl of cherries, a bird and a tennis ball. And what a fantastic corrective to the somewhat pompous — certainly completely unsuitable parade of gifts that magi bring to a baby. Whoever heard of taking myrrh to a baby, for goodness sake! A bowl of cherries, a budgie and a tennis ball. How wonderfully unselfconscious are those gifts: completely in touch with reality and with a God whose incarnate presence sanctifies anything and everything.

But enough of the gifts, what of the givers? Three gifts has led us to assume three givers — and we’ve named them Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar — but as

any visit to the catacombs would tell you, or any conversation with the person privileged to play the rôle of Joyce Grenfell at a Christmas Nativity, there could indeed have been many magi. Have more than three in a Nativity Play and you’re heading for disaster of course — the scrap over the gifts at the back of church has limitless comic if somewhat more limited theological power. But the truth is that whether shepherds or magi, shepherds and magi, they represent all of us — our part in the story.

So whilst we’re on the subject of giving and our part in things, and before we stray away from convenience of three magi — so useful to any preacher — allow me to offer a hostage to fortune by suggesting that there are three types of people here tonight. Always such a dangerous thing to claim. But I think from experience it’s true.

There are those like the shepherds in the fields waiting for an Angelic message which presses all the right buttons — whose frankly wouldn’t be pressed if they heard the sort of heavenly music we’ve been enjoying this evening — and who head off with conviction to Bethlehem to see this thing which has come to pass. They believe and they worship. They have a faith that rarely wavers. It leads them to adoration, to embrace the Christian life. If you have a faith like this thank God. You’ve been shown a revelation. You believe, you trust, you pray. Your challenge, your calling is how to live it out. How to make it real, to incarnate it in your life.

Then there’s a group who mystify me. They’re very good people. I have so many friends who fall into this group. They seem to have absolutely no faith whatsoever.

But you know that if you had a problem you'd go to one of them possibly more than the friend who seems so much surer about things. I mean you might go to that person but perhaps you'd prefer the other friend — not a Christian so to speak but full of light and goodness and kindness. And they go to church sometimes — in the Christmas season, for example, for the music, or because they like the architecture and the space. But though they might be with us tonight, what we're doing here — prayer, adoration, worship — and the one whom we're receiving, 'who lives today in bread and wine', as Sir John Betjeman so memorably puts it seems, well, if not exactly meaningless then to quote the Prime Minister, rather hazy, mysterious in a more prosaic sense. I love them. Some of my best friends are numbered among them. They delight and intrigue me. But I must leave them hovering close to the stable except to emphasise that the goodness and beauty I see in these people of supposed 'no faith' — what an awful term — moves and mystifies me. It seems to teach me that God can't easily be boxed or tabernacled. He 'moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform' as the old hymn says, tabernacling, pitching his tent, as the Prologue to St John's Gospel puts it, and as Christians elsewhere in London have recently found, in unexpected or even unwanted places.

And then finally there's the kings — and of course one wouldn't want to be outdone on a night like this so I number myself among them. Perhaps you do too. They're pilgrims. Seeking for God. But faith doesn't come easily. And I suspect this pulpit is the right place from which to say so.

*'A cold coming we had of it, just the wrong time of year to be making a journey.'* I've always loved that T.S. Eliot poem, *The Journey of the Magi*. The lack of welcome — so realistic, not in this church of course but in so many others. The irritation of religion — having to do it when it's raining or cold, when we'd really rather be doing the crossword or beside the fire or under the duvet or whatever else would be less challenging. Oh the effort of it. All that going from a to b literally and metaphorically. Being forced to think yourself out of your comfort zone into something more demanding. 'There was a birth certainly but a birth that was more like a death.' What kind of good news is that, I ask you? It's actually of course the Gospel. "And they were never at ease with their lives again."

Yes this pulpit is the right place to say that faith can be so very difficult and demanding. Belief in a loving God so very taxing when one sees the reality of the world — leave alone the reality of the Church, which is of course simply a microcosm of the world only made by God in his infinite love and wisdom often to seem infinitely worse. I love Jesus but I find him so enigmatic, so teasing, so elusive. His followers so very puzzling. And in the light of all this I find looking in the mirror even more disconcerting. The truth must dazzle gradually, Emily Dickinson says in her poem, *Tell all the truth but tell it slant*, the truth must dazzle gradually or everyone be blind. Lord I believe, help my unbelief.

