

The Anglican Church in Athens

Saint Paul's Church Magazine



*"People, look East. The time is near
Of the crowning of the year"* (Eleanor Farjeon)



Landscape with river, Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918), 1911-12, oil on canvas. On April the 1st 1918, Rosenberg, poet and painter, was killed whilst serving in France with the 1st King's Own Royal Lancasters.

Salutations from the Editors:

With one foot tarrying in the first-fallen ochreous leaves of Autumn, and the other striding purposefully toward the Judean ox-stall, this issue of the parish magazine, published on Remembrance Sunday, may seem to be wanting thematic coherence. We hold this to be one of the intractable issues of a bimonthly, *temporal* publication, but console ourselves that, it being the season for pottages and soups, we have cast much healthy matter into the pot with the intention of furnishing our messmates with a *gallimaufrey* both nourishing and savoury for these darkening days. We continue, of course, to solicit comments and criticisms, especially should the broth prove too thin or - Heaven forbid! - the squeamish belly revolt.

The Chaplain Writes: Journey to Bethlehem

Around the year AD326 a 'British' woman visited Bethlehem. In the Bible this city was the city of a man called Jesse, whose youngest son was called David. David became one of the best known names in 'biblical' history, and was King of Israel and legendary - his reign is associated with later Messianic expectations. Things were never as good as in David's time, so when the Messiah of God comes to reign on

earth his achievements must be at least as good as David's.

When that Messiah did come - we know him as Jesus, the Christ - it was inevitable that biblical historical narrative would associate him with David. So Jesus was born in this city of Bethlehem, because his father (setting aside the divine influences on his conception) was a child of Jesse's line, and a Bethlehemite. So Jesus was born in the city that was David's city, and could legitimately be of from the tree

of Jesse.

It wasn't much of a place in reality and when the whole of the Roman region of Judea was part of a census (read the beginning of St. Luke's gospel) Mary and Joseph had to return to Joseph's town. It wasn't that long ago when Greeks of the diaspora had to return to their birth town to vote in political elections. So it was in 1st Century Judea. The town was bursting to the

(continued overleaf)

seams and every hotel and tavern room was occupied. Mary and Joseph were probably glad to get the offer of an outside 'garden room'; maybe a cave with a bit of an awning, who knows? While there for the census, one more person is added to the census figures, for Jesus is born.

300 years later the aforementioned 'British' lady comes into this story. Tradition has it that she was a barmaid in a tavern in Colchester, a Roman garrison town, in Essex. The general there was called Constantius and he was in line to be the Emperor of Rome. When he was called back to Rome he took with him Ellen. She was perhaps his wife by this time and subsequently she is known to us as Helena.

Helena was a Christian in a still predominantly pagan world – when she became Christian is not known. Maybe she was converted to the faith in the garrison of Colchester where soldiers might have served in what we call the Middle East, or in one of the many Mediterranean cities, once visited by St. Paul, which had growing Christian communities. Whatever, Helena and Constantius have a son. They named him Constantinos – did they ever call him Kostas for short? When Constantinos became Emperor the Christian world passed through what we might call a tectonic plate, because influenced by his mother, Helena, Constantine became Christian, and thereafter the faith that was born in a stable in Bethlehem became, almost overnight, the religion of the vast Roman empire which straddled East and West civilizations.

Helena (who is now known as the Empress Saint Helena) decides that she will go to the land where her Saviour had been born, to walk in his steps, as it were, and to visit the places that he had visited. Here I have to cut a long story short – but suffice to say Helena began one of the biggest building projects in the ancient world. Where tradition had located specific events in her Lord's life (Our Lord's life) she built great basilica churches so that the faithful could celebrate their Lord in sacred place and sacred space – ways in which they could draw close to him. One such basilica was built in Bethlehem, and it is still there.

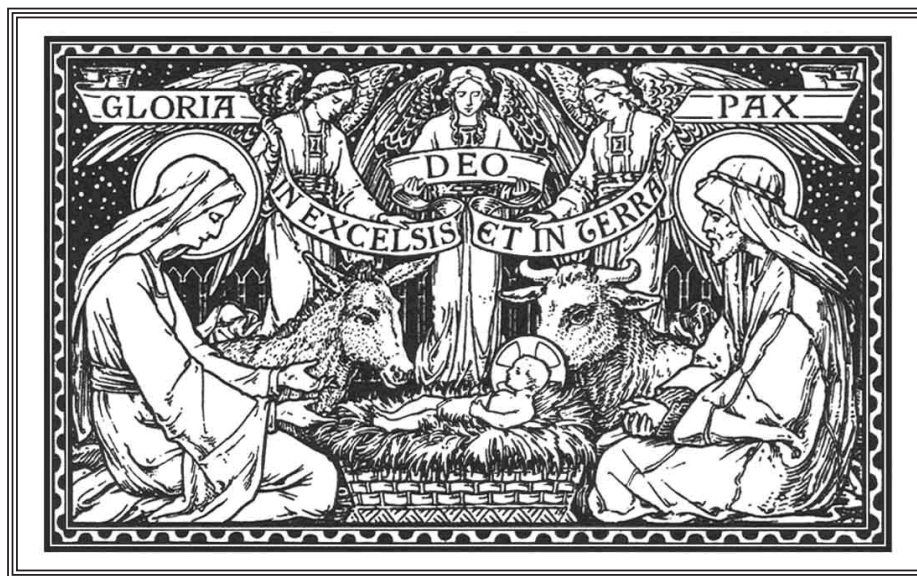
I have had the deep privilege of visiting that basilica in Bethlehem five or six times when I was leading pilgrimages from the U.K.. To visit a 4th century basilica might seem to be moving enough, but the basilica is built over the very spot where tradition says our Lord was born. Long lines of pilgrims of all nationalities and ages descend the rather perilous steps down to the very place where Jesus was born in a manger. Groups try to stop for long enough to sing 'Away in a manger' or to read a bit of St. Luke's gospel about the birth of the Saviour, but there is always pressure to move on as thousands of pilgrims every day try to connect with the holy place, kneeling to kiss the very ground.

