

The Anglican Church in Athens

# Saint Paul's Church Magazine



*"In our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action"*  
Dag Hammarskjöld

## SALUTATIONS FROM THE EDITORS:

It is Plough Monday and, if it be rank with a twelvemonth's weeds, 'tis time to husband thy allotted acre. Truly, the toil of *Duty* never ceases but it is opportune, after celebrating *Love's Nativity*, to survey thy lot, reckoning it precisely to the gad and rod, and to brace thyself for the coming year.

Only remember what the Master sayeth: Charity's furrow of *Good Works* must be drawn by Faith, the maintenance of which, for many, is an unremitting labour in itself.

Our Plough Monday edition is bound, like the reaper's last sheaf of barley, by industry, by struggle, and by exertion, although our knot be somewhat loose. For without the *Virtue of Charity*, Faith is a meer notion, and of no existence: in sooth, we must sweat our faces in adhering to Christ his Writ.



*The Wagon of Hay [detail], Gwen Raverat (1885-1957), 1932, wood-engraving*

### *Faith without works is dead*

If you read the *Letter of James* (especially Ch. 2, 14-end) there is a strong emphasis on the equal balance between faith and work. The gospel cannot just be a purely 'spiritual exercise', remote from the realities of everyday life, and devoid of any human application. Work is part of the human experience - which is why so many who cannot find work lose a sense of self - worth, and dignity, and withdraw from the community. Just a cautionary word here though - our sense of self-worth and dignity comes from humanity being *imago Dei*,

### the image of God.

We see God *at work* in the Book of *Genesis* (Genesis 1) so an active working God is an essential part of the *imago*, the image, and he is a God active in his creation, among his creatures, in word and in deed - put supremely, of course, in his great salvific act when Christ, the Second Adam, enters into the mystery of the Cross.

When the provisions for worship were formed for the Church of England in the sixteenth Century, (*the Book of Common Prayer*) England was a rural and agricultural society. There were

few great cities such as we see now. The Industrial Revolution was yet to happen - a great seismic shift in inherited bucolic English life - and the population had not begun to get drawn into working in large, soul-less factories and workshops. The Church of England liturgies remained mostly addressed to a 'georgic' society, so some of the Church feasts and festivals, which marked the annual life-cycle of those engaged in agriculture, became obsolete, irrelevant, within the metropolitan amnesia of the big industrial centres.

*(continued overleaf)*

Yet, and even now, large swathes of people live in villages – even if they do commute somewhere else to work, shop, find their leisure – and their communities are still encircled by the fields that maintain the same annual cycles of production that prevailed in the sixteenth century. For so many there is a dis-connect between where they live and how they fill their lives with activity.

Those sixteenth century feasts and festivals still prevail. Perhaps the best known to survive is the Harvest Festival – and this is still celebrated even in the deepest city centres, though maybe with not as much connection to the land as remote rural communities might have.

However, as well as Harvest (whose origin is fairly clear from the name) other agricultural celebrations took place in rural life and church practice. Twelve days after Christmas, the first Sunday of Epiphany, there was the Blessing of the Plough (a service I revived as Vicar of Cirencester since I had the Royal Agricultural University within the Parish bounds); the Rogation days, Three working days before Ascension when it is still customary in some places for the priest and people to walk around and ‘beat the bounds’ and ask for God’s favour on the crops within the Parish boundaries; Lammas Day on August the first when the first loaves were baked from the first-fruits of the harvest; and then Harvest Festival when all was safely gathered in.

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home!  
All I safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God’s own temple, come;  
Raise the song of Harvest home!  
(*New English Hymnal, 259*)

Faith and works, beautifully intertwined in a sacred bond and transaction. Orthodoxy too has such a deep connection between the land and the liturgy – that season between the Feast of John the Baptist and St. Dimitrios, but this is too big a matter to deal with here (see *Cosmos, Life and Liturgy in a Greek Orthodox Village*, Juliet du Boulay, published by Denise Harvey).

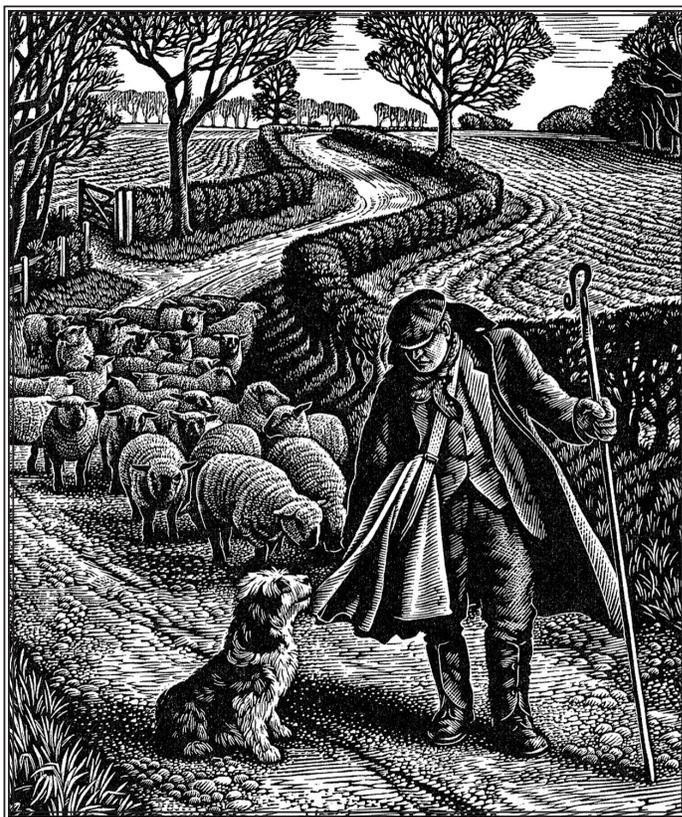
So faith and works are inextricably linked, and should not be separated. Christians are citizens of a Kingdom, and our King is the Lord Jesus. So we are bound by our baptismal incorporation to be co-workers with Christ for the Kingdom.

