



The Quarterly of
the Anglican Church in Athens



THE SACRAMENTALIST

“Out of youre slepe arise and wake,
For God mankind now hathe itake”



BLESSED Lord Jesus, who for our sakes wast pleased to be born in a stable; Bless, we pray thee, all our homes. In thy love help all who are poor and outcast. Make the good news of thy love for all men to be known through all the world, that everywhere thy people may claim thee as Saviour, Friend, and Lord. Amen.

The Book of Common Prayer for Children (1931)

And, Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands: They shall perish; but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

Hebrews i: 10-12

Melt, O melt, thou fractured heart and turn no more away from the wolfish world, for *Love* is come and lies restful in yon strawy cratch. Yea, a silly feeding trough, for thou also shalt take thy nourishment from this rack: yet ‘twill not be fodder but *Love* that shall stay thee. Be not then *thysself* the starveling wolf that stalks alone his scran of winter winds but come thou humbly to the bestial chamber and partake of thy God’s *Everlasting Feast*.

Kneelest thou, as the shepherd and the scholar, before this feeble, naked Babe: the Magistrate Supreme and Arbiter of Heaven, for, mark ye, both Mighty and Meek, Potentate and Peasant, shall plead at the bar before this swaddled Infant when, at last, the worldly congregation hears its *quietus est*.

Ezekiel Pennycot (d. 1688) in Pennycot’s Penitences, or The Sinner Revil’d (1685)



Poetry

*O Lord, open thou our lips
And our mouth shall shew forth thy praise*

Behold the father is his daughter's son,
The bird that built the nest is hatched therein,
The old of years an hour hath not outrun,
Eternal life to live doth now begin,
The Word is dumb, the mirth of heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

O dying souls, behold your living spring;
O dazzled eyes, behold your sun of grace;
Dull ears, attend what word this Word doth bring;
Up, heavy hearts, with joy your joy embrace.
From death, from dark, from deafness, from despairs,
This life, this light, this Word, this joy repairs.

Gift better than himself God doth not know;
Gift better than his God no man can see.
This gift doth here the giver given bestow;
Gift to this gift let each receiver be.
God is my gift, himself he freely gave me;
God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

Man altered was by sin from man to beast;
Beast's food is hay, hay is all mortal flesh.
Now God is flesh and lies in manger pressed
As hay, the brutest sinner to refresh.
O happy field wherein this fodder grew
Whose taste doth us from beasts to men renew.

St. Robert Southwell, S.J. (1561-1595)



*Leaf from a Book of Hours, ca. 1500, Rouen, France; Ink and pigment on parchment; O God, come to my assistance;
O Lord make haste to help me (Psalm 69)*

I Saw Three Ships

As I sat under a sycamore tree,
- A sycamore tree, a sycamore tree,
I looked me out upon the sea
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

I saw three ships a-sailing there,
- A-sailing there, a-sailing there,
Jesu, Mary and Joseph they bare
On Christ's Sunday at morn.

Joseph did whistle and Mary did sing,
- Mary did sing, Mary did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy our Lord was born.

O they sail'd in to Bethlehem!
- To Bethlehem, to Bethlehem;
Saint Michael was the sterèsman,
Saint John sate in the horn.

And all the bells on earth did ring
- On earth did ring, on earth did ring:
'Welcome be thou Heaven's King,
On Christ's Sunday at morn!'

Anonymous (date unknown; the earliest manuscript is from the seventeenth century but the verses certainly predate the Reformation)

horn: prow

The Christmas You Need: Choose from these Five



h! the Christmas story. We've seen it in pageants, in children's Christmas books, in movies telling the story, narrated in Christmas carols, and parodied by Monty Python and thousands of others. We think we know it.

And yet, when we actually turn to the Bible, to the New Testament accounts, we find that it is actually a number of stories that have been melded together by church teaching, theological reflection. The voices might be complementary, but they are distinct and very different. In this article I want to take you through not one or two Christmas narratives, but five. And I hope that as you read about them, you may find the Christmas you need.

Luke

First, Luke, chapters one and two. This is the story of Jesus being born in the stable in Bethlehem. The parents are residents of Nazareth, but a Roman census requires them to travel to Joseph's ancestral city of Bethlehem. There is no room for them in the inn, and so they bed down in the stable. Before all of this, nine months before, an angel appears to Mary, and announces to her that she has been chosen to bear the Messiah, and she consents. Later she meets her cousin Elizabeth, who is pregnant with John the Baptist. John the Baptist leaps in her womb, and Mary replies with the *Magnificat*. This is the story of the shepherds, and the angels announcing to them the great joy of the Messiah's birth. And so they run down to Bethlehem, see the new born child, and tell everyone about it.

This is a joyful gospel. It is full of hope. It is optimistic. It is a gospel for the poor of the world, the simple laborers like Mary and Joseph, and for the shepherds. This is a story in which the Holy Spirit is present, inspiring Zechariah, Elizabeth, and Mary to speak forth hymns that have been sung for thousands of years: the *Benedictus*, part of the *Hail Mary* or *Ave Maria*, and the *Magnificat*. This is the Christmas story from Mary's perspective - the woman's narrative.

This is a Christmas story for those who are marginalized, who need hope, who are looking for the Spirit of God transforming things. We see in Mary a servant of God, choosing to bear the Messiah, prefiguring the service her son would give.



Matthew

Next, there is the infancy story in the Gospel according to Matthew.

It sounds both familiar and strange. There is no mention at first of Nazareth. Jesus' parents appear to live in Bethlehem. An angel appears, but this time to Joseph. There is a potential scandal about Mary's unexpected pregnancy, but the angel tells Joseph that the child has been conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit.

There is no Roman census, no Roman Emperor, but there is King Herod, an evil man if there ever was one. Wise men, pagan astrologers, come to him from the East - Persia perhaps - looking for the newborn king of the Jews. They

[continued overleaf]

The Annunciation, follower of Melozzo da Forlì, ca. 1490, plaque of tin-glazed earthenware



follow a star to Bethlehem, and offer gifts. Then Herod seeks to destroy the child, and massacres the innocent male children of the town. Joseph, warned in a dream, escapes to Egypt for a time, and eventually settles in hiding in Nazareth after Herod dies.

This is a Christmas for those who find the world a dark place, where even the son of God needs protection from evil for a time. It is a gospel rooted in the Hebrew Bible, and as Moses came out of Egypt to deliver his people and give the Torah, in five books, so Jesus comes out of Egypt as a second Moses, and in five major discourses later in the gospel of Matthew, the first one being the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus claims the Torah and reinterprets it for God's people.

This is a gospel of continuity and transformation, rooted in ancient scriptures but pointing to the reception of the good news by non-Jews, like the Magi from Persia.

Mark

Maybe you don't like these stories. They are inconsistent, as many scholars point out, and they only complement each other if you force them.

Maybe you just don't like the whole Christmas thing. I know a lot of people who cannot stand it, don't care for the virgin birth thing, and wish they didn't have to mark it.

Well, there is a gospel of Jesus Christ that knows nothing about the birth of Jesus, namely the Gospel according to Mark. It has no infancy narrative, no beginning with the birth of Jesus. It starts with the proclamation of John the Baptist, when Jesus is already an adult.

