

The Anglican Church in Athens

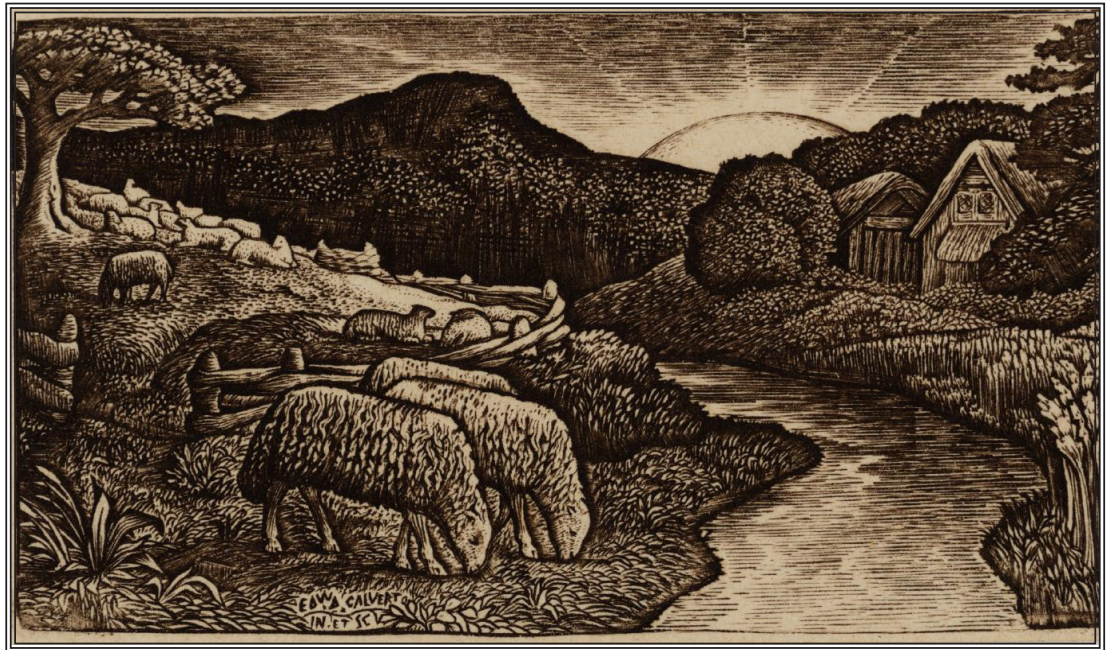
# Saint Paul's Church Magazine



*"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."  
Psalm XXIV; 1*

## Editorial Greetings

**O**ur regular contributors, or, at least, a goodly number of them, have sailed away and left us to wilt and wither in the Athenian air adust. Yet rather than - as Ariadne on the Naxian strand - forlornly slump to our knees and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth, we have toiled - *semper orantes, semper laborantes* - to fill these pages with sundry reflections of God His Glory; like moonlight rebounded from the surface of a murky puddle.



*The Sheep of His Pasture, Edward Calvert (1799-1883), 1828, line engraving*

Yea, Father Leonard has retired, our flitten friends are on their islands, and we bide here - a very Shadrach - in the city's furnace. Not that this vasty urban mess is so very intolerable at this season: indeed, in many respects it is *more* tolerable. Athena is quiet and still - even *she* nods in this sweltering heat - and her roads are - O rare tranquillity! - comparatively barren of traffic. Aye, nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so. Think the good, therefore, and enjoy the figs of August.

*Thomas Nashe His Grubby Thumbnails*

## On the Sacrament

**L**ord to thy flesh and blood when I repair,  
When dreadful joys and pleasing tremblings are,  
Then most I relish, most it does me good,  
When my soul faints and pines and dies for food:  
Did my sins murder thee? To make that plain  
Thy pierced dead-living body bleeds again.  
Flow sad sweet drops; what differing things you do  
Reveal my sins; and seal my pardon too.

*Thomas Pestell (1586-1667)*







## *Father Leonard His Farewell*

**I**t was - let us not equivocate - confoundedly hot weather on Sunday the twenty-third day of July, yet almost eighty people came to partake of the Lord's Supper for the last time during the incumbency of Father Leonard, who has served this chaplaincy for six years, and who has served the Anglican cause for forty years. It is not for us to deliver a eulogy or make encomium here, for better sorts spoke to his praise - and to Lynne's - before his final procession as chaplain, but suffice it for us to write that he has done *much* for the chaplaincy these recent years and was a steady and experienced had at the tiller in time of pestilence and all the troubles that clung to the mantle of that most disruptive virus: "He only happy is, and wise, can con his barque when tempests rise." Representatives from *Apostoli*, the Orthodox Church's "civil non-profit organisation" with whom the Anglican Church in Greece has effected much *good work* in recent years, from *Aei Ferein*, from the Salvation Army, from the Roman Catholic Church in Athens, &c. &c. came to bid farewell to a chaplain who has done much to build and bolster ecumenical relations - especially with the Orthodox Church. Members of the Swedish Church sang *adein* ("May the road rise to meet you"), the church provided *excellent* provender, and the occasion was *at least* as joyful as it was salted by the tears of leavetaking (and the salt, by the by, of sweat). So long, and farewell, Father Leonard and Lynne; such thanks as we may tender here be a paltry return for your toils these half-dozen years, but they are proffered in earnest, and may they be so taken.



[left to right] Archdeacon of Eastern Europe and Germany & Northern Europe, The Ven. Dr. Lesley Nathaniel; Pastor of the Church of Sweden, Fr. Bjorn Kling; Rev. Deacon Christine Saccali, Rev. Canon Leonard Doolan; Verger, Ms. Virginia Stevens; Lay Reader, Ms. Nelly Paraskevopoulou

## Editorial: The Botany of the Gutter

**G**od his Glory is to be apprehended in all things, for He not only *transcends* all things but is *immanent* in all things as all things are in Him, from the creeping hodmedod to the waif and wandering albatross; ramsons, damsons, leeks and thistles, all are of God and in God and are Holy thereby. Indeed, if the Incomprehensible cometh even a whit nearer to our ken, it surely cometh in contemplation upon God's immanence, rather than the white and awful eternity of His transcendence.

We are compelled to give at least one hour each and every day to a meditation upon this essential Glory; cleaving our souls unto the swaying of the uppermost sprays of a eucalyptus tree, and to the raucous and croaking colloquy of the mob of hooded crows (*corvus cornix*) thereupon. The dreadful revelation that we are one - whole in God and under God and with God is ever around us, like to a sturdy and dependable palisade, and by it we shun the subtle cares - the mind-forg'd manacles - that like the barbarian horde seek to devastate the settlement of our earthly being. Ah, but as the wide-winged albatross we rove, and must return to our quarry: we are self-professed and undaunted gutter-scavengers; ever marvelling at the persistence and hardness of plants, we roam the humming suburbs purposed upon specimens for pressing, for drawing, or for meditation. The pith, or nub, of our reflection: O man! Your works are vanity; all is so transient; your metallad roads will decay but until the last day the fullness of God's earth will persist. Mankind, unless he lives *with* creation and not above or aside from it, fragments from the Whole and his corporeal part shall vanish as smoke is routed in the wind; the very wind, withal, that shall disperse the seed of the dandelion.