The best illustrations of the Kingdom work are to be discovered in the Parables that Jesus shares with us, and the people he drew into his society, such as fishermen and tax collectors. ‘The Kingdom of God is like...’ is the preface to the majority of the ‘Parables of the Kingdom’ (as examples, Matthew 13; 1-9; Matthew 13, 24-30; Matthew 20, 1-16). The first fruits of working for the Kingdom, as far as we are concerned, as justice, dignity, compassion, equality. These are the tasks, the works that we are to labour for, but we are bound to labour (physical) also and we offer all the things we do to God in thanksgiving for the many blessings he showers on us. In a rather neat connection, the saint I chose to write about for February is none other than St. Polycarp – his name means much fruitfulness!

‘Yours O Lord, are the greatness, the power, the glory, the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heavens and the earth are yours...For all things come from you, and of your own have we given you.’ (1 Chronicles 29, 11, 14)

May you be richly blessed in 2023.

*Father Leonard.*



*Suffolk Shepherd, Howard Phipps (b. 1954), wood-engraving*

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## The Christmas Bazaar Revisited

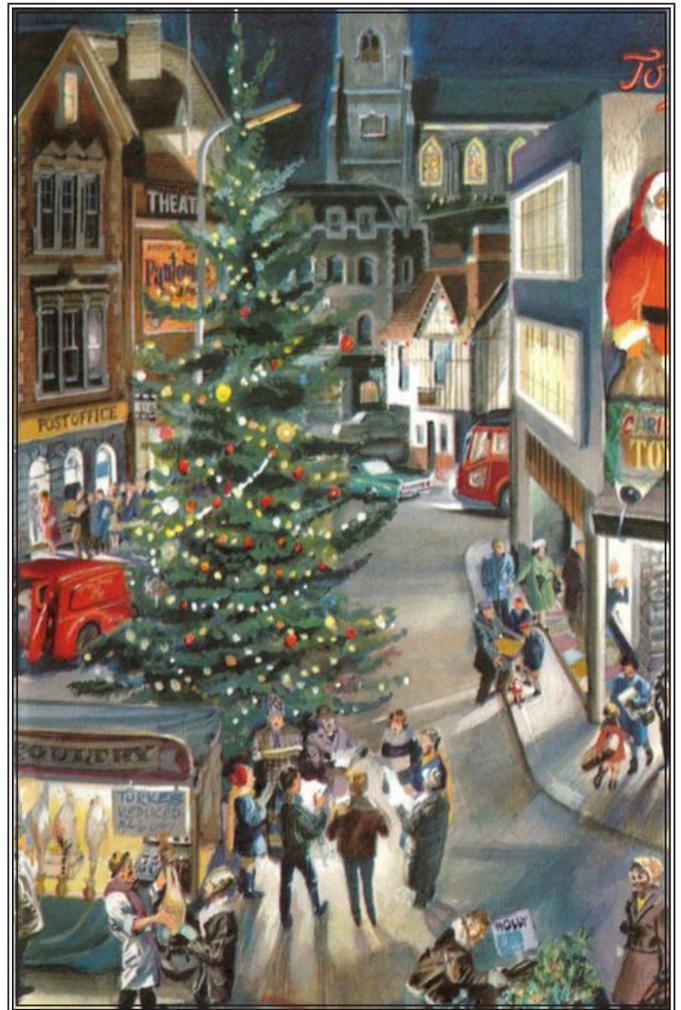
After several rainy days and crossed fingers the weather forecasters were proven right - Sunday 4th December dawned sunny and bright and it was time once again for St. Paul's to host its annual Christmas Bazaar - the first having been held in 1953. Goods had been donated, created, baked and bottled, some over several months, and were collected at church during the previous week, with Saturday devoted to packing and labelling, prior to delivery to the War Museum early on The Big Day, when Churchwarden Trevor and his team of helpers swung into action a little after cock-crow. Everything was safely delivered and unpacked, stalls prepared and balloons and notices displayed with the help of students from local English colleges and by 11 a.m. Christmas had arrived, along with Santa Claus, Father Leonard and British Ambassador, His Excellency Matthew Lodge, who welcomed visitors and opened the event.

There were 19 stalls, including a new one catering for the needs of our much-loved pets, and for the first time we invited an outside organisation to rent a space - 'Paidiko Travma', who support children injured (often seriously) in accidents. Stalls were beautifully organised and decorated and the many willing helpers ensured that no-one was kept waiting for too long. Refreshments were enjoyed, visitors stocked up on traditional goodies such as mince-pies, Christmas cakes, jams and chutneys, and other stalls did a roaring trade in books, decorations, jewellery, bric-a-brac, cards and tea-towels, special gifts, cushions and clothing. Raffle tickets had been sold at St. Paul's and many more were purchased on the day, with Father Leonard drawing the winning tickets at 3:30 p.m. Prizes included a Saronic Cruise, meals at hotels and restaurants, gift vouchers for well-known stores, wines from the Kokotos vineyard, beauty sets and spa treatments, a Greek language course and a summer week of children's activities at the Olympic Stadium. Work continued long after our last guests had left and goods were returned to storage or to the church for collection.

It is only due to the help of our members and their friends and families, our supporters

in the local community and our raffle prize donors that this event takes place. As a totally self-funding body, we at St. Paul's rely on our bazaars, our concert programmes, other social events and the generosity of our friends to keep our doors open to local people and a multitude of visitors from around the world and to continue supporting charitable organisations here in Athens. We thank everyone for their goodwill and wish our congregation and friends peace, health and happiness in 2023.