Also, the early church did not always commemorate Jesus' birth. Indeed, it appears in old documents only in the third century, and did not become generally celebrated until the fourth. Even then there were arguments about when to do it - December the twenty fifth, or January the sixth? It was all pretty arbitrary.

So this is the Gospel for people who struggle with church doctrines, with the artificial nature of the church calendar, and with the whole Christmas thing. You don't like Christmas? Fine, then skip it. You have my permission.

Revelation

Maybe, though, you want Christmas, but maybe a new one. Well, may I suggest that you look at the Revelation to John, the last book of the Bible, in Chapter 12.

A great portent appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars. ii. She was pregnant and was crying out in birth pangs, in the agony of giving birth. iii. Then another portent appeared in heaven: a great red dragon, with seven heads and ten horns, and seven diadems on his heads. iv. His tail swept down a third of the stars of heaven and threw them to the earth. Then the dragon stood before the woman who was about to bear a child, so that he might devour her child as soon as it was born. v. And she gave birth to a son, a male child, who is to rule all the nations with a rod of iron. But her child was snatched away and taken to God and to his throne; vi. and the woman fled into the wilderness, where she has a place prepared by God, so that there she can be nourished for one thousand two hundred sixty days.

A little psychedelic, eh? Here, in great allegorical language, is the story of Jesus on earth, but described as part of a cosmic battle between evil and good, between the powers of this earth and the power of God.

Who is the woman? Is it Mary, or is it the representation of the people of God? Who is the dragon? The evil one, or is it the Rome, with its seven hills and 10 emperors?

Well, I'll let you puzzle over that. This is the Christmas story as a part of a cosmic narrative, which leads to a new heaven and a new earth. The birth of Jesus is an apocalyptic event, revealing the in-breaking of God in Christ into the world. For many of us in despair, surrendering to God and awaiting this unveiling of God's power, this is the gospel we need. God is in control, evil will be defeated, and his kingdom will come on earth as in heaven.

John

Then there is the gospel of the incarnation. This is the traditional gospel for Christmas Day, even though there is no birth in Bethlehem - no wise men and shepherds, no Emperor Tiberius or King

Herod, no Mary and Joseph, no stable or flight into Egypt, and certainly no dragon.

But it speaks the profound message that “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word became flesh and dwelled among us.”

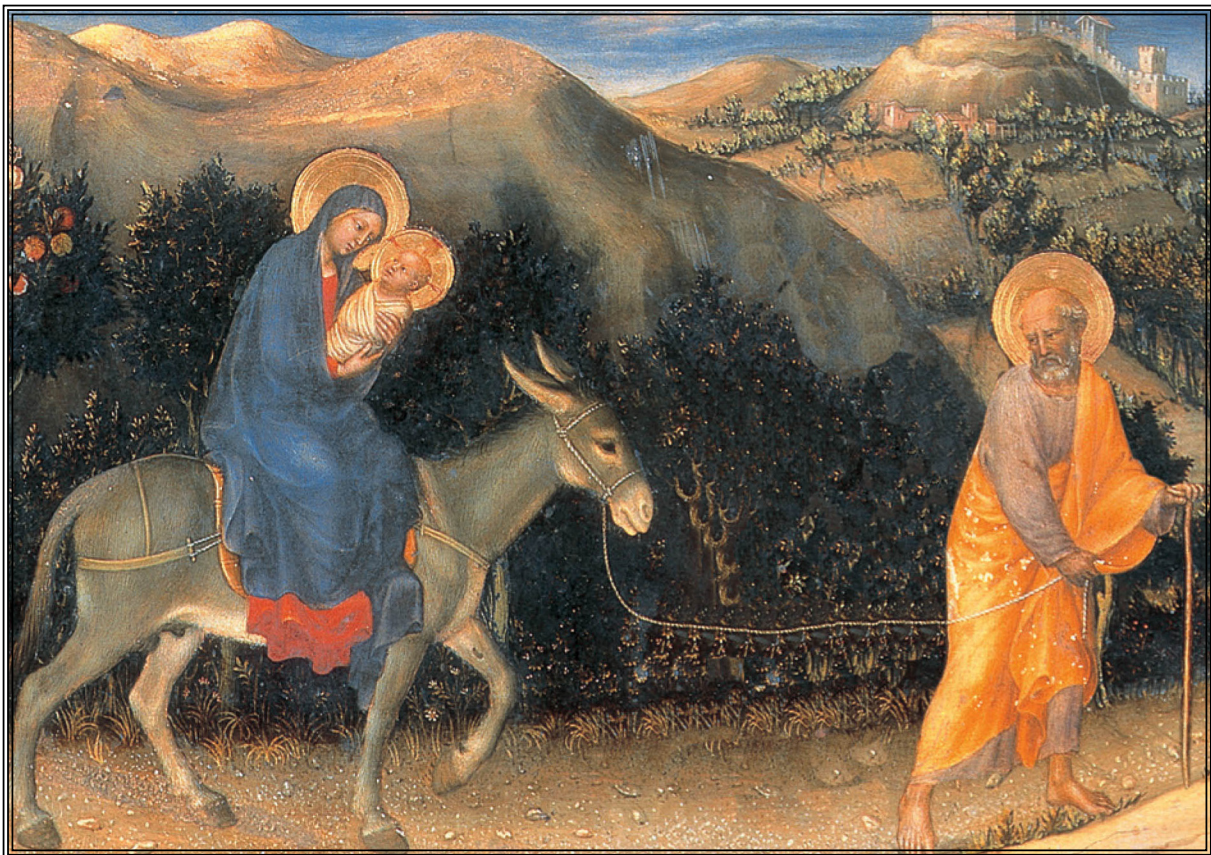
It is the message that God has become human, the ultimate paradox, in which God seems to no longer be God. Divinity is poured out, emptied out into humanity.

But the purpose of this message was summed up three centuries later by Athanasius of Alexandria, when he said, “God became human so that we humans might become divine.” This is not a kind of monism – we do not become one with God, and the absolute difference between creator and created is sustained – but as beings created in the image of God we discover, insofar as it is achievable by humans, to fulfill that being icons of the unseen God by being part of the Body of God, Jesus Christ.

In Christ we see the real essence of God, that God is love, and becomes one of us so that we might become more like the divine in love. In Christ we are shown what it is to be truly human, in the image of God – a servant, a healer, a bearer of good news, a lover, one who gives himself in that love for us.

So, beginning with Christmas day and continuing until Epiphany Eve, we celebrate the Mass of Christ. Our Christmas may be that of the story from Matthew and Luke, or maybe we don’t want any story at all. Perhaps we need the profound symbols of Revelation, propelling us forward to the New Heaven and a New Jerusalem, or maybe we simply need to be transfigured by Christ and his dwelling with us. However you find Christmas, may you find what you need, arrive at the destination you seek, and receive the gift of what you desire. May the birth of Jesus herald a new birth in all of us of God’s love.

