

The Anglican Church in Athens

# Saint Paul's Church Newsletter



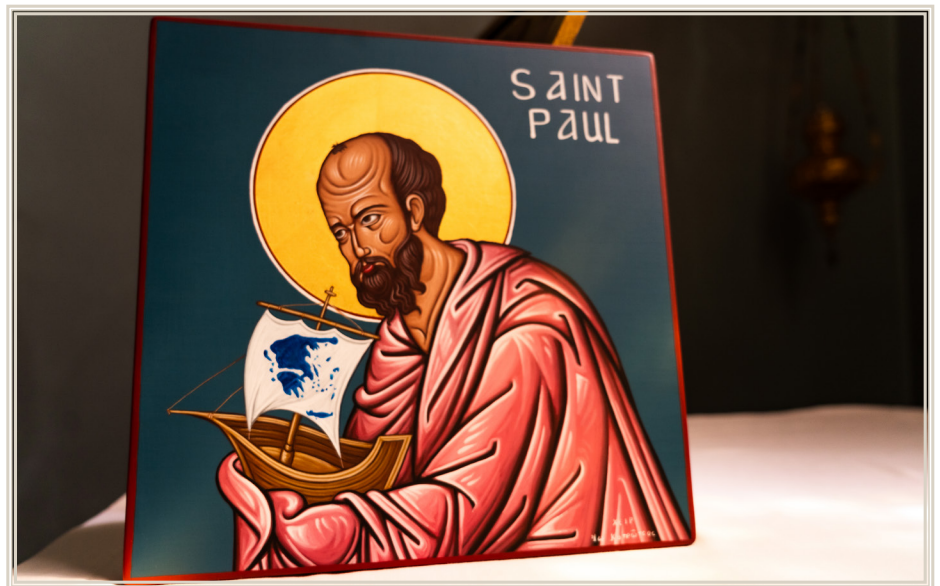
*"Now all the Athenians and the foreigners living there would spend their time in nothing but telling or hearing something new" (Acts. 17:21)*

## The Chaplain Writes:

This eMag is a new venture for St. Paul's Anglican Church in Athens. Our thanks to the small editorial production team, who are all members of Council. Everyone needs to help in circulating this new eMag, so we are asking that when you receive and read this, you will forward it to all your contacts as appropriate. The more the eMag cascades down through our friends and supporters the more connections we can make – and the more information we can circulate.

Ironically the first edition is in a month when we are paying our last respects to Sasha Brewis. For many years Sasha was the stalwart editor of the printed version of the magazine called 'News and Views'. She kept going with her commitment to the magazine right up until she could physically no longer do it. Sasha was buried on September 1st and her Thanksgiving Service will be in St. Paul's on Friday 16th September at 13.00. For all that you have done over many years at St. Paul's, including co-ordinator for the Christmas Bazaar, we thank you Sasha. May she rest in peace.

As we now move into the Autumn weeks of 2022 – *Καλό Φθινόπωρο* – we hope and pray that we will be able to resume the timetable of events and worship that for two whole years the pandemic put a halt to. One or two things we were able to do successfully last year, such as the Harvest Festival at the Kokotos Estate and the Christmas Bazaar, but we desperately



*"Those who conducted Paul brought him as far as Athens..." Acts 17:15*

need to get back into familiar rhythms for these next few months. I look forward again – God willing – to a Carol Singalong near to Christmas, to concerts beginning again in our lovely building, our Harvest, Remembrance and Advent services leading into Christmas.

Friends, due to the very devastating years of Covid the finances of St. Paul's have been badly hit – and this will take several years to recover from. We need your help, and we help to make it easy for you – make use of the monthly envelope scheme, use bank transfer, and at church there is a POS so you can pay by card.

During the lockdown period I was

working on a very good project that has now come to fruition – a new and groundbreaking publication called 'Opening the Doors.' This is an extensive look at the very early connections between the church in England and in Greece; the establishment of the chaplaincy and building of St. Paul's; the work of the chaplaincy during the Greek financial crisis and refugee crisis and into the present time. There are contributions from John Kittmer, Mark Nestlehutt, Malcolm Bradshaw, Christine Saccali and me. I have incorporated the previous church guidebook as one of the chapters. The books costs were covered by a very generous donor.

*(continued overleaf)*

As your mind begins to be drawn towards Christmas 'Opening the Doors' would make an ideal Christmas present for friends or family. If you are posting to the UK remember how many weeks it can now take, so maybe now is the time to be buying copies of this book. It costs only 10,00€ for an 87 page book, with illustrations.

