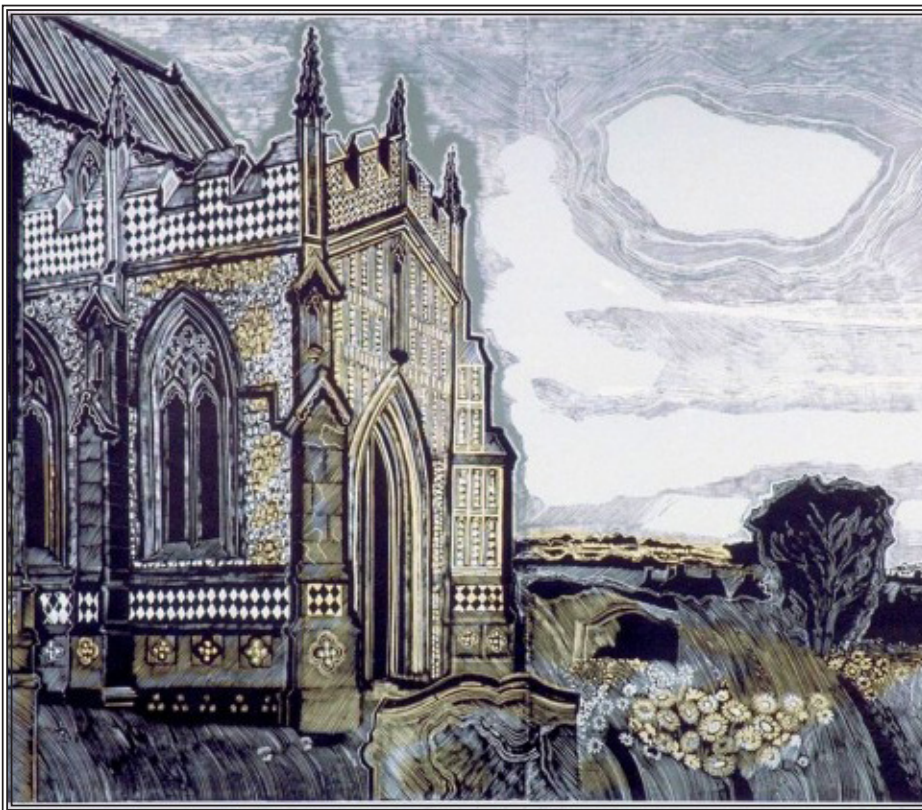


The Anglican Church in Athens

Saint Paul's Church Magazine



"Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified"
Psalm CXLIII; 2



Salutations from the Editors:

We stand upon Summer's threshold with a prospect of *heat* all before us; apricocks blush at their swollen girths, pavements are daubed with the pulp of ungathered mulberries, and the noonday silence slacks and deepens to a world *but a mile to midsummer*. Aye, 'twill not long be the Nativity of Sanity's Saint, *St. John the Baptiser*, and thence on to the furnace, when our city comes a very wilderness; a tract, that is, of solitude and savageness, as sayeth the good Doctor Johnson. God Speed!

Kersey Church, John O' Connor (1913-2004), 1970, lithograph on paper

In an age of ever-encroaching triviality, of pandemic fatuity, of abject and rattling inanity; when the indistinct parliamentary *mêlée* knows only one thing: that power is to be perpetuated for its own sake, with the expense thereof being Principle; in a time when *materialism* is all men's understanding, is all men's speaking, is all men's departing; when *individualism*, the abhorrent but seemingly inviolable *I*, is all men's creed, yea, when the Beloved's vineyard yields nought but the bitterest wild grapes, the King his publick example is, we asseverate, to the publick good.

We speak, given the restraints of space, in the *abstract* to laud His Majesty as a man *dutiful* and *faithful*, as a publick figure of substance and of principle, of a man who has served at the Common Table as his mother before him, enduring, at times, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune from his *assigned* position in the *vanguard*. But, to deploy the curb, we come not here to write his *apology*, yet merely to proclaim - for what our paltry words are worth - King Charles' true value in an era of egotism and *utter vanity*: long may he reign.

[continued overleaf]

We were *relieved*, therefore, to celebrate the Coronation in the House of the King Eternal, from Whom all earthly power is, for a span, vouchsafed, and to Whom we are all *gratefully* subject. We prayed for the King and Queen, were reminded - as we should ever remember - that “the power of the heart is greater than the power of wealth and might”, and heard the catalogue of subjunctives set forth in the twentieth psalm read by His Majesty’s Ambassador, Mr. Matthew Lodge: “May we shout for joy over your victory and in the name of God set up our banners” (Ps. XX; 5)

We also remark, upon the by, that our skilful organist, Christina Antoniadou, commenced the proceedings with a voluntary - apparently erroneously, but yet persistently - attributed to Mr. Henry Purcell; that Father Leonard rounded his sermon with Purcell’s epitaph at Westminster Abbey; and that we sang *Christ is made the Sure Foundation* to a tune adapted from

Purcell’s setting of *O God, Thou art my God. Ergo*, perched upon the master’s shoulder, the *Truth* is brought yet nearer to our ken.

After the service we gathered in the church yard for a feast, and it remains for us to thank *heartily* those who contributed the victuals and drink, and - O unpraised *toil* - those who *served* and those who - if you will indulge an irreverence - went down to the crypt in marigolds to do business in soapy waters. Let us ever mind the humble and unnamed scullion.

*Here may your sacred Majesty behold
That mighty Monarch both of heav’n and earth,
He that all nations of the world controlled,
Yet took our flesh in base and meanest birth:
Whose days were spent in poverty and sorrow,
And yet all kings their wealth of Him do borrow.*

Aemilia Lanyer (1569-1645)



“His own privy kitchen had no such meat”: dishing up the grub and [right] Shirley, Maria Nefeli, Anne, and Sue at the Coronation Luncheon (May the seventh, 2023).

A Pilgrimage to the Seven Churches of the Book of Revelation

'Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Angel of...'

Read the second and third chapters of the Book of Revelation, the *Apocalypse*.

Lynne and I recently had the privilege of travelling around the Seven Churches of the *Book of Revelation* in Asia Minor (*Μικρή Ασία*). It is a pilgrimage we had wanted to do very much, so when the opportunity came along we had to respond – a retirement present to ourselves, though actually our two Mums made it possible financially. Bishop Robert was the 'attraction' leader, but Fr. James Buxton, our Anglican priest in Izmir (Smyrni) organised the week-long pilgrimage and we had an official guide called Macit from the tour company, Tutku Tours.