The Rev’d Canon Dr. Bruce Bryant-Scott (Assistant Chaplain of the Anglican Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, Kefalas, Crete)



The Flight into Egypt [detail from the panel ‘the Adoration of the Magi’], Gentile da Fabriano (c. 1370-1427), 1423, tempera on wood

New Year: The Practice of Self-Denial

The practice of self-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleasure, has been considered by almost every nation, from the remotest ages, as the highest exaltation of human virtue; and all have agreed to pay respect and veneration to those who abstained from the delights of life, even when they did not censure those who enjoy them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confesses that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications but at the expense of the other; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the body. And none have failed to confer their esteem on those who prefer intellect to sense, who control their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and desires of animal life for rational disquisitions of pious contemplations.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of interest spreads wide and continues long, it may be reasonably presumed to have been infused by nature, or dictated by reason. It has been often observed, that the fictions of imposture, and illusions of fancy, soon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, easily becomes subject to caprice and imagination; and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied, that a just conviction of the restraint necessary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and institutions, which, however favourably considered, will be found to violate nature without promoting piety.

But the doctrine of self-denial is not weakened in itself by the errors of those who misinterpret or misapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the understanding is hourly perceived; and the state of those, whom sensuality has enslaved, is known to be in the highest degree despicable and wretched.

The dread of such shameful captivity may justly raise alarms, and wisdom will endeavour to keep danger at a distance. By timely caution and suspicious vigilance those desires may be repressed, to which indulgence would soon give absolute dominion; those enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accustomed to victory, can no longer be

resisted.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue, than the confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and by assuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may safely venture farther than others into the regions of delight, lay themselves more open to the golden shafts of pleasure, and advance nearer to the residence of the Syrens; but he that is best armed with constancy and reason is yet vulnerable in one part or another, and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which if he passes, he will not easily return. It is certainly most wise, as it is most safe, to stop before he touches the utmost limit, since every step of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he shall at last enter into the recesses of voluptuousness, and sloth and despondency close the passage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications must be sometimes withheld; he that complies with all lawful desires will certainly lose his empire over himself, and in time either submit his reason to his wishes, and think all his desires lawful, or dismiss his reason as troublesome and intrusive, and resolve to snatch what he may happen to wish, without inquiring about right and wrong.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity; he that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions.

When the Roman general, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by large presents to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his own country. Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience, temptation has lost its power; he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what innocently may be done, we may add hourly new vigour or resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

The Idler

Prayer

Qh! that I might repose on Thee! Oh! that Thou wouldest enter into my heart, and inebriate it, that I may forget my ills, and embrace Thee, my sole good? What art Thou to me? In Thy pity, teach me to utter it. Or what am I to Thee that Thou demandest my love, and, if I give it not, are wroth with me, and threatenest me with grievous woes? Is it then a slight woe to love Thee not? Oh! for Thy mercies' sake, tell me, O Lord my God, what Thou art unto me. *Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.* So speak, that I may hear. Behold, Lord, my heart is before Thee; open Thou the ears thereof, and *say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.* After this voice let me haste, and take hold on Thee. Hide not Thy face from me. Let me die - lest I die - only let me see Thy face.

St. Augustine of Hippo (354-430), translated by E. B. Pusey (1800-1882)

Note: "let me die": Let me see the face of God, though I die, (Ex. 33;20) since if I see it not, but it be turned away, I must needs die, and that "the second death." (E. B. Pusey)



We can worship God but three ways: we have but three things to worship Him withal. i. The soul He hath inspired; ii. the body He hath ordained us; iii. and the worldly goods He hath vouchsafed to bless us withal. We to worship Him with all, seeing there is but one reason for all.

If He breathed into us our soul, but framed not our body, but some other did that, neither bow your knee nor uncover your head, but keep on your hats, and sit even as you do hardly. But if He hath framed that body of yours and every member of it, let Him have the honour both of head and knee, and every member else.

Again, if it be not He That gave us our wordly goods but somebody else, what He gave not, that withhold from Him and spare not. But if all come from Him, all to return to Him. If He send all, to be worshipped with all. And this in good sooth is but *rationabile obsequium*, as the Apostle calleth it. No more than reason would, we should worship Him with all.

If all our worship be inward only, with our hearts and not our hats as some fondly imagine, we give Him but one of three; we put Him to His thirds, bid Him be content with that, He get no more but inward worship. That is out of the text quite [St. Matthew ii: 1-2: *Behold, there came wise men from the east*]. For though I doubt not but these here performed that also, yet here it is not. St. Matthew mentions it not, it is not to be seen, no *vidimus* on it. And the text is a *vidimus*, and of a star; that is, of an outward visible worship to be seen of all. There is a *vidimus* upon the worship of the body, it may be seen *proidentes*. Let us see you fall down. So is there upon the worship with our worldly goods, that may be seen and felt *offerentes*. Let us see whether and what you offer. With both which, no less than with the soul God is to be worshipped. Glorify God with your bodies, for they are God's, saith the Apostle. Honour God with your substance, for He hath blessed your store, saith Solomon. It is the precept of a wise King, of one there; it is the practice of more than one, of these three here. Specially now; for Christ hath now a body, for which to do Him worship with our bodies. And now He was made poor to make us rich, and so *offerentes* will do well, comes very fit.

Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626) from a sermon preached before King James I upon Christmas Day, 1622.



The Monuments of St. Paul's Church: A Letter from Bayreuth

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen, this letter comes from Bayreuth-Upper Franconia in Germany, with kind regards; to write for you is an honour for me and I treat of a matter dear to my heart:

When I - at the end of August this year - for the first time visited wonderful Greece to follow the traces of the apostle Paul, our last stop (before my mother and I came to Athens) was a tour of Delphi. The impression made upon me was astonishing: being in this historical amphitheatre at this unforgettable moment my thoughts were consumed by the Grecian notion of sacred festive days to honour the gods. And I had to think about Richard Wagner's realisation of this idea of a special "Festspiel", fundamental to his operas, created as a German National Theatre with legends of Wotan and the other gods and heroes like Siegfried in our own mythology - with an new opera house amidst cornfields and meadows, outside of the centre of a small town in the country and *not* in a metropolis like Berlin, Frankfurt or Munich. From my childhood (since my twelfth year) until now, over the long period of fifty years, the music of Richard Wagner is an important part of my life and the history of the family Wagner is very close to me. That Wagner's one and only son Siegfried was a composer too (apart from creating operas he worked as international conductor, set designer and art director for stage) is now less known. He left behind him eighteen complete operas of his own which were played since 1899, performed in Munich, Stuttgart, Hamburg, Karlsruhe, and sometimes very successfully like "Der Bärenhäuter" (The Bearskin), which was, for example, conducted in Vienna by the great and famed Gustav Mahler. In connection with Siegfried Wagner a young British artist came several times in our small festival town in Bavaria - and in Athens I intended to see the inscription to his memory (in default of a tomb) in the Church of Saint Paul at the moment when my sight-seeing tour came to its conclusion: *Clement Harris*. He was born on the eighth of July, 1871 in Greater London and displayed early a promising talent: he became a student in the masterclass of a considerable personage in the history of pianism: Clara Schumann in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. She was the widow of Robert Schumann. Harris came from an influential and monied family - his father and his older brothers ran an international shipping company *Harris and Dixon* - at twenty-one years he concentrated upon his compositions (including one symphonic poem, some pieces of chamber music, two cycles of songs (mostly with his own lyrics) and, naturally, many pieces for his preferred instrument, the piano). He had started studying the violin and, a little later the piano, when he was a small boy. At the age of seventeen he belonged to the circle of acquaintances of the married couple Mrs Constance and Mr Oscar Wilde in London.