For the Orthodox it is September that marks the new year, so the underlying message this month is new beginnings as I urge that all of us renew our faith, re-affirm our commitments to Christ and his Church, and double our efforts to be faithful witnesses to Christ in the centre of Athens and well beyond.

Father Leonard.



*Mrs. Golightly, Edward Ardizzone (1900-1979), 1952, pen and ink.*

## Deacon Christine: The Flow Continues

As the time of writing this towards the end of August, six months after the beginning of the war in Ukraine, the rapid exodus of displaced people on the move to neighbouring countries in times of strife has affected both the media attention and funding for refugees elsewhere and to a large extent sympathies. Understandably, there is compassion fatigue and a feeling that the issue and numbers in Greece has moved on since the height of the crisis in 2015 and 2016, even if there are still many people who are stuck in Greece and have not been able to move on. Unsurprisingly, COVID has not helped focus attention on the plight of these individuals or the dwindling numbers of relief agencies, activists advocates and volunteers.

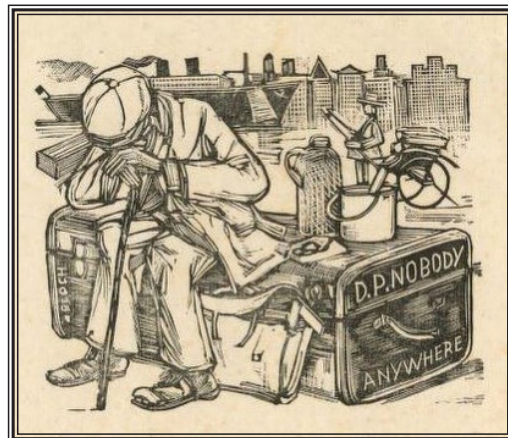
According to UNHCR figures, numbers of people entering Greece in 2021 were the lowest in a decade at 8,000; so far, in 2022 7,000 have reached these shores either by sea or through Northern Greece. The number would be even larger but for alleged pushbacks, which are illegal. There is considerable media attention directed towards the borders between Turkey and Greece and the Evros river which forms part of them. Tensions are heightened and there appears to be organised trafficking involved which is always at the expense of those trafficked.

It has also been noted that those crossing the Aegean from Turkey in boats are taking circuitous routes towards Italy and have been picked up or wrecked near Kastelorizo, Kythira, and Zakynthos islands, to name but a few. Most survivors and travellers were not wearing lifejackets and there are unknown numbers of missing, presumed lost at sea while occasionally the depths give up more bodies. Italy is considered a more desirable destination and nearer to Central Europe. Life is extremely hard here for migrants and refugees with or without documents even though they have been led to believe of a better future by making the journey and leaving

their homelands. Sites and urban accommodation are closing down leaving people on the streets with no means of support or income.

I have done a lot of number crunching but as Christians we need to remember these people are not statistics - each one is an individual, made in the image of God and known to Him. It is a Gospel imperative for us to care for the poor, imprisoned, distressed and displaced. The Anglican Church St Paul's is well known in this field. We must keep up the good work with old partners and new, maintaining and building on relationships. Luke 14 : 13-: ' But when you give a banquet, invite the poor, the crippled, the lame and the blind. And you will be blessed because they cannot repay you, for you will be repaid at the resurrection of the righteous.'

*Deacon Chris Saccali, Assistant Chaplain St Paul's, September 2022*



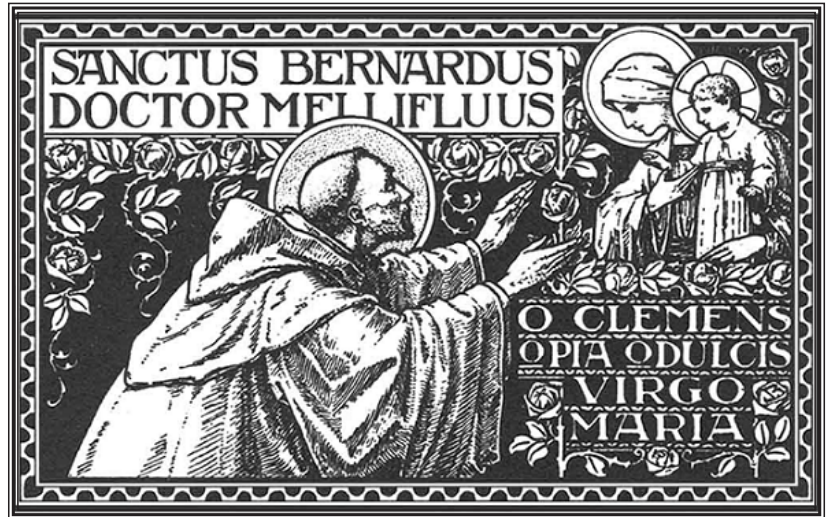
## A Prayer: St. Bernard of Clairvaux (“Mary, O Lady”)

Run, hasten, O Lady,  
and in your mercy help your sinful servant,  
who calls upon you,  
and deliver them from the hands of the enemy.  
Who will not sigh to you?  
We sigh with love and grief,  
for we are oppressed on every side.

