

CR Review

NUMBER 457

LADY DAY 2017

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF THE
COMMUNITY OF THE RESURRECTION





Icon of Christ and John the Beloved

Recently, at a day on the practice of 'Mindfulness', the icon of Christ with John the Beloved was used as a focus for meditation. I was captivated by this image. It has such a stilling effect, and as I gazed at it the words of a long-forgotten song came to mind:

*'Lay down, my dear sister, won't you lay and take your rest.
Won't you lay your head upon
the Saviour's breast...'*

What a tender image this is, both in the song and in the icon, and how loving are the words in

French: *'Je te fiancerai a moi dans la tendresse'* (I betroth you in tenderness). Christ acknowledges the youthful John as His beloved. They hold each other, John resting his head against Christ's heart. Their eyes don't look out to us as many icons mesmerically do, for they are complete in their embrace. Their stillness engages me, slows down my heartbeat.

I can just gaze on Love and be absorbed into this tenderness.

I can just gaze, slow down, go slowly. The French word *'lentement'* contains within it a note of gentleness. When I let myself gaze, whether I'm looking at an icon or a cloud or a child resting against a loving parent's breast, I experience tranquillity, gentleness and tenderness.

I need reminders sometimes to be still, be mindful of the present moment. One reminder came to me from my great-nephew Xander. His Mum found him (at the age of 7) sitting cross-legged on the floor in his bedroom, his eyes closed, his middle fingers and thumbs together, Buddha-like. When she asked what he was doing he said. *'I'm hesitating.'*

Out of a child's misnomer comes a wise reminder to pause, be still, spend more time gazing at and being embraced by Love. And, in the words of another old song, to 'try a little tenderness'.

Maggie Jackson

For a poem by Maggie, please turn to page 24

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From the Editors

Dear Reader,

You may have noticed that, after months of thought and hard work we have a new, striking web-site on-line, packed with information about CR. It includes information about the Mirfield Centre and our retreats, our latest tweets, and a chance to register for up-dates. You can find it at: <http://www.mirfield.org.uk/>

Also new is St. Hild College, a partner on site in Mirfield. This College for Christian formation was launched in prayer at Dewsbury Minster on 14th January, taking the place of the former Yorkshire Ministry Course. We hope to carry an article about the College in a future issue of CR Quarterly Review.

Among forthcoming events, there is a special lecture for our 125th year, given by Professor Paul Bradshaw on 5th May at 10.30 am, emeritus professor of Liturgy at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

On June 15th, Corpus Christi, the new Society of the Resurrection will be launched. Its members have undergone a lengthy probation period and we're excited to see what God intends for its future. More in the next issue of the CR Quarterly Review.

Then 7th – 9th July is our big celebratory week-end, greeting Companions, giving thanks to God and to all who have donated for the restoration of the Community Church and joining our Visitor, Bishop Graham of Norwich in its re-hallowing – see the details later in this issue of the Quarterly Review (page 26).

CR's annual Fun Day comes before then, on the afternoon of Sunday June 25th, when we open our grounds to family games, stalls and a tombola packed with gifts to win. Do join us if you can.

'To Prefer Nothing to Christ': Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius.

While most people on the street would probably still draw a blank at the words 'Ignatian Spirituality', in church circles it seems to be everywhere at the moment. I had been bumping up against it for a number of years, through prayer days, books about spirituality, conversations with friends, spiritual direction, and had always found it quite a gentle way of engaging with Jesus. Then, about two years ago, I went to see the Jonathan Moore play *Iñigo*; in one scene a young Francis Xavier, half way through Ignatius of Loyola's 'Spiritual Exercises,' bursts into the home of Ignatius. Xavier is at once furious with Ignatius, but desperate to find out more – something has

sparked within him that is turning his world upside down, drastically altering his priorities and plans, and sending him into a spin. In the days that followed this play something clicked within me, that there was a deep connection between Xavier's relentless energy, which took him to the ends of the earth in service of the Gospel, and the spirituality of Ignatius and his exercises.