But the Epiphany's for all of us. Those who are radiantly open to its truth. Those good souls who like to follow but aren't sure what it all means, indeed if it means anything much at all. And folk like me —



and I dare to hope a few of you too — for whom the opposite of faith is not doubt but certainty. The Epiphany’s for all of us because it tells of a God forever with us in the world whether we like it or not. How we choose to live with such a truth... now that’s not another story, it’s our story. It’s the gift we receive again this night. Thanks be to God.

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## 100 YEARS AGO

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### *The Vicar’s Lent Letter*

Three Sundays lie before us whose titles suggest to us the passing of time and the importance of using it well\*. Let us note the solemnity of this twice-repeated warning which the Church gives us at the beginning of Lent. Let us unite in praying between Septuagesima Sunday and Ash Wednesday that we may unite in making a good Lent.

What are the characteristics of a good Lent?

1. It is a Lent of obedience to the rules of the Church. The rule of the Church requires abstinence from meat on all the weekdays of Lent, and a diminution of the quantity of food taken. Various diocesan modifications of this are customary, and we are permitted some use of meat, except on Wednesdays and Fridays and the last four days of Holy Week. Do not let us pretend to ourselves that an alteration in the character of our food is a form of discipline we do not need. The people who say this are the people it would hit hardest.

It is a Lent of self-denial; of the kind of self-denial which is only known to God. The Christian who has and shows most of the character of our Lord is the Christian

who is always unconsciously unselfish about little things, and it is hidden self-denial which leads at last to this free and happy unconscious selflessness.

It is a Lent of almsgiving; a Lent in which there is saving for the sake of giving; a Lent which enriches the Church at home and abroad, and which relieves the poor.

It is a Lent of Communion and prayer. It is a great happiness to think that there is an increased attendance at the Eucharists on weekdays, and that very many people use the Church for prayer.

I hope that steady meditation and intercession may form part of everybody’s Lent Rule, and that the Church will be greatly used for these purposes...

I no longer have to invite people to attend High Mass on Sundays, but the congregations at Sunday Evensong might still be better, especially on the women’s side. Apparently a good many women are not in the habit of attending Sunday Evensong. The fact is that social engagements are invading Sunday more and more. I am far from being a Puritan, but I hope we may continue at All Saints to be among those who complete the devotions of the Holy Day before we begin our recreation.

Evensong is sung at four o’clock for the benefit of those who dine between 7 and 8.30. A quarter of a century ago the Church was crowded at four o’clock on Sundays. Now about twenty-five people come. This, I am told, is the case everywhere, and I wish that All Saints might lead the return to the older and better state of things.

2. It is a studious Lent. *The Vicar then listed the courses of sermons which*

would be preached throughout the week during Lent by visiting preachers and the parish staff.

Again, Lenten study must be pursued at homes as well as in church. It ought to be possible to read three books in six weeks: a book on some portion of the Bible, a book on some portion of the faith, and the life of a saint.

3. Lastly, a good Lent is a missionary Lent, it is a Lent in which we try our best to help our friends to a clearer vision of God. We do this by showing God more clearly to them in our lives, and that involves learning to speak the direct word to them. To all the members of our confraternities and guild, I say, work

— work for God among your friends. Many of your friends cannot come to an afternoon sermon, bring them on Thursday evenings. Let me hand over the Thursday evenings to the care of the Confraternities and the Guild. Let them make the filling of the Church with attentive listeners their special work.

I ask your prayers for your priests, for the priests who are coming to help us, and for the whole body of the faithful.

*H.F.B. Mackay*

\* *The three Sundays before Lent which in the Prayer Book Calendar are called Septuagesima, Sexagesima and Quinquagesima. Common Worship uses their English name.*

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## SUNDAYS AND SOLEMNITIES

### MUSIC AND READINGS

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#### THURSDAY 2 FEBRUARY

#### PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE

#### (Candlemas)

#### PROCESSION AND HIGH MASS AT 6.30 p.m.

*Processional Hymns:* 33, 157

*Introit:* Suscepimus

*Mass:* Missa super Sancta Maria  
— Handl

*Lessons:* Malachi 3: 1 - 5  
Psalm 24  
Hebrews 2: 14 - end

*Hymn:* 156 (T 288)