To understand this pilgrimage, you first have to read some scripture – no bad advice from me!

From the island of Patmos the banished St. John had his mystical 'revelation'. Part of this consisted of messages from Christ to the 'angel' of the seven churches in the Asia Minor region of the Roman Empire. Each message is personal and distinct. The pattern of each message follows roughly the same pattern – a title or designation of Christ; a recognition that good things were noted in the Christian community; 'I know your works!' – what a scary thing, that Christ knows the works of his church, even St. Paul's in Athens; then a challenge and rebuke or counselling; followed by an acknowledgement that Christ is victorious. *READ* these letters in *Revelation* two and three.



The churches addressed from Patmos are Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamum, Thyateira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea. These were all thriving cities of the Roman Empire. Each had small emerging Christian communities – often

with Jewish backgrounds – and in a culture of the pagan deities, but principally the 'non-religion' of Emperor cultic observance. Given this backdrop the Spirit speaks to the Angel of each of the seven Churches, urging them in

effect to be different, to stand out, to be distinct, and to reject the spirit of the day and the cult of an Emperor God – that a man should be called ‘divus’ was an insult to the Jewish communities and these early Christians. For the latter the dogma was clear – God had become Man and lived among us. For the pagans a man had been created a God and the refusal to worship him could mean persecution, hardship socially, and even martyrdom.

The social hardships were evident – the culture of public games, the theatre, the festivals of the pagan gods that resulted in extravagant dinners and sexual licentiousness, the public nakedness of games, bathing and toileting – all these were inconsistent with the new faith. All these practices were simply ‘taken for granted’. Faith in Christ meant challenging these practices.

The Letters to the Angel of the Seven Churches touch on real situations in each city – proving that each was known personally to St. John the Divine on Patmos. The messages address real practices and habits.

The thing that brings the letters alive – other than the fact that they are in Scripture, of course – is to see the archaeology. It becomes apparent from the archaeology why St. John says certain things to each of the Churches.

I had a ‘classics’ background to my education, but this had always focused on Graeco-Roman history and literature in Greece and Italy, so I was totally ignorant of what outstanding archaeological remains that exist in Asia Minor – ranging from wonderful excavations in Ephesus, to outstanding excavations over the last five or so years at Laodicea, to Philadephia with no possibility of further development due to modern building, and Colossae which is still under-excavated. I think Lynne and I will never forget what we experienced on this seven day visit – at times one pile of stones does rather merge into another pile of stones – though there are superb really major buildings still partly standing or significantly reconstructed.

At the heart of this pilgrimage though are the words of scripture. Fr. James Buxton, our Anglican priest in Izmir, provided us with outstanding scripture commentaries on each letter. Set in very ancient history (first century of the Christian Era) the Spirit’s challenge to



Angel of the Revelation, William Blake (1757-1827), 1803-05, watercolour, pen and black ink, brush and wash, over traces of graphite

the Seven Churches is a challenge to St. Paul’s Athens. As a reminder: Christ is historically supreme; ‘I know your works’; here is the situation and here is the rebuke for what you fail to do/too easily conform to; the victory is Christ’s. ‘Hear what the Spirit is saying to the Angel of the church in Athens.’

Father Leonard

Poetry:
“the blue-hill’d worold’s flow’ry ground”

Passion

Full of desire I lay, the sky wounding me,
each cloud a ship without me sailing, each tree
possessing what my soul lacked, tranquility.

Waiting for the longer-for voice to speak
through the mute telephone, my body grew
weak
with the well-known and mortal death,
heartbreak.

The language I knew best, my human speech
forsook my fingers, and out of reach
were Homer’s ghosts, the savage conches of the
beach.

Then the sky spoke to me in language clear,
familiar as the heart, than love more near.
The sky said to my soul, ‘You have what you
desire!’

‘Know now that you are born along with these
clouds, winds, and stars, and ever-moving seas
and forest dwellers. This your nature is.

‘Lift up your heart again without fear,
sleep in the tomb, or breathe the living air,
this world you with the flower and with the
tiger share.’

Then I saw every visible substance turn
into immortal, every cell new born
burned with the holy fire of passion.

This world I saw as on her judgement day
when the war ends, and the sky rolls away,
and all is light, love and eternity.

Kathleen Raine (1908-2003)

Sonnet 88

Man, dreame no more of curious mysteries,
As what was here before the world was made,
The first Mans life, the state of Paradise,
Where heaven is, or hells eternal shade,
*For Gods works are like him, all infinite;
And curious search, but craftie sinnes delight.*

The Flood that did, and dreadfull Fire that shall,
Drowne, and burne up the malice of the earth,
The divers tongues, and *Babylons* downe-fall,
Are nothing to the mans renewed birth;
*First, let the Law plough up thy wicked heart,
That Christ may come, and all these types depart.*

When thou has swept the house that all is cleare,
When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feete,
When Gods All-might doth in thy flesh appeare,
Then Seas with streames above the skye doe
meet;
*For Goodnesse onely doth God comprehend,
Knowes what was first, and what shall be the end.*

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628)



*Entrance to a Lane, Graham Sutherland (1903-1980), 1939, oil
on canvas*

Cranmer

Cranmer was parson of this parish
And said Our Father beside barns
Where my grandfather worked without praying.

From the valley came the ring of metal
And the horses clopped down the track by the stream
As my mother saw them.

The Wiltshire voices floated up to him.
How should they not overcome his proud Latin
With We Depart answering his *Nunc Dimittis*?

One evening he came over the hillock
To the edge of the church-yard already filling with
bones
And saw in the smithy his own fire burning.

C. H. Sisson (1914-2003)

Thomas Cranmer, Gerlach Flicke (fl. 1548-1555), 1545-46, oil on panel



Almightye and everlastyng God, whiche
haste geven unto us thy servauntes grace by
the confession of a true fayth to acknowlege
the glorie of the eternall trinitie, and in the
power of the divyne majestie to wurshippe
the unitie: we beseche thee, that through the
stedfastnes of thys fayth, me may evermore be
defended from all adversitie, whiche liveste
and reignest, one God, worlde without end.