Frederick Harris, the father, was a wealthy shipowner in Great Britain and patriarch of a large family and a business company - and he was well connected with the Royal family; the members of the family of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxony-Coburg ruled domains in several parts of Europe (including Berlin with the Queen's daughter "Vicky", the widow of Emperor Friedrich III) which was of some significance for the career of the young Clement. For a short time he was a pupil of the Harrow School but he loathed especially the military drill and the sports activities obtaining there. With much of courage he travelled to Germany at only sixteen years of age to study with Mrs. Schumann (she was famous before her marriage as Clara Wieck). He was alone, learned the language but he spoke an "interesting" combination of English and German with a funny dialect of "Hessen". Soon he had some public appearances like the young Mendelssohn, in London and in Frankfurt mostly in the salons of Sir Edward Speyer who was part of the banking family Speyer, now well known as the Rothschilds. He supported artists like Brahms and was married with the Belgian soprano Antonia Kufferath, "Frau Tonia" was very helpful towards Clement and with his concerts.

Clement spent five years in Frankfurt (1887-1891), mostly as a student of the "Hoch'sche Conservatory". In Heidelberg he studied the history of Italian art and he worked with the "Bach Society" where he played the piano for performances of J. S. Bach's cantatas, creating his own orchestral arrangements. In these fortunate years he met Engelbert Humperdinck, Richard Strauss and Hans Pfitzner, his thinking was influenced by Schopenhauer's philosophy, the opera which he revered most was Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*. Arranged by Mrs Daniela Thode, daughter of the conductor Hans von Bülow and his first wife Cosima (Liszt, later Wagner), Clement came to know the son of Richard Wagner and he and Siegfried became intimate friends for six years. Clement

visited the Wagnerian Festival and the family in 1891, 1893, 1894 and finally 1896, when Siegfried Wagner conducted the whole “Ring” Cycle in the Festival Theatre for his first time. Together with Siegfried, whose nick-name was “Fidi”, Clement travelled throughout east Asia (1892). Siegfried’s decision to accept Bayreuth’s heritage as his own was considerably influenced by Harris. In Heidelberg Clement went on with his composition studies (with Prof. Philipp Wolfrum, who was a friend of the Wagners’, in House Wahnfried). In 1895 both young composers performed their first symphonic poems, which were written at the same time: Siegfried’s *Sehnsucht* (*Yearning*, after a ballad of Schiller) in the Queen’s Hall in London in June, and Clement’s *Paradise Lost* after John Milton’s epic in Bad Homburg in the Taunus, close to Frankfurt. This world premiere took place on the twenty eighth of September, 1895 and in the presence of many aristocrats, of Windsor Royals like the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and his uncle the King of the Belgians. Brother and sister met in Kronberg, the home of the widow Empress Vicky and Clement played for her several times. How ‘near’ Clement’s own life to the present day was is demonstrable in that he knew, for example, Prince Andreas of Greece very well, they met each other in Sandringham House in the summer of 1896 - and this Andreas was father of the Prince Consort Philip, who died in 2021 as husband of the late and glorious Queen Elizabeth.

Inspired by a young colleague Von Franckenstein in Munich, Clement began to look for a partner to create operas. He hoped to find a writer in the poet Stefan George. He was later very affected by Clement’s death in the battle of *Pente Pigadia* and wrote a long heroic ballad, dedicated ‘to Clemens’ (the name was written incorrectly - and for many years the identity of this ‘Clemens’ was uncertain). The success of *Paradise Lost* was enough that Clement Harris received the order to compose the Festival Music for the marriage of King Edward’s daughter Maud with the Crown Prince Charles of Denmark. In London he had the opportunity to perform his Festival March, and he conducted a big orchestra in Buckingham Palace. The second performance took place on the twenty second of July, 1896, the day of the Royal Wedding.

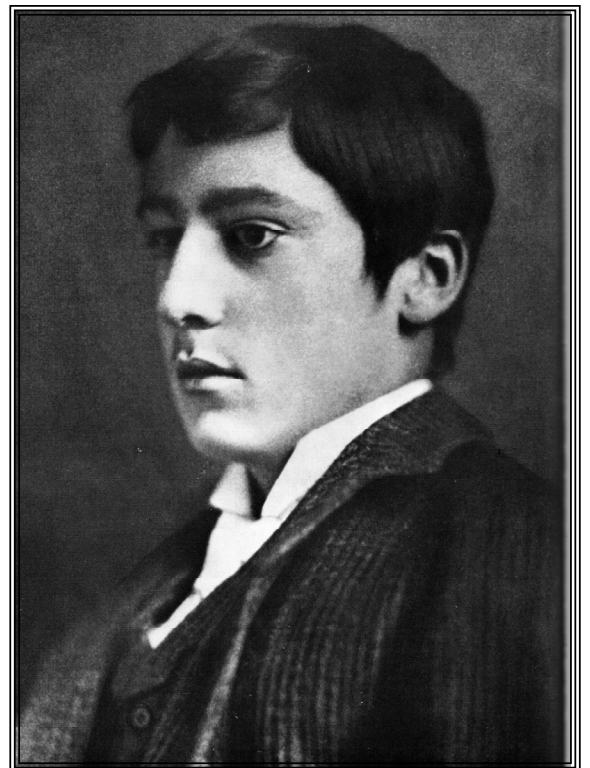
Paradise Lost, upon the by, is a really remarkable opus for a symphonic orchestra in the ‘late romantic’ style. There is evidence that it was performed in 1938 for the BBC in London, and in 1937 in the Attic Odeion in Athens, in a memorial concert with two thousand people in the audience, which was attended by his majesty, the King of Greece, George the Second (a performance most probably accounted for by it being the fortieth anniversary of Clement’s death). In 1993 this symphonic poem was performed for the first time over a long period of being forgotten and published on disc, and it is now possible to hear Clement’s compositions on the internet too.

In 1896 Fidi and Clemy seperated and their friendship disintegrated. In 1897, Harris, whose personal place of yearning was Greece, joined the liberation struggle of the Greeks against the Turk. He was killed by a bullet at *Pente Pigadia* (Five Fountains) on the twenty third of April, 1897. He was a mere twenty five years of age.

The inscription in St. Paul’s church is all the more remarkable because the corpse of Clement Harris was never found. On the initiative of the Empress Vicky the plaque to the memory of Harris was attached visibly for the first time in December 1900, with the same inscription we find in the chapel of Harrow School.

Like Richard Wagner or Lord Byron Clement Harris was an admirer of the culture and arts of the Greece. For this reason he involved himself, and tied his fate together, with the future of the Greek nation: exuberant idealism. In the last months of his life, in Heidelberg again after his success in London, he was

[continued overleaf]



Clement Harris, circa 1886-87

somewhat desperate about the contemporary state of the world. He was not able to find peace in his art and his music. It is, however, very important to mark that his decision was not a kind of suicide. He had plans for his future in Greece after the war: he was seeking a teacher in music, he learned the language and found a small house in the village of Spartilla for the following summer. Yet with his early death a great talent and magnetic personality was lost.