On a street of fifty yards we have reckoned at least ninety two different species of flora (grasses included) with the caveat that we are but plodding and unscientific botanizers and our enumeration (even our mere arithmetical faculty) might well be - nay, is surely - faulty. Notwithstanding this fundamental *carelessness* as to scientific accuracy (remembering, after all, that "all charms fly at the touch of mere cold philosophy"), the Poetry of the observation is *utterly* and *ravishingly* inspiriting: the world is a very wonder; in every quivering stem a bright and brilliant Glory is. Halt and look ye: winter chickweed in every cleft and cranny, lichens

clinging to every cornerstone, broad-leaved fig trees draping their heavy shade upon villas crack'd and crumbling.

We have seen scarlet pimpernel (*anagallis arvensis*) (Poor-Man's Hourglass) in all its comely and delicate beauty - beautiful not alone for its vermilion vivacity, the foliage is uncommonly lovely in graceful paired or whorlish leaves - flourishing even in the strangulated crevices of that garish and tawdry Hell, the street called *Ermon*.

A pavement is nothing insurmountable to the things of nature; seeds can remain in abeyance for centuries, even millenia, and are enduring in a way that humbles the trifling labours of Man (we cannot but help recall the risible pride of Shelley's *Ozymandias*): bramble seeds have germinated from discarded jam pots, withstanding temperatures exceeding one hundred and five degrees celsius (the reader is encouraged to seek a copy of *The Unofficial Countryside* by Richard Mabey should he take heart from this matter). Our crumbs are carried away by divers scuttling creatures, each one part of the Great Wholeness of God, and our very bones shall fat the slithy worm that haunts the clod. This is something to ponder and to *cherish* withal, for to disregard or ignore our part in creation is to dissever ourselves from God, and to wall ourselves within the dismal cell of Self.

[continued overleaf]



*Stinking Mayweed and the Fried Egg Sun, Mary Newcomb (1922-2008), oil and pencil on board*



Yet most of us seem unmindful of this veritable Glory, and when we *do* deign to consider wild growth it is, like as not, because we consider it an impertinent nuisance. *Weed* is a pejorative which is wholly contingent upon time and place, and bespeaks more for the character of Man than the inhering qualities of a given plant. We have seen a *wondrous* efflorescence of *verbascum speciosum* (a mullein, comparable to Aaron's Rod) at six feet tall, roughly hewn down - or, more bluntly, snapped at the lower part of the stem - by a young baker: the offending plant was, we presume, obscuring the display of *koulouria* in his shop window. Yet, in a meadow surely he would not have been indifferent to the marvel of this luxuriant growth nor, had this been six hundred years earlier, would he have been ignorant of the medicinal - and practical (it is said to retard the rotting of gathered figs) - value of the mulleins.

Yea, King Alfred the Great employed the word *weed* in his ninth-century translation of *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, and it is not improbable that even the neolithic husbandman had *something* of a notion of floral impropriety, yet we cannot help but think that, blinkered by the evident obsession with economic progress and convenience, twenty-first century Man has become *acutely* intolerant of unplanned growth. On which, for the story's novelty as much as its ideological congeniality, we commend Henry Williamson's *A Weed's Tale*, to those who can obtain the text.

If we are seeking order, tidiness, and a kind of perfection, we are deluded; for *that* perfection is specious and satisfies no man's *heart* or *spirit*. We shall, whether the reader will follow us or no, discursively dance down a thrilling path beaten by the great John Ruskin on the matter of the spiritual importance of vegetative life to mankind. It is, of course, a bound further away from our original subject but because it is ever worthy of contemplation, we reproduce this passage from the second volume of *The Stones of Venice*:

"That sentence of *Genesis*, "I have given thee every green herb for meat," like all the rest of the book, has a profound symbolical as well as a literal meaning. It is not merely the nourishment of the body, but the food of the soul, that is intended. The green herb is, of all nature, that which is most essential to the healthy spiritual life of man. Most of us do not need fine scenery; the precipice and the

mountain peak are not intended to be seen by all men, - perhaps their power is greatest over those who are accustomed to them. But trees, and fields, and flowers were made for all, and are necessary for all. God has connected the labour which is essential to the bodily sustenance, with the pleasures which are the healthiest for the heart; and while He made the ground stubborn, He made its herbage fragrant, and its blossoms fair..."

Hereat we could allow our subject kidnap us and carry us away to a far countree, writing fluent drivel *around* this subject, but in so doing we would, we wot, take our hand from the tiller and find ourselves at sea in a mop-bucket. Down falls the curtain: Silence!

*The world is charged with the grandeur of God  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with  
toil;  
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell:  
the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.*

*And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last nights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs -  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and ah! bright  
wings.*

Gerard Manly Hopkins (1844-1889)



## *The Licensing of Nelly Paraskevopoulou*



joy it was to be present at the licensing - as a Reader in the Church of England - of Nelly Paraskevopoulou, a faithful and devoted servant of the Church, a prayerful and contemplative soul whom we hold especially congenial; not least because she is a *friend to all creatures*, particularly that most chary of quadrepeds: the church cat, *Guinevere*.

Nelly's license was vouchsafed upon her by the Ven. Dr. Lesley Nathaniel - our archdeacon - as representing the Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Robert Innes, and she was thereat invested with the ceremonial blue scarf of the lay reader. The morning's hymody included "Thou whose almighty word" (to the resounding tune *Moscow*), and its verses are most apt on such an occasion for, as a lay minister, Nelly must also bear "the lamp of grace", bringing "health to the sick in mind" and "sight to the inly blind" by her preaching of the Word, and, of course, by holy example.

This was a significant event for the Anglican Church in Greece, for with the beginning of the *interregnum*, Nelly's responsibilities will be great and, for what our word is worth, we know that she will be equal to their undertaking and we are thankful that she is with us. Success to her ministry!