*Gospel:* Luke 2: 22 - 40

*Preacher:* The Very Revd Victor Stock,  
Dean of Guildford

*Creed:* Credo II

*Anthem:* Nunc dimittis (double choir)  
— Wood

*Hymns:* 8 (T 128 (ii)), 187, 338

*Voluntary:* Christum wir sollen loben  
schon BWV611 — Bach

#### ● SUNDAY 5 FEBRUARY

#### THIRD SUNDAY

#### BEFORE LENT

#### HIGH MASS AT 11.00 a.m.

*Entrance Hymn:* 447 (v 5 Descant  
— Caplin)

*Introit:* Circumdederunt

*Mass:* Missa Solemnis in C  
— Mozart

*Lessons:* Isaiah 40: 21 - end  
Psalm 147: 1 - 12  
1 Corinthians 9: 16 - 23

*Hymn:* 324

*Gospel:* Mark 1: 29 - 39

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses  
*Creed:* Credo III  
*Anthem:* Let all mortal flesh keep  
silence — Bairstow  
*Hymns:* 323 (T 288), 378, 486  
*Voluntary:* Fantasia and Toccata  
— Stanford

### **SOLEMN EVENSONG at 6.00 p.m.**

*Psalm:* 5  
*Lessons:* Numbers 13: 1 - 2, 27 - 33  
Philippians 2: 12 - 28  
*Office Hymn:* 54  
*Canticles:* The Second Service  
— Leighton  
*Anthem:* A prayer of King Henry VI  
— Ley  
*Preacher:* Fr Gerald Beauchamp  
*Hymn:* 460

### **BENEDICTION**

*O Salutaris:* Martin Bruce  
*Hymn:* 431  
*Tantum Ergo:* Martin Bruce  
*Voluntary:* Choral Phrygien — Alain

## **● SUNDAY 12 FEBRUARY SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT**

### **HIGH MASS AT 11.00 a.m.**

*Entrance Hymn:* 263 (ii; omit \*)  
*Introit:* Exsurge  
*Mass:* Missa 'Saeculorum Amen'  
— Guerrero  
*Lessons:* Proverbs 8: 1, 22 - 31  
Psalm 104: 26 - end  
Colossians 1: 15 - 20  
*Hymn:* 335  
*Gospel:* John 1: 1 - 14

*Preacher:* Fr Julian Browning  
*Anthem:* I will receive the cup of  
salvation — Harry Bramma  
*Hymns:* 274, 285 (i), 466  
*Voluntary:* Final (Symphonie IV)  
— Widor

### **SOLEMN EVENSONG at 6.00 p.m.**

*Psalm:* 65  
*Lessons:* Genesis 2: 4b - end  
Luke 8: 22 - 35  
*Office Hymn:* 54  
*Canticles:* The Second Service  
— Gibbons  
*Anthem:* Almighty and everlasting God  
— Gibbons  
*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses  
*Hymn:* 253

### **BENEDICTION**

*O Salutaris:* Vale  
*Hymn:* 240  
*Tantum Ergo:* Vale  
*Voluntary:* Largo (Sonata no 5)  
— Bach

## **● SUNDAY 19 FEBRUARY SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE LENT**

### **HIGH MASS AT 11.00 a.m.**

*Entrance Hymn:* 440 (omit \*; v 6 Descant  
— Brent-Smith)  
*Introit:* Esto mihi  
*Mass:* Missa Princeps Patris  
— Lloyd Webber  
*Lessons:* 2 Kings 2: 1 - 12  
Psalm 50: 1 - 6  
2 Corinthians 4: 3 - 6  
*Hymn:* 176

*Gospel:* Mark 9: 2 - 9  
*Preacher:* Fr John Pritchard  
*Creed:* Credo II  
*Anthem:* Love Divine, all loves  
excelling — Lloyd Webber  
*Hymns:* 177, 286, 494 (T 413)  
*Voluntary:* Straf' mich nicht in deinem  
Zorn — Reger

*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses  
*During the Imposition of Ashes:*  
Remember not, Lord, our  
offences — Purcell; Psalm 103  
*Anthem:* Nolo mortem peccatoris  
— Morley  
*Hymns:* 71, 74, 445

## **SOLEMN EVENSONG at 6.00 p.m.**

*Psalms:* 2, 99  
*Lessons:* 1 Kings 19: 1 - 16  
2 Peter 1: 16 - end  
*Office Hymn:* 54  
*Canticles:* Service in E — Murrill  
*Anthem:* Lobet den Herrn — Bach  
*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses  
*Hymn:* 487 (T 447)