How can we do other than sigh to you,  
O solace of the miserable,  
refuge of outcasts,  
ransom of captives?  
We are certain that when you see our miseries,  
your compassion will hasten to relieve us.  
O our Sovereign Lady and our Advocate,  
commend us to your Son.

Grant, O blessed one,  
by the grace which you have merited,  
that he who through you  
was graciously pleased to become a partaker  
of our infirmity and misery,  
may also through your intercession,  
make us partakers of his happiness and glory. Amen.

*St. Bernard of Clairvaux (d. 1153)*



*Doctor Mellifluus, René de Cramer (1876-1951), wood engraving*

## Lessons in Word-Craft: The Book of Ruth: 1 : 16-17

The which answerde, Ne contrarye thou me, that Y forsake thee,  
and goo a wey; whider euer thou gost, I shal goo, and where  
thow abidist, and I togidre shall abyde; thi puple my puple, and thi  
God my God; what erthe the takith diyinge, in it I shal die, and  
there I shal take place of birying; thes thingis God do to me, and  
thes thingis adde, if not oonly deeth me and thee seure.  
(*John Wycliffe: c. 1382*)

Ruth answered: Speake not to me thereof, that I shulde forsake  
thee. and turne backe from the: whither so euer thou goest,  
thither wil I go also: and loke where thou abydest, there wil I  
abide also: Thy people is my people, and thy God is my God.  
Loke where thou diest, there wil I dye, and euen there wil I also  
be buried. The Lorde do this and that unto me, death onely shal  
departe vs.  
(*Miles Coverdale: 1536*)

And Ruth answered, Intreate mee not to leaue thee, nor to depart  
from thee: for whither thou goest, I will goe: and where thou  
dwellest, I will dwell: thy people shalbe my people, and thy God  
my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.  
The Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death depart  
thee and me.  
(*The Geneva Bible: 1560*)

And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from  
following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where  
thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy  
God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be  
buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death  
part thee and me.  
(*Authorized Version, 1611*)

But Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave you or to return from  
following you; for where you go I will go, and where you lodge  
I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my  
God; where you die I will die, and there will I be buried. May the  
Lord do so to me and more also if even death parts me from you.  
(*Revised Standard Version, 1952*)



*Ruth and Naomi [detail], Jacob Steinhardt, 1957, wood-engraving*

## “Summer pleasures they are gone, like to visions every one”: June, July, and August at St. Paul’s Church

Athenian summers, when surveyed from their midst, are apparently without beginning or ending, for in the haze and swelter of early August, time - scarcely comprehensible even in the milder seasons - seems utterly negated, and life strides not onwards inexorably, but tarries, wantonly, in the torrid noontide heat. This year, however, summer’s entrance was so decisively, so splendidly, marked that this refulgent season, usually so formless, was afforded a definite beginning – a memorable point of departure nostalgically descried as one looked back across the surge of summer’s heat. The reference, so obliquely put, is to the Jubilee celebrations which were held in honour of Her Late Majesty Queen Elizabeth, second of that name, who served the realm, and defended the Anglican confession, for threescore and ten years.

The bazaar was, indeed, an appropriately memorable occasion, and altogether the most successful spring-summer fete to have been given at St. Paul’s church, raising more than four thousand euros for the church coffer. His Excellency Mr. Matthew Lodge, Her Late Majesty’s Ambassador, formally initiated the festivities, and convivial indeed was the day. Music was provided by the estimable Athens Singers, who sang, amongst other works of regal character, Henry Purcell’s fine ode for Queen Mary’s birthday ‘Come Ye Sons of Art’ (1694); tables were furnished with first-rate fare for the delectation of the revellers – and thanks are due again to all those who provided the day’s food (and to those washed and dried the dishes) – and to appease the thirst there was the incomparable refreshment of Pimm’s, donated by the British Embassy, and capably served by churchwarden Mr. Trevor Kamuzonde. The Jubilee merchandise stall was an especial success for, as the writer understands, the wares were *all sold by noon*. Truly it was a happy occasion that will be remembered long; may we emulate it next year!