*Collect for Trinity Sunday, The Book of
Common Prayer [1549]. This year Trinity
Sunday falls upon the fourth of June.*

*View of the Chancel of Kempley Church, Gloucestershire, E. W.
Tristram (1882-1952), 1914, watercolour*

The Editors' Prerogative: Forgiveness

If the sins that we ought to confess depend upon our relationship to other members of the one family of God, so does our forgiveness. There seems to me to be a very surprising feature in most of the books that I have read and the sermons that I have heard on this subject. Over and over again it is said that Our Lord promises forgiveness to those who repent; there is often some discussion of the question how far His death was a necessary condition on the side of God; but there is almost complete agreement that the one condition required on our side is repentance. Also, there is in the Gospels an immense insistence on the need for repentance. Also there is the reference to repentance in Our Lord's teaching about our duty to forgive others. But when He is actually speaking about God's forgiveness of us it is not 'repentance' that He mentions; it is our own forgiveness of those who have injured us. Only one petition in the Lord's Prayer has any condition attached to it: it is the petition for forgiveness; and the condition attached to it is this. No doubt if by repentance we mean all that the word means in the New Testament, it will include a forgiving spirit; for to repent is to change one's outlook and to regard men and the world as God regards them. But everyone can feel that the emphasis would be quite different if the words were 'Forgive us our trespasses, for we do truly repent of them.' This would be like saying, 'I am so sorry; and I won't do it again; do forgive me.' In other words, the plea for forgiveness would rest on an apology and a promise made to God; and that is not the basis on which Our Lord bids us rest our plea. It is to rest on our attitude, not towards God, but towards His other children. He is always ready and eager to forgive; but how can He restore us to the freedom and intimacy of the family life if there are other members of the family towards whom we refuse to be friendly?

The strongest expression of Our Lord's teaching on this subject is found in the parable of the unforgiving servant. We sometimes miss

part of the meaning of that parable through our unfamiliarity with the money-terms in which the story is told. The debt owed by the first servant to the king was two and a half million pounds, so that when he said 'Have patience with me and I will pay thee all,' he was promising what both he and the king knew that he could never perform. But the debt which the other servant owed to him was about five pounds, which easily might be repaid if time were allowed. So we come to God to ask forgiveness for offences for which reparation is impossible; we owe Him all our time and all our strength; even if we serve Him perfectly from now to the end of eternity, it is only our bounden duty; it makes no amends for the past. We cannot repay; yet we ask for forgiveness. And the one condition is, not that we should be full of remorse, but that we should be ready to forgive others the paltry injuries they do to us.

This is not at all difficult to understand if we keep the family relationship full in view, the true type of our relationship to God. But if we once let the analogy of the Law Courts possess our minds, all hope of a Christian notion of forgiveness is gone. That is exactly where so many theories of the Atonement have failed. They picture the sinner as prisoner in the dock, and God as the judge on the bench. That puts the fundamental relationship utterly wrong, for the prisoner in the dock has not injured the judge, nor is he in any way concerned with the judge, except to know what the judge is going to do to him. His concern with the judge is self-centred; and our concern with God ought not to be self-centred. The judge has not been crucified to win his love; he is only an official discharging a public duty. God is our father; He yearns over us with an unquenchable love; and when we turn to Him as penitents, it is not to ask for remission of penalty, it is to ask that we may be taken to His heart once more.

William Temple (1881-1944)



Hagiographies:

During the months of June and July two saints stand out as ‘giants’ in the hagiographical Calendar – St. John the Baptist and St. Mary of Magdala. Both are observed on the same date in the Eastern and Western Calendars; the Birth of John the Baptist, June 24th, and St. Mary of Magdala on July 22nd. Both are biblical, and both have a direct connection to the life of Our Lord.

St. John the Baptist

St. John the Baptist (or better, the ‘Baptizer’) is also known as the *Prodromos* or the ‘Forerunner’ of Our Lord. He is considered to be a prophet with one foot in the tradition of the Old Covenant, and another in the New Covenant. His parents are known to us as Zachariah and Elizabeth. Elizabeth is a cousin of the Blessed Virgin.

It is while he is doing his priestly duties in the Temple that Zachariah is informed that Elizabeth will conceive – she is already of considerable age. We hear nothing of John’s childhood, adolescence, or early adulthood, though there is unsubstantiated opinion that he spent time being ‘formed’ in one of the monastic communities in the Qumran area by the ‘Dead Sea’.

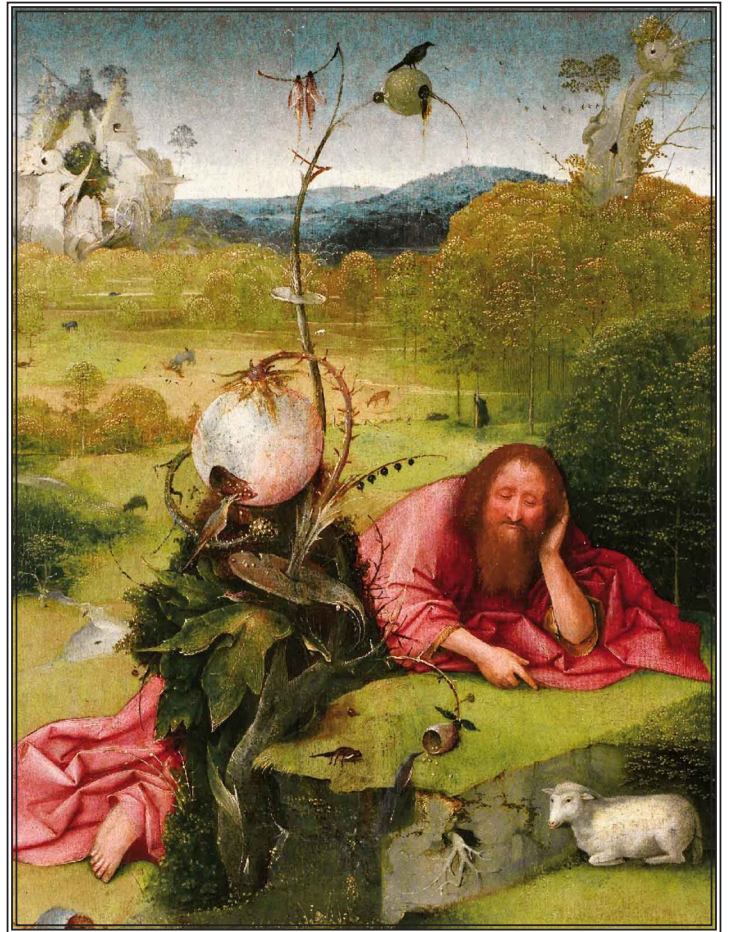
The Forerunner is considered as the one who prepares the Way of the Lord – advance proclamations of the coming Messiah. Not surprisingly we read a lot of scripture in the holy season of Advent that revolves around John and his preaching and baptizing ministry. It is he who, at the River Jordan, baptizes Christ and proclaims him as the Lamb of God. In art St. John the Baptist is often shown pointing towards the Crucified Christ, ‘He must increase while I must decrease’.