*Jean Mertzanakis*



*A Christmas Scene in England, Frank Hampson (1918-1985), 1964*

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**Photographs: November &  
December**



*The assembled representatives of the Catholic church; the Greek Evangelical church; the Ben Shalom Synagogue; the German Evangelical Church; the Salvation Army; and Deacon Christine and Father Leonard of the Anglican Church, at the Phaleron War Cemetery, Alimos, on Remembrance Sunday (13th November 2022)..*

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*His Excellency, Mr. Matthew Lodge, lays the wreath. Their Name Liveth For Evermore.*

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*Deacon Christine with representatives of the 'Aei Ferein Life-long Educational and Emotional Learning' project, a concern supported by Saint Paul's church which offers support and assistance to those afflicted by domestic abuse.*

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*The blessing of the marriage of church councillor and ordinand Angelos Palioudakis and Marrie on the fourteenth of December, 2022. Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.*

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*Churchwarden Lynn Stavrou and chorister and magazine contributor (refer to this issue's vasilopita recipe) at the 'Carol Sing Along' on the eighteenth of December*



*[above] the crowds perquire the stalls at the Christmas bazaar on the fourth of December; [below] Rosemary Hunt and her assistants purvey puddings at the bazaar.*

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## Deacon Christine

*Deacon Christine Saccali's Advent sermon, preached on the 18th of December, is here presented in a grossly redacted form for which we acknowledge full culpability (eds.).*

Honest work or graft of whatever kind is honoured by God whether it is farming, fishing, carpentry, tent making, teaching or preaching, and we must not neglect childcare, homemaking or the care of the elderly either. Jesus was brought up watching his father at work and served an apprenticeship under Joseph, as well as learning in the Temple and out and about in the countryside.

O Joseph! It can be so easy to overlook him. To underestimate the very real fear and confusion he had to conquer, to skip over the costly compassion and audacious trust that he had to muster up and act upon. To forget that according to the world around him Jesus was the carpenter's son. It is hard to value Joseph properly. We get so few insights into his character and the story could have gone ahead without him but Matthew the gospel writer is prepared to give him his due.

We know so much about Mary's response to the visiting angel but what about Joseph's? Within a situation of possible risk, disgrace and deep shame there is an intervention. God takes matters into hand. Joseph is addressed by the messenger here and twice more later on. *Aggelos* - how often we forget the real root of that word *anagelno* announce. This is the message: do not be afraid. For the spirit of God is at work here and has wrapped itself round the child in her womb, a child who will embody God's saving power. That child is the world's salvation, a salvation for all, which nothing will be able to defeat. Do the humane, compassionate thing Joseph, Son of David. Do not be afraid, Joseph, join in the work of God for you are in the midst of a miracle greater than you can comprehend. You are within touching distance of the immensity of God. This child shall be called Emmanuel which means, God with us.

Being a Christian is all about listening to God in our lives and thinking on our feet - well, we may not all hear angels but we need

to be prepared for the unexpected - God surprises. Joseph's encounter with the angel though is told in very straightforward and pragmatic language - there are no bursts of blazing light no drift of snow white feathers, just Joseph asleep and dreaming. He trusts God simply and immediately as the message is told although it involves him in heartache and shame. His role is transformed into a vital one in Matthew's account, not to be overlooked. He is the one who listens to God and protects his family; his function as head of the household is to be there for others, to forget himself and his needs and desires and to make room for God's action and presence in the woman and child. A man playing second fiddle in that culture; but with God the unexpected is often to be found.

Joseph is a model of the quiet, ever present, unspoken yet reliable wonder that is not immediately recognized in life. We may not see Joseph but we see what he builds. As a carpenter he worked with the grain and shape of different woods; he planned and designed. He saw Mary a young girl and planned a family, a home, a shared life. As David's linear descendant he brought with him a family history that shaped him; a deep past and future to be shared. And then he finds his design, dreams and hopes shattered. Mary is with child and it's not his.

Joseph in his obedience to God is used as the builder of a human father to a divine child. We admire Joseph's practical and caring skills - his handiwork and see how time and again Jesus used his craft and skill his hands to build caring relationships and to touch and heal but that is part of the rest of the story - for now let us remain with Joseph and marvel at his selfless role in our saviour's life on earth.