'O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie'. We will all sing it over the latter part of December and even if you have never been to Bethlehem we are bidden to let our hearts travel there. However Bethlehem is not such a silent place. It can be a flash point where two historic religions can so easily clash. Violence often prevents Palestinian, Greek Orthodox, Catholic, and other Christians from celebrating there on December 24th as the night turns into a new day. Within the little town of Bethlehem the protective wall built by the State of Israel separates peoples, lives, families, religions.

To see something is to believe it – it is easy to believe the present day tensions and turmoil in the 'Holy Land'. At Christmas we are asked to believe something we don't see – that God in his grace and glory became man in Jesus Christ, whose birth is announced by angels, and who is believed in throughout the world. This is the faith that Helena shared – and in her great vision she created this magnificent basilica church over a little piece of land made holy by Christ touching it. What Christ touches is redeemed. Let us pray that his Christmas we will be made ready so that Christ may touch our hearts and lives and we may be redeemed.

Rich blessings of the Bethlehem Christ be with you.

Father Leonard



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

Prayer



Praying Hands, Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528), c. 1508, ink and pencil

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious Majesty to judge both the living and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

Collect for Advent Sunday; The Book of Common Prayer.

O Lord, who hast ordained labour to be the lot of man, and seest the necessities of all thy creatures, bless my studies and endeavours; feed me with food convenient for me; and if it shall be thy good pleasure to entrust me with plenty, give me a compassionate heart, that I may be ready to relieve the wants of others; let neither poverty nor riches estrange my heart from thee, but assist me with thy grace so to live that I may die in thy favour, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-84)

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry - that is a troubled and discomposed - spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate and sets up his closet in the outquarters of an army and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to Heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministires here below. So is the prayer of a good man;

when his affairs have required business, and his business was a matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with infirmities of a man and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but he must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns, like the useful bee, loaded with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), Sermon V in XXV Sermons (1653)

Her Late Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second

On Saturday the seventeenth of September St. Paul's was filled to overflowing as we celebrated the life and mourned the passing of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, titular head of the Anglican Church. Many of us had watched as her coffin travelled from Balmoral, her home in the Scottish Highlands, via Edinburgh, to London. Our own Jane Mandalios had travelled there and joined the endless queue of those waiting to enter Westminster Hall to say a last "Thank you – and goodbye", on her own behalf and on ours.

His Excellency Mathew Lodge of the British Embassy, members of his staff and other dignitaries were present and the service began with Purcell's "Thou Knowest, Lord, the Secrets of our Hearts" followed by hymns, including "O God, our help in ages past". The Old Testament reading from Ecclesiastes "For everything there is a season ... a time to be born and a die ... a time to mourn and a time to dance ..." was delivered by Susan Geary, Deputy Head of Mission, and that from the New Testament Book of Revelation by Sub-Lieutenant Siani Bettles of the Defence Section. In his address, the Ambassador referred to the Queen's many years of service and her devotion to duty, from enlisting as a mechanic during the Second World War, through her many visits

to Commonwealth countries, her strong relationships with world leaders, her wealth of knowledge and her final tasks of accepting the resignation of one prime minister and welcoming another, carried out, as always, with a smile,. The dedicated prayer cards included the following: "Gracious Father We praise you for her faith, for her steadfastness and for her humility". The service closed with the National Anthem, praying for our King being a new experience for many except the rather elderly. Our Book of Condolences was open for messages and was later sent to the Office of the Holy Synod of the Orthodox church and then to the Residence of the Ambassador, for scanning and forwarding to the Church of England archive in London. The Book itself will be kept at St. Paul's.

Refreshments were served in the church garden, with stories exchanged of seeing, or even meeting, the Queen. Following our absorption in the events leading to this service, the emotions they aroused and the deep sense of personal loss felt by many, the opportunity to take part in this ceremony provided the sense of a burden being lifted, or, as the Greeks say: 'catharsis'.

Anonymous Contributor



He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.

The Second Book of Samuel, 23; 3-4.

His Excellency, Mr. Matthew Lodge, British Ambassador, addresses the congregation.

The Harvest Festival:

“but fling from the full sheaf with charitable stealth the liberal handful”



Autumn Fruits, Eric Ravilious (1903-1942), 1936, wood-engraving

On Sunday October 9th, again at the kind invitation of Anne and George Kokotos, more than 40 members and friends of St. Paul's were shepherded by Churchwarden Trevor onto a coach outside church and whisked away to the Kokotos Estate and winery in the hills to north. Rather than “Seasons of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness”, sunshine and blue skies were the order of the day, which began with our Harvest Liturgy in the event marquee with views of the garden and distant hills. Father Leonard, Pastor Bjorn and Deacon Chris led the service, assisted by Verger Virginia. We considered the birds of the air and the lilies of the field and the first reading, in English and Swedish, described the promised land that awaited Moses and his people at the end of their long journey through the desert, a land of streams, pomegranates, olive oil and honey, all of which are so common here in Greece that we cannot imagine life without them. Offerings of food were later donated to the soup kitchen and street initiative “Ο Άλλος Άνθρωπος” (The Other Person). As others continued to arrive we made our way to the Visitor Centre and the small chapel of St. George the Inebriate where, fittingly, we enjoyed a wine-tasting and had the opportunity to purchase bottles of our favourite(s).

A tasty cold buffet, donated and prepared by our con-

gregation and friends and served by students from Campion School. Books, awaited us in the marquee, now almost full, and jams, preserves and raffle tickets were also sold. After lunch the D.J. set feet tapping and the trickle of dancers soon swelled to many more, clergy included. Such a good time was had that the coach driver requested a speedy return to our seats for the homeward journey. And so another lovely Harvest Sunday was over, thanks had been given for the work of farmers and others who provide us with food and we had prayed for the health of our planet and its environment. The Diocese of Europe is a “Green Diocese” and at St. Paul's we do what we can to reduce our carbon footprint and offer our garden as a small oasis in the centre of our busy city.

Anonymous Contributor

“God the first garden made, and the first city Cain”.



Deacon Christine Saccali

The following text is extracted, with permission, from a sermon preached by Deacon Christine on the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, July 31st, also the feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola.