I continued to read and explore Ignatian spirituality, at times in awe of the missionary work it had facilitated in the Jesuits, and at times slightly unsatisfied at some of the material I read which seemed to present it as soppy navel-gazing, and I felt I was being challenged to explore the Exercises in depth, though the cost of retreat centres seemed prohibitive. And so, in the last academic year at college, I approached Fr Nicolas Stebbing CR, who I knew had led a friend of mine through the Exercises (and who I knew could not be accused of soppy navel-gazing!) to talk about guiding me through.

Ignatius begins his exercises: "Man is created to praise, reverence, and serve God our Lord, and by this means to save His soul" (the intimacy of the relationship between God and the individual not quite working in a gender-neutral rendering). The 30 days of exercises that follow - 5 meditations a day, each over an hour, one in the middle of the night and four during the day - are Ignatius's tried and tested method of provoking his followers to reach a point where they can say, hand on heart, that they *desire* to praise, reverence and serve God, not just out of necessity but sparked by deep love.

Ignatius takes you through four weeks of exercises. The first, the 'week on sin,' is an intensive reflection on your own sin and the sin of the world, at times painful and frustrating. However, by the end a curious thing happens, and this week on sin slowly turns into a week on love, as the awareness of the sheer magnanimity of God, the desire of God to love you and sustain you, becomes merged with a desire to turn away from all darkness as the feeling of this love and generosity becomes so much more attractive than the dull sheen of things that cause hurt and pain. During this week Ignatius introduces what may be the heart of the Exercises: a method for discerning how your spirit responds to God and to God in the world, which he goes on to develop through the rest of the Exercises.

The second week (lasting for about 12 days!) takes you through the life of Jesus, as you wrestle with the incarnation, all the time praying for a deeper knowledge of Jesus and to love and follow Him more closely. At the core (for myself, at least), is the discovery of how beautiful the incarnate Jesus is. Placing yourself in the scene as Jesus is born, as He preaches, as He heals, as He forgives, as He calls and feasts and turns water into wine; interacting with the characters, allowing yourself to ask questions, to be given bread and fish by the Lord, you relive those stories you have heard and read time and time again, each time blown away by the overwhelming grace and generosity and joy of Jesus, as He

comes and makes His home with us, and teaches us – not just in word, but in concrete action – how to live in love with one another and God, how to give yourself to the Father and to the world. In response to the absolute beauty of Christ, Ignatius asks you time and time again to pray to follow the Lord more closely, to be more like Him, to be sent out to do His work.

Week three takes you through the passion, from the Last Supper to the burial. Unsurprisingly, it is utterly gruelling watching the Lord you have been falling in love with, give Himself up for the sake of the world. As many of us have probably experienced during Holy Week, there are times when you zone out and lose focus, but you are called back time and time again to see how much He loves you and to begin to appreciate that, however difficult living out the vocation you have been discerning all through the exercises maybe, Christ has provided the strength.

And then, bewildered, grieved, tired, in shock and confusion with the disciples, Christ appears to you. Over five days, He appears in different times and places; He sits with you on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and eats breakfast with you. He shows you the extent of His love as He holds out the scars on his hands. He breathes the Spirit on you as He sends you out to make disciples. And as you come to terms with the fact that the resurrection is changing everything, you watch Him ascend to the Father; and you take your place in 2000 years of the apostolic mission of the Church.

Fr Nicolas divided the Spiritual Exercises into two halves: I did ‘days’ 1 to 14 in daily life, taking one meditation a day over 3 months of the college term. And then, in the New Year, I moved into the Community House for a fortnight, and did days 15 to 30 in retreat in silence, without phone, laptop, music or novels, attending mass daily and having a daily review with Fr Nicolas.