*May the Word of Christ dwell in you richly: the Archdeacon confers Nelly's license on Saturday the twenty-second of July, 2023*



## *The Bishops' Advisory Panel*

**I**n my previous piece (see last issue), I described my experience with vocational discernment in the Anglican Church.

In this piece, I will elaborate on what that period of working with my Vocations Advisor (VA) was all about. Providing some context is in order: apart from the meetings, the enquirers should be able to work through the Anglican-theological literature and submit written assignments in response to it. Therefore, upon receiving sponsorship from my Chaplaincy, my Diocesan Director of Ordinands (DDO) asked me to start work on a portfolio (while being supervised by a VA) which included the following:

1. An obituary by and of the enquirer: I was asked to write two thousand words describing my life in the third person, much like an obituary in a British national newspaper. Such an obituary is meant to explore honestly personal successes and failures and give some explanation for the enquirer's personality. The Church is looking for self-aware and self-critical people with a vocabulary of self-knowledge, not for perfect deacons and priests. The piece is also meant to elucidate the enquirer's motives, namely what has brought them to this place of vocational discernment. The obituary had to be fact-based; as my DDO put it: "The obituary is a reflection on the person's life to this point, and not a role play, in that it does not ask the individual to provide an imaginary ending to their life years hence."

2. Written reflections:

i. Two thousand words on the nature of the office to which I feel called. On the basis of the Anglican Ordinal for Priests (1662), I was asked to describe the office and work of a priest and explain why I feel called to it.

ii. Five hundred words (in response to The Revd. Paul Avis's book "Anglican Understanding of the Church" (2000)) on the nature of the Anglican Tradition.

iii. Five hundred words (in response to the report "Mission-Shaped Church" (2004)) with specific reference to my own context at St Paul's, Athens.

iv. Five hundred words (in response to The Revd. Keith Ward's book "Christianity: A

Very Short Introduction" (2004)) on Biblical authority.

v. A Five hundred word answer to the following question: "What do you understand by 'critical' or 'academic' study of the gospels? Why do you think some Christians are suspicious of it? Tell me what you think and why."

3. A sermon I have preached: I chose my sermon (delivered on the eighteenth of April, 2021) about the Order of Melchizedek referenced in *Hebrews*.

4. A reflection on a group I have led in a Chaplaincy context; I chose my presentation (delivered on the fifth of March, 2021) called "Summary of Meeting God in Paul by The Rt. Revd Rowan Williams (2015), Chapter 3: The New Creation, Paul's Christian Universe".

In the summer of 2021, I had several meetings with my VA to discuss my written work; his precious feedback helped me clarify and rethink key aspects of my understanding of the Anglican Tradition. When I finished my portfolio I submitted it to my DDO who was pleased with it. Subsequently, I was 'greenlighted' to move forward.

The content of the Portfolio was also reviewed by the Bishops' Advisers; I was interviewed on it during my BAP interview earlier this year. Judging by the BAP report, the Portfolio was well-received by the BAP selectors.

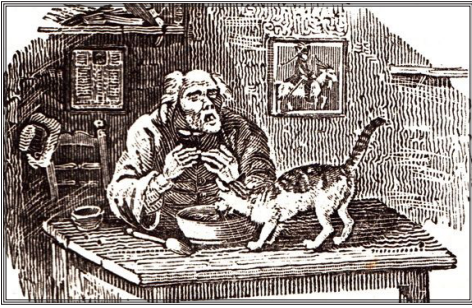
*Angelos Palioudakis*



## In Praise of Creation



As I and my family sat at tea in our parlour, an hour or two after we had taken possession of our lodgings, the door of the room and that of the entrance of the house being open, on account of the fineness of the weather, a poor black cat entered hastily, sat down on the carpet by the table, looked up towards us, and mewed piteously.



I never had seen so wretched a looking creature. It was dreadfully attenuated, being little more than skin and bone, and was sorely afflicted with an eruptive malady. And here I may as well relate the history of this cat previous to our arrival which I subsequently learned by bits and snatches.

It had belonged to a previous vicar of Llangollen, and had been left behind at his departure. His successor brought with him dogs and cats, who, conceiving that the late vicar's cat had no business at the vicarage, drove it forth to seek another home, which, however, it could not find. Almost all the people of the suburb were dissenters, as indeed were the generality of the people at Llangollen, and knowing the cat to be a church cat, not only would not harbour it, but did all they could to make it miserable; whilst the few who were not dissenters would not receive it into their houses, either because they had cats of their own, or dogs, or did not want a cat, so that the cat had no home and was dreadfully persecuted by nine-tenths of the suburb. Oh, there never was a cat so persecuted as that poor Church of England animal, and solely on account of the opinions which it was supposed to have imbibed in the house of its late master, for I never could learn that the dissenters of the suburb, nor indeed of Llangollen in general, were in the habit of persecuting other cats; the cat was a Church of England cat, and that was enough: stone it, hang it, drown it! were the cries of almost everybody. If the workmen of the flannel factory, all of whom were Calvinistic Methodists, chanced

to get a glimpse of it in the road from the windows of the building, they would sally forth in a body, and with sticks, stones, or for want of other weapons, with clots of horse-dung, of which there was always plenty on the road, would chase it up the high bank or perhaps over the Camlas [*a canal ditch or channel - eds.*] - the inhabitants of a small street between our house and the factory leading from the road to the river, all of whom were dissenters, if they saw it moving about the perllan [*orchard*], into which their back windows looked, would shriek and hoot at it, and fling anything of no value, which came easily to hand, at the head or body of the ecclesiastical cat. The good woman of the house, who though a very excellent person, was a bitter dissenter, whenever she saw it upon her ground or heard it was there, would make after it, frequently attended by her maid Margaret, and her young son, a boy about nine years of age, both of whom hated the cat, and were always ready to attack it, either alone or in company, and no wonder, the maid being not only a dissenter, but a class teacher, and the boy not only a dissenter, but intended for the dissenting ministry. Where it got its food, and food it



sometimes must have got, for even a cat, an animal known to have nine lives, cannot live without food, was only known to itself, as was the place where it lay, for even a cat must lie down sometimes; though a labouring man who occasionally dug in the garden told me he believed that in the springtime it ate freshets, and the woman of the house once said that she believed it sometimes slept in the hedge, which hedge, by the bye, divided our perllan from the vicarage grounds, which were very extensive. Well might the cat having led this kind of life for better than two years look mere skin and bone when it made its appearance in our apartment, and have an eruptive malady, and also a bronchitic cough, for I remember it had both. How it came to make its appearance there is a mystery, for it had never entered the house before, even when there were lodgers; that it should not visit the woman, who was its



declared enemy was natural enough, but why, if it did not visit her other lodgers, did it visit us? Did instinct keep it aloof from them? Did instinct draw it towards us? We gave it some bread-and-butter, and a little tea with milk and sugar. It ate and drank and soon began to purr. The good woman of the house was horrified when on coming in to remove the things she saw the church cat on her carpet. 'What impudence!' she exclaimed, and made towards it, but on our telling her that we did not expect that it should be disturbed, she let it alone. A very remarkable circumstance was, that though the cat had hitherto been in the habit of flying not only from her face, but the very echo of her voice, it now looked her in the face with perfect composure, as much to say, 'I don't fear you, for I know that I am now safe and with my own people.' It stayed with us two hours and then went away. The next morning it returned. To be short, though it went away every night, it became our own cat, and one of our family. I gave it something which cured it of its eruption, and through good treatment it soon lost its other ailments and began to look sleek and

bonny.