Another occasion for gaité de coeur was



*The church gaily adorned with bunting (June 4th)*

the Patronal Festival on Sunday 26th June, being the Sunday before the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Our Patron is customarily remembered on the day of his conversion, viz. January the 26th, but it was, as those who were present will undoubtedly concur, worth waiting until June to gather in the name of St. Paul without the obligation to wear protective masks in the churchyard. A joy peculiar to Anglican churches not in Britain (with certain exceptions), and felt especially in a city with such numbers of tourists and sojourners, is the diversity of visitors who worship with us of a Sunday, and we were pleased to partake of our parish breakfast in the congenial company of travellers from Australia, the United States of America, and Romford in Essex, England.



Another visitor this summer was Father James Harris, who, in July, returned to Athens where, in 2019, he served Saint Paul’s Church in the capacity of Assistant Chaplain. Father James is now responsible for three congregations in the Diocese of Bath and Wells and has endeavoured to maintain an association with the Anglican congregation in Athens, with whom he had such an affinity. Indeed, it is with much gratitude that we remember that, in his present parishes he held a ‘Greek Night’ to raise funds for the depleted kitty of our church here on Philellinon. He undertook the duties of deacon on the Sunday of his visit and we hope to welcome him and his family again soon.

The summer has also brought the return of the monthly coffee mornings, so capably orchestrated by Anne Dedes. These are invariably delightful gatherings at which books, clothes, cards &c are sold, and are worth attending for Lynne Doolan’s excellent cakes, let alone the amiable company. All are, of course, most welcome on the second Wednesday of every month (after the morning service, for which the bell tolls a few minutes before ten of the clock).

August brings a delectable quietude to the city as the Athenians - those who are able - flee to their villages and islands. It also, conversely, brings visitors to the city and, as previously stated, we are fortunate to celebrate Mass on Sundays with Christians - or the merely curious - from over the hills and far away: Nebraska, Sweden, India, the Argentine, Ghana, Rutland &c. Long may this continue!

*The dainties set forth... (June 4th)*



*The book stall was a tremendous success, with more than five hundred and fifty euros worth of sales.*



*Father Leonard conducts His Excellency Mr. Matthew Lodge around the churchyard.*



*Pimm's proved a most ideal - and delectable - refreshment on what was a very hot day.*



*Thanks to the toils of all involved, the food stall was spread with diverse and sundry fare so that even the most fastidious appetite was appeased*

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## Poetry

### In Church

Often I try  
To analyse the quality  
Of its silences. Is this where God hides  
From my searching? I have stopped to listen,  
After the few people have gone,  
To the air recomposing itself  
For vigil. It has waited like this  
Since the stones grouped themselves about it.  
These are the hard ribs  
Of a body that our prayers have failed  
To animate. Shadows advance  
From their corners to take possession  
Of the places light held  
For an hour. The bats resume  
Their business. The uneasiness of the pews  
Ceases. There is no other sound  
In the darkness but the sound of a man  
Breathing, testing his faith  
On emptiness, nailing his questions  
One by one to an untenanted cross.

*R. S. Thomas (1913-2000)*



*Christ Praying on the Mount of Olives, Rembrandt van Rijn, c. 1638-39, pen and bistre*

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### Peace

My soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingéd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:  
There above noise and danger  
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend  
And - O my soul, awake! -  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But one who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

*Henry Vaughan (1622-1695)*



*Three Women in a Church, Gwen John (1876-1939), watercolour and charcoal*

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## “...saith the Preacher”: The Open Column

Are you an eavesdropper? Do you engage in eavesdropping? You'll probably reply 'Of course not' but after some thought reach the conclusion that you have 'eavesdropped' from time to time - whether intentionally or not. The former when trying to hear what our parents were saying when we were supposed to be sleeping, or listening to the conversations of older siblings (particularly when told to 'go away') and the latter, accidental eavesdropping and so difficult to avoid when overhearing snatches of conversation on public transport or whilst standing in a queue. They usually go in one ear and out the other but sometimes our interest is piqued and we are tempted to 'lend an ear'. But what is the origin of the term 'eavesdropper'? How is it connected with roofs and drops?

Well, in the mid-15th century, an eavesdropper was a person who lurked near a place to hear what was said inside. This entailed standing next to the wall

and beneath the eaves, from which rainwater dropped. The author Alan Bennett sometimes refers to 'overheard' conversations that have amused him and on a visit to the U.K. I couldn't help but smile at the following:

In a shop - "Did you speak to head office about that problem we had?" "Yes, I rang them this morning." "And is everything OK?" "I don't know - he was talking Scottish and I couldn't understand a word he was saying."