John is beheaded by Herod Antipas, whose incestuous marriage John had denounced. Bewitched by Salome, daughter of Herodias, he offers anything, and the request is for the head of John on a plate.

John is said to have been buried at Sebaste (in Samaria) where he was definitely honoured in the fourth century, but the tomb was desecrated by Julian the Apostate. This feast day of June

24th are referred to from an early date, and even mentioned in several places in the writing of St. Augustine of Hippo.

The Knights Hospitallers, whose principal task is to protect the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem have John the Baptist as their Patron Saint. Art history and iconography depict the figure of John in line with the rather graphic descriptions given of him in scripture – rough and ready in looks and garments. Some Orthodox icons show him as winged. In the Eastern tradition John’s conception is marked on 23rd September, and as baptizer on January 7th; both East and West mark the date of his death on August 29th.



St. John the Baptist in Meditation, Hieronymus Bosch (c. 1450-1516), c. 1489, oil on panel

St. Mary of Magdala

St. Mary Magdalene plays an important and significant role at some key moments in the life of Our Lord. She has seven demons cast out from her; she stood by his cross and went to anoint him in the tomb; and she is the first witness of the Risen Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. She is also associated (more in the East) as the Mary who is the sister of Martha, and as the one who wiped the feet of Our Lord at Simon's house (Luke 7; 37).

In the Greek Church Mary of Magdala is known as the one 'Equal to the Apostles' and as 'the Myrrh-bearer giving her a high ranking among the first apostles of the Risen Christ. Increasingly in the West she is considered as the 'First Witness' and in our present social climate much is made of the fact that the risen Christ first appears to a woman even though the 'resurrection narrative' soon turns toward male dominance - SS. Peter and John.



Tradition places her with the Blessed Virgin Mary in Ephesus. From the cross Christ commends his Holy Mother into the care of St. John, and he to her. Mary of Magdala is frequently shown in art supporting Blessed Mary as she swoons with grief. If it is correct that Blessed Mary ended up in Ephesus it is not so incredible that Mary of Magdala also accompanied her. I had the privilege during May to visit Ephesus and to see the 'holy house' of the Blessed Virgin, so I may also have seen the house that Mary of Magdala had frequented, or even shared.

From the eleventh century her remains were claimed by France (having been recorded in the 8th century as being located in Ephesus) and the legend grew that she, her sister Martha, and their brother Lazarus had brought the gospel to the region of Provence in France.

In Christian art and iconography St. Mary of Magdala ('Equal to the Apostles') is usually identified by a flask or jar of fragrant ointment (her other title 'Myrrh-bearer'). Her popularity as a saint is growing, and for too long she has been somewhat overlooked. It is not easy, for example, to find an icon of the saint for domestic use.

England has no fewer than 187 churches (of historic nature) dedicated to her, and both Oxford and Cambridge have colleges named after her.

Father Leonard

*An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did
know,
The Resurrection; so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this;
But, think these Magdalens were two or three.*

John Donne (1572-1631)

Resurrection, Eric Gill (1882-1940), 1917, wood engraving

Prayer



Take away, O Lord, from our hearts all suspiciousness, indignation, anger, and contention, and whatever is calculated to wound charity, and to lessen brotherly love.

Have mercy, O Lord, have mercy on those who seek Thy mercy; give grace to the needy; make us so to live, that we may be found worthy to enjoy the fruition of thy grace, and that we may attain to eternal life.

Thomas á Kempis (1380-1471)

Lord, you return gladly and lovingly to lift up the one who offends you and I do not turn to raise up and honour the one who angers me.

St. John of the Cross (1542-91)

The Return of the Prodigal Son, Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669), 1661-1669, oil on canvas

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave: - Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that - the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it; - thine the gains -
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)



Athens in 1850 and Florence Nightingale

Before Athens became the capital of Greece in 1838 it was no more than a village with huts and a very small population. Soon after this, architects arrived from abroad and buildings and houses in the classical style were built, St. Paul's Church being one of the first.

In the spring of 1850 Florence Nightingale set out from England on a tour of Greece and Egypt and for one or two months she stayed in the Plaka, Athens, with Dr. John Hill and his wife, who were American missionaries when they first arrived in Athens. She was particularly interested in their work in the education of Greek girls (see *Opening the Doors*, edited by Father Leonard Doolan).

Miss Nightingale was well educated in classical studies having been taught by her father but was shocked to see no Pericles or Plato in the streets but instead poverty and deprivation throughout Greece. Although Unitarian it is clear she would have probably attended St. Paul's Church with Mrs Frances Hill, as by this time Dr. John

Hill, who had a variety of nationalities and denominations in his congregation, had been appointed Chaplain to the British Embassy.

In the watercolours of Athens in 1848 by Edward Lear one can see St. Paul's Church on the right of the pictures. In that period Sir Richard Church, the *philhellene*, was living in difficult circumstances in Athens. George Finlay, another *philhellene*, and many other foreign nationals were resident. We know Florence Nightingale walked around the area and one day near Byronos Street she found a young Little Owl which she kept in her pocket before taking it back to England.

The late Patricia Zervas and I attended a very spartan girls' school in England which was set up at the suggestion and advice of Florence Nightingale and a pupil at the school wrote one of her many biographies. (see *Florence Nightingale* by Cecil Woodham-Smith).

Carole Papoutsis



Athens, 8th and 9th of June, 1848, Edward Lear (1812-1888), 1848, watercolour

“Come Down, O Love Divine”: Angelos Palioudakis

The past thirty months have been a time for exploring my call to ordained ministry within the Church of England through the Diocese in Europe as my sponsoring diocese.

Several magnificent people have followed me on this journey of discernment by offering precious advice and praying for me:

My chaplain – The Revd. Canon Leonard Doolan trusted me and allowed me into the church space to test my calling. He enabled me to engage in lay ministry, watched me work, and kept giving me genuine feedback throughout my journey. He provided oversight without interfering, a leadership style I have come to appreciate and aspire to. His supervision, patience, and support in all-round ways were always and will always be treasured by me.