St Ignatius: the youngest son of a Basque nobleman, Ignatius was born in the sixteenth century at his family's ancestral home in Loyola in north east Spain. He served as a page at court and then entered military service, being seriously wounded by a cannonball at the siege of Pamplona in 1521. As a result, his leg never really healed and he was left with a permanent limp. He spent his lengthy convalescence reading the Life of Christ and various saints resolving to devote himself to the spiritual life. He went on pilgrimage to Monserrat where he hung up his sword over the altar exchanged his fine clothes for those of a beggar's. To celebrate 500 years of Ignatian Spirituality a statue has just been unveiled of a woman holding a beggar's bowl opening the gate to Ignatio. He worked in a hospital and lived as a hermit, not simultaneously I add.

He wrote the Spiritual Exercises, a manual of Christian Prayer and meditation which is still being used and valued to this day by Christians of many traditions and denominations. He travelled widely in Europe, at times provoking the authorities with his preaching so much so that he faced the Inquisition and had to leave Spain for France. He kept his studies up and hoped to go to Palestine with a group of others as a missionary but their hopes were dashed because of war so the group ended up in Venice under the auspices of the Pope where they were ordained and founded the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits, a monastic order with an eye on reform as well as vows of obedience. He died on this day in 1556. Quite a chap and a saint in his own right: what a turnaround of his life.

So, I was rested and restored for a pilgrimage I had promised myself to make since the centenary of the First World War and our events here in St Paul's; remember? It is all bound up in my family history which I have found is unique. My grandfather served in France in the cavalry from the age of sixteen, was wounded when a bullet ricocheted off his regimental pin near his heart. He lost a lot of blood but a fellow member of the Oxfordshire Hussars encouraged him and accompanied him to the field hospital. Pa, as I called him, lived till the age of 98: my last living relative.

His brother-in-law, my grandmother's elder brother of three sisters from a neighbouring hamlet in Oxfordshire, was not so fortunate. He lost his life in 1917 on the Macedonian front. When I was doing work for St. Paul's and the Embassy during Prince Charles and the Duchess of Cornwall's visit to Athens, the lady in charge of Commonwealth War Graves traced my uncle's grave for me to Doirani, an area and lake right by the Northern Macedonian border. I vowed I would visit his grave on behalf of the family as his great niece who had settled and

made her life here. So, we sailed from Thassos to Kavala and travelled on in the footsteps or tracks of what must have been the Macedonian Front from Salonika over a hundred years ago. It was a no man's land with a museum with an open door and no exhibits; a station that was shut and the end of the one track line; and a dusty road leading to the Skopje border where trucks were lining up to go through customs. A few faded tavernas lined the road.

In contrast, the war cemetery is immaculately kept by a groundsman, as are they all, and open twenty-four hours. A huge statue and symbol of North Macedonia towers over it on the hill above. I was immensely moved to be there not only in a personal capacity but as I poured and sobbed my soul out, the poignancy was not lost that I was reading prayers during wartime in Europe yet again. Do we never learn?

Personally, like in the television ancestry programme, *Who do you think you are?* I learnt a lot by my time away and with God and feel wounds have healed although it was painful at times. I wish you each to spend time out, dare to stop and be still for yourself just as Ignatius of Loyola did all those years ago.



Travoyes arriving with Wounded at a Dressing Station at Smol, Macedonia, September 1916, Stanley Spencer (1891-1959), 1919, oil on canvas.

Poetry

Expectans Expectavi

From morn to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.

And all year long upon the stage
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.

I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine - and yet, and yet

This sanctuary of my soul
Unwitting I keep white and whole,
Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched hands
And listening ears Thy servant stands,
Call Thou early, call Thou late,
To Thy great service dedicate.

Charles Hamilton Sorley (1895-1915)

C. H. Sorley, a captain in the Suffolk Regiment, was killed in the Battle of Loos on the 13th of October 1915.



British soldiers receiving communion from an Italian priest, 1917

Born in Winter

Phlegmatic winter on a bed of snow
Lay spitting full of rheum: the sun was now
Inned at the Goat, the melancholic Earth
Had her womb bound, and hopeless of the birth
Of one poor flower, the fields, wood, meads, and all
Feared in this snowy sheet a funeral.
Nor only senseless plants were in decay:
Man, who's a plant reversed, was worse than they.
He had a spiritual winter, and bereft
Not of his leaves, but juice, nay, nothing less,
His passive power to live was so abated
He was not to be raised, but new created.
When all things else were perished, and when
No flowers were, but in their causes, then
This wondrous flower itself did act to bring,
And winter was the flower of Jesse's spring.

Francis Quarles (1592-1644)

*Inned at the Goat: (1) situated in Capricorn (2) lodged at the Goat Inn;
but in their causes: except potentially; spring: (1) stem (Isa. 11:1) (2)
origin (3) spring season*

'There's snow on the fields'

There's snow on the fields,
And cold in the cottage,
While I sit in the chimney nook
Supping hot pottage.

My clothes are soft and warm,
Fold upon fold,
But I'm so sorry for the poor
Out in the cold.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)



The Cottage, Robert Gibbings (1889-1958), wood engraving

New Prince, New Pomp

Behold, a silly tender Babe
In freezing winter night
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed,
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there,
First, what he is inquire;
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by him feed;
Weigh not his Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of state;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heaven;
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King;
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from heaven doth bring

*Robert Southwell (c. 1561-1595); on Sunday November the 20th
shall be celebrated the feast of Christ the King.*



Nativity from the Sherbrooke Missal, early fourteenth century.