On a bus - "Our Sharon's got a new boyfriend - he seems really nice, though he's only got one arm." "Really! Was it an industrial accident?" "I don't know - he was a postman."

On the street - "Come on, sir. Buy a Big Issue and support the homeless." "No thanks love - I've got somewhere to live."

In a cafeteria: "It's difficult getting into the bath these days so I might get one of

those with a door in the side so you can walk in and out." "Ooh, I wouldn't like that! You'd flood the bathroom every time you got out!" "Don't be daft - and anyway, I only have a bath once a week."

It would be good to think that an overheard comment of mine would brighten someone's day, albeit in a tiny way, but I'm well aware that there are times when I say something critical about another person - a grievous fault often referred to in the Bible. The pen may be mightier than the sword (is this true today?) but the tongue is a dangerous weapon - something noted by Father Leonard in his sermons and in conversation. Eavesdropping affects only ourselves but gossip can spread like wildfire and must be guarded against.

*Anonymous Contributor*

## From the Bookshop: In Ethiopia With a Mule, by Dervla Murphy

*Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,  
To read it well: that is, to understand B. Jonson, 1616*

Beset by blisters, wandering solitary in the domains of the *shifita* (brigands by whom she was indeed robbed during the course of her Abyssinian peregrination), thirsting beside malarial waters, confronted with wretched abjection and the direst conceivable poverty, exposed to the deplorable corruption - as she witnessed it - of the Ethiopian Church, and mapless in terrain almost improbably treacherous, Dervla Murphy remains, throughout this account of her travels in the mountains of Ethiopia, invincibly blithe.

In December 1965 Murphy disembarked at the Eritrean port of Massawah, intrepidly intent upon walking the, then rudely-charted, Abyssinian highlands, having been lured by their reputative "beauty, danger, solitude, and mystery"; all of which, dear reader, she encounters in abundance. She reminds her readers of the romantic associations of Abyssinia with Prester John, Rasselas, and the Queen of

Sheba, before expounding, as a preamble, an admirably succinct history of these relatively isolated highlands.

The author is, as other commentators have observed, a delightful guide through the communities and wildernesses of these lands. Ingenuous, and charmingly modest, she recounts with some humour the physical strain of such a peripatetic tour de force. Indeed, the perambulations herein described amounted to a prodigious 1,024 miles walked - at extremes of altitude, forget not - in three months. Her diction and style are unfussed - the text being, more or less, a redaction of her travelling journal - yet Mrs. Murphy is erudite to a companionable degree and though the ravishing beauty of the firmament occasionally induces, as well it might, a little existential speculation the reader is invariably brought, almost bathetically, back to camp with some escapade or other of her indefatigable mule, Jock.

For those ignorant of Ethiopian Orthodoxy, the book is especially enlightening, especially given that Murphy, our infiltrator into a region most of us shall never see (although, as a woman - a fact which the locals often belatedly appreciate owing to her perceived unfemininity - she is excluded from certain of the Church's rites), is utterly devoid of cynicism.

The highlands are a land of violent extremes: of barrenness and fecundity, of weather, and of hospitality and hostility, and it is the very *humanity* of Murphy's record of these lands that renders fathomable this realm of polarities which can scarcely be conceived by those of us who have not travelled in this manner.

*This volume is available in the Crypt Bookshop for the sum of two euros. Please make inquiry of Mr. Oliver Knight regarding this and other books for sale.*

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## A Saint for September: St. Theodore of Tarsus, 19th September

Theodore was perhaps the most significant Archbishop of Canterbury between the period of St. Augustine (the first Archbishop of Canterbury) and Lanfranc (Archbishop from 1070-1089).

He was born in the city of Tarsus in the Roman province of Cilicia. He was a monk by profession, and was educated in Athens. Pope Vitalian appointed him as Archbishop of Canterbury in the mid 660's.

Theodore was ordained sub-deacon at the age of 65, and received the other holy orders of the church shortly afterwards. He arrived in England in 669 and immediately made a visitation of the whole country, appointing bishops where there was a vacancy, and setting up an important school of theology at Canterbury. In 672 he called the first Synod of the Anglo Saxon church in Hertford, whose ten decrees were founded on canons approved by the Council of Chalcedon (AD450-451)

His major achievement was in uniting a disparate church, but in doing so he quarreled with another great English bishop and saint, Wilfred. At a second synod, held at Hatfield, a proclamation of the 'orthodoxy' of the Church in England was decreed. At this time the church generally was mired in a big debate about whether Christ had one will or two (the monothelite

controversy). As the Church had already come to a common mind that Christ had two natures, human and divine, thus he must have had two wills.