## **BENEDICTION**

*O Salutaris:* Caplin  
*Hymn:* 178  
*Tantum Ergo:* Caplin  
*Voluntary:* Adagio (Symphonie IV)  
— Vierne

## **WEDNESDAY 22 FEBRUARY ASH WEDNESDAY**

### **HIGH MASS and IMPOSITION OF ASHES AT 6.30 p.m.**

*Entrance Hymn:* 507  
*Introit:* Misereris omnium  
*Mass:* Missa 'Emendemus in melius'  
— Palestrina  
*Lessons:* Joel 2: 1 - 2, 12 - 17  
Psalm 51: 1 - 18  
2 Corinthians 5: 20b - 6: 10  
*Hymn:* 60 (T 238)  
*Gospel:* Matthew 6: 1 - 6

## **• SUNDAY 26 FEBRUARY FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT**

### **HIGH MASS AT 11.00 a.m.**

*Litany in Procession:* Loosemore  
*Introit:* Invocabit me  
*Mass:* Mass for five voices — Byrd  
*Lessons:* Genesis 9: 8 - 17  
Psalm 25: 1 - 9  
1 Peter 3: 18 - end  
*Hymn:* 67  
*Gospel:* Mark 1: 9 - 15  
*Preacher:* The Vicar,  
Prebendary Alan Moses  
*Anthem:* Cast me not away from thy  
presence — Wesley  
*Hymns:* 507, 294, 65 (T 329 (i))

### **SOLEMN EVENSONG AT 6.00 p.m.**

*Psalm:* 119: 17 - 32  
*Lessons:* Genesis 2: 15 - 17, 3: 1 - 7  
1 Romans 5: 12 - 19  
*Office Hymn:* 59  
*Canticles:* The Short Service — Weelkes  
*Anthem:* Miserere mei, Deus — Byrd  
*Preacher:* Fr John Pritchard  
*Hymn:* 68

## **BENEDICTION**

*O Salutaris:* 76  
*Hymn:* 70 (i)  
*Tantum Ergo:* 202

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SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON and

BENEDICTION at 6.00 p.m.

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Confessions from 12.30 - 1.00 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.

Evening Prayer at 6.00 p.m.

### Saturday Morning Prayer at 7.30 a.m.

Low Mass at 8.00 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.\*

(\* First Mass of Sunday)

Confessions 5.30 p.m.,

Evening Prayer 6.00 p.m.

Confessions are also heard by appointment

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## CALENDAR AND INTENTIONS FOR FEBRUARY 2012

1	<i>St Brigid, abbess</i>	Religious Communities
2	<b>PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE (Candlemas)</b>	Unity
3	St Anskar	Those in need
4	<i>Gilbert, founder of the Gilbertine Order</i>	Hospitals
5	✕ <b>3rd SUNDAY BEFORE LENT</b>	<b>OUR PARISH AND PEOPLE</b>
6	<i>Martyrs of Japan; Accession of Queen Elizabeth II</i>	The Queen
7		General Synod
8		Friends of All Saints
9		Unity
10	<i>St Scholastica</i>	Those in need
11		ALMA*
12	✕ <b>2nd SUNDAY BEFORE LENT</b>	<b>OUR PARISH AND PEOPLE</b>
13	r Requiem (8.00 a.m.)	The departed
14	Ss Cyril and Methodius	USPG
15	<i>Sigfrid, bishop; Thomas Bray</i>	Cell of OLW/All Saints
16		Unity
17	Janani Luwum	Those in need
18		The Emergency Services
19	✕ <b>SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE LENT</b>	<b>OUR PARISH AND PEOPLE</b>
20		The Homeless
21		Preparation for Lent
22	<b>ASH WEDNESDAY</b>	Observance of Lent
23	St Polycarp	Unity
24		Those in need
25		Amnesty International
26	✕ <b>1st SUNDAY OF LENT</b>	<b>OUR PARISH AND PEOPLE</b>
27	George Herbert	Deanery Synod
28		The unemployed
29	Ember Day	Those to be ordained

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### Please note:

All Friday Masses are 'for those in need' — intercessions from the board inside church are used on these days.

r — Requiem, the monthly Requiem — 8.00 a.m. this month.

\*ALMA — The Angola, London, Mozambique Diocesan Association.



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