This is what I found out:

- i. I am terrible at praying. I can spend 45 minutes getting distracted by absolutely nothing; I would develop sudden interests in anything from tidying my room to Italian politics. And through this, in a way I probably never believed before, I realised it does not matter because Christ honours your commitment to meet Him and the Spirit prays within you.
- ii. That scripture is utterly wonderful. After a PhD in biblical studies and umpteen years of sermons it had become stale. Through the exercises, taking a passage as the basis of your meditation, the strange snippets on the end of a story, the choice of word, or sequence of events, became endlessly creative resources for bringing the word alive, and encountering Christ.
- iii. Ignatian Spirituality is neither soppy nor navel-gazing. It uses your God given gifts of emotion and imagination, and involves taking time out in personal prayer, but the focus on loving Christ above all things is always

being pushed towards the direction of giving yourself up to the Church.

- iv. That Fr Nicolas is a softie at heart, as are all the brethren. The customs of the place take a bit of getting used to (only tea or hot water at supper being one of the oddest) but the sense of gracious hospitality and prayer meant being able to open up to God, with the knowledge you could feed back your deepest joys or fears and would be met with tenderness and warmth.
- v. God surprises you. Repeatedly. And your imagination does all sorts of things. Imagine Jesus turning to you in response to your moaning and shouting, “Steffan, you don’t need to know everything!!” when you pride yourself on being a bit of a know-it-all.
- vi. That I love God. This may sound trite. But there was a discovery that much of the spirituality I had been schooled in (evangelical and catholic) had a (quite right) attention to the love of God for us. Ignatius, in various ways, calls you to picture on the one hand Jesus, the foolishness of God, and on the other, all the riches and glory of the world. The feeling of looking at the two options, and realising Christ is infinitely more beautiful than anything else, has been etched into my memory. And out of that image of the absolute beauty of Christ comes the desire to strive for Him.

I finished the exercises a couple of weeks ago and am still praying and digesting, something that will take years fully to uncover and process; but the process of orientating my life towards Christ, of realising everything is gift from Him and finding concrete ways to offer it back to Him, has been one of the most significant in preparing to serve God through the Priesthood.

One day I was given for the meditation, *John* chapter 4, Jesus meeting the woman at the well. She encounters the Lord and runs back to her village to tell them she has found the Messiah. As I read the passage one detail jumped out – that she left her water jugs behind at the well. The thing she had come for faded into the background once she had met the risen Christ, and her only desire was to go and tell the good news. My prayer is that, in the experience of having met Christ in the Spiritual Exercises, I may have something of her spirit.

Steffan Mathias
College of the Resurrection



Working at the Coal-face of Christianity: forgiveness and ministry with prisoners, the homeless and those suffering from addictions



Langley House Trust (LHT) was formed in 1959 by a group of Christians who identified a need for accommodation and support for men being released from prison. This small group of Christians noticed that prisoners upon release were being shunned by society; neglected of support, shelter, opportunities and most crucially, forgiveness. Since that day LHT has continued to expand and now operates 80 properties spread throughout the UK supporting over 700 men to transform their lives.

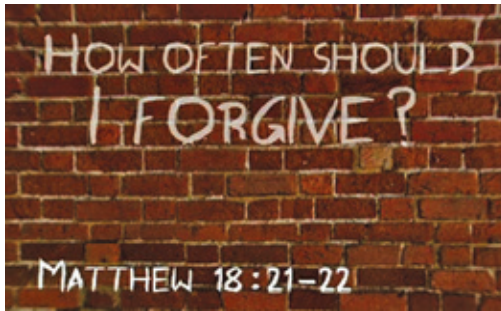
One of those properties is called Tekoa House and is based in Rochdale; I have been the deputy manager at Tekoa since November 2016 and I am tasked like all staff members to put into practice the mission of our charity – *As a Christian charity we work with individuals who are at risk of offending, or who have offended, establishing positive foundations so that they can lead crime-free lives and become contributors to our society.*



What drives the management of LHT properties is a core aspect of our Christian belief – *At LHT we believe all people are made in God's image; loved by him regardless; called into community; offered redemption by his grace and promised his glory.*

Ever since I was a young man trying to discern where God was calling me to minister I have always felt drawn from the teaching of Christ to head towards the outskirts of society, to minister to the modern-day lepers, to be in the places no one else wanted to be, to reach out to those who everyone else had turned their back on. The command of Jesus that we must love our neighbours and that we must offer limitless forgiveness was always at the forefront of my mind (*Matthew 18:22*).