My Diocesan Director of Ordinands (DDO) – The Revd. Canon William Gulliford right from the start gave me clear direction.

My Vocations Advisor – The Revd. Douglas Emmott gave me plenty of opportunities to focus on my areas of theological interest; I always looked forward to our meetings.

My Diocesan Director of Ministerial Development (DDMD) – The Revd. Canon Ulla Monberg answered all my practical questions.

My spiritual director – The Revd. Canon Dr David Bruce Bryant-Scott (St. Thomas’s, Kefalas, Crete) committed to seeing me at least once a month to listen, advise, and pray for me.

My placement supervisor – The Revd Ian Gallagher (St James’, Enfield) taught me the value of constant engagement with the realities of everyday life and the power of diverse churchpersonship. He also opened my eyes to the wider dynamics shaping the church today.

My deacon – The Revd. Deacon Christine Saccali (St Paul’s, Athens), the most recent person from St Paul’s to get through the ordination discernment process, shared her experience with me and inspired me in many

ways.

My loving wife, Maria Sanida, bore with me as I spent most of my time exploring my call.

At this point, I should like to succinctly describe how the process works. Church of England Vocations Policy requires all postulants to begin the process of discernment in the diocese by attending an Ordination Enquiry Weekend. The enquirer would proceed *via* interviews to a Vocations Seminar, then, if recommended, to a Church of England Bishops’ Advisory Panel (BAP), and, if successful, thence into training as an ordinand.

So I attended my Enquiry Weekend in January 2021; this is the stage at which my first meeting with the DDO occurred. One of the group activities was to answer this question:

“What brought me to this point and why am I an Anglican?” Mind you, I was not brought up in the Anglican tradition (I had a Greek Orthodox upbringing) and I had been received into the Church of England just two years before that Enquiry Weekend.

My answer was this:

“I grew up going to Sunday school and church in Athens, watching my mother be very active in local church life. However, I stepped away from church life as I reached late adolescence. When I went to the University of Kent in 2017, I started attending church at St Stephen’s (Canterbury) and the Canterbury Cathedral. At an evening prayer service at the Cathedral, I had a mystical conversion experience. Consequently, I started exploring the Anglican tradition in depth and soon realized that I had just found a new church to call home. I fell in love with this tradition, when I realized Anglicanism’s unique position in the Christian world – a position which is captured in its motto – *catholic and reformed*. I was received into the Church of England in July 2019. A few months later, I became a lay pastoral assistant and Member of the Chaplaincy Council at St. Paul’s, Athens. At that point I started considering ordination. I felt the need

to be able to administer the Sacraments and preach at the pulpit.”

A few weeks later I was assigned a Vocations Advisor to help me further discern my vocation.

In the summer of 2021, I had several meetings with my Vocations Advisor; this is the stage that formalized the process. Then there was a period of waiting between finishing with my Vocations Advisor and my meeting with the Carousel Advisers (a form of “preliminary BAP”) in October 2021. (Carousel interviews are a series of group interviews where a group of candidates goes through several stations being interviewed by multiple interviewers at each.) The Carousel Advisers suggested I move forward with the rest of the process.

I attended my Vocations Seminar on 19 December 2022; this is the stage at which the final pre-BAP meeting with the Bishops takes place. The Examining Panel comprised The Rt Revd Dr Robert Innes (the Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe), The Rt Revd David Hamid (the Suffragan Bishop in Europe), my DDO, and my DDMD.

After meeting Bishop Robert, my diocese and my chaplaincy (the Greater Athens Chaplaincy) were happy to co-sponsor me to attend a BAP to discern whether the Church of England will recognise my call to ordained ministry.

In February 2023, my DDO suggested I combine my pre-BAP placement, my tour of

theological colleges, and my BAP in one go. So the outline was this:

Arrival at St James’ (Enfield) in time for Sunday 19 February (Sunday next before Lent)
Do my placement as a lay pastoral assistant by being part of normal parish activities up to and including Ash Wednesday at St James’
Attend interviews at Ridley Hall and Westcott House which form parts of the Cambridge Theological Federation on Thursday 23 February and Friday 24 February
Return to St James’ in time for Sunday 26 February and deliver a sermon there
Attend interviews at Wycliffe Hall (Oxford University) and Ripon College Cuddesdon (South Oxfordshire) on Monday 27 February
Visit Shallowford for my BAP on Wednesday 1 March and Thursday 2 March

That trip was a real whirlwind.

One week later (10 March), my DDO rang me and told me that the BAP had recommended me for training for ordination. Praise God!

The latest update is that I have just accepted the offer to do my ordination training at Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.

I still need time to settle into the reality of what my life will now be, but I am surely excited about the future.

Angelos Palioudakis



Recipes:

Bless, O Lord, these gifts to our use

There must be few bellies that, even after an immoderate Sunday dinner, cannot accomodate a helping of bread and butter pudding. Recipes for this glutinous mess vary little - the dish being a fairly uncomplicated affair - and our earliest source (*viz.* Eliza Smith, whose *Compleat Housewife* was printed in 1727) differs remarkably little in substance from our own efficacious method.

Save feeding the local avifauna, this is our preferred manner of eating leftover *tzoureki*, *panettone*, or, better yet, *vasilopita* (the leavened form) and we publish here the procedure as we learned it from an elderly Corkonian lady of our acquaintance.

What is needful:

butter, for the sliced bread *and* for greasing
double cream (four hundred mililitres)
milk (four hundred mililitres)
a vanilla pod, split lengthwise
four egg yolks
caster sugar (one hundred and fifty grams, or five and a half ounces)
bread, or *tzoureki*, or similar (six hundred grams, or one pound and five oz.)
a heaped tablespoon's worth of demerara sugar

(the inclusion of dried (currants) or fresh (blackberries) fruit, orange zest, seeds &c. is worth considering)

The oven should be heated to one hundred and sixty degrees celsius (three hundred and twenty degrees farenheit) and a large baking dish should be lightly greased and set in a larger roasting pan.