We were at first in some perplexity with respect to the disposal of the ecclesiastical cat; it would of course not do to leave it in the garden to the tender mercies of the Calvinistic Methodists of the neighbourhood, more especially those of the flannel manufactory, and my wife and daughter could hardly carry it with them. At length we thought of applying to a young woman of sound church principles who was lately married and lived over the water on the way to the railway station, with whom we were slightly acquainted, to take charge of the animal, and she on the first intimation of our wish willingly acceded to it. So with her poor puss was left along with a trifle for its milk-money, and with her, as we subsequently learned, it continued in peace and comfort till one morning it sprang suddenly from the hearth into the air, gave a mew and died. So much for the ecclesiastical cat.

*George Borrow (1803-1881), extracted from Wild Wales (1862)*



*Cat [Edgar Quinet], Gwen John (1876-1939), c. 1904-08, graphite and watercolour on paper*

## Poetry

*They know instinctively that speculation  
Will never reach a single true equation.*



For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.  
 For he is the servant of the Living God, duly and daily serving him.  
 For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.  
 For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.  
 For then he leaps up to catch the musk, which is the blessing of God upon his prayer.  
 For he rolls upon prank to work it in.  
 For having done duty and received blessing he begins to consider himself.  
 For this he performs in ten degrees.  
 For first he looks upon his forepaws to see if they are clean.  
 For secondly he kicks up behind to clear away there.  
 For thirdly he works it upon stretch with the forepaws extended.  
 For fourthly he sharpens his paws by wood.  
 For fifthly he washes himself.  
 For sixthly he rolls upon wash.  
 For seventhly he fleas himself, that he may not be interrupted upon the beat.  
 For eighthly he rubs himself against a post.  
 For ninthly he looks up for his instructions.  
 For tenthly he goes in quest of food.  
 For having consider'd God and himself he will consider his neighbour.  
 For if he meets another cat he will kiss her in kindness.  
 For when he takes his prey he plays with it to give it a chance.  
 For one mouse in seven escapes by his dallying.  
 For when his day's work is done his business more properly begins.  
 For he keeps the Lord's watch in the night against the adversary.  
 For he counteracts the powers of darkness by his electrical skin and glaring eyes.  
 For he counteracts the Devil, who is death, by brisking about the life.  
 For in his morning orisons he loves the sun and the sun loves him.  
 For he is of the tribe of Tiger.  
 For the Cherub Cat is a term of the Angel Tiger.  
 For he has the subtlety and hissing of a serpent, which in goodness he suppresses.  
 For he will not do destruction, if he is well-fed, neither will he spit without provocation.  
 For he purrs in thankfulness, when God tells him he's a good Cat.  
 For he is an instrument for the children to learn benevolence upon.  
 For every house is incomplete without him and a blessing is lacking in the spirit.  
 For the Lord commanded Moses concerning the cats at the departure of the Children of Israel from Egypt.  
 For every family had one cat at least in the bag.  
 For the English Cats are the best in Europe.  
 For he is the cleanest in the use of his forepaws of any quadruped.  
 For the dexterity of his defence is an instance of the love of God to him exceedingly.  
 For he is the quickest to his mark of any creature.  
 For he is tenacious of his point.  
 For he is a mixture of gravity and waggery.  
 For he knows that God is his Saviour.  
 For there is nothing sweeter than his peace when at rest.  
 For there is nothing brisker than his life when in motion.  
 For he is of the Lord's poor and so indeed is he called by benevolence perpetually—Poor Jeoffry!  
 poor Jeoffry! the rat has bit thy throat.  
 For I bless the name of the Lord Jesus that Jeoffry is better