Sadly, I would suggest that offenders and those who have criminal convictions are more shunned by society than was even the case back in 1959 when LHT was originally founded to solve such issues. I would suggest that the main reason offenders are demonised is due to a country-wide societal problem in regards to forgiveness.



Over many years I have been fascinated by the concept of forgiveness. It is without doubt at the centre of our faith, mentioned numerous times by Jesus as he constantly forgave those people around him and commanded his followers to do the same, but yet it is still something so many of us struggle to offer.

Of course the mass media must take its fair share of responsibility over the lack of forgiveness in our society today. We have all seen the provocative headlines, heard the emotive news bulletins and absorbed the critical radio phone-ins; all of which have the power to stir up witch-hunts, to demonise, and to condemn those who have done something wrong.

At the heart of such condemnations is, of course, judgement, another key part of Christ's teaching; except that, unlike forgiveness, we are instructed to avoid judging others at all costs, lest we also be judged (*Matthew 7:1*).

If as Christians we are to build up God's Kingdom then we have to be at the forefront of promoting forgiveness and avoiding judgements; this is the only way we will ever be able to transform society's attitude to those who have committed crimes.

In modern times our society has become one where a fear of making a mistake and being condemned is never far away. In the so-called '*no blame no claim*' culture, everything from carrying a box to making sure the office chair is not too far reclined has to be risk-assessed and a mountain of health and safety paper work created. Every organisation has to make sure everything is triple-checked simply because if something goes wrong, then blame must be apportioned; someone has got to be guilty and ultimately punished. We live in a world short on forgiveness.

If we are being honest with ourselves we all slip into this way of judgemental thinking far more often than we should. How many times have we criticised the service we receive, be it in a restaurant, at a train station, or in the supermarket? How often have we said verbally or in our heart, "Your service is not good enough; I expect better than this" or "I am a paying customer; this is your job which you are paid to do and I deserve much better"? Yet we could equally think in such situations, "I hope that person is OK; the service is not what I expected but perhaps they are having a really bad day, perhaps they are under a lot of stress". Instead of judging and complaining we could look on with a forgiving heart and remember that person in our prayers. We are all guilty of

being very quick to judge others for even minor infringements, so to avoid judging criminals requires even more effort.

On a daily basis at LHT I work with men who have made mistakes, have made poor choices and have committed crimes. But then again as a member of staff I am also a man who has made mistakes, made poor choices and committed a crime (how many of us can really say we have never driven faster than 70mph on a motorway?) Of course the main difference one could argue is that the crimes the men I work with have committed are much worse than crimes such as low-level speeding. However, I cannot recall a passage in the Gospel where Jesus lists the crimes that can be forgiven and crimes that cannot be (some may refer to the passage about offences against the Holy Spirit, but that is a very different theological point). When Christ forgave the criminal hanging next to him on the Cross, he did not first ask him to list his offences. Jesus did not judge the man; he simply offered forgiveness and a place in paradise. As Christians we have a responsibility to forgive all offenders including those who have been in prison, to offer them a chance of redemption and to allow them an opportunity to transform and rebuild their lives. This has to include those people who have killed and those who have committed sexual offences, even against minors. To forgive these we all know is an extremely difficult thing to do, but all Christians are warned that to follow in the footsteps of Jesus will be the hardest thing they ever do, it is not a faith for the faint-hearted.



As the Church we must also support victims of crime, but too often we are caught in the trap of thinking we can only support victims and not the perpetrators as well; the Gospel commands us to do both. That is not to say there is no place for prisons in our society, because there most certainly is. Prisons need to be focussed on rehabilitation rather than punitive punishments so that when someone is released they are reformed and can continue that transformation within the support of organisations like LHT but also with the support of the Church.