Theodore died on 19th September in AD690 at the age of 87, and when his remains were translated to a new burial site his body was found to be incorrupted. Little is written about Theodore, except by the English historian Bede, but it is thought that Theodore may have been a miracle worker. His principal achievements were in bringing unity, scholarship and organization to the English Church.

*Almighty God, who gave your servant Theodore of Tarsus gifts of grace and wisdom to establish unity where there had been division and order where there had been chaos: Create in your church, by the operation of the Holy Spirit, such godly union and concord that it may proclaim, both by word and example, the Gospel of the Prince of Peace; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.*

*Hagiography provided by Father Leonard.*



*stone medallion of St. Theodore of Tarsus, Westminister Cathedral, west facade.*

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## A Saint for October: Saint Ignatius of Antioch, 17th October



*Madonna and Child with S. Ignatius of Antioch [detail], Lorenzo Lotto, c. 1512, oil on panel*

*Feed us, O Lord, with the living bread and make us drink deep of the cup of salvation that, following the teaching of your bishop Ignatius and rejoicing in the faith with which he embraced a martyr's death, we may be nourished for that eternal life for which he longed; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen*

Of Syrian origin Ignatius became Bishop of Antioch around AD69 until his death, around AD107. Little is known about his early life or even of his ministry until he was marched to Rome where he was placed under military guard.

During this period on the journey to Rome and in subsequent custody as he awaited death under the regime of the Emperor Trajan, Ignatius wrote seven remarkable letters all of which are still extant. These letters accord to Ignatius the honour of being a principal witness to the faith in what we call the 'sub-apostolic' period.

The letters reveal remarkable faith and devotion to Christ. They urge unity in the church especially through the Holy Eucharist and its principal minister, the bishop. He records that the church in

Rome had been founded by the Apostles, Peter and Paul, and therefore is worthy of especial honour.

Ignatius was thrown to the lions in the Colosseum and died almost immediately.

One of his seven letters was addressed to the Smyrnaeans, in which he says, 'See that you all follow the bishop, even as Christ Jesus does the Father, and the priests as you would the apostles. Also reverence the deacons as those that carry out the appointment of God. Let no-one do anything connected with the Church without the bishop. Let it be deemed a proper Eucharist, which is administered either by the bishop, or by one to whom he has entrusted it.' Letter to Smyrnaeans Ch 7)

*Hagiography provided by Father Leonard.*

*stained glass depiction of St. Ignatius of Antioch, St. Paul's-within-the-walls, Rome*



**“His work is a vexation”:  
Puzzles, Riddles, &c.**



**‘Spot the Difference’**

Two photographs, both alike in dignity - or are they? There are five discrepancies between these two photographs of the churchwardens’ staves and the Stoakes-Fearn monument of 1685: are you, dear reader, able to detect them all?

**Quiz Questions:**

- i. Whose *law* states that ‘anything that can go wrong *will* go wrong’?
- ii. Where are the smallest bones found in the human body?
- iii. Which creature features on the national flag of Sri Lanka?
- iv. Which sea creature has a single large tusk formed from an upper canine tooth?
- v. What is the main component in glass?
- vi. Shakespeare’s character Romeo belonged to which family: Montague or Capulet?
- vii. The name of which variety of pasta means *little worms*?
- viii. Watergate reporters Bernstein and Woodward wrote for which newspaper?
- ix. How many days of the week are named for Norse gods?
- x. To which saint is the church on Lycabettus Hill dedicated?

**A Riddle:**

White bird featherless  
Flew from Paradise,  
Pitched on the castle wall;  
Along came Lord Landless,  
Took it up handless,  
And rode away horseless to the King’s  
white hall.

*A famed riddle to begin: if such word-play proves popular we shall, in a future issue, offer a ‘stinker’ from the Old English.*

**Stained-Glass Windows:**

Can you identify the birds so marvellously rendered in stained glass (Gilbert White Window, Selborne Church, Hants.)?