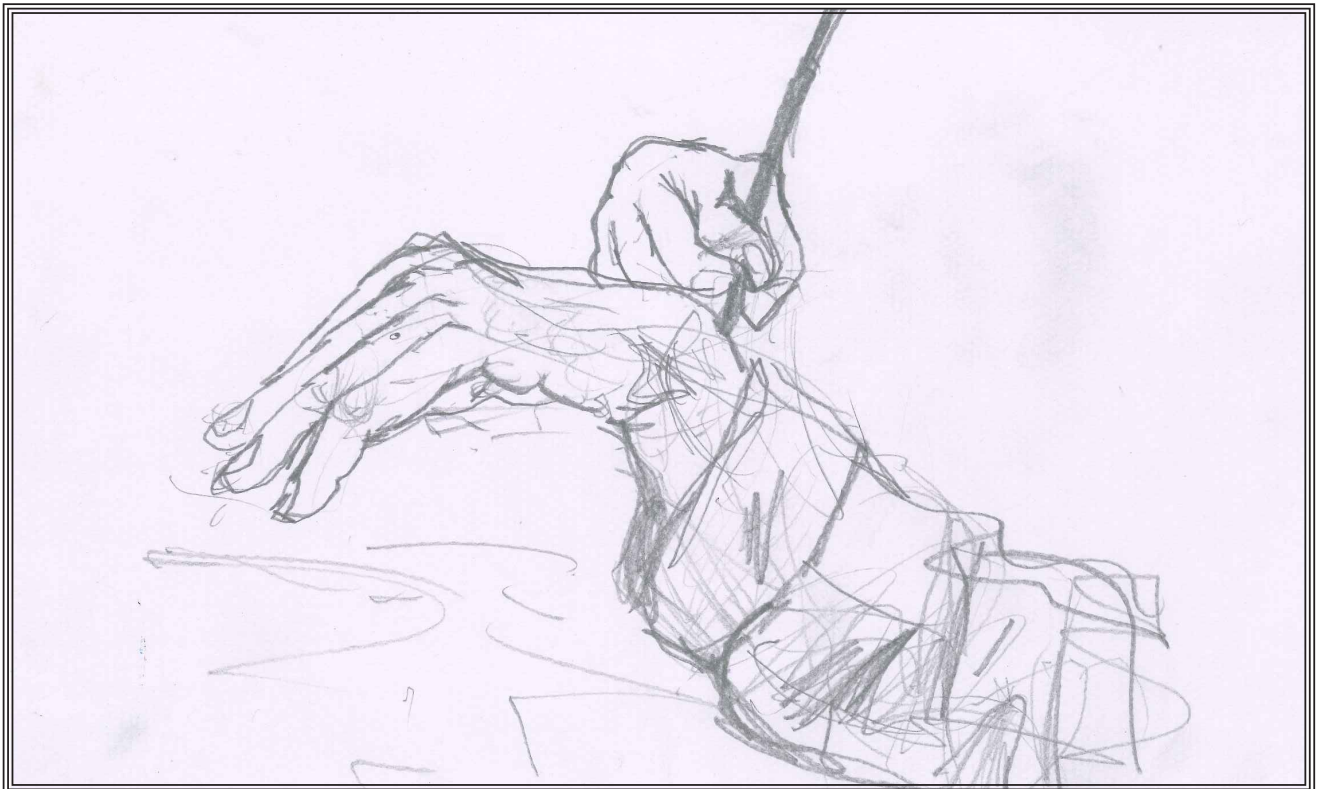


For the divine spirit comes about his body to sustain it in complete cat.  
For his tongue is exceeding pure so that it has in purity what it wants in music.  
For he is docile and can learn certain things.  
For he can set up with gravity which is patience upon approbation.  
For he can fetch and carry, which is patience in employment.  
For he can jump over a stick which is patience upon proof positive.  
For he can spraggle upon waggle at the word of command.  
For he can jump from an eminence into his master's bosom.  
For he can catch the cork and toss it again.  
For he is hated by the hypocrite and miser.  
For the former is afraid of detection.  
For the latter refuses the charge.  
For he camels his back to bear the first notion of business.  
For he is good to think on, if a man would express himself neatly.  
For he made a great figure in Egypt for his signal services.  
For he killed the Ichneumon-rat very pernicious by land.  
For his ears are so acute that they sting again.  
For from this proceeds the passing quickness of his attention.  
For by stroking of him I have found out electricity.  
For I perceived God's light about him both wax and fire.  
For the Electrical fire is the spiritual substance, which God sends from heaven to sustain the bodies both of man and beast.  
For God has blessed him in the variety of his movements.  
For, tho he cannot fly, he is an excellent clamberer.  
For his motions upon the face of the earth are more than any other quadruped.  
For he can tread to all the measures upon the music.  
For he can swim for life.  
For he can creep.

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*Study of Hands, A.P.K (fl. 2023), 2023, graphite on paper.*



## Self-Knowledge

-*E coelo descendit γνωθι σεαυτόν. - Juvenal*

**Γ**νωθι σεαυτόν! - and is this the prime  
And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time!  
Say, canst thou make thyself? - Learn first that trade; -  
Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.  
What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?  
What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?  
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,  
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,  
Vain sister of the worm, - life, death, soul, clod -  
Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1843)*



*'The maidens came when I was in my mother's bower'*  
[extract]

**T**he maidens came  
When I was in my mother's bower;  
I had all that I would.  
The bailey beareth the bell away;  
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.  
The silver is white, red is the gold;  
The robes they lay in fold.  
The bailey beareth the bell away;  
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.  
And through the glass window shines the sun.  
How should I love, and I so young?  
The bailey beareth the bell away;  
The lily, the lily, the rose I lay.

*Anonymous (date unknown)*



*Decorative Design: Sun Ripening Corn, Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898), c. 1890, gold paint and watercolour on paper*



## Prayer

*O happy living things! No tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushes from my heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware.*

**O** God, I thank thee  
for all the creatures thou hast made,  
so perfect in their kind -  
great animals like the elephant and rhinoceros,  
humorous animals like the camel and the  
monkey,  
friendly ones like the dog and the cat,  
working ones like the horse and the ox,  
timid ones like the squirrel and the rabbit,  
majestic ones like the lion and the tiger,  
for birds with their songs.  
O Lord give us such love for thy creation,  
that love may cast out fear,  
and all thy creatures see in man  
their priest and friend,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*George Appleton*

**T**ake Lord, unto Thyself,  
My sense of self: and let it vanish utterly:

Take, Lord, my life,  
Live Thou Thy life through me:  
I live no longer, Lord,  
But in me now  
Thou livest:

Aye, between Thee and me, my God,  
There is no longer room for 'I' and 'mine'.

*Tukaram (1608-1649), an Indian peasant mystic*

**A**ll people that have ever made any  
reflections upon what passes in their  
own hearts, must know that they are mighty  
changeable in regard to devotion. Sometimes  
our hearts are so awakened, have such strong  
apprehensions of the divine presence, and are so  
full of deep compunction for our sins, that we  
cannot confess them in any language, but that of  
tears.

Sometimes the light of God's countenance  
shines so bright upon us, we see so far into  
the invisible world, we are so affected with  
the wonders of the love and goodness of  
God, that our hearts worship and adore in a  
language higher than that of words, and we feel  
transports of devotion, which can only be felt.

On the other hand, sometimes we are so sunk  
into our bodies, so dull and unaffected with  
that which concerns our souls, that our hearts  
are as much too low for our prayers; we cannot  
keep pace with our forms of confession, or feel  
half of that in our hearts which we have in our  
mouths; we thank and praise God with forms of  
words, but our hearts have little or no share in  
them.

It is therefore highly necessary to provide  
against this inconstancy of our hearts, by having  
at hand such forms of prayer as may best suit us  
when our hearts are in their best state, and also  
be most likely to raise and stir them up when  
they are sunk into dullness. For as words have a  
power of affecting our hearts on all occasions,  
as the same thing differently expressed has  
different effects upon our minds; so it is  
reasonable that we should make this advantage  
of language, and provide ourselves with such  
forms of expressions as are most likely to  
move and enliven our souls, and fill them with  
sentiments suitable to them.

*William Law (1686-1761)*



## A Brief Hagiography

**S**aint Aidan of Lindisfarne was born in Ireland and died in the year 651 A.D. His early years, before, that is, he became a monk at Iona, are lost to Time's everlasting midnight, although he might have dwelt for a period on Scatterry Island, Co. Clare. In 635, after an entreaty of King Oswald for monks to evangelise his Kingdom of Northumbria, Aidan travelled to the north of England and received the isle of Lindisfarne as his episcopal see.

At Lindisfarne, Aidan established a monastic community under the Rule of Columcille, forbidden to accumulate riches, with all that was not needful for the monastery being distributed in the diocese to the relief of the poor.

Our principal source for the life of St. Aidan is the Venerable Bede in his eighth-century *Ecclesiastical History*:

“Among other lessons in holy living, Aidan left the clergy a most salutary example of abstinence and continence; it was the highest commendation of his doctrine with all men, that he taught nothing that he did not practice in his life among his brethren; for he neither sought nor loved anything of this world, but delighted in distributing immediately among the poor whom he met whatsoever was given him by the kings or rich men of the world. He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; to the end that, as he went, he might turn aside to any whomsoever he

saw, whether rich or poor, and call upon them, if infidels, to receive the mystery of the faith, or, if they were believers, strengthen them in the faith, and stir them up by words and actions to giving of alms and the performance of good works”.