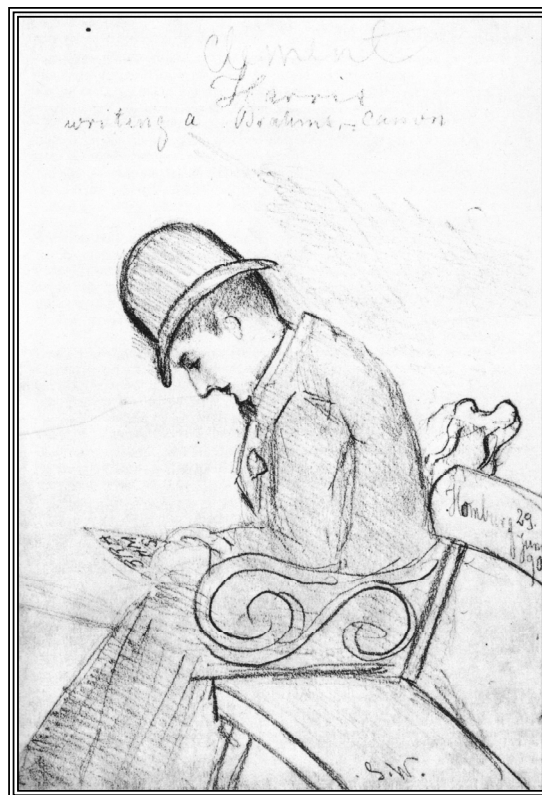
In recent years his music has returned to our concert halls and, if I might add, it would be really an honour to perform Clement's music in Athens in the near future.

All the best from your friend in Bayreuth,

Claus J. Frankl

Editorial note: the monument to Clement Harris is set upon the wall beside the record of previous chaplains in Athens, to the immediate right as one enters the church. A photograph of Harris is reproduced on the following page.

'Clement Harris writing a Brahms canon' as drawn by Siegfried Wagner in June 1890.



Harvest Festival & the Christmas Bazaar

Nurtling along through the broad acres of Autumn we plunge forward into Winter's Dark District, barely having registered the provincial stations as we passed. Is that receding spire the gathering for Remembrance Sunday at Alimos? And beyond those distant hills, sure, 'tis the gaiety of the harvest festival. Yea, *that* was a most mirthful holiday and, what is more, swelled the church's needful purse by seven hundred euros. There was *ample* provender for the revellers - God's plenty withal - and the custard was cheerfully ladelled eke by the volunteers from Byron College and the Champion school. There was *loud noise* provided for those who wished to flail their arms and legs about - to *jive*, that is - whilst for those who preferred a more gentle *digestif* the weather was *delectable*: and many of the company recreated themselves loafing on the sward. We must again slip in a word of thanks to Anne at the Kokotos Estate, whose generous provision permits this, our annual *lollop*.

Now we shall treat of the Christmas Bazaar, held, somewhat regrettably, on Advent Sunday. Nevertheless it was - we declare - a triumph: the

earnings were in excess of nine thousand euros (after defraying the various expenses: *viz.* hire of the War Muesum, hire of the truck, purchase of victuals, &c.) and was, more importantly, an exemplary display of cooperative effort and, therefore, most inducive of *bon-accord* amongst those who volunteered. The takings for the raffle alone - capably ministered by Noelle and Dimitris - were sixteen hundred euros and the prizes were well worth the price of a ticket (island cruises, *swanky* dinners, crates of wine &c.). We are thankful to His Excellency, Mr. Matthew Lodge for *cutting the ribbon* and, to expend a little more ink in gratitude, to all those who contributed to this most notable success: who lifted, carried, stacked, donated, cleaned, tidied, purchased, accounted, baked, knitted, advertised, &c. &c. &c. *usque ad nauseam*.





Farewell to Father Terry Hemming

We fear that we do Father Terry something of an injustice by attempting to convey our gratitude to him in a few summary lines, penned, we own, somewhat in haste, but nathless we cherish the *earnest* hope that the *will* might be taken for the deed and that our most fulsome and sincere thanks to him for his ministry in Advent and at Christmastide be hereby noted. The span of his chaplaincy in Athens is *by no means* commensurate with the impression it has made on the Anglican Communion here, footmarks that it will take more than a winter's snow to obliterate. It is not merely that his presence has enabled us to have a sacramental liturgy at Christmas, but, mark ye, we also thank him for his advice to our church in time of vacancy, for his help at the bazaar, for his hosting of an Advent discussion group, for his preaching, &c. &c. - and we are consoled by the knowledge that he will visit us again in time to come. We inform our readers that Father Terry and Ruth's last Sunday with us shall be the seventh of January, when we shall celebrate *Epiphany*. Farewell and god speed you both.



British Ambassador, His Excellency Mr. Matthew Lodge and Churchwarden - and orchestrator of the bazaar - Lynn Stavrou.

Candlemas: February the Second, 2024



As this edition of your magazine joins you in your homes this Christmas, may I take this opportunity to wish all of you a peaceful and blessed holiday season.

I would like to tell you about the celebration of Candlemas. It falls on February the second, which I believe is almost in the middle of the period between this magazine edition and the next. As this edition arrives on Christmas Day and Candlemas is the last feast of the Christmas cycle I thought I would investigate the traditions associated with the celebration.

Tradition says that manger scenes should not be put away until Candlemas. I fear I have been doing it wrong almost all of my adult life with all decorations usually being put away by twelfth night! This year I think I will be doing things a little differently, after all those crib ornaments spend the better part of a year swaddled in cotton wool and kitchen paper waiting for their next appearance at the start of the Christmas season. Extending their time in which to be viewed is one thing but don't ask me to put them on display as early as November like some stores do: that would be just too much!

For the church February the second is the feast of the presentation of the Lord which commemorates three distinct, but related, historical events in the life of the Holy family. Firstly, it marks the day Mary and Joseph brought the baby Jesus to the Temple in Jerusalem exactly forty days after his birth. Mosaic law required them to consecrate their first born son to God (Exodus 13). Also the law required Mary to submit to ritual purification, forty days after childbirth (Leviticus 12 ; 2-8). Part of that ritual was to offer a sacrifice in the temple. Luke's Gospel tells us that Mary and Joseph were poor, so instead of a lamb, chose to offer a pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons. Neither Mary, (perfectly pure and conceived without sin) nor Jesus (God himself) were in need of being purified and consecrated to God; however, they submitted themselves in perfect obedience to God and to the law of Moses. In our modern times we focus on the second of February on the presentation but previously the Church highlighted the purification of Mary. In times gone by there used to be a practice or custom called "churching", or blessing, of a woman forty days after childbirth. A day when they'd be reintroduced to society after a time of recovery at home. Today's 'churching' has all but disappeared as a custom, and blessing the mother usually takes place at the baby's baptism.