I would suggest that the key to forgiveness is to look past the crime and to focus on the person. That person is our brother or sister in Christ; that person was made by God and is loved by God, REGARDLESS of the offences they have committed, whether we like it or not. Some of the men I work with have committed numerous offences - theft, burglary, assault, sexual offences, drug dealing, to name but a few. However, when I look at them I do not see criminals, I see men who have made mistakes and, very often, I see

broken men. I work with men who have been destroyed by drugs, men who have been using heroin for over 20 years and have lost everything and are now empty shells, devoid of life, where their only desire is to secure the next fix.

I work with men who have mental health problems, men who were brought up in care, and men who have suffered years of abuse. Behind every offender there is a story, and it is normally a horrendously disturbing story which goes a long way to explaining their offending history. The men I work with at LHT are not easy to work with; my staff and I are often shouted and sworn at and regularly face challenging, aggressive and threatening behaviour but we have to look past that, avoiding judgement and constantly to offer forgiveness as we pray that we will also be forgiven for the things that we have done wrong. It is incredibly humbling work when one of our residents is transformed - this is when we can most clearly see God at work in that life and we can give thanks that God has used us as a small instrument of his redeeming love.

So what, as Christians and Churches, can we do to create a new culture of non-judgemental forgiveness towards prisoners and those who have committed crimes?

- i. Visit the LHT website (www.langleyhoustrust.org) and consider volunteering at a local project near you. We always need volunteers to assist in our work. At Tekoa House in Rochdale we desperately need a gardener for our new allotment - please do get in touch if you can help.
- ii. As a church, consider ways you can support prisoners. Perhaps you can make a donation to a prison support charity, include prisoners in your cycle of intercessions and consider as a church how you could support a new parishioner if they arrived following release from prison.
- iii. Pray! We all need to pray that our hearts will be filled with limitless forgiveness and that the next time we are tempted to judge somebody we can resist, and instead hold that person up in prayer.

Praised be Christ,

Ben Bradshaw

Society of the Resurrection

Deputy Manager at Tekoa House

Deacon at St Matthew's, Little Lever, Bolton.



The first nail

Trier and Mirfield – a Personal View

September 1973: I remember so well arriving at the door of St Matthias Abbey in Trier. I was a student at the College. This was my first contact with Germany. Brought up on stories of the Second World War, I wondered what I would find.

Well, Trier was beautiful, and still is. It has mountains and the Mosel River. The sun shines more than it does in England. In summer, the town is wonderfully German (hardly surprising), with people sitting outside on pavements drinking beer or the local white wine, and eating lovely meals. Buildings are typically German, except for those which survive from Roman



times when Trier was the capital of the West. It is an archaeologist's paradise!

But, for me, it was the monastery that mattered. Here I found a forward-looking community of Benedictine monks. The Abbot Athanasius was only 35. Around him was a monastic community of about 12 monks. They had imbibed the vision of Vatican 2 and were working hard to adapt their monastic life to a modern world. They remained faithful to the Benedictine Rule but also increased their involvement in the city, with some monks taking up full-time jobs there. They tried to root out bad monastic practices which sometimes infantilise monks and nuns. All were encouraged to take full responsibility for the life. Structures were set up to help brothers share their joys and problems better.

At the same time, the Abbey took on ecumenism as a major concern. Some years before I came, they had been asked by Cardinal Bea to start a centre for Anglicanism, and had built one. For various reasons this never came to fruition. They did, however, start the contact with us and in 2018 we shall celebrate 50 years of that fruitful friendship. Within Germany, they made friends with the Evangelical Church. Unusually, even then, they had gained permission for visiting non-Catholics to receive Communion and that has remained. Later on, with our brother Christopher, they began to work with Protestant communities in the then East Germany and Poland. This has been hard work for them: keeping up the monastic life, running the local parish (which grew to



three parishes), being involved in other works around Trier and continuing the search for unity. Their range of activity increased after 1990, when they took on responsibility for a small Benedictine Priory at the Huysburg, near Magdeburg in the East. Sometimes the strains get too much and brethren leave. Mostly, they have continued to be a hard-working, inspiring example of Benedictine life in the modern world.