Bede has also preserved this story of King Oswald (whose feast day is the ninth of August), a faithful advocate of Aidan's apostolate:

“To give one instance, it is told, that when he was once sitting at dinner, on the holy day of Easter, with the aforesaid bishop [Aidan], and a silver dish full of royal dainties was set before him, and they were just about to put forth their hands to bless the bread, the servant, whom he had appointed to relieve the needy, came in on a sudden, and told the king, that a great multitude of poor folk from all parts was sitting in the streets begging alms of the king; he immediately ordered the meat set before him to be carried to the poor, and the dish to be broken in pieces and divided among them. At which sight, the bishop who sat by him, greatly rejoicing at such an act of piety, clasped his right hand and said, “May this hand never decay.” This fell out according to his prayer, for his hands with the arms being cut off from his body, when he was slain in battle, remain uncorrupted to this day”

St. Aidan is commemorated on the thirty-first of August and St. Oswald on the ninth of August.

*Excerpts from the Ecclesiastical History translated by A. M. Sellar, published 1907.*



*An artist's impression of the seventh-century monastery at Lindisfarne, Peter Dunn [copyright Historic England]*



## George's Jokes

Recorded by J. Mertzarakis with kind permission of  
George Katsaris

**W**hat do we call a person who lives in Paris  
and attends church regularly?  
A Parissoner.

Jane Mandalios' jams and preserves are a  
hugely popular staple at our Bazaars and after  
each Sunday service and their production  
is a year-long project. So the answer to the  
following question is not hard to find:  
What happened when a lorry overturned and  
lost its delivery of marmalade? *It caused a jam.*

*Tennis fever* descended on the United Kingdom  
once again in June, much to the delight of  
a visiting group of American missionaries,  
some of whom were of a sporting bent and had  
immediately become members of their local  
tennis club, enjoying not only the game but the  
socialising in the club-house.  
What was their response on being asked the  
purpose of their visit?  
"We've come to serve".

What was the favourite song of the Christian  
*Formula One* driver?  
Amazing Race

*Gossip, Iain Macnab (1890-1967), wood engraving*



## The Wicked Bible

**I**n the seventh year of the reign of King  
Charles the first, 1631 A.D., under the  
supervision of the printer Robert Barker, an  
edition of the King James Version of the Bible  
was produced containing the glaring misprint:  
"Thou shalt commit adultery" (Exodus 20:14).  
By royal injunction, the offending books were  
culled and destroyed, although at least a dozen  
copies are still extant. Robert Barker - a printer  
to the royal household in London - and his  
associate Martin Lucas were fined, and their  
licences were revoked. It is thought that this  
error - and another egregious mistake we shall  
not here reprint - were either a compositor's  
mischief or, even, an act of sabotage by a rival  
printer.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbot  
(incumbent 1611-33) declared: "the printers for  
his majestie have a very profitable place, and  
therefore should be more carefull. I knew the  
tyme when great care was had about printing,  
the Bibles especially, good compositors and  
the best correctors were gotten being grave  
and learned men, the paper and the letter rare,  
and faire every way of the beste. But now the  
paper is nought, the composers boyes, and the  
correctors unlearned."



## Friendless Churches



The Friends of Friendless Churches was established by a group of friends in 1957 to save redundant but beautiful places of worship from demolition, decay and unsympathetic conversion.

They believe that an ancient and beautiful church fulfils its primary function merely by existing. It is, in itself, and irrespective of the members using it, an act of worship. These buildings are our greatest architectural and cultural legacy, shaping landscapes and lives for hundreds of years. They are the spiritual and artistic investment of generations, and they should survive for the benefit of future generations.

Their places are shaped by hundreds of years of history – by saints, powerful kings, queens and bishops, and famous artists and architects, but also by the hands, hearts and minds of long-forgotten community leaders, ground-breakers and trouble-makers.

They reflect the beliefs – sacred and magical – of countless generations. They are treasure troves of public art, from paintings, to woodcarving, to dazzling stained glass.

And they are rich habitats for numerous creatures great and small, and plants – from the tiniest lichens to the tallest sequoia tree.

The Friends of Friendless Churches was established at a meeting held on 3 July 1957 in Committee Room 13 of the House of Commons.

Led by Welsh journalist, politician, sportsman and polymath Ivor Bulmer-Thomas, the founding committee was a group of friends with a passion for protecting the ecclesiastical heritage of England and Wales.

The group sought to become friends to friendless churches, to “secure the preservation of churches and chapels, or of any part thereof, in the United Kingdom, whether belonging to or formerly used by the Church of England or by any other religious body... for public access and the benefit of the nation.”

Initially focused on campaigning and grant-aiding, in 1972 the charity began to take ownership of buildings. The residual tower of St. Matthew’s at Lightcliffe, Yorkshire was the very first friendless church adopted by the Friends of Friendless Churches.

Ivor and his influential friends saved countless historic churches – hopeless cases, lost causes – from ruin, neglect and demolition.

Today, they are the friends and guardians of 60 churches of architectural and historical importance, from early medieval single cell structures to soaring twentieth century masterpieces. They overlook golden valleys, languish on desolate headlands, hold fort amid oil refineries, perch on the banks of the Thames, and rest in weary majesty on roadsides.

Find out more on their website:  
[friendsoffriendlesschurches.org.uk](http://friendsoffriendlesschurches.org.uk)

*Nelly Paraskevopoulou*



*The Church of St. Mary Magdelene, Boveney, Buckinghamshire, photograph from the Friends of Friendless Churches internet pages*

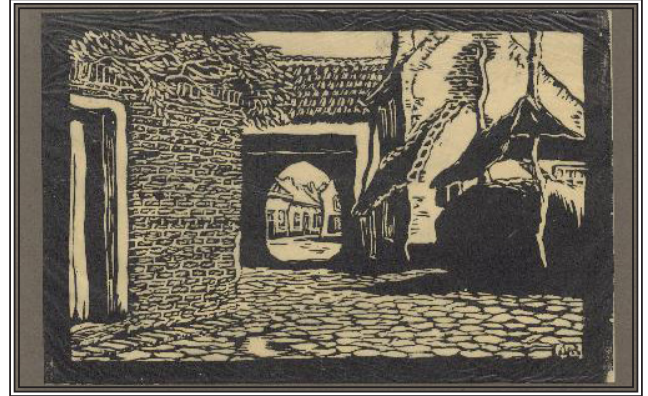


## Notices &c.

**T**he month of August in Athens is one of comparative stillness and quietude: those that can flee to the coasts to the peace of their villages, to their island abodes; whilst those that remain stir little whilst the sun creeps past its zenith. For this reason, we have few notices to give, abiding the coming of a new chaplain which may or may not be soon, and drawling through the hours of heat and dust.