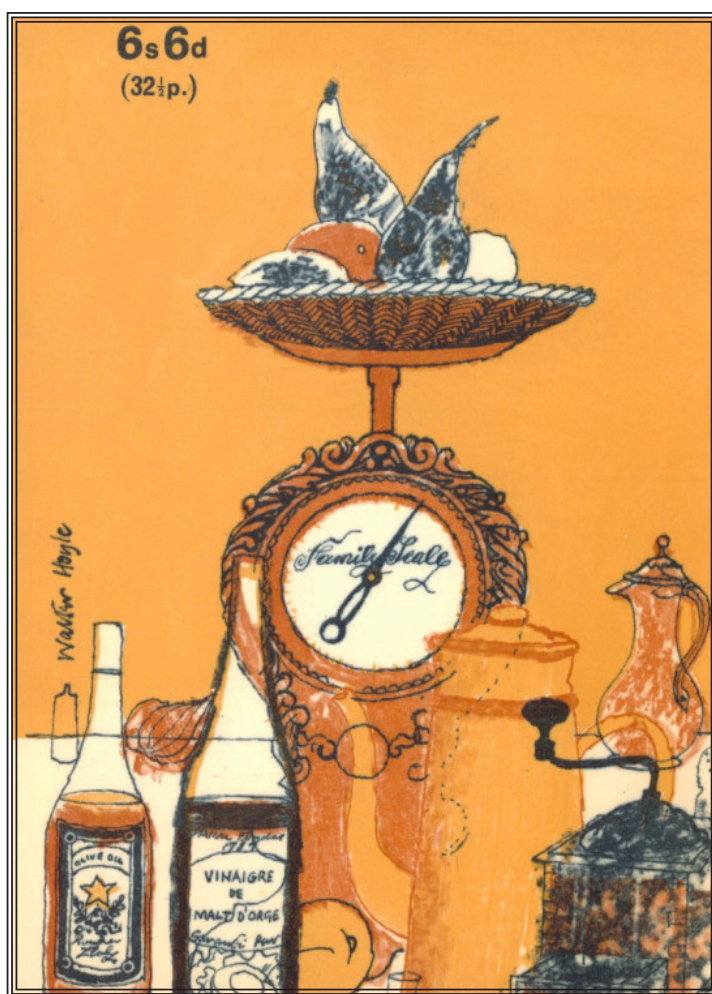
The cream, the milk, and the vanilla should be brought to boil, upon a heat of medium intensity, in a saucepan.

Therewithst, in a large, heavy bowl, the egg yolks and the caster sugar must be whisked together until pale and cottony. When the cream and milk are *almost* at the boil, pour the same into the whipped egg yolk and sugar, whisking the issue all the while. Thereat, the vanilla should be withdrawn.

Thence a layer of butter'd bread should be

set in the baking dish, and smothered with the custard, followed by another layer of bread, then custard, and, finally, an aspersion of demerara sugar.

Into the roasting pan pour boiling water until the baking dish is half submerged and commit the pudding to the oven. In three quarters of an hour a crust should have formed but the centre should still quiver to the touch.



The W.I. Party Book, Walter Hoyle (1922-2000), 1969, pencil and ink with colour overlay ("simulated lithograph")

The King Knitted

St. Paul's is a congregation full of gifts. No member more so than Helena Mikeli, a long term worshipper and sacristan. Helena is gifted in needlework, including embroidery and making robes. My beautiful green dalmatic was made and designed by her and also many linens used in the church. She makes many a knitted toy for the bazaars, but she recently surpassed herself.

We were trying to devise something special for the Coronation of Charles III. I resorted to the Internet for ideas and found a pattern from the United Kingdom for a Coronation doll. John, a teacher by profession and a lifelong knitter, has been featured on the BBC. I paid, and received the pattern and sent it to Nelly who kindly printed it in colour and passed it onto Rosemary Hunt, a neighbour of Helena's, who then gave it to her. Helena supplied the knowledge, talent and materials. Two weeks later she had a wonderful knitted replica of the king complete with robes and regalia. But also she had aching fingers and told me that one was enough but she would make tea cosies from the remaining wool, complete with crowns.

The doll is due to be auctioned at the Coronation bazaar. Whoever buys it will have a hand-made heirloom knitted with love. Thanks to all who made this endeavour possible.



Deacon Christine with the knitted king

Already someone else is making one or two and if anyone would like to have a go please contact me for the pattern. We act as church of Christ when we all work together drawing on each other's gifts.

Deacon Chris, Assistant Chaplain

*Window-Sill, Lugano,
Winifred Nicholson
(1893-1981), 1923, oil
paint on board*



Mothering Sunday Revisited: Mary Taylor her Memorial

March 19th, Mothering Sunday, dawned bright and clear – perfect for this lovely celebration and also for the Athens International Half-Marathon, whose route starts and finishes in Syntagma Square and passes directly before the church gates. Thousands of runners streamed by, the youngest entrant in a stroller pushed by Dad. And this was a notable day at St. Paul's too. Not only was the altar graced with baskets of Shirley's beautiful floral posies for the congregation but we celebrated the long life of Mary Rosamund Taylor, a veteran of the 1939-45 war and a loyal and long-serving member of St. Paul's church, who departed from this life peacefully at home, aged 101, 40 days previously. As Deacon Chris remarked, Mary would have been amused, as her pollen allergy forced her to sit at the back of the church whenever flowers were present. Her family members and friends sang "Guide me, O thou great Redeemer" to the inspiring tune *Cwm Rhondda*, in memory of Mary's Welsh heritage and "Love Divine" to the tune *Blaenwern*. The intrusive beat of drums from Zappeion Gardens was no doubt meant to encourage [Good god! - eds.] the runners but, thanks to our microphone system, did not prevent us from hearing the readings, prayers and sermon and had thankfully ceased when we gathered in the garden to remember Mary and raise a glass of thanks to her for her dedication to the church.

Jean Mertzanakis



*Study of a Mothering Sunday Posy, A. P. K. (fl. 2023),
pencil and ink*



*Feeding the Goats, John Singer Sargent (1856-1925),
1910, graphite on off-white wove paper*

In Praise of Creation:

During the month of May, in all the pure and fast rivers of Great Britain, the smolt are going down to the sea. That to me is a marvellous thing, like the music of Delius, and green corn growing; like swallows nesting in the porch of our cottage, and the moon - the nightingale moon - rising over the moor and shedding her light upon woods and valleys, the rivers and estuary of the land that is home.

Smolt are little salmon which, born in the headwaters of rivers and tributaries, and wearing the moorland red-and-black spotted dress of trout for about two years, suddenly become strangely excited, assume a silver sea-coat, and seek the Atlantic of ancestral memory.