We have loved our contact with Trier. Mutual visits are a mixture of serious conversations about aspects of church or monastic life, and the sheer pleasure of enjoying friends. Every year we exchange visits. In 1982, we made a covenant to grow toward unity. In 1992 when the whole Trier Community came to our Centenary celebrations we looked at that covenant and found all that it had aimed at had been achieved; so in 1994 we made a new one which hangs on the wall of our cloister today. At a time when ecumenical action has often waned we have managed steady growth. This has moved beyond concern for Church Unity. We have become close friends, even brothers. When Mirfield has hit troubled waters, Trier has been around to help us out. When Trier has had a crisis we have been able to give support. There are few secrets between us and we are probably closer to them than to any community in England.

It is partly because of the St Matthias Community that we have begun our exploration of the Benedictine Rule to see whether it really does fit the strange animal that CR has always been. On the whole it does, though we have much more exploration to do to see how it might work for us. A significant part of this exploration has been to discover the variety of the monastic communities who live under this Benedictine Rule. There is no one pattern, no monastic clone. Some communities are enclosed and focused on prayer (especially in France). Some run schools, parishes or missions. Some, like St Matthias, explore new ways of engaging with the modern world. There seems more than enough room for a Community like ours with its mix of mission and prayer to find a place. In one sense it does not change much; we remain the same kind of Community we have always been. But it gives us a better and larger context for our life. It helps us to form young brethren in a life that has rich resources. It gives us a

Benedictine world beyond ourselves, and that is something Anglican religious communities, in their isolation, need very much indeed.

In the last three months I have been back to Trier twice: once with George, Simon and Marc on an official visitation; once on my own, for a week of study and prayer. What has come out of that?

- It is hard not to reminisce! Brothers I knew in 1973 – Athanasius, Ansgar, Hubert, Clemens and Valerius are still very much around, somewhat older, of course. Younger ones are there, too, and despite some recent problems there is a lovely feeling now of a Community that has grown together and is seeking God's will for the future. What is that will?
- I wonder whether the old vision of an Anglican Centre which seemed to come to nothing (except the link with us!) may now find its time. CR as a Community is looking at the possibility of joining the same Congregation of Benedictines to which St Matthias belongs. This, in itself, would be a real ecumenical step forward.
- Our relationship is a gift from God. It is an extraordinary gift in a time when ecumenical relationships have been faltering. We should not keep gifts to ourselves. Gifts must always be shared. How can we share this with a wider Christian community? One response to this question is that we are sponsoring a meeting between some German and some Anglican bishops at Trier in September this year.
- Another response may be for more of us to learn German. English people famously rely on other people to learn our language. That is the national arrogance (and laziness) which has led to Brexit. As God has blessed us with younger brethren, we believe we should prepare them for a closer involvement with Trier than we have had before.
- And there is you, dear reader! You are part of our family, a Companion or a Friend. Is there a way you can be involved in this search for a greater unity?

Anyone who has been involved for long in the ecumenical movement knows that it is full of surprises, and the surprises come from God. No amount of planning and talking, on its own, will bring the real unity of the Church that God desires. That comes only as a gift, and as grace. When we seek God with all our heart, with humility and love, with a sense of our own littleness and a longing to do his will, then he can bring us together. That is the fruit of 50 years of walking with our brothers from Trier, of laughing with them, weeping with them, praying with them and sharing the religious life which God has given us. As St Benedict tells us: "Let them prefer nothing to Christ, and may he bring us all together to everlasting life." (RB 72)

Nicolas Stebbing CR

Loving the Least in Northern Iraq

It has been via a circuitous, and, if I am honest, bumpy road, that I have been led to my current ministry. Let me also say that a big part of the evening out of those bumps have been the brethren of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield. I had found myself in downward spiral, and the non-judgemental welcome of me by the brethren, with no pruriency at all, was a first step to my recovery and restoration. That, coupled with the somehow freeing rhythm of the round of daily corporate worship, the fellowship of community that also provided time and space for silent reflection and the sacramental ministrations of one of the brethren, set me on the Right Road once again.