- » Shirley Poulakis continues to collect postage stamps for the Brittle Bone Society; do please bring to the church any that you may have.
- » The church choir is ever seeking to augment its forces and anyone inordinately fond of the *New English Hymnal* should make themselves known to the dabbling choirmaster, Mr. Oliver Knight, forthwith.

- » During the *interregnum* services will be held as erstwhile, viz. on Sunday mornings at ten o' clock and on Wednesday mornings at the same hour.



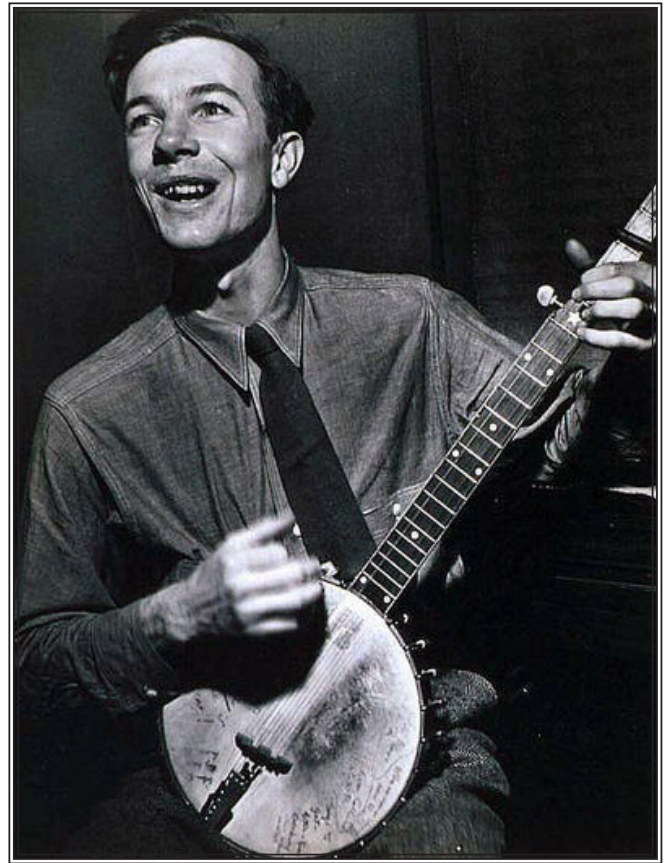
## The Green Diocese

**A**s a church within the Green Diocese in Europe, and doing our best to protect the environment in whatever way we can, I was pleased to read the following post from my cousin in the United Kingdom, Jonathan. It's a quote from American folk singer and activist Pete Seeger, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, with his sister Peggy, at a folk night in Leeds, Yorkshire, when we were all very young and green and when shopping was packed in paper bags and bottles were all made of glass:

"If it can't be reduced, re-used, repaired, rebuilt, refurbished, refinished, resold, recycled or composted then it should be restricted, redesigned or removed from production."

On Pete's death in 2014, aged 94, Barack Obama referred to him as America's tuning fork and said: "Over the years, Pete used his voice and his hammer to strike blows for workers' rights and civil rights; world peace and environmental conservation, and he always invited us to sing along. For reminding us where we come from and showing us where we need to go, we will always be grateful to Pete Seeger."

Jean Mertzanakis



*Pete Seeger (1919-2014), circa 1946-48*

## *Coffee Mornings and Lynne Doolan's Farewell*

**C**offee mornings continue to contribute handsomely to church funds and, more significantly, to the sodality we treasure as a community in a vast and whelming city. These are ever agreeable occasions, at which, if nothing else, there are *incomparably* toothsome dainties to be had. But, alas, our baker *sans pareil*, Mrs. Lynne Doolan, shall board a ship bound for the island of Aegina - indeed, when we come to circulate this edition of the chaplaincy magazine, she might well have departed. Therefore we intend, in a few lines, to articulate the gratitude of all those

who participate at these gatherings - either as volunteer or consumer - for Lynne's contibution to the success of this happy venture, not only as a baker, but for serving coffee, sluicing the dirties, fetching and carrying, and, most especially, for her fellowship. We proffer our most sincere thanks to you, Lynne.

Is there a reader that would willingly give a few hours a month to help at the coffee mornings? Whether it be to serve tea and coffee, bake, set tables, wash the spoons, plates, and cups, you would be most welcome and please write to Anne Dedes at [annededes@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:annededes@yahoo.co.uk) or, alternatively, communicate your interest to somebody at the church.



*Lynne Doolan (left) with Lesley, Anne, Anne, and George at the coffee morning on June the eighth.*

## *A Recipe for the Season:*

**W**ith respect, then, to Lynne's departure, we print here a seasonal recipe from the vicarage stove:

Into a bowl are to be measured:

The juice of one lemon  
Two tablespoons of olive oil  
Two large cloves of garlic, crushed  
One teaspoon of ground turmeric  
Two or three teaspoons of powdered cumin  
One tablespoon of dried mint

This should be well mixed (or, *melled*, for the lexicographers amongst you). This can be effected in a plastic food bag, the ingredients then being rubbed together.

Add six chicken breasts either whole or chopped into fork-worthy pieces. Ensure the chicken is combined well with the other ingredients and leave the issue to marinate for at least an hour at room temperature. If one wishes to leave this mixture over night, set it in the refridgerator.

Preheat the oven to Gas 4/180C/350F/Fan 160C. Then transfer the chicken to a baking tin, ensuring that the pieces of chicken do not touch one another. For the cut breasts, ten to fifteen minutes will suffice; for the uncut breasts, fifty minutes covered with foil.

Serve the meal, with a dip made from equal quantities of houmous and plain yogurt, for dinner or supper, at feasts and festivities withal.



## Council Meeting: April 2023



he meeting was the first following the March annual meeting and opened with a prayer at ten o' clock.

Archdeaconry representatives James Papageorgiou and Vassilis Kotsikogiannis were welcomed at the beginning of their three year appointment, along with Dr. Judy Triandafillou, co-opted for one year.

Appointments: Lynn Stavrou (Vice-chair and Safeguarding Officer); Jean Mertzanakis (Hon. Secretary); Nelly Paraskevopoulou (Hon. Treasurer); James Papageorgiou (Local Environmental Officer/LEO).

Secretarial Report: Annual Statistics for Mission regarding attendance numbers, type and regularity of services &c. had been completed by Father Leonard and sent to the Diocesan office; Jean had updated the information for St. Paul's published on the "A Church near You" website.

Chairman's Report: The Bishop of Truro's visit had included many official meetings relating to his report on Freedom of Religion and Belief for the British government and it was hoped that a committee consisting of ourselves and other churches in Athens could be formed to promote this work. Bishop Philip had conducted a baptism, a confirmation and two receptions into the Anglican Church and said that his visit had reminded him of the diversity he so much appreciated when he was posted in Europe.