*Deacon Christine*

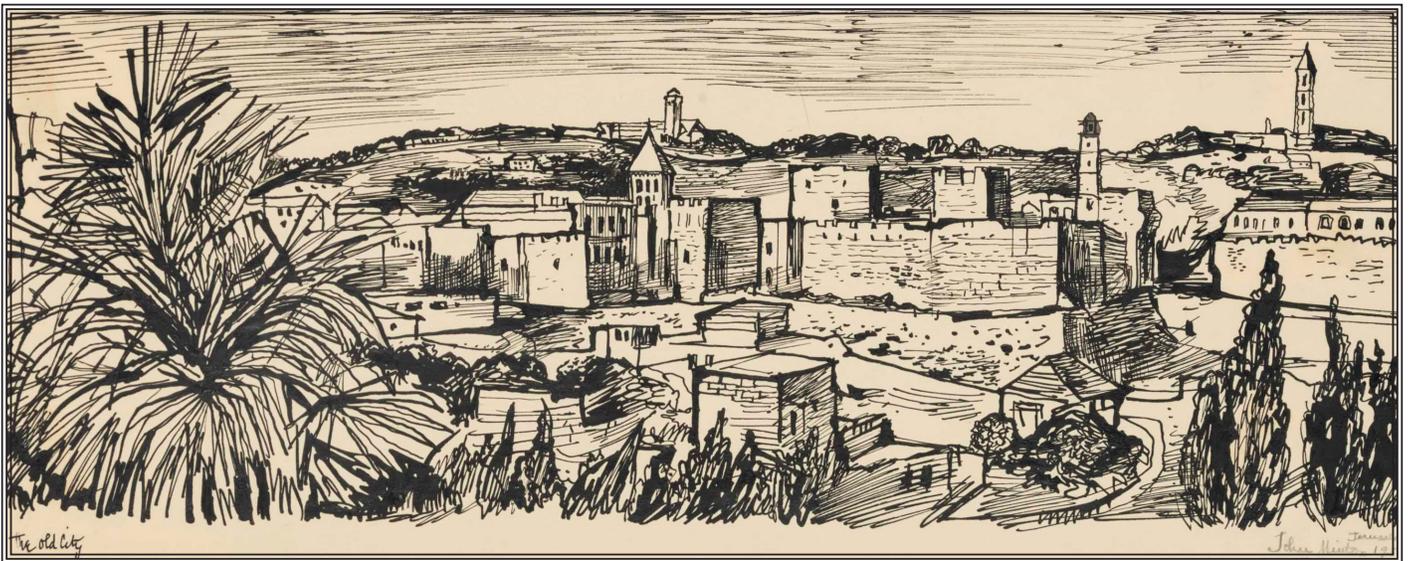


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## Prayer

Eternal Word, only begotten Son of God,  
Teach me true generosity.  
Teach me to serve you as you deserve,  
To give without counting the cost,  
To fight heedless of wounds,  
To labor without seeking rest,  
To sacrifice myself without thought of any reward  
Save the knowledge that I have done your will.  
Amen.

*St. Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556) (attributed)*



*Jerusalem, The Old City, John Minton (1917-1957), 1950, ink*

Prayer, is the language in which we talk to God: for when we read (the Booke) God speaketh to us, but when we Pray, wee speake to him: It is therefore a dialogue between him and us. It is that ladder which Jacob saw ascending up to the clouds, for by the staires of it do we climb up to heaven. Prayer is the key that opens all the gates of heaven. It is the compasse by which we saile thither. It is the badge by which a Christian is knowen that he serveth God. It is our best friend that speaketh to him in our behalfe. It is the eloquence that onely overcommeth him. It is the musicke, that only charmes his anger to sleepe. it is our peace-maker, in the warres betweene God an us. It is the sword of defence in the combat between us and the divell. It is the ship, in which if our soule sailes not, we perish. It is the anchor, at which we lie safe in the stormes of death. It is the balme that cureth the wounds of povertie, of

oppression, of imprisonment, of banishment, of despaire, of cares, of sorowes & of all calamities, that like diseases hang upon our life. Such is Prayer, such armor must we put on if wee meane to winne Heaven.

*Thomas Dekker (1570?-1632) in The Foure Birds of Noahs Arke (1609)*

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## Poetry

*Say not the Stuggle Naught availeth*

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and wounds are in vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

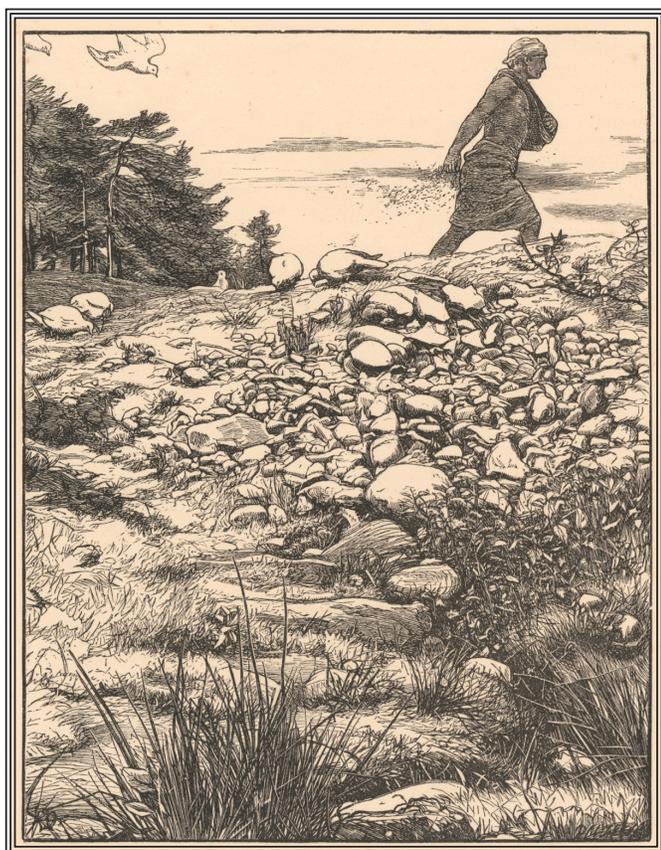
And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, look, the land is bright!

*Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861)*



*A Stiff Pull, P. H. Emerson (1856-1936), 1880s, photogravure*

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*Let not the Sluggish Sleep*

Let not the sluggish sleep  
Close up thy waking eye,  
Until with judgement deep  
Thy daily deeds thou try:  
He that one sin in conscience keeps  
When he to quiet goes,  
More venturous is than he that sleeps  
With twenty mortal foes.

*Anonymous (sixteenth century)*

*The Parable of the Sower, John Everett Millais (1829-1896), 1863,  
wood-engraving by the Brothers Dalziel.*

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*A New Year Carol*

**H**ere we bring new water  
From the well so clear,  
For to worship God with,  
This happy New Year.

Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,  
The water and the wine;  
The seven bright gold wires  
And the bugles that do shine.

Sing reign of Fair Maid,  
With gold upon her toe, -  
Open you the West Door,  
And turn the Old Year go.

Sing reign of Fair Maid  
With gold upon her chin, -  
Open you the East Door,  
And let the New Year in.  
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,  
The water and the wine;  
The seven bright gold wires  
And the bugles that do shine.

*Anonymous (antiquity unknown)*



*Winter: Feeding Cattle, 1920, George Soper (1870-1942), drypoint on wove paper*

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*'Lastly came Winter'*

**L**astly came *Winter* cloathèd all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,  
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;  
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill  
As from a limbeck did adown distill.  
In his right hand a tippèd staffe he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still:  
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;  
That scarce his loosèd limbes he hable was to weld.

*Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), from The Faerie  
Queene, 'Mutabilitie Stanzas' (in 1609 edition)  
(Canto VII; 31)*

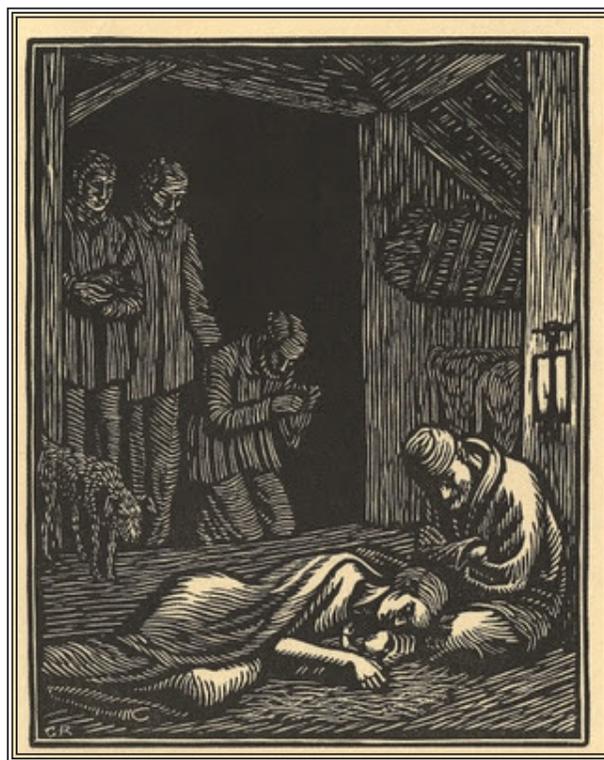
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*The Year (excerpt)*

**T**he winter falls, the frozen rut  
Is bound with silver bars;  
The snowdrift heaps against the hut,  
And night is pierced with stars.

*Coventry Patmore (1823-1896)*



*Untitled, Gwen Raverat (1885-1957), 1921, wood-engraving.*

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## “Who from their labours rest”: Hagiographies

*Saint Agnes, martyr saint in Rome (feast celebrated on the 21st of January (Western Calendar))*

The reason Agnes is one of the most well-known and widely-venerated of the early Roman martyrs is perhaps because of the expression of mature resilience and sheer bravery in a thirteen-year-old girl.

Agnes is reputed to have refused an arranged marriage because of her total dedication to Christ and stated that she preferred even death of the body to the death of her consecrated virginity.

The growing veneration for the state of consecrated virginity at this time, combined with the last, major Roman persecution under the emperor Diocletian, climaxing in the shedding of an innocent virgin-child’s blood willingly for Christ, placed her at the forefront of veneration almost from the moment the persecution ended. She is believed to have died in the year AD350 and her feast has ever since been celebrated on this day.

Around the year AD354 a basilica was built over her grave in the Via Nomentana. She is one of the most important saints among the early Roman martyrs. Among others she is praised by St. Ambrose and St. Jerome.

The mosaics in the famous church of San Apollinare Nuovo in Ravenna indicate that her symbol is that of a lamb – probably because of the closeness of her name to the Latin word for lamb, agnus. On her feast day the lambs are blessed that produce the wool for the pallium that gets presented to Archbishops; these are woven by the nuns of St. Agnes’ convent in Rome.

Collect:

Eternal God, Shepherd of your sheep,  
Whose child Agnes was strengthened to bear  
witness in her living and her dying  
To the true love of her Redeemer:  
Grant us the power to understand, with all your  
saints,  
What is the breadth and length and height and  
depth

And to know the love that surpasses knowledge,  
Even Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,  
Who is alive and reigns with you,  
In the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and  
for ever.

*Hagiography provided by Father Leonard.*

It being our solemn editorial duty to quote the poetry of John Keats whensoever the opportunity should arise, we discharge said duty herewith by reproducing the first stanza of *The Eve of St. Agnes*:

St. Agnes’ Eve - Ah, bitter chill it was!  
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limp’d trembling through the frozen  
grass,  
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
Numb were the Beadsman’s fingers while he told  
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
Like pious incense from a censer old,  
Seem’d taking flight for heaven, without a death,  
Past the sweet Virgin’s picture, while his prayer  
he saith.



*Saint Agnes, c. 1420, Salzburg, poplar wood, painted and gilded.*

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*Saint Polycarp, bishop and martyr (feast celebrated on the 23rd of February (Eastern and Western Calendar))*

Polycarp is among the number of second century martyr saints. He was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist (The Theologian) and was Bishop of Smyrna, one of the communities of Asia Minor addressed by the Spirit in the Book of Revelation (Revelation 2, 8-11).

Polycarp defended the faith against several early heresies. He wrote a letter defending the faith to the communities of Philippi which is still extant, as is the early description of his martyrdom (these can be read in the Penguin Classics series).

In his time Christianity was a persecuted religion and on his arrest he was asked to denounce Christ. He famously said, 'For eighty-six years I have been his servant and he has never done me wrong; how can I blaspheme my king who saved me...I am a Christian; if you wish to study the Christian doctrine choose a day and you will hear it.'

When the crowds heard this confession of faith they cried out for the lions and then for him to be burnt at the stake. Afterwards other Christians gathered his bones and buried them.