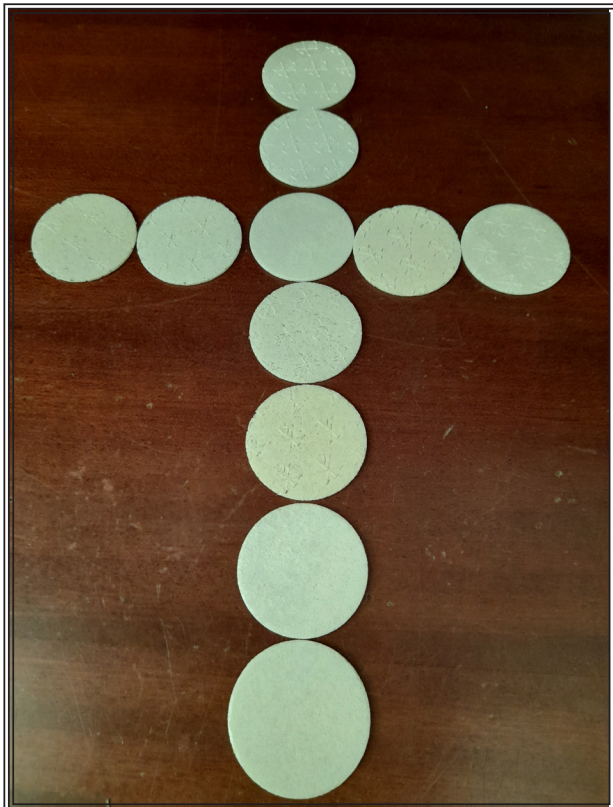
Church Economics

The suburb of Neo Iraklio is a twenty minute drive from central Athens and I always look forward to visiting the Holy Trinity Carmelite convent there. Built in 1935, the convent is situated in a large expanse of grounds, carefully tended by the Carmelite sisters. One enters this 'secret garden' through a small metal door in the high encircling wall, and after ringing both bells—one electrical, the other a bell connected to a rope. The first impression is the large statue of Saint Therese of Baby Jesus, protected by a glass cubicle. Visiting hours are strict as the sisters spend many hours praying and cannot be interrupted. This small corner of paradise is where the communion wafers are made. Sister Maria Petrina kindly explained that the recipe is flour and water, a mixture which is cooked on a hot plate to the desired consistency and then cut into two different sizes: people's wafers and the larger priest's wafers. The 'leftovers' are sometimes made into a special dessert sprinkled with caramelized sugar, by certain faithful ladies. Photographs are allowed only in certain parts of the convent. By the time I left it was noon and the sisters were chanting the Angelus in the tiny chapel. Seated behind a grille only their voices could be heard in the surrounding silence. In a moment of grace which touched my deepest being, I felt that the doorway to heaven was wide open.

Nelly Paraskevopoulou



"This bread I break was once the oat"



*I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart
(Psalm XL: 8)*

Hagiographies

“Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet”

Our Sacred Calendar

There are so many special days to mark and celebrate in November and December, not least 25th December and the Nativity of Our Lord, but the task is to pick out a couple of saints to think about for each issue of the e-Magazine.

This time I have chosen two saints, quite different, yet they have so much in common. One thing is that they were both martyred for their faith in the early days of the new Way established by Christ, but rather more mundanely, both appear in the east window of St. Paul's Anglican Church in Athens.

I have chosen for this issue, St. Andrew (November 30th universal date) and St. Stephen (26th December Latin/Anglican calendar). If you wish to see both in situ in the window of St. Paul's Church, it is open between 10.00-14.00hrs Tuesday-Saturday, or you can view them if you purchase a copy of our Church History and Guide Book 'Opening the Doors'. Both of the saints for this e-Magazine issue are 'biblical' as their lives are both narrated to a degree in the New Testament.

Andrew is both one of the Twelve Apostles and a martyr for the faith. It is estimated that he died around AD60. Andrew is St. Peter's brother, sons of Zebedee. He left his nets with his brother and followed Jesus. Scripture refers to him as being present for the Feeding of the Five Thousand, and in John 12, 20-22) is involved with the Greeks who wish to meet Jesus. His place of preaching and of death is not as well known as other apostles but he is largely associated with Greece, with a particular 'cult' of veneration in the city of Patras in the Peloponnese. This city claims his relics.

There is a tradition that links Andrew with Scotland, whose patron saint he is. The white saltire on a blue background is the distinctive standard of Scotland, but is also incorporated within the Union Flag (wrongly called the Union Jack). The story goes that the remains of Andrew, or a portion of them, were stolen from Patras and transported to the East Neuk of Fife in Scotland where a shrine was established. The monk who transported the remains is called St. Rule, or in Latin form, St. Regulus. The shrine became a centre of pilgrimage in this remote part of Fife, and from it a community arose, ultimately boasting the largest pre-Reformation ecclesiastical building in Scotland (now a very fine ruin) and in 1413 the establishment of Scotland's first university. The university can claim two Papal Bulls in its establishment as it received Papal approval from both the Pope in Rome, but also from the so called 'Black Pope' rival in Avignon. Neither of the Papal Bulls now exist as the university sold them to raise money in the 18th Century to get them out of a financial sticky situation!

St. Andrew is associated with mission or apostolicity because he brought non-believers to meet Jesus.

Stephen is the first martyr recorded in the Christian era. We read of his martyrdom in Acts 6 & 7. The Apostles chose Seven Deacons to assist them in their provision of Christian ministry and oversight. Stephen was one of them, 'a man full of faith and the Holy Spirit', (Acts 6, 5). Stephen's defence of Christianity included claims that God does not depend on the Temple and it was, like the Mosaic Law, superceded by Christ. His opponents arrested him and eventually he was stoned. 'And Saul approved of their killing him'. (Acts 8, 1). The Saul referred to is the one we know as St. Paul, later one of the greatest apologists for Christ, after his conversion on the Road to Damascus. His remains were first taken to Constantinople, along with some of stones used to kill him, and thence to Rome. Customarily he is shown with the palm branches, symbol of martyrdom and stones, the method by which his life was ended. Having been chosen as a deacon, Stephen is patron saint of those who serve the Church in deacon's orders.

It is appropriate that in the Latin/Anglican calendar Stephen's feast fall on the day following the Birth of Our Lord. It uncannily associates discipleship of Christ brings with it great sacrifice, and throughout history, and even today, loss of life for confessing Jesus as Lord. The great cathedral in Prague is dedicated to Stephen, a fact that is 'immortalized' by the Christmas Carol, 'Good King Wenceslaus looked out on the feast of Stephen.' Happy Christmas when it comes.

Father Leonard



The Stoning of St. Stephen, Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669), 1635, etching

Concert Review: Cantores Chamber Choir

The palpitations of the enfleshed spirit at music's exultant summons are - we declare without reck - incontrovertible proof that a heavenly quire awaits us in eternity; yea, ravished by unfurling counterpoint the foreknowing soul trembles for very excitement. One wonders, then, was there a spirit that did not, at least momentarily, quiver for harmony's enveloping ecstasy as the visiting Cantores chamber choir delivered a programme of music by Albion her greatest masters at St. Paul's church on the evening of Saturday 22nd of October?