*To the first reader to declare unto the editorial team the correct answers to all these puzzles we offer a prize of a pound of dried figs. Please write to Mr. O. S. Knight (oliversamuelknight@outlook.com) or accost us at St. Paul’s Church. It is regretted that we cannot - considering the monstrous and arbitrary customs charges now exacted on parcels dispatched to, and arriving from, Great Britain - post the prize, although we could conceivably retain it in Athens if the winning reader has designs upon a visit to the city. We would also appeal to your consciences: although mayhap the answers are to be had in a few careless digital moments, it would be ignoble to win by such means. We therefore implore you not to cheat..*

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## “Be the Meal of Beans or Pease”: A Recipe

### Sausages Wrapped with Steaks by Churchwarden Trevor Kamuzonde

#### Ingredients:

beef or pork tenderised steaks (one kilogram)  
garlic (three cloves)  
preserved sausages (one tin)  
white wine (two hundred millilitres)  
dry port wine (one cup)  
salt  
ground black pepper  
sweet paprika (one teaspoon)  
butter (one hundred and fifty grams)  
cream (two hundred millilitres)  
mushrooms (optional)

#### Method:

The steaks should not be too large, nor too thick (it might be necessary to flatten them a little).  
Prepare an infusion of garlic, white wine, port wine, paprika, salt, and black pepper and steep the steaks therein for *at least one hour*.  
After this soaking, roll the steaks around the sausages and secure each bundle with either a tooth-pick or a thread.  
In a large frying-pan, heat the butter until it is darkened (taking care so that it is not burned) and then set the steaks in the pan to



fry very well. When they seem almost to be ready (at this moment setting the mushrooms in the pan to fry also), pour the wine and paprika seasoning into the pan.  
Allow this all to cook for a few more minutes, with the addition of the cream and a little more butter (a spoon's worth).  
Then serve the steaks forthwith, accompanied by vegetables and rice or potato mash.

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## “It is Manna”: Food in the 1950s

In England in the 1950s...

Pasta had not been invented.

A take-away was a mathematical problem.

Tea was one colour, black.

Salad cream was a dressing for salads, mayonnaise did not exist.

A seven course meal had to last a week.

Surprisingly, museli was readily available in those days, it was called cattle feed.

Sugar enjoyed a good press then, and was regarded as being white gold.

Water issued from a tap or pump. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging treble for it they would have

become a laughing stock.

Condiments consisted of salt, pepper, vinegar, and brown sauce, if we were lucky.

Oil was for lubricating a bicycle, not for cooking. Fat was for cooking.

Spaghetti was a small town in Bolognese.

Bread and jam was a punishment.

Special fare for dogs and cats was unheard of.

Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.

Ice cream was sold in one colour and one flavour.

Pancakes were only eaten on Shrove

Tuesday; indeed, in those days it was compulsory.

We bought milk and cream at the same time in the same bottle.

Prunes were medicinal.

‘Ready meals’ came only from the chip shop, and for the finest flavour had to be eaten from old newspapers.

Healthy food consisted of anything edible and necessarily had to stick to the ribs.

The menu consisted of what we were given, and was set in stone.

*Compiled by Harold Locke; provided by Mrs. Doris Turnage.*

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## In Praise of Creation: The July Grass

Listen! that was the low sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough to kneel on, of the richest gold inwoven with crimson. All the Sultans of the East never had such beauty as that to kneel on, for the life in these golden flowers must not be broken down even for that purpose. They must not be defaced, not a stem bent; it is more reverent not to kneel on them, for this carpet prays itself. I will sit by and let it pray for me. It is so common, the bird's-foot lotus, it grows everywhere; yet if I purposely searched for days I should not have found a plot like this, so golden, so glowing with sunshine. You might pass by it in one stride, yet it is worthy to be thought of for a week and remembered for a year. Slender grasses, branched round about with slenderer boughs, each tipped with pollen and rising in tiers cone-shaped - to delicate to grow tall - cluster at the base of the mound. They dare not grow tall or the wind would snap them. A great grass, stout and thick, rises three feet by the hedge, with a head another foot nearly, very green and strong and bold, lifting itself right up to you; you must say, 'What a fine grass!' Grasses whose awns succeed each other alternately; grasses whose tops seem flattened; others drooping over the shorter blades beneath; some that you can only find by parting the heavier growth around them; hundreds and hundreds, thousands and thousands. The kingly poppies on the dry summit of the mound take no heed of these, the populace, their subjects so numerous they cannot be numbered. A barren race they are, the proud poppies, lords of the July field, taking no deep root, but raising up a brilliant blazon of scarlet heraldry out of nothing. They are useless, they are bitter, they are allied to sleep and poison and everlasting night; yet they are forgiven

because they are not commonplace. There is genius in them, the genius of colour, and they are saved. Even when they take the room of the corn we must admire them. The mighty multitude of nations, the millions and millions of the grass stretching away in intertangled ranks, through pasture and mead from shore to shore, have no kinship with these their lords. The ruler is always a foreigner. From England to China the native born is no king; the poppies are the Normans of the field. One of these on the mound is very beautiful, a width of petal, a clear silkiness of colour three shades higher than the rest - it is almost dark with scarlet. I wish I could do something more than gaze at all this scarlet and gold and crimson and green, something more than see it, not exactly to drink or inhale it, but in some way to make it part of me that I might live it.