No longer than a man's hand at two years and weighing between two and three ounces, a smolt may return to its native river after two or three months in the sea, weighing four or five pounds, the length of a man's forearm. Or it may remain in the sea two years, and return a forty-pounder! For some reason unknown, many of the Wye fish stay two and sometimes three years feeding on herring and prawns off the deep submarine ledges of Europe's end below Ireland; this has helped to make the Wye the most famous salmon river in England.

I have stared at smolts jumping in a Devon river, their foster-mother, as they went down with the currents, always head to stream in the clear water wimpling over the blue and brown stones at the tail of a pool; or, in the fast runs below, prickling broken water as they dashed at the frail waterflies dropping their eggs at sunset.

I have seen the smolts sliding tail-first over the weirs of mill-ponds which were made by damming the river by mortar'd walls of stone, in order to lead water away to work the great wooden wheels of the grist-mills which, when I was young, were everywhere in use along the river-banks of every county; fascinating it was to watch the gushings of water on the mossy wheel trundling with the grind of mill-stones within a room white everywhere with barley flour, every spider web heavy white as the beard and hat and eyebrows of the miller;

I have followed the smolts down the valley ever widening under its steep hillsides of oak, spruce, larch, and rock-set grasses to the broader pastures which end in the marshes below the tide's head.

From Wye and Shannon, Tay, Coquet and Usk, Hampshire Avon, Tweed, Otter, Taw, Torridge, Teign and Tavy - from scores of fresh rivers in Britain, Germany, Sweden, and the eastern seaboard of Canada - the smolt "drop back" to find their home in the Atlantic; and from there they return in their season to their native rivers, to find new perils during the months of spring and summer (when they do not feed). They wait in shallow water to spend themselves for the spirit, or future, of their race; and, thus achieving immortality, will die, and so return to the Atlantic in dissolution: salts of the sea which is the great father.

In all the pure rivers of Great Britain, the young salmon are dropping down to the ocean. The symbol of baptism, of rebirth, was anciently a fish; and the noblest of fish is the salmon. Yet pollution has temporarily despoiled many of our rivers. In some, inanimate sludge has taken the life out of the water - the oxygen - without which plants cannot grow, mayflies arise, or fish breathe. Chemical discharges poison with false rainbow hues the surface of the gliding masses of dead water. Valuable phosphates and salts are squandered in the estuaries from the drains of great cities. Will that ever be changed? The sludge and the chemicals extracted on land and used for many purposes, among them the fertility of cornfields and pastures?

I hope, despite all, that one day salmon will be leaping again in the Thames: that *Salmo Salar*, the Sea Leaper as the Romans named him, will jump once more in the Pool of London, and play around the piers of the bridges, showing his square tail in joy of meeting again the sparkling water of his nativity. Will our grandchildren see him and wonder on the darkness of the industrial age, with its wars and mental miseries arising because the true values of living, in a former age, were polluted and lost?

Henry Williamson (1895-1977)

In Memoriam: Linda Paparsenos
"Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty"



*Linda Paparsenos and
participants at the African
Thanksgiving Day, c. 2010*

**Linda Paparsenos (1945-2023) Church Warden,
Sunday School Teacher, and Youth Worker**

Linda was a woman of strong convictions and faith. Her son Jon, visiting from America for the funeral of his mother who died suddenly - but peacefully - at home on Greek Mothering Sunday (the fourteenth of May), said she loved St Paul's and he was brought up in that church. A former chaplain recalled Linda as having an extraordinary gift with children and especially adolescents. I recall her as a formidable Churchwarden along with John Day but with a twinkle in her eye and a dry wit.

The Haymes family write from America: "What a gem! She was a welcoming, warm and witty sister from the minute we walked into St. Paul's church. Worshipping with a toddler and baby in tow is often a haphazard affair, particularly when one is just finding one's feet in a new place. Linda made sure we knew we were welcome and that everything else was soluble. As a result, on return visits after we

moved away a 'check-in' with Linda was a must for us and our boys as they've grown up. We are truly blessed to have had Linda in our lives".

Efi Katsiki: "Linda was so lovable and joyful".

Clary Read: "We participated in many bible studies together. Linda was always so supportive".

Lesley Pascnalaki remembers: "I'll never forget Linda introducing the Church Council to *World Toilet Day* in her capacity as Local Environment Officer".

May she rest in peace and rise in glory. Our condolences to the family: Takis, Jon and Achilles, and friends. We will miss her. *Kalo taxidi*, Linda.

Deacon Christine

When I came to St. Paul's back in the year 2001, Linda and John Day were Wardens. What a wonderful collaboration: an American and a British Veteran. I was warmly welcomed and I immediately felt at home becoming involved as sidesperson, choir member, and eventually a Sacristan, as Linda was also a Sacristan. We enjoyed many times together, never a dull moment altogether; lots of fun and laughter. When Jackie Ghiola came down with ill health, I took over as the Head of the Sacristan Guild. Back in 2012, I was licenced as Verger. Linda and I worked well together. We never exchanged words. We were friends who cared about one another, in our own way. There will never be another Linda Paparsenos in this life. May she rest in peace and rise in glory.

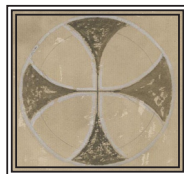
Virginia Stevens, Verger



Linda Paparsenos with Virginia Stevens and [left] with John Day [photographs kindly furnished by Virginia Stevens]

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *1 Tim. 6;7, Job 1;21*

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours. *Rev. 14;13*



P. C. C. Minutes: January the 21st

The meeting opened with prayer at 10:30 a.m. and the following matters were raised:

Finances: the deficit was 13,583 Euros, less than the 2020 amount of around 15,000 and a sign of post-Covid recovery. Accountant Philip Poulakis and Hon. Treasurer Nelly were thanked for their work and regular reporting.

Council membership: it was agreed that the one-year gap following a member's end of tenure before he/she could re-apply for membership should be waived, in view of the current lack of people applying for Council membership.

Safeguarding: Safeguarding Officer Lynn Stavrou noted that any member of the congregation was welcome to complete the 'Level One' Safeguarding course - available online - details from her.