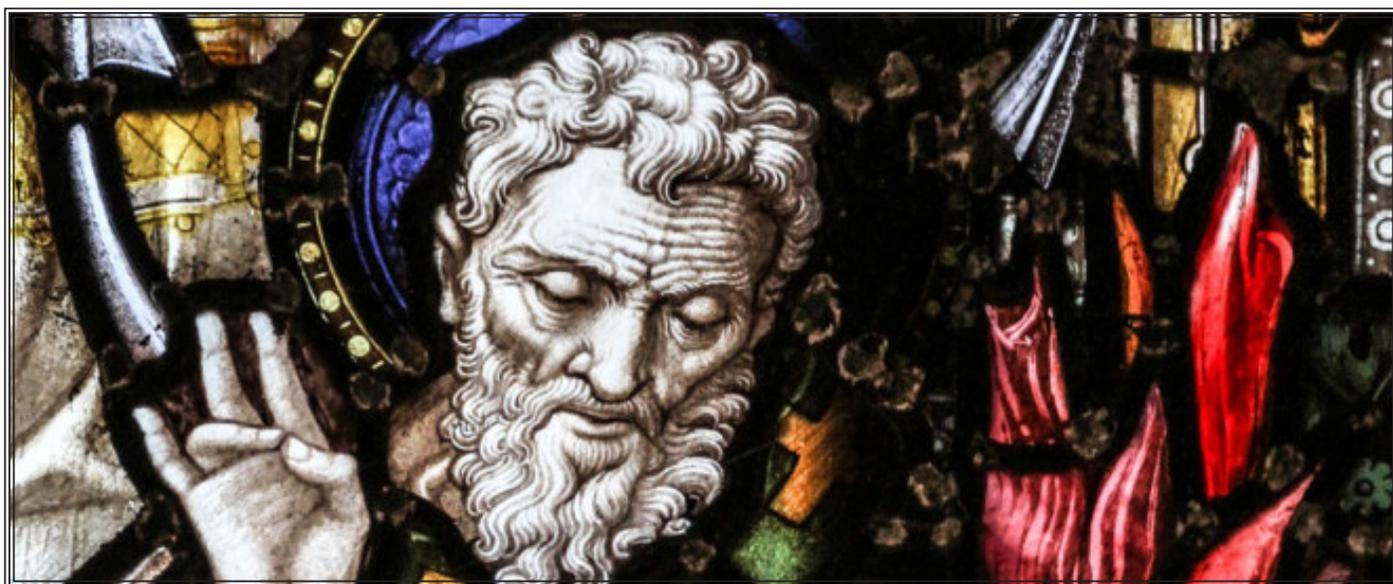
Due to the early date of his life (he is thought to have died in AD155) and his claim to have been a Christian for 86 years, Polycarp is a most important link between the times of the Apostles and the earliest of the Christian Fathers.

The account of his martyrdom (still available for example in Penguin Classics or *The Acts of the Christian Martyrs*, tr. H. Musurillo) is one of the pieces of early evidence that a 'cultus' gathered around the shrines of Christian saints. This influenced similar practice at the shrines of martyrs in the Roman Catacombs.

Collect:

Almighty God,  
Who gave to your servant Polycarp  
Boldness to confess the name of our Saviour  
Jesus Christ  
Before the rulers of this world  
And courage to die for his faith:  
Grant that we also may be ready  
To give an answer for the faith that is in us  
And to suffer gladly for the sake of our Lord  
Jesus Christ,  
Who is alive and reigns with you,  
In the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
One God, now and for ever.

*Hagiography provided by Father Leonard*



*stained-glass representation of Saint Polycarp [detail], Truro Cathedral*

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## The Editors' Prerogative

John Selden (1584-1654), the seventeenth-century lawyer and philologist, declared that "ceremony keeps up all things; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water will be spilt, the spirits lost." Poetry, howsoever 'tis drest, being the ceremony of language, what richest of spirits is conveyed in the majestic ritual of the *Psalter* in *The Book of Common Prayer*! May the words upon our lips resound in both heart *and* mind and be never perfunctory as we worship, serve, and glorify God.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.  
Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness: and cleanse me from my sin.  
For I acknowledge my faults: and my sin is ever against me.  
Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.  
Behold, I was shapen in wickedness: and in sin hath my mother conceived me.  
But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts: and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.  
Turn thy face from my sins: and put out all my misdeeds.  
Make me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.  
Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy Spirit from me.  
O give me the comfort of thy help again: and stablish me with thy free Spirit.  
Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked: and sinners shall be converted unto thee.  
Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God of my health: and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.  
Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall shew thy praise.  
For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee: but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.  
The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

*from the fifty-first Psalm ("the necking verse")*

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What then is it that He enjoins as new and peculiar to God and alone life-giving, which did not save men of former days? If the "new creation," the son of God, reveals and teaches something unique, then His command\* does not refer to the visible act, the very thing that others have done, but to something else greater, more divine and more perfect, which is signified through this; namely, to strip the soul itself and the will of their lurking passions and utterly to root out and cast away all alien thoughts from the mind. For this is a lesson peculiar to the believer and a doctrine worthy of the Saviour. The men of former days, indeed, in their contempt for outward things, parted with and sacrificed their possessions, but as for the passions of the soul, I think they intensified them. For they became supercilious, boastful, conceited and disdainful of the rest of mankind, as if they themselves had wrought something superhuman. How then could the Saviour have recommended to those who were to

live for ever things that would be harmful and injurious for the life He promises? And there is this other point. It is possible for a man, after having unburdened himself of his property, to be none the less continually absorbed and occupied in the desire and longing for it. He has given up the use of wealth, but now being in difficulties and at the same time yearning after what he threw away, he endures a double annoyance, the absence of means of support and the presence of regret. For when a man lacks the necessities of life he cannot possibly fail to be broken in spirit and to neglect the higher things, as he strives to procure these necessities by any means and from any source.

*Clement of Alexandria (150-c.215), translated by G. W. Butterworth (1919).*

*\*Mark x. 21: One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.*

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## Plough Monday

The plough was used, too, on a ritual occasion: on Plough Monday, the Monday after Twelfth Day, the end of the medieval Christmas holidays. On this day the ploughman dragged a gaily decorated plough from door to door in the village, asking for money to buy drink. The men themselves were also bedecked with ribbons, and they wore their shirts over their coats. If any householder refused to contribute to this foolery, the mummers put their shoulders to the plough and ploughed up the greensward in front of his door. There was also a lot of dancing and high-stepping antics performed by the mummers; and this gives a clue to the whole performance: the ploughing and high leaping was another example of imitative magic, a fertility device to ensure that the corn for the coming year would be well bedded and would reach a good maturity.