We have been deprived on concerts at St. Paul's church since the coming of the pestilence and it was, therefore, with no little anticipation that we greeted the announcement of this performance by these sons and daughters of Gloucestershire, and, in sooth, we were not disappointed. The programme set, with considerable effect, anthems by the early modern masters - Thomas Tallis, William Byrd, Robert Parsons, Thomas Tomkins, and Orlando Gibbons - against the *Requiem* setting of Herbert Howells (himself a Gloucestershire man), Benjamin Britten's *A Hymn to the Virgin*, and Gustav Holst's setting of the canticle *Nunc Dimittis*. Britten's skill (remembering that this setting - of an early fourteenth-century text - was written in 1930,

when the composer was a schoolboy of sixteen) at word-setting burns *incandescent* when we hear his Hymn directly after having appreciated Byrd's fine paean to another virgin: *O Lord, Make Thy Servant Elizabeth*. Britten is here, as ever in his liturgical or sacred settings, respectful of the tradition of his sixteenth- and seventeenth-century forbears without ever being derivative or prosaic.

The acoustic at Saint Paul's church welcomes involved polyphony and the experienced choir exploited this to good effect: Gibbons' *delectable* anthem *Drop, Drop Slow Tears* was especially well sung, as was the sublime Amen from Robert Parsons' *Ave Maria*. Gibbons' anthem exemplifies what is finest in Jacobean choral writing: though archaic in technique, it yet displays a humanistic, emotional introspection that looks forward to the baroque and, ultimately, romantic movements in European culture. It is at once - the balance being the thing - both medieval and 'modern'.

If, it might be said, the tuning vacillated - or was, at least, hesitant - at the opening of certain of the numbers (and this particularly when lines were exposed) the choir made amends in their capable treatment of the textures of the music and for their excellence in - to adduce a particular instance -

bringing forth the subtle, but not improper, drama of Herbert Howells' *Requiem* setting.

It cannot be gainsaid that the unity of the choir was irreproachable, led, as they were, by Mr. Simon Harper. Yea, it was a splendid evening at Saint Paul's church the memory of which we shall gladly cherish until Gloucestershire returns to Athens.



“There is not any music of Instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made by the voices of Men, when the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end”

William Byrd (1543-1623), in Psalmes, Sonets and Songs (1588)

“At last Divine Cecilia came, Inventress of the Vocal Frame”

In Praise of Creation: An Afternoon Walk in October

It was a day by itself, coming after a fortnight's storm and rain. The sun did not shine clearly, but it spread through the clouds a tender, diffused light, crossed by level cloud-bars, which stretched to a great length, quite parallel. The tints in the sky were wonderful, every conceivable shade of blue-grey, which contrived to modulate into the golden brilliance in which the sun was veiled. I went out in the afternoon. It was too early in the year for a heavy fall of leaves, but nevertheless the garden was covered. They were washed to the sides of the roads, and lay heaped up over the road-gratings, masses of gorgeous harmonies in red, brown, and yellow. The chestnut husks split wide open when they came to the ground, revealing the polished brown of the shy fruit.

The lavish, drenching, downpour in extravagant excess had been glorious. I went down to the bridge to look at the floods. The valley was a great lake, reaching to the big trees in the fields which had not yet lost the fire in their branches. The river-channel could be discerned only by the boiling of the current. It had risen above the crown of the main stone arch, and swirled and plunged underneath it. A furious backwater, repulsed from the smaller arch, aided the tumult. The wind had gone and there was perfect silence, save for the agitation of the stream, but a few steps upwards the gentle tinkle of the little runnels could be heard in their deeply-cut, dark, and narrow channels. In a few minutes they were caught up, rejoicing, in the embrace of the deep river which would carry them with it to the sea. They were safe now from being lost in the earth.

I went a little further up the hill: a flock of about fifty sheep were crossing from a field on one side of the road to another directly opposite. They were packed close together, and their backs were an undulating continuous surface. The shepherd was pursuing a stray sheep, and they stood still for a minute in the middle of the road. A farmer came up in his gig and was held back. He used impatient language. O farmer! which is of more importance to the heavenly powers - that you should not be stopped, or that the sheep should loiter and go into that field at their own pace? All sheep, by the way, look sad. Perhaps they are dimly aware of their destiny.

It was now about four o' clock. Two teams of plough-horses were coming out of a field on the way home. the owner takes great care of them. More magnificent horses never were seen; glossy coats, tremendous haunches, strong enough to shake a house if it came to an earnest pull, immense feet, slow-stepping: very gentle the huge creatures seemed. The first team was led by a hale, ruddy-faced old man, between seventy and eighty, whom I have known for years. Always he has a cheery word for me. I told him he ought to be proud of such animals, and I am sure he is. He is happy on his eighteen shillings a week, looking neither before nor after, and knowing next to nothing of the world outside his village. Happy? Yes, and reasonably happy.

By the side of the second team marched a boy of about fifteen, with a whip almost erect over his shoulder. Put that boy back among his former comrades, the idlers in the village street, and he would be as unpleasant as any of them; but, entrusted with responsibility, he will pass through the middle of them, not knowing one.

I watched the procession through the farmyard-gate, which slammed behind them, and, after leaning over it for a while, wandered homewards by the skirts of Hazel Wood just as the sun was setting. The footpath goes along by the edge of a field, two sides of which are bounded by trees, for the most part not very tall, but some of them are elms and rise to a considerable height.

There is enough in a very common object to satisfy all our hunger - more than enough. I never leave the curve which limits the tops of the trees round that field without feeling that there is in it something which I cannot exhaust. The attraction is not that same as that of the 'view' seen in passing. The 'view' of a mountain peak or a waterfall is a surprise. I stay alone with my field for an hour or two and it begets, in addition to a growing sense of loveliness, a religious peace, victorious over trouble and doubt. In 1814, before they were altered, the lines towards the end of the first book of the *Excursion* stood thus:

‘those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquility,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was.’