Fundraising: the 2022 Christmas Bazaar had been a great success and the War Museum booked for 2023. Due to the closure of the British Embassy residence for up to three years, for renovation, there would be no donations of food for the cafeteria. Both the Carol 'Sing Along' and Service had been well-attended, raising just over 1,400 Euros, and there had been a get-together at the Victory Café after the Christmas morning service. Oliver Knight reported income of 2,264 Euros from book sales in the previous 10 months - as well as book sales there would be a lending library for theological books and there was a demand for books from Newcomers, whose meetings Deacon Chris attended. Oliver added that more contributions were needed for the magazine, particularly

connected with church life. Concert bookings were slowly increasing and quiz evenings and coffee mornings continued to be profitable and enjoyable events. There would be a celebratory gathering in the garden on the day following the Coronation of King Charles III and souvenirs from the United Kingdom would be welcome (costs refundable if needed). The regular *Radio Pepper* concerts would continue and other bookings were coming in.

Any Other Business: the Bishop of Truro would be with us from 9th-13th March for meetings/discussions on his book on Christian persecution worldwide and he would receive, baptize and confirm members of the congregation [*see previous issue of the magazine - eds.*]; Reader Sherry Angelis, a long-time member of our congregation, was now a resident of the Loida Home in Ekali. Nelly Paraskevopoulou, our Reader in Training, would complete her course in summer. Best wishes for the success of his interviews respecting training for Ordination were given to Angelos Palioudakis [*see above - eds.*]. Discussions continued in the search for two Sunday School supervisors. Donations of plants for the garden were always welcome and Shirley Poulakis would again provide flower posies for Mothers' Day. Council's second meeting with Diocesan Archdeacon Leslie Nathaniel would take place in February to continue the process of finding and appointing a Chaplain to serve at St. Paul's following the retirement of Father Leonard at the end of July.

The meeting closed at 12.40.

Jean Mertzanakis (Hon. Secretary)



Church and Cottages [detail], George Soper (1870-1942), c. 1912, etching on laid paper

Democratic Elections:

Just two years after our arrival in Greece and following the fall of the Junta, the first elections were held on November 17, 1974. In order to participate, I started the process of applying for dual Greek-British nationality, only to discover to my astonishment that I already had it, simply by marrying a Greek, so I only had to register in order to vote – happy days with some simple solutions!

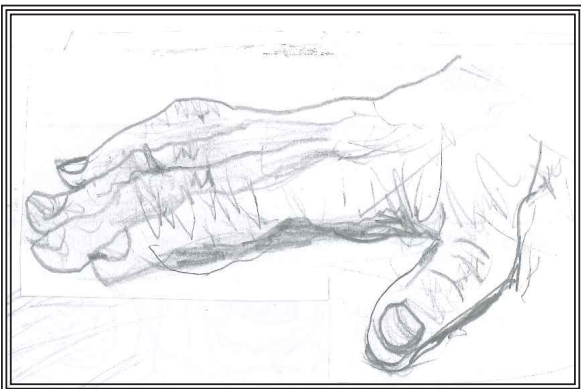
The second impressive surprise was discovering that men and women voted separately, in order to obstruct the common practice of husbands and fathers overseeing their women's votes. Our female household at that time consisted of my mother-in-law, her mother, my sister-in-law, who lived nearby, and myself, with Katerina aged just 5 years old extremely annoyed at being too young to participate. To overcome these new-fangled obstacles, my father-in-law slipped into our pockets voting papers helpfully filled out with his chosen candidates, which the four of us quietly shredded as soon as we were out of sight and proceeded to vote as our consciences dictated, including Megali Giagia who despite being unlettered, was fully up to date on all party politicians.

Having lived through two years of a fascist regime, which was finally overthrown with much violence and bloodshed, it is hard to describe my feelings of admiration and even awe at the orderly and democratic process with which that first election was conducted. I have voted at every election since then, national and local, and cannot understand how anyone with the right to vote can decide not to do so. The furore of voices, opinions and overblown promises surrounding each election should not

obstruct this basic right and now with children and grandchildren of my own having entered or entering the voting arena, I see how hard it is not to try to influence their choices. One can only hope that they have the underpinnings of their upbringing, education and social contacts to make their way through the current minefield of brazen lies, AI mediated false news, broken promises and corrupt practices, to cast their vote wisely. As an eternal optimist, I continue to believe, perhaps rather naively, in the democratic process as the optimal method of achieving the 'common good', which should surely be the aim of all governing bodies, local national and world wide?

Definitions of the common good include either what is shared and beneficial for all or most members of a given community, or alternatively, what is achieved by citizenship, collective action, and active participation in the realm of politics and public service. Thus, the common good is that which benefits society as a whole, in contrast to the private good of individuals and sections of society. I will leave it to you to judge whether this concept, which originated with Aristotle and has been expanded by numerous philosophers since, is still a main goal of most current political parties. By the time you read this article, we will already have chosen our new ruling party and our congregation of St. Paul's, in existence since 1843, will have the recurrent challenge of combining our Christian beliefs with their political objectives, never an easy task, but perhaps the fundamental idea of the common good can help us to achieve a balance in our religious and political lives.

Judy Triantafillou



study of a hand, A. P. K. (fl. 2023), graphite on paper

Notices & Valediction

The *Coronation Bazaar* exacted much labour from all hands; we thank the crew and especially the boatswain, Lynn Stavrou. The bazaar was a success, raising a goodly sum for the ship's kitty. Short of resorting the *press gangs*, we urge you to consider volunteering to join the crew of our Good Ship, in any capacity: we are ever needful of deckhands.

The next coffee morning will be held on Thursday the eighth of June.

Father Leonard's final service as chaplain at St. Paul's Church will be Sunday the twenty-third of July.

Aye, another edition - *adequately enough* fitted-out (she's water-tight but we'll not vouch for her perdurance when it blows) - sails forth from the sheltered anchorage of our desk. Indeed, to divert the metaphor, we *are* somewhat anchoritic in habit and know but little of the city's noisy welter, wherefore we petition ye, dear reader, to tell us something of the roaring, the mischief, the *swagger* of life in this Great Seething Mass of humanity. We seek articles, recipes, lists of groceries, reviews, unleavened thoughts and idle speculations, riddles, saws, and proverbs, prescriptions, testaments &c. &c. You might care for prose style, or *the devil take it*; you might write in praise of God, or in praise of *tarte tatin* ["who made the apples but I"]; you might, in sooth, write to impeach the editors with verbosity - a charge we will not refute: we shall stop our mouths but only if ye shall open yours.

We seek a candidate for interview. Should the urge come upon you to be interrogated, please make yourself known to us.

We Blunderers Three.



The Sailor's Farewell, Charles Mosley (d. 1756), hand-coloured etching