Today's feast also commemorates the encounter in the Temple with Simeon and Anna. Their meeting being the third and final infancy epiphany of Jesus (the first one was to the shepherds, the second to the Gentile Kings and the third to the elders of the Israelites). The next epiphany in the life of Jesus will be to the public at his baptism in the River Jordan.

Today's feast is called Candlemas because of the words of Simeon, when he met the child Jesus in the temple.

For my eyes have seen your salvation which you have prepared in the presence of all peoples, a light for revelation to the Gentiles and for glory to your people Israel. (Luke 2:30-32)

Jesus is the Light of the World, the Messiah who has come not just for the Jew, but also the Gentile, not just for the righteous but also for the sinner. On this feast day, the Church also blessed candles for use throughout the year (a church tradition since about the seventh century). Traditionally, families also bring their own candles to church to be blessed on this feast. The candles represent the fact that the light of the world is here, the light is coming into a dark world as the church calendar progresses towards the brightness of Easter... But let's not get ahead of ourselves just yet!

Jackie Dallos (Lay Reader on Lefkada and at Holy Trinity Church, Kerkyra)



*The Presentation of Christ in the Temple
[detail], Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528), 1511
(published), woodcut*

In Praise of Creation: A Country Christmas

The lights dazzled their eyes as they walked up the aisle, Margaret gliding quietly to her place, Susan tiptoeing behind her. Lamps hung from the walls and every dark holly leaf was a candle, every scarlet berry a farthing dip. The windows alone had lost their radiance, and stood back behind the colour and warmth which filled the church, almost visible to the child's eyes searching the air for invisible things, for God on the altar, and angels floating above the choir, for music beating its wings in the high dark beams of the roof, and for goodness and mercy running hand-in-hand down the chancel.

The service was different from the morning service, too. Everybody sang mightily, the deep voices of the old men and the tiny piping voices of children overpowering the organ and compelling it to a slow grandeur in 'While shepherds watched', and 'Hark! the herald angels sing', and 'Lead, kindly light'. They wouldn't be hurried for anyone and Samuel Robinson must slacken his pace, going on as if he wanted to catch a train!

The old words rang out bravely, and the scent of bear's grease and peppermint balls filled the air like incense. Susan was squeezed against her mother, close to that silky muff and the warm hand within it, by portly Mrs. Chubb, who smiled and nodded and tinkled the bugles on her mantle, and shone like a crystal chandelier, besides smelling most deliciously of pear drops, which she passed to Susan when she knelt down to pray.

But the end was coming, they sang a carol, and knelt a few minutes in silence. Margaret poured out her heart to God, asking His help in the thousand anxieties which lay before her, the winter and its dangers, spring and the birds, the harvest, and Susan knelt wrapped in the beauty of the season, thinking of the Christ-Child.



Nativity Scene, Edward Ardizzone (1900-1979), 1929, ink on paper

Then the villagers rose to their feet and passed out of church, to greet each other in the porch and find their mufflers, sticks, and pattens. Margaret lighted the lantern and they pulled their stockings over their shoes in the confusion of the crowd. Becky waited for them at the gate, and they called, 'Good night, good night. A happy Christmas and many of them A happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year when it comes. Same to you and many of them', as they turned away to the darkness.

The snow-covered hedges, the low walls, the masses of the trees, the little paths turning to right

and left, all brought a message and tried to speak to the two women and the child who walked among them, shining their lantern over them, awed by the presence of unseen things, the arch of stars above, their thoughts on God.

Susan's lips moved as she passed old friends, shrouded in white, yet intensely alive and quivering. When they reached the oak tree in the midst of the field up which they climbed, they stopped with one accord to rest.

'I was ready for my wind,' said Becky, puffing.

'Stars are grand tonight,' she continued. 'They are candles lit by God, and however He does it I don't know.'

They looked up to the light of the Milky Way, stretching across the vault of the sky, from hill to hill, from Wild Boar Heard to the wood by Archer's Brow. The stars seemed alive, the air was full of movement as they twinkled, and threw a shooting star down to the earth.

Margaret picked out the constellations, a snake with pointed head, a chair, a jewelled crown. They lost stars and found them, they put their heads together to see the same one, and pointed

and cried as if they watched a show of fireworks.

But their feet were cold and they turned their eyes to the earth, and walked on up the hill towards the dark mass of buildings at the top.

‘The teacher says they are other worlds,’ said Susan.

‘We shall all know in good time,’ answered Margaret philosophically, ‘worlds or angels’ eyes, or visions of heaven,’ and Susan decided the teacher was wrong, they were the guardian angels watching over the flocks and people who were out at night, and beyond were the golden streets and jasper walls of Heaven.

They passed under the giant beech trees, which stood very quiet with their burden of snow, by fields and hedges, to the orchard and the big gate. Roger barked and the doors flew open. They could see the square of light down the path, the radiance spread across the lawn and gilded the white laden trees.

They stamped the snow off their boots and removed the woollen coverings. Then they entered the warm fire-lit house, which looked like Aladdin’s cave with its rows of shining brass candlesticks, its dish-covers, lustre jugs, guns, the warming-pan, and the gay decorations of holly, ivy, and flags.

The parlour table was laid for supper, Tom had been busy whilst they were away. There were mince pies, the green marbled cheese, and elderberry wine in the cut-glass decanter which had belonged to Tom’s mother.

Afterwards Tom got out the concertina from its octagonal box and he dusted the tiny ivory keys and the flowered an berried sides with his silk handkerchief, gently, as if it were a child’s face he was touching. Becky in great excitement gave out the hymn-books, for she dearly loved a bit of music, and she was to be invited into the room. He played his favourites of Moody and Sankey, with sweet trebles and droning basses, as they sang, in soft sad voices, tired yet happy. They knelt on the worn rose-covered carpet with their faces against the chairs, and said their prayers, putting their lives and their hopes, their seed-time and harvest, their cattle and crops, in the hands of their Father.

Alison Uttley (1884-1976)

Moody and Sankey: the exceedingly popular hymnal ‘Sacred Songs and Solos’ composed and compiled by I. D. Sankey and D. L. Moody and published in 1877.



‘the angel appearing to the shepherds’, a watercolour copy made by E. W. Tristram (1882-1952) in 1928 of a wall painting in Sarratt Church, Herts. (ca. 1300)

A Letter from Aegina

We have now been on Aegina for a couple of months and are looking forward to a quiet time, as people close up their summer homes and head back to the mainland or further afield into Europe. Our village still has families who have lived here for generations and we cannot believe how incredibly friendly they have been to us.

We both enjoyed the final Sunday at St. Paul's and want to thank everyone who made it possible. It was a very happy day, despite us not knowing at that point where we would be living in retirement. It was a real challenge to stay positive when we had no control over our future.

The following day we were rather taken aback when our accountant 'phoned us to say that the tax form we had been waiting for had actually arrived at the Athens tax office and, if we could get down there in the next half an hour, we could collect it and take it to his office so it could be paid. From that moment on, thanks to our accountant and lawyer, everything started to fall into place and the contract was signed before the end of the week.

Sadly our original builder couldn't work during August, but a new one was found and a removal company booked to move us in the third week of August. The builder was pretty confident he could get part of the property ready for us to live in, what he didn't know was that connecting the water and electricity was going to be a major problem.