... The Plough Monday jollifications were also used as an occasion to raise church funds, and

plays were sometimes performed on this day. The 'town' or parish plough was often used for the ceremony. It was kept at the church not solely for this occasion but chiefly to be hired out to those parishoners who wanted to use it for its ordinary purpose on their own land. In many Cambridgeshire parishes, Duxford, Bassingbourne, Dry Drayton, the plough was housed in the church: the plough at Dry Drayton was remarked on in a 1685 episcopal visitation and was transferred on the instruction of the bishop from the nave to the belfry. Ploughs are still taken into church for blessing on Plough Sunday; and this January (1965) an old Norfolk 'gallows' horse-plough stood for the ceremony near the chancel arch in the magnificent parish church of Salle in Norfolk.

*George Ewart Evans in The Pattern Under the Plough (1966)*



*The Fool Plough, Robert (1769-1832) & Daniel (b.1785) Havell, 1813, aquatint.*

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## “Please, Good Missus, a Soul Cake”: A Recipe

*We publish this recipe (provided by Mr. Dimitris Papageorgiou) for Vasilopita notwithstanding our readers' bellies are convalescing after the passing of the twelve days. Whilst you may still have pieces of vasilopita remaining and regretting having consumed quite so much of it, we offer something that may be more digestible for next year.*

Vasilopita is the Greek lucky new year's cake that has a coin hidden in it and is cut at midnight. It is tradition for each family to have their own vasilopita and a piece is cut therefrom for each family member. If the coin is in your piece you shall have good luck for all the year.

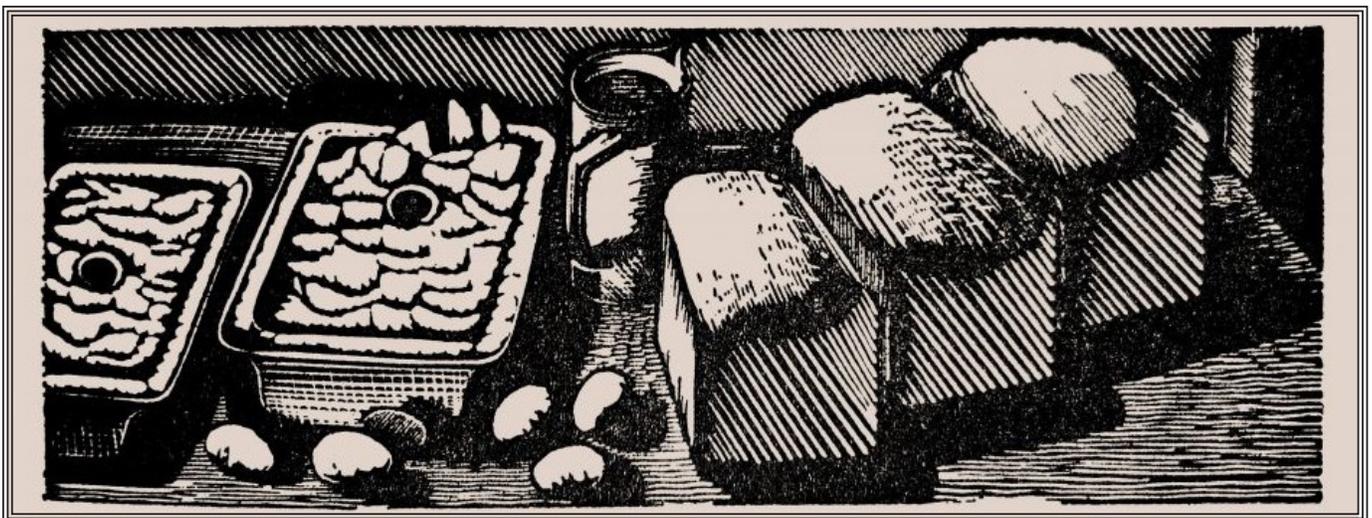
This traditional cake is moist and aromatic being infused with orange and vanilla. The ingredients are common to most larders: sugar, flour, eggs, milk and orange. There is another vasilopita recipe (*from Istanbul (?) - eds.*) made with yeast, which requires more time, but in our family we make - and like - the unleavened form. Now, obviously this is not a particularly healthy recipe, what with the butter, but one usually enjoys only one small piece and if there are leftovers one can enjoy it over the following days with coffee or tea.

- » 480g of plain wheaten flour
- » two tablespoons of baking powder
- » 350g of sugar

- » 225g of butter, softened
- » one and a half cups of orange juice
- » one tablespoon of orange zest
- » one teaspoon of vanilla extract
- » three eggs
- » some icing sugar

Preheat the oven to 180 degrees celsius and line the base of a 9-10" springform pan with wax paper and grease the sides (a wider pan, for a thinner cake, will bake quicker). In a bowl mix the flour and baking powder then set this to one side. In another bowl, cream the sugar and the butter, then add the orange juice, vanilla, and orange zest and combine them with an electric mixer for about two minutes. Whip the eggs in a small bowl and add to the butter mixture and mix this for another two minutes. Add the flour mixture to the wet ingredients and mix for two minutes at a low speed and not excessively. If you are adding a coin to the batter, do so now.

Pour the batter (it will be thick) into the pan, smoothing the top with a spatula, then bake it for about fifty (a knife should emerge clean from the cake). Remove the cake from the oven and allow it to cool. Turn the cake out - downside-up - on to a plate (the coin may be included now, forced into the bottom of the cake). Turn the cake and dust it with icing sugar.