William Hale White ('Mark Rutherford') (1831-1913). First printed in 'Last Pages from a Journal' (1915).

No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well governed *Angler*; for when the *Lawyer* is swallowed up with business, and the *Statesman* is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on *Cowslip-banks* hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us... I'll tell you, Scholar, when I sate last on this *Primrose-bank*, and looked down on these Meadows, I thought of them as *Charles* the Emperor did of the City of Florence: *That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on Holy-days.*

Isaac Walton (1593-1683) The Compleat Angler (1653).

Synod in Prague: Deacon Christine

Both Fr Leonard and Deacon Chris were in attendance. Unfortunately, our Lay representative was not able to attend due to work commitments. Please consider standing in the next Archdeaconry Synod elections to be held next year. All Chaplaincies need full representation. This year Bishop Robert and his wife were in attendance for the whole proceedings culminating in a Confirmation service in St Clements .

The theme, chosen by Archdeacon Leslie from W.C.C. conference in September 2022 , was ' Christ's love moves the world to reconciliation and unity.' It is always a joy to meet and share chaplaincy news and stories and we were honoured to have Christina the Churchwarden from Christchurch Kyiv with us, and the Chaplain of Moscow Malcolm Rogers who is Area Dean and also responsible for Kyiv. Lay representatives also attended from St Andrew's Moscow. None of them had had an easy journey whether by train or plane. Visas to return were an issue and we got valuable insights into the conflict including from a diplomatic perspective from the Head of Mission in Prague at British Embassy, whose previous posting had

been in Kyiv when the Eastern Archdeaconry gathered there in 2018. We gathered round worship - organised by the Chaplain in Prague Nathaniel - and meals, supported by Bible Studies on the Synod Theme by Clare Amos who also introduced the Lay Discipleship Course which is up and running and which I had a very modest part in. The Archdeacon led us in worship songs from around the world and in his opening address gave us encouragement from scripture: ' Therefore, encourage one another and build up each other, as indeed you are doing.' I Thessalonians 5:11

A wide range of issues were on the agenda including the new Diocesan anti bullying policy through to the Church of England's goal to achieve net zero by 2030. We heard the accounts from Chaplaincies in Poland and Hungary on the frontline of receiving refugees from Ukraine and were informed of the 400,000 GBP collected by Diocesan Appeal and held by USPG, reminding us of our own journey here in Athens.

Next year's Synod is to be organised by the Church of the Resurrection in Bucharest. We last met there in 2011.



The representatives at Synod in Prague, October 2022.

The Open Column: Diaries



Advent, Florence Harrison (1877-1955), 1910, pen and ink

About 200,000 years ago, children playing beside a Tibetan hotspring left their hand and footprints in the squelchy mud as a reminder of their game. And a mere 35,000 years ago a talented artist signed his work with a handprint on the wall of a French cave. What were they like, these children, this artist? We can only imagine! Today we are more fortunate and can learn about the personal lives of many of our forebears from their diaries and letters, sometimes warts and all – their writings have occasionally been destroyed by family members wishing to preserve only a positive image of their dear departed (Jane Austen’s sister, Cassandra, destroyed two thirds of Jane’s letters, the details they contained doubtless being too intimate to reveal). But many others have put pen to parchment or paper and we can peek into the lives of historical figures such as Pliny the Younger. Aged 17 in 79 A.D., he described the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in a letter to his historian friend, Tacitus, giving modern scientists a useful record of that deadly event. He writes also that his uncle, Pliny the Elder, Admiral of the Roman navy, set sail and rescued many people until forced to land and take shelter in a friend’s home. Later they retreated to the beach, only to be overcome by poisonous fumes. He describes his uncle’s body as looking “more like a man asleep than dead.

In Britain, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, compiled by scribes in holy orders, tells of major events in Anglo-Saxon and Norman times from 87 to 1154 AD, such as the coming of Christianity, the deaths of kings, royal marriages and births, a “contentious Synod at Chelsea” in 785, a Danish raiding party that “took all that they could grab”, comets, storms, famine, plagues and constant battles for power. During the Great Plague of London, well-known diarist Samuel Pepys survived the disease that killed a quarter of the city’s population, journeying to work via the river, visiting friends and continuing the flirting (and more) for which he is infamous. His secret diary was written in code but later de-coded and is not for the faint-hearted. On 20th July, 1665, he called to see a Mrs. Croft: “Where I found and kissed Mrs. Burrows ... a very pretty woman for a mother of so many children” and in 1666, before fleeing the Great Fire of London, he buried his wine and Parmesan cheese in his garden

and tells how King Charles II ordered the destruction of properties to stop the spread of the flames. Less than 200 years later, poet William Wordsworth’s sister, Dorothy, recorded an enjoyable holiday in Scotland, “a foreign country” with her friend, Joanna. They visited Rob Roy’s cave, travelled by cart across the wild country to Inverary and then “returned to Edinburgh for the sake of warm baths”. And two years later, in the USA, after the purchase of Louisiana from the French, Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clarke set out to map the land and meet the Native Americans living there. On the

evening of October 5th, 1805, they “eate a supper of roots boiled, which filled us so full of wind, that we were scarcely able to Breathe all night.” Oh, the joys of camping! But the saddest diaries are those that end abruptly. Captain Robert Scott, stranded in an Antarctic blizzard with two friends in 1912, only 11 miles away from fresh supplies, wrote his last entry “For God’s Sake look after our people”. And the most famous diary of modern times, that of teenager Anne Frank, written between 1942-44 from her family’s hiding place describes an Amsterdam where “Jews were forbidden to attend moviesto use swimming pools to sit in their gardens after 8 p.m.” On Tuesday April 14th 1944 she wrote: “If God lets me live, ... I’ll make my voice heard, I’ll go out into the world and work for mankind!” On August 4th she and her family were found and arrested. She died in Bergen Belsen concentration camp in 1945, aged only 15.

Diaries and letters are valuable records in many ways, however humble. My father was once asked by the Ramblers’ Association if he had walked a certain country pathway within the last 20 years, the landowner wishing to close it to the public. He offered his diary as proof that he had done so, the right of way was preserved and is still in use today. So, if you keep a diary, don’t let it lapse and, if you don’t, why not begin on January 1st, 2023? You never know when it may come in handy.