Our next challenge was finding the removal company boss didn't really want our business and had gone on holiday without telling us. We have moved many times, but this was proving to be the most difficult by far. Thankfully one of our Greek friends recommended a company, that with five days notice, took on the job and with Nelly's help, Leonard sorted the permit to close the street and we managed to move out of Karneadou 6.

We had at least a month of total chaos living in our new home. The builders had worked very hard to get the main floor ready for us, but living with builders working from seven a.m. to seven p.m. every day was exhausting. The dust and the chaos was overwhelming and we were definitely tested. We then had a visit from Storm Daniel. At first we thought we were doing okay, with just a bit of water coming in through the original metal doors. For thirty six hours we had torrential rain and when at last the rain stopped we went outside

to see the damage. The whole of downstairs was flooded, not only about a third of our boxes and furniture, but all of the builders tools and equipment. We just stood in total shock. Nikos and Panos, our builders arrived and just got on with clearing up. No fuss, no drama. We moved what we could upstairs and tried to save as much as possible. Nikos rescued his tools and within the hour we could see work had started on new drainage to ensure we would be protected in the future. The following day the sun returned and I started hand washing the mountain of stuff that had been soaked. At last the builders disappeared for a break, it was such a relief to have peace and quiet, even if it was only for a few days. Their going away "gift" to me was connecting the washing machine, it was a temporary fix, but it made my life so much easier.

It all feels so long ago, we have now been here for two months and the builders will return to finish off in November. The house is now secure and weather proof and some new metal fencing has made the garden safe for Hektor. The crumbling concrete has gone, along with the old metal doors that we had hoped to renovate, but the locksmith advised against it, so eight new doors now give us the security we needed. Downstairs is not finished yet but will be soon. We have accomplished far more than we expected, with only the kitchen left as a future project.

We wake up every morning to a view of the temple of *Aphaia* and thank God that we have moved to such a beautiful and quiet place. Hektor loves living here. He enjoys walks along the shore, but spends most of his time on the veranda watching his garden. He does play occasionally but like us, likes to take life at a much slower pace. Leonard is gardening, well clearing the garden. He hopes by spring to be able to plant some new things, but for now he is trying to tame a wilderness. I am slowly bring order to the chaos inside. We had so many cupboards in the chaplain's flat, I am having to be creative with storage solutions, whilst trying to get on top of the builders dust. I am enjoying cooking again, before the builders left last month, they connected the cooker. We were definitely getting fed up with salads.

Thank you for your gifts and cards. The generous cheque we received has paid for a new front door. We wish you all well and are keeping you in our thoughts and prayers during the vacancy.

Lynne and Leonard Doolan



The Doolan house on the north coast of Aegina



Mince Pies Hot, Mince Pies Cold, Mince Pies in the Larder Nine Days Old:

If there remains a nook unfilled in thy *glutted gizzard* for a final *throe* of belly-cheer, then we set down this recipe for Cumberland Rum Butter to *finish thee off* for the year. It was kindly provided by the Hon. Secretary to the Chaplaincy Council, Mrs. Jean Mertzanakis.

Cumberland Rum Butter is paint for the lily or perfume for the violet, but - that said - enjoys a conjugal harmony with scones, or mince pies, or Christmas pudden', or hot toast &c. &c.

Components: eight ounces of unsalted butter; one pound of soft brown sugar; one wineglass of rum; a little grated nutmeg.

Soften the butter and then beat it with the sugar and the nutmeg. Following this, little by little beat in the rum withal. The butter should then be translated to a serving dish and then let alone to set.



January, A Winter's Day, from 'The Shepherd's Calendar', David Gentleman (b. 1930), 1964

From the archives: a couscous chef runs the Marathon.

Since the Athenian *marathon* annually wends its noisy way past our gates, we thought it not entirely impertinent to reproduce this short piece written by our regular contributor, Carole Papoutsis:

Abdulfattah Essalih is Moroccan and due to his father's early death took over the duty of cooking for his mother and three siblings in Casablanca. By day he worked in a carpet shop and once a week played football with the neighbourhood boys, showing some talent for the sport. Finally, when all the siblings had finished their studies he set out to see the world. He chose beautiful Greece as his country of residence, and there he found a job as a plumber's mate.

Sadly a few years later he lost this job because of the prevailing *austerity*, so members of St. Paul's congregation from *Kallithea* and *Koukaki* attended several 'Pop-Up' suppers paying a small sum each to support him. He cooked couscous in a couscoussiera, orange and semolina cake, and prepared a date and carrot salad, brewed mint tea and set before the diners many other moroccan delicacies.

During this time Fattah ran ten kilometres along the coast road to swim. He went to bed early to prepare for the day running to another suburb in pursuit of work. He neither drank nor smoked and the fresh food available in Greece was a priority for him. This life made him into a well trained long distance runner so he enrolled

for the *Authentic Greek Marathon* having never run forty two kilometres at one time before. Dressed in short trousers and his numbered 'bib' he boarded the coach to Marathon to run the distance to the Athens Stadium. Along the way the crowd offered olive branches and Fattah finished the race in four hours and eight minutes at the age of forty-one, without any formal coaching. Now due to this qualification he has found suitable employment in Morocco.

Anyone wishing to give a *Pop-Up Supper* (Good Shepherd Supper) can borrow platters &c., and kitchen equipment, and should telephone: 210 9237 650.

Carole Papoutsis



Carol 'Sing Along'

Not wholly unmelodious was the singing at this annual *thrash* held on *gaudete* Sunday, and mirth abounded as the revellers sung the songs - with a few carols and hymns - of their choosing, from a collection compiled by our organist and director of music, Christina Antoniadou. Mulled wine and *panettone* were served to the wassailers in their pews and for the children, of whom there were many, there was fizzy lemonade. Father Terry was *compère* for the evening and, we think we may not unfairly fairly declare, a good time was had by all. Mayhap next year we shall have some *mumming*...

Obituary: the Reverend Edward 'Ted' Wetherall



he Revd. Ted Wetherall, 'Fr. Ted', died in Tolo, in the Peloponnese, on the twenty-sixth of September 2023, just a few days after his ninety fourth birthday. He was a priest to his core, and physical failings in the last few years of his life brought great frustrations. Just three weeks before he died he was admitted to hospital with a suspected Covid infection, but despite this he rallied.

Edward Cecil Wetherall was born in Thetford, Suffolk, and when he was ordained priest at the cathedral in Bury St. Edmunds. The lion's share of his ministry was exercised in his beloved Suffolk, first in a curacy in Ipswich, then a very long stint as incumbent of Hitcham for thirty two years. Other parishes were added to the benefice, and Fr. Ted did his utmost to serve these communities to his very best, maintaining a punishing schedule of visiting and service taking. As he rushed between parishes on a Sunday he was affectionately known as the 'black streak', and often services did not begin on time.

Many of his former parishioners in Hitcham remember Fr. Ted with great fondness, speaking of his commitment, his dedication to working with the youth, memories of youthful days spent in the Rectory, dens being built in the Rectory garden, parish outings to Bawdsey beach with cakes and sandwiches, or walks with Ted's dog, Dixie.