Treasurer Nelly reported that insurance claim paperwork had been submitted respecting the flooding of the Vicarage that had occurred whilst Father Leonard and Lynne were in Scotland.

The meeting of the ministerial team (Father Leonard, Father Bjorn, Deacon Chris, Nelly and Angelos) would take place before Father Leonard's end of tenure on July the twenty-

third in order to arrange services during the *interregnum* that would follow his retirement.

**Financial Report:** A legacy of €28,000 had been received from the estate of the late Sylvia Hill, last member of the Hill family, who had served the church as Council members and Officers for many years. €8,000 would be donated to Greek charities and the remainder would support the work at St. Paul's. Sylvia's legacy had been gratefully acknowledged. Concerning internet fundraisers, it was decided that there would be one a year, and that during the Christmas season.

**Safeguarding Report:** New council members must complete 'level one' on-line safeguarding training – any member of the congregation could do this if they wished – no cost was involved and a certificate would be issued.

**Fundraising & Social Events:** The 2023 date for the Christmas bazaar would shortly be booked and relations with the War Museum were good. The renting of two tables to "Paidiki Trauma" had been successful and the possibility of renting to other charitable organizations (including our partners) would be considered. Preparations for the Summer Coronation Bazaar were in hand. €2,818 had been raised from book sales between April 2022-23 and Fr. Leonard was thanked for his donation of theological works. Books were also sold at Newcomers meetings, attended by Assistant Chaplain Deacon Chris. Sales of the church guide *Opening the Doors* were going well. Coffee mornings and quiz evenings had restarted and were popular fundraising events.

**Social Media:** In accordance with Diocesan advice, more than one person should be involved in the running of our on-line communications and teams were currently being formed, involving Caroline Daniels, Churchwarden Trevor, Treasurer Nelly and Chloe Smith.

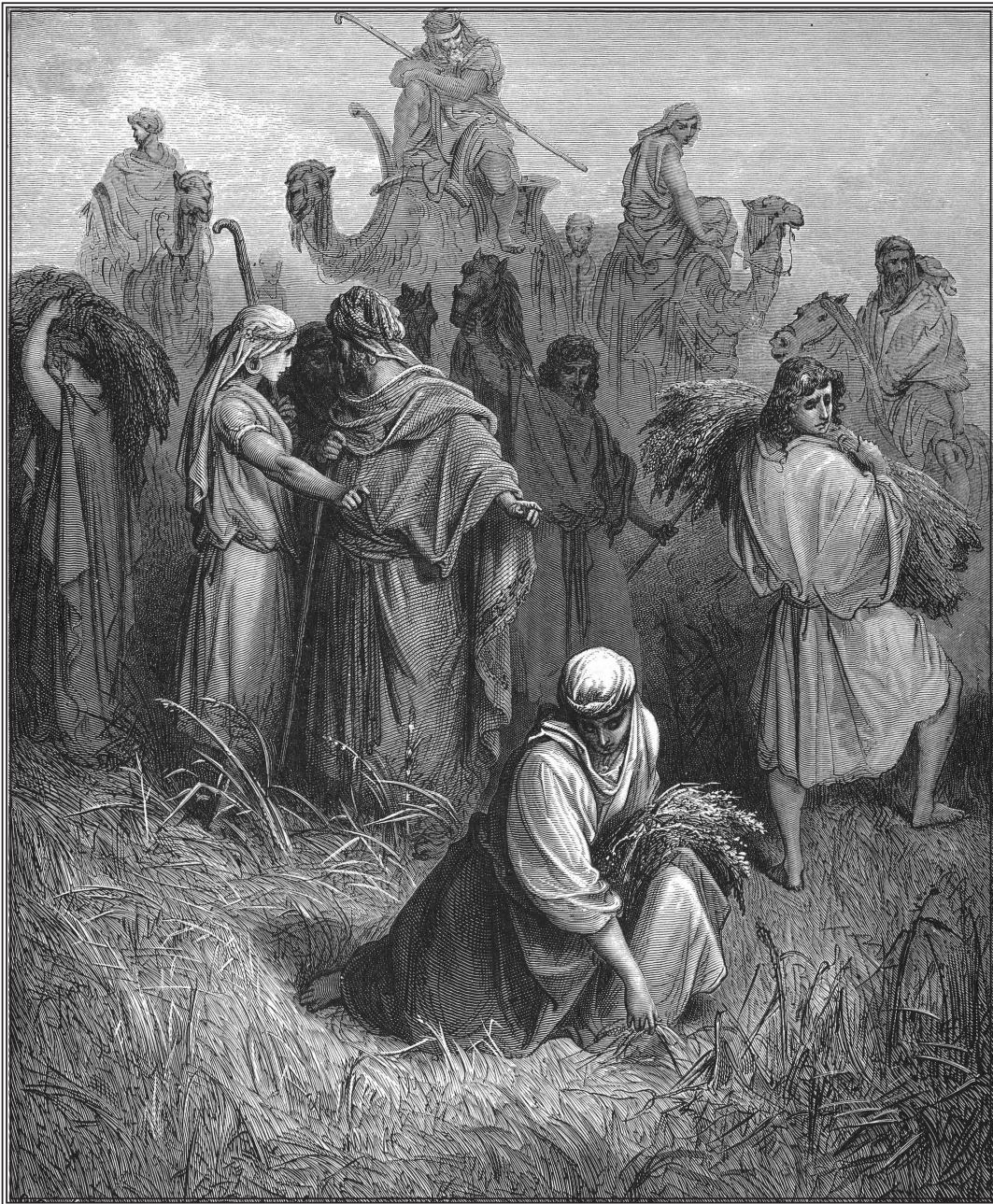
*Jean Mertzanakis (Hon. Secretary)*





## *The Editors' Supplication*

**B**efore thou turnest thine ear to the tumult of the life itself, we make supplication to thee, O thou dear reader. With Father Leonard's departure we are bereaven of an *exceedingly* dependable contributor and whilst we hope, from time to time, to print his words once again in this chaplaincy magazine, we now, more than erstwhile, seek articles to reproduce here - regular or irregular, occasional or general. Take up thy pen and write, even if only to vehemently condemn the current editorship of these pages: *we will print it*. As faithful Ruth, we shall glean any grain thou droppest; canst thou not scatter a few lines about thy life in Greece in our path? What had ye for supper yestreen? How fare ye in this restless and changing city? Which birds seest thou from thy balcony? Hast thou seen something of Greece that thou shalt ne'er forget? *Why does your brand sae drap wi' bluid, Edward, Edward?*



*Ruth and Boaz, Gustave Doré (1832-1883), 1866, wood-engraving*