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## In Praise of Creation

We glorify the present only when it has become the past. This is a recognised tendency in terms of history. It is equally true in terms of metaphysics. We imagine that Creation took place in the remote past. No doubt it did; but the same thing takes place today. The Third Day of Creation, as fabled in the book of *Genesis*, happens once every year no less certainly than the Sixth Day happens all the time. If this were not so the world would speedily dissolve. As I stand beside the rising corn I feel no need to have been present on the Third Day of the First Week, since I am witnessing the same thing. The same Force is at work, the same Voice obeyed. That which I would have seen then, I see now - sheer miracle, pure purpose. He who tries to dispose of this, uttering some mumbo-jumbo about 'chance' or 'mechanism' is the only real heretic, the only real atheist. All other denial, all other unbelief is mere speculation, and of no consequence. But this denial of clear witness is not speculation, and reveals the denier, not as a clever casuist, but as a stupid ass.

I have spent time in the company of the philosophers and the priests, and have undertaken long journeys with them in search of the Absolute. It was all necessary. For only then could I understand that it was not

necessary, and that if we will but look out of the window the answer is there. It is clear to me now that if we take the trouble to regard phenomena, with the eye, *not* of a child, but of an adult who weds intelligence with wonder, we shall soon find ourselves at ease with the Problem of Purpose all the rest of it.

*John Stewart Collis (1900-1984), in While Following the Plough (1946)*

Of the power and wisdom of God was everything to which he had given life - tree and plant and flower and herb, from the towering cedar to the branching moss. All the beasts of the earth also, the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, the creeping things and the insects, each in the place where was its natural food and what was needful for its strength and ways and wants; from beasts so mighty and ponderous that they shook the ground with their tread, to the grasshopper shrilling in the sunshine on his blade of grass and the silent lovely butterfly sipping her nectar in the flower; from the eagle in the height of the skies to the wren flitting from thicket to thicket, each after its own kind.

*Walter de la Mare (1873-1956), from The Creation of Man first printed in Stories from the Bible (1929)*



*Hayfield (1943), S. R. Badmin (1906-1989), watercolour*

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## Notices &c.

It would be remiss in us not to remark upon the other events held at the Saint Paul's Church this Christmastide and so, alert to the *necessity of brevity*, we shall proceed to do so. On the eighteenth of December there was, at six of the clock in the evening, a tremendously successful - we are confidently and reliably informed - 'carol sing along' arranged and orchestrated by our venerable organist, Ms. Christina Antoniadou and our apparently indefatigable Churchwarden, Ms. Lynn Stavrou. We were, regrettably, not present at this jolly wassailing, whereat the lusty singing was made lustier yet by the doling around of ladlefuls of mulled wine and other Christmas indelicacies - "an apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry, any good thing to make us merry, one for Peter, two for Paul, three for Him that made us all." The pews could accomodate not a single soul more at what was a most mirthful and boisterous evening. We should also hereby proffer thanks to our verger, Ms. Virginia Stevens for so handsomely arraying the church for the Christmas season.

A slightly more reverent carolling was undertaken the following Saturday (the Eve of the Feast of Christ's Nativity), when there must have been one hundred and seventy worshippers for the service of lessons and carols. The choir, under the tolerant direction of Christina Antoniadou, sang two anthems - 'Jesus Christ the Apple Tree' and 'Creator of the Stars of Night' and the carols included 'It Came Upon a Midnight Clear' and that tenderest of lullabies - for 'twould not, truly, pass for a carol (that is, with its origins in a communal dance (the swaying of a babe in arms we will *not* pass as carolling)) - *Away in a Manger*. Does not the popularity of this service suggest that we at Saint Paul's ought to celebrate at Eastertide with a carol

service? With what pleasure would we sing the *Sans Day Carol*, *Seven Virgins* or *The Leaves of Life*, the *Sussex Mummers' Carol* (*O Mortal Man*) &c. Mass on the morning of the twenty-fifth was also well attended with many visitors. The day was appropriately fair, the sky a vasty sapphirine dish with scarce the taint of cloud; and who knows not the ineffable joy and elation of the reading from the *Book of the Prophet Isaiah*: "the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light"(9:2)? With what an exultant spirit does one depart from church on Christmas morning: "and the government shall be upon *his* shoulder" (9:6)!

The marriage of council member Angelos Palioudakis to Marrie was blessed by Father Leonard in Saint Paul's Church on Wednesday the fourteenth of December. We cannot but help quivering for sheer delight and the heart's elation at such services and we wish them the unbounded joy of their happy union.

- The forthcoming coffee morning shall be held at the Swedish Community Building (Sotirios 7), Plaka, on *Thursday* the twelfth of January from eleven o' clock until one o' clock. These shall hereafter, we understand, always be held on the second *Thursday* of each month.
- The P.C.C. shall meet on Saturday the twenty-first of January at half past ten in the church.
- There is a prayer group each and every Tuesday morning at nine of the clock. Further particulars are to be found on the church's internet pages.
- The next quiz evening is to be held on the 3rd of February. Please inquire of Ms. Jean Mertzanakis for further details.



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## An Humble Petition

We, the editors, hereby solicit contributions to the parish magazine of St. Paul's Anglican Church, Athens:

All submissions will be gratefully received and fairly considered and need not have any spiritual or moral basis. Indeed, articles of any *calibre* are welcome - what drivel we ourselves are responsible for! - and on *almost* any subject. We invite suggestions and proposals for recipes, puzzles, prayers, and illustrations withal.

We also seek submissions of photographs,

especially those taken at church fetes, concerts &c. &c.

We remind our readers that whilst we publish this magazine on behalf of the P.C.C. of Saint Paul's Anglican Church, we - although *unhesitating* adherents to the Anglican cause - only claim, respecting the contents of this publication, to represent Anglicanism in its ethos, and not *to the letter of its law*.

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*Charles II of England Embarking in Scheweningen, May 23 1660, Hendrick de Meijer (1620-1689), 1660, oil on panel*

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