It was during this time of transition and turmoil and healing that another redemptive opportunity presented itself for me to work with a US based Christian charity, *Love for the Least*, which has been doing missionary work primarily in Tanzania and Kenya for the past sixteen years. Following the fall of Mosul, Iraq's second city, to ISIS, my friends and now colleagues Fr Jerry and Stacey Kramer, answered a call to minister to the crisis in Northern Iraq, predominantly among the thousands of displaced Christians who had been run out of their homes and livelihoods.

I joined their efforts in December of 2015 and since then we have given birth to a sister ministry called Love for the Least Middle East (see www.L4LME.org) of which I am now the Executive Director . At L4LME we focus our ministry solely on Northern Iraq, or Kurdistan. We are very blessed to have come alongside a local Christian, Kurdish NGO called Zalal Life. Theirs is a team of committed volunteers who monitor and respond to needs on the ground there 7 days a week.

L4LME is a small and agile ministry with no middle men or administrative

costs. Nearly 100% of the funds we raise go directly to those in need in the Dohuk governature of the Kurdish Regional Government. Our ministries are based with Zalal Life in Dohuk – basically in the 'top right hand corner' of Iraq. This is the base for our ministry to over 30 camps and villages in that area.

How to describe our ministry? I think initially (though by no means comprehensively) of three areas of ministry:



Christian camp near Dohuk

A Ministry of Presence

Most of the people I speak to in the UK and in the USA (where I am currently spending 10 weeks raising awareness and funds) are unaware of the ancient roots of the Christians in Northern Iraq. The peoples of Kurdistan were first evangelised by none less than St. Thomas the Apostle. I had one of those spine-tingling moments when one of our local team pointed out as we were driving through what is now a predominantly Muslim town, that its name translated means ‘Man with touch’ – a reference of course to St Thomas who would ‘touch’ the wounds of the Risen Christ and who lived in a cave nearby that town when he was preaching there nearly 2000 years ago.

This ancient legacy has slowly been whittled down by the rise of Islam and by, to say the least, unsympathetic regimes who have persecuted the Christian community, and most lately by the savage rise of ISIS in that part of the world.

Imagine the brutal forces of ISIS appearing at your front door and enquiring of your religion. Would any of us dare to say “We are a Christian family”, choosing life with Jesus over and above almost certain brutal death by the inquisitors? In the face of ISIS, Christian families have had to flee their homes, their possessions, their livelihood and their security. Most of these Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs) – (a ‘refugee’ is strictly speaking someone who has crossed an international border which they have not) – have found ‘temporary’ shelter in established, if small and fragile, Christian villages or in Christian camps. In such conditions of trauma, instability and hopelessness, these people have lived since the summer of 2014.

They feel forgotten and abandoned by their Christian brothers and sisters in the West, so for them to see a group of western Christians bringing aid and relief is more than just the aid and relief but also and powerfully a sign that we in the West do care, and that they are not forgotten but rather loved and embraced. We deliver food and cleaning supplies regularly. In December we are able to deliver special Christmas care packages to more than 1650 Christian IDP families living in villages and camps – about 7000-8000 individuals. We were able in October to deliver basic school supplies – note books, pencils, rulers, crayons etc. – to more



Christmas care package delivery



School supplies delivery



than 1000 students in Christian schools who are reeling from a 75% cut to their budgets by the government.

Ministry of Touch

Touch is a sensitive(!) issue in Middle Eastern culture. People simply do not touch each other in public so it may seem strange to list this as a ministry. I think here of our mobile medical missions. Regularly we gather a team of volunteer



nurse and doctors and others to go to villages where the IDPs live and where they have no access to medical care. A small team can see nearly 1000 patients in the inside of a week. In addition to providing free care and medications, we also offer the opportunity for those who wish it for prayer and anointing and laying on of hands. I think of one woman who came into the clinic screaming and holding her head, so traumatised was she and so very open to the the healing power of Our Lord. Anther woman whom we prayed for for her cancer was weeping during the anointing and prayer and then just hugged me tightly and