*Excerpted from 'The July Grass' by Richard Jefferies (1848-1887), first published in his posthumous collection 'Field and Hedgerow' (1889).*

I look not for [happiness] if it be not in the present hour - nothing startles me beyond the Moment. The setting Sun will always set me to rights - or if a Sparrow come before my Window I take part in its existence and pick about the Gravel.

*John Keats (1795-1821)*

*September 1st to October 4th (the Feast of St. Francis) is celebrated as Creationtide in the Anglican Calendar.*

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## Miscellaneous Notices:

If, perchance, you have a hoard of expended postage stamps Shirley Poulakis will gratefully receive them, not as a keen philatelist but as one who wishes to contribute to the honourable work of the Brittle Bone Society. Please inquire of Shirley for more information.

The annual Harvest Festival is to be held on the ninth of October at the Kokotos vineyard, Stamata. Further information concerning transport (a coach will be engaged for the day), contributions for the feast, &c. will be announced in church and published on the church's internet pages.

By comment consent, September's P.C.C. meeting was postponed on account of the death of Queen Elizabeth II.

There is a 'Community Connect Coffee Morning' (11 a.m. until 1 p.m.) on Wednesday the fourteenth of September.

An on-line prayer group meets every Tuesday at nine of the clock in the morning. Information is to be found on the church's internet pages.



*Sussex Church, Eric Ravilious, c. 1931, wood engraving*

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## P. C. C. Minutes: May 28th 2022

At the first Council meeting following the Annual Meeting Jean Mertzanakis, Nelly Paraskevopoulou and Lynn Stavrou agreed to continue as Hon. Secretary, Hon. Treasurer and Safeguarding Officer for the year 2022-2023.

Mask-wearing would cease to be obligatory from June 1st and Churchwarden Trevor was thanked for overseeing maintenance of Covid restrictions at St. Paul's. Online Zoom services had been well-attended. Further to a letter from Bishop Robert, it was agreed that the Common Cup be reintroduced on Sunday 3rd July, along with the option of personal intinction.

The income deficit was over 10,000€ but requests for church hire were once again being received; payment of a big electricity bill had been made; further to Father Leonard's generous offer prior to his leaving St. Paul's in 2023, we would be paying no stipend from 1st August.

Oliver Knight, Cees van Beek and Noelle Barkshire were working on the introduction of a regular online Newsletter, with a printed version available at fixed times during the year.

A Summer Jubilee bazaar was being organised; Sunday table-top book sales were ongoing - anyone could hold such a sale in support of church funds; there would be an online fundraiser before Christmas; the War Museum had been booked for our 4th December Christmas Bazaar; Father Leonard's St. Paul's History and Guidebook had been published and could be purchased for 10€ - there would be an official book launch event; the Patronal

Festival would be celebrated in June on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul; three Quiz Evenings had been held and Community Connect coffee mornings would recommence before long.

A frame would be purchased to support the mulberry tree; Oliver was thanked for his work in the garden and a letter of thanks would be sent to Mr. Athanatos at the Athens City Council for a donation of bedding plants; a Diocesan online Lay Discipleship course would be piloted in December and recommended to all at St. Paul's. The meeting closed with the Grace at 4.10 p.m.

*This was the 379th Meeting of St. Paul's Church Council.*



*The Peril of the Sands, 1870: Donkey Rides [detail], Ernest Howard Shepard (1879-1976), 1927, pen and ink*

It is with not a little satisfaction that the editors have put forth, *pro bono publico*, the first issue of the new parish newsletter of the Anglican Church of St. Paul in Athens. It has been our modest intention - indeed, the purpose of all our endeavour - to contribute decisively to the Anglican cause in Greece: to serve the Church, whose welfare we are jealous for, and its congregation, whom we hold so dear. Nevertheless, it were well to asseverate that some of the opinions and views presented in this, and in future publications, *could conceivably be deemed anithetical* to ideas finding favour, or prevailing, at synod and at Canterbury. We hereby acknowledge responsibility for all the material published in this newsletter and welcome criticism, reproach, suggestions or - if there is indeed any morsel of it to be had - laudation. Contributors are sought - illustrators, poets, sages, ranter, &c. - and are requested to write to Mr. O. S. Knight (oliversamuelknight@outlook.com). Although there is more that could be said, the urge to set down a prolix apology being admittedly somewhat tremendous, we remember that *a babbling fool will come to ruin*, and so humbly take our leave.