He took an early retirement in December 1992, and in March of the following year he visited Greece for the first time, and this began the second major phase of his priestly life. He offered himself to be a supporting chaplain for the congregations of St. Paul's Athens, St. Peter's Kifissia, and a monthly visit to St. Andrew's Patras in the western Peloponnese.

He was 'priest in charge' during a vacancy until Fr. Malcolm Bradshaw was appointed Senior Chaplain.

Ted was persuaded by some church-attenders to look to Tolo, near to Nafplio. Here he made his home in an idyllic but simple cottage overlooking the sea from a good vantage point. He had his little garden by the cliff side where he used to go and sit looking out over the sea. It was his pride and joy.

Fr. Ted continued to visit Patras, accompanied and chauffeured by Tom until recently, a Congregational Worship Leader. Tom benefitted greatly from Fr. Ted's guidance and training in the conduct of worship – and in particular the choosing of appropriate hymns for the worship. Ted loved the beauty of liturgy and knew all too well its importance and value in people's lives.

Fr. Ted was firmly at home in Greece, and never really contemplated returning to the United Kingdom even when his sight was failing, and other complications setting in. Anyway, he was so well looked after by Farid for twenty five years that he treated him a like a son, and with Ted's death Farid felt he had lost his father.

Tom would say that most people who met Fr. Ted found in him a true gentleman, generous with his time. His faith was unshakable. In moments of reflection he would think up ideas of what could be done to further the church's witness, or indeed to comment on what wasn't being done! I would receive a phone call from him offering me his wisdom, a wisdom forged in the experience of being a priest for so long, and from a certain era.

Fr. Ted was much loved and will be missed. He was one of Greece's Anglican nonagenarians – a small group of very remarkable people. May he rest in peace.

Canon Leonard Doolan, Area Dean of Greece

Reflections upon a Friendship, by Geoffrey May (see Michaelmas edition)

We share many valued hours
 Sometimes assisting you on Sunday evenings
 At the Voula outreach
 A privilege indeed.
 Sometimes sharing an evening meal
 At my modest table at Parmenidou 9
 At Athens' heart you might say.
 Yourself the listener *par excellence*
 Always receptive and responsive
 With a ready wit and an engaging smile.

Jean Mertzankis on Limericks



Artist, musician, poet and traveller, Edward Lear (1812-1888) spent some time in Greece, including seven weeks on Crete, and as St. Paul's was consecrated in 1843 perhaps he worshipped here [a drawing by Lear which includes the Church of St. Paul was reproduced in the Whitsun edition of this magazine - eds.]. He made many sketches of landscapes, people and animals and during his fifty years of travel around England, Ireland and mainland Europe, produced more than 8,500 drawings, one of which hangs in the British Ambassador's residence in Athens. His *Book of Nonsense* was published in 1846 and contained a humorous verse form that originated in Ireland and is known to us all. With a rhyming sequence of AABBA, the limerick was first noted in England in the early 18th century and was a drinking song whose words were often quite bawdy, described by one folklorist as "a violation of taboos" - in other words:

The limerick packs laughs anatomical
 Into space that is quite economical.
 But the good ones I've seen
 So seldom are clean
 And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

Many limericks have as their starting point a place-name:

There was a young fellow from Crete
 Who was so exceedingly neat
 When he got out of bed
 He stood on his head
 So he wouldn't get dust on his feet

Although the language of Lear's own "Young Person of Crete" is somewhat more complex.

Limericks can be adjusted to suit every taste, as in "The Mathematician's Limerick" of " $12 + 144 + 20 + 3\sqrt{4/7} + (5 \times 11) = 92 + 0$ ", more recognisable as:

A dozen, a gross, and a score
 Plus three times the square root of four
 Divided by seven
 Plus five times eleven
 Is nine squared and not a bit more.

If you would like to try your hand, begin with one-syllable place-names. Here's one of mine:

There was a young scholar from Fife
 Who was told by his mates "Get a life!"
 So his books he forsook
 Signed up with Facebook
 And now has a pole-dancing wife.

Any suggestions for York, Crewe or Bude? No bawdiness, please!

Jean Mertzankis



Chaplaincy Council: Minutes, September the tenth, 2023

Introductory: the Minutes of two previous meetings were approved, actions taken noted and the following were pending: a rota for supervision of St. Paul's Sunday merchandising table; a TRIO (The Responsibility is Ours) financial presentation; official advice on church evacuation procedure in case of an emergency.

Vacancy: paperwork had been submitted and, following advice from our Bishop, amendments were made due to the importance of St. Paul's within the Diocese and our fruitful relationships with the Orthodox Church and other faith groups. The post would now be advertised not only on the Diocesan internet pages but also in the *Church Times*.

Finances: these were slowly recovering following losses due to *Covid* and helped by the much-appreciated legacy of the late Sylvia Hill. Looking forward, fundraising events needed to be expanded in order to avoid the use of funds held in the United Kingdom.

Safeguarding: Certificate-holders were reminded to note the date its expiry and apply for new ones if necessary. Any congregation member could obtain *Level One* certification, free and with an online course.

Environment: Local Environment Officer (LEO), James Papageorgiou, presented his report and it was agreed that St. Paul's should aim to become an Eco-Church as part of the Diocesan project to become a Green Diocese.

Chaplaincy Apartment: a new washing machine and some furniture needed replacing and the floor repairing due to flood damage earlier in the year caused by a blockage within the building.

Ministry Team and *Locum* (visiting priest): Deacon Christine reported that the team was working successfully to ensure continuity of services and the Diocesan office would notify us of the availability of other *locum tenentes*. Other Chaplaincies and individuals would also be approached for support and assistance.

Pastoral Care: Father Ted Wetherall, now elderly, had been hospitalised and official services were no longer held in Tolos [see obituary above]. Telephone calls and home visits to the sick and housebound continued and any cause for concern could be referred to our Ministry team or a council member for action.

Refugee Giving: the final date for distribution of these funds was approaching and Mr. Cosmo Murray of the 'Mazi' Housing Agency for homeless immigrants would give a Sunday presentation on their work.

Fundraising: *Community Connect* Coffee mornings, quiz evenings and book sales continued, the Harvest Festival would take place on the twenty second of October and the upper floor of the War Museum was booked for the third of December's bazaar.

The meeting closed with prayer at two o'clock. Next meeting slated for Sunday, the nineteenth of November.

Jean Mertzanakis (Hon. Secretary)



Illustration to Tam o'Shanter, Iain Macnab (1890-1967), 1934, wood-engraving

Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

Yus, we have *blundered* our unwitting way through another edition of the chaplaincy magazine, much as we seem to stutter and stumble along the ruddy highway of this earthly life. Ah, but what good counsel, yea, what fortitude we derive from halting somewhiles to sup and refresh our *Spirit* at the *Best House* on that long road, where *all* are *ever* welcome and the Host Himself has borne the Cost. Truly, like Tam o'Shanter ensconced by the ingle "the storm without might rair and rustle" but we "did na mind the storm a whistle" in *that* house. But before we strain too far at metaphorical propriety, we take our *nag* from the ostler, brace our cloak about us, and sally forth darkling into the dank o' winter. God bless and rest ye merry.