Anonymous Contributor

Editors' Prerogative: The Word-Hoard

A common colloquial phrase for being dizzy is that one's head *swims*, or that one has a *swimming* of the head, and it is generally associated with the verb *to swim* (Anglo-Saxon *swimman*), as if it denoted the sensation of a waving or undulating motion such as one feels after being on board ship, a fluctuation or reeling of the brain. It is really a perfectly distinct word, being identical with Old English *swime*, *swyme*, fainting or dizziness, Anglo-Saxon *swima* (Icelandic *svimi*, Swedish *svimma*, to be dizzy, Frisian *swima*, to swoon), Anglo-Saxon *swiman*, to swoon). In the southern dialects one dizzy or faint is said to be *swimmy* or *swymy*, e.g. "As tho' I was still at zea, zick and *zwimmy*"... Another form is *sweamish*, faint, nauseated, Old English *sweymous*, also *squaimous* (Chaucer), which is our literary word "squeamish". Another form yet of the word is *swam*, which in seventeenth-century English appears as *swawme* (a qualm or faintness) and as *swarm*, "He was troubled with *swarms*".

A. Smythe Palmer, *The Folk and Their Word-Lore*, 1904.



Head study of a young man, circle of Sir Anthony van Dyck (1599-1641), oil on paper laid on canvas



Something for Uncle What's-His-Name, E. H. Shepard (1897-1976), 1934, pen and ink

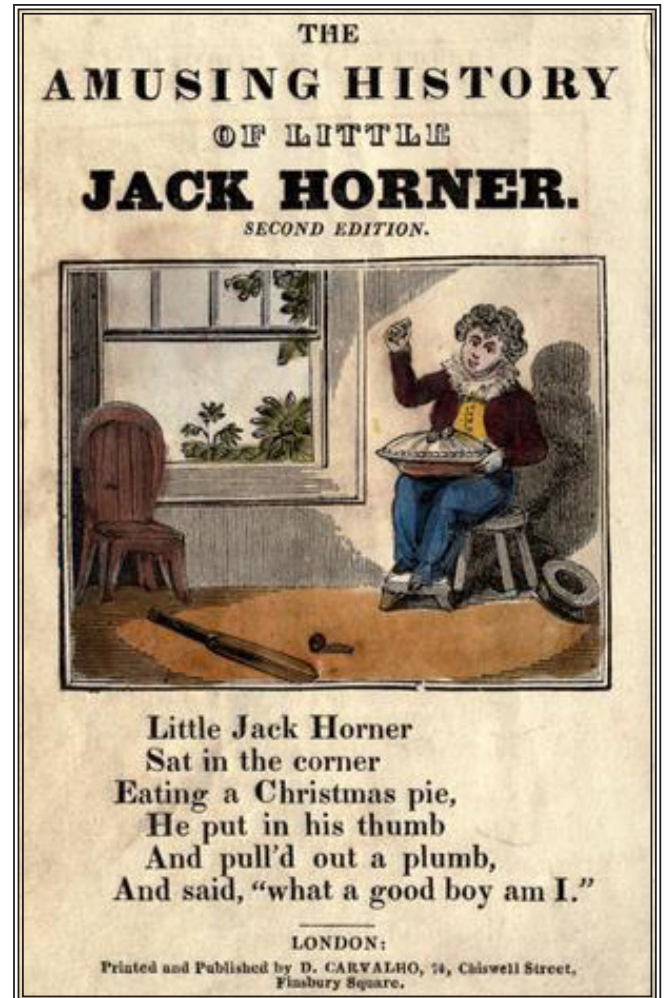
Any Good Thing to Make Us Merry: A Recipe

This recipe, proffered by Lynne Doolan, is described in a manuscript from the monastic foundation at Cirencester, Gloucestershire. It has been adapted for modern baxters and requires a 2lb loaf tin, or a 20cm (8") circular tin.

Set forth the following ingredients:

300 millilitres of water.
250 grams of chopped, pitted dates
450 grams of divers dried fruits, chopped.
50 grams of chopped walnuts
50 grams of ground almonds
180 grams plain wheat flour.
3 teaspoons of baking powder
1 teaspoon of mixed spice (or more: as you like)
80 millilitres of orange juice.

Heat the dates in water, but do not boil them. Set them aside to cool. Combine all the dry ingredients together (that is, not the orange juice nor the dates). These latter (the dates) may now be stirred in the orange juice. Then, using a spatula, *gently* mix the wet and dry ingredients together. Pour the resultant dough into a lined baking tin and smooth the top surface with a spoon. This dough should be baked at 170 degrees (celsius) for forty to fifty minutes, or until a knife emerges clean from the cake. After ten minutes at rest in the tin, the cake may be turned onto a wire rack to cool. It may be decorated with marzipan, icing, &c. &c.



Notices: Christmastide

The Christmas bazaar will, as last year, be held in the ampitheatre of the War Museum on Vassillis Sofias (Sunday, 4th December, 11 a.m. until 4:30 p.m.). Anybody willing and able to assist should communicate with Churchwarden Lynn Stavrou.

Donations of *any* books are always *very* gratefully received and would you please write to Mr. Oliver Knight (oliversamuelknight@outlook.com) or telephone him (6908 55 7170 or 210 689 3475) at your convenience. Donations of ladies clothing, bric-a-brac, food, &c. will be gladly accepted *from the 29th of November* (for they must be stored in the church). The church will be open, as usual, from ten o' clock until two o' clock (Tuesday to

Saturday).

There will be a Carol Service on Christmas eve at six o' clock. The following day Mass will be celebrated at ten o' clock. There is to be a 'sing along' carol service on Sunday the 18th at six of the clock. Moreover, the Athens Singers will perform a Carol Concert on Saturday the 17th in the church.

There will be a coffee morning on Wednesday the 14th of December at the Swedish Community Building in Plaka (Sotiros 7), from eleven o' clock until one o' clock.

I Saw Esau: Puzzles &c.

We commence with a little riddling:

Riddle me, riddle me, rote tote tote
a little wee man in a red, red coat;
a staff in his hand and a stone in his throat
if you answer this riddle I'll give ye a groat.

And another, in translation, from the Exeter Book:

Their dark bodies, dun-coated,
When the breeze bears them up over the backs of
the hills are black, diminutive.
Bold singers,
They go in companies, call out loudly;
They tread the timbered cliff, and at times the eaves
Of men's houses.
They name themselves.

Quiz Questions:

- i. In which sport might one execute a "double axel"?
- ii. Which European capital city is heated by underground thermal springs?
- iii. What sort of article does a cooper fashion?
- iv. Which Greek poet, born in 1863, lived, worked, and died in Alexandria, Egypt?
- v. What is the term for the cultivation of miniature plants?
- vi. Nightingale, Grecian Urn, Melancholy, Autumn, Psyche, Indolence: to what do we refer?
- vii. What commenced in 1618 and ceased in 1648?
- viii. Hasty, Summer, Sussex Pond, Pease, Bachelor's, Topsy, and College are all specimens of what?
- ix. Hawksmoor, Pugin, Pratt, Wren, Bastard, Adam: what are these?
- x. Why might one visit a cordwainer?

Stinker: What is notable about the period 3rd-13th September (inclusive), 1752?

Answers to September's puzzles:

Quiz: Murphy's or Sod's, In the ear, a lion, a narwhal, silica or sand, Monatgue, vermicelli, Washington Post, four (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday), St. George
Riddle: the snow and the sun

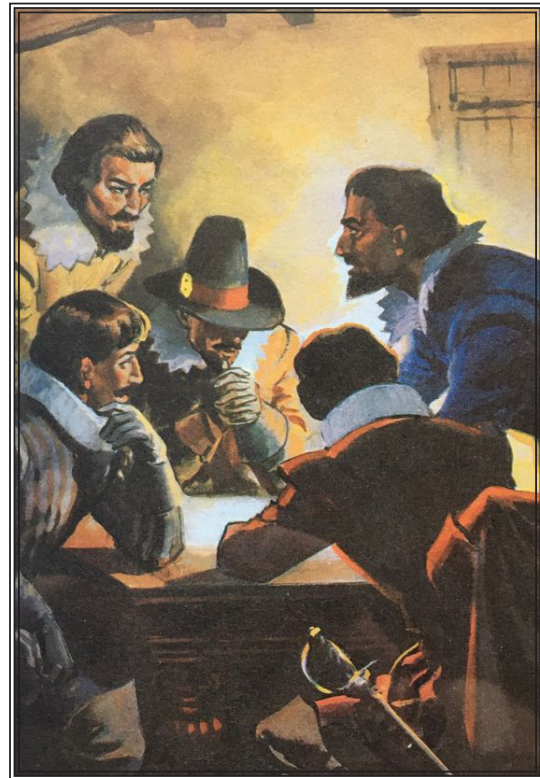
Stained-glass: bullfinch, skylark, nightjar (or goatsucker).

Not quite so old, but still known on the continent as early as 1505:

What God never sees;
What the King seldom sees;
What we see every day;
Read my riddle, I pray.

Old Noll in the following is, conjecturally, Oliver Cromwell and, it is proposed, that this rhyme was composed in the year 1648.

Purple, yellow, red, and green,
The King cannot reach it, nor yet the Queen;
Nor can Old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.



Who Are We? (illustrated by John Kenney, 1967)

We met together for the last time in 1605. We surely had dealings with the cooper [see Quiz] in stocking our cellarage. We set ourselves beneath our government, hoping to rise thereby. Remembered are we by a fox amongst us.

Parochial Church Council Minutes: July 9th, 2022

Lynn Stavrou was appointed vice-Chairperson until the 2023 APCM and a possible co-option to council was under consideration (co-options last for one year only, during which co-optees can acquaint themselves with the workings of the Church Council; during that time they have the right to vote). A letter of thanks for our support of the Diocesan Common Fund (for assisting churches throughout the Diocese) had been received from Bishop Robert; Lynne Doolan's letter regarding children's resources was discussed – she and Father Leonard would bring Children's Bibles from the UK in July and a donation of 500 Euros had been received from a visitor. Following the Jubilee Bazaar it was good to learn that the deficit had decreased and requests for concert bookings were expected after the summer; fees for all services requested at St. Paul's and elsewhere would be increased after several years commencing from 1st September, with regular reviews. Guarding the church gate on Sundays should concern all members of the congregation, not only those assigned to this duty; the reconvening of Sunday School in September would require a second person (with safeguarding certification – available online) to assist Lynne Doolan; Sunday School could not take place in the Crypt as there was no second exit point; a case of unruly behaviour at

the Jubilee Bazaar had been dealt with and a threat had been made to Church warden Trevor when requesting to see vaccination certificates – both incidents had been officially recorded. The Bazaar and the concert of traditional English music by the Athens Singers had been a great success; more large umbrellas would be purchased for similar events; book sales continue to do well; a combined book launch of Father Leonard's "Opening the Doors" and wine-tasting would be arranged at Ag. Filothei, an Ottoman-era house in Plaka; books would be sold at the Harvest Festival. Matilda and Clara were thanked for assisting at the Patronal Festival; work on St. Paul's newsletter was progressing and would be further discussed at the September Council meeting; Churchwarden Trevor would price the purchase of a frame for the mulberry tree; problems with the air-conditioning system would be addressed; Organist/Concert Organiser Christina was thanked for her work and her proposals regarding church hire fees; an offer of payment for the rebinding of hymn books was gratefully acknowledged and some of the hymnals used by the choir would also be restored.

Jean Mertzanakis (Hon. Secretary)



Potato Clamps, Kent, S. R. Badmin (1906-1989), 1931, etching

Before we withdraw the valedictory handkercher, we *must* set forth a few words to bespeak for our affiliation with the Church of England, or dissociation therefrom. Whilst we consider ourselves loyal Anglicans and true, we cannot unhesitatingly avow that all of the preceding matter could be adjudged to accord with the agenda obtaining at Canterbury. We are, at last, responsible and, mayhap, reprehensible but, since Jack Ketch is pensioned and his halter swings no more at Tyburn, why should we dread the consequences of a little heterodoxy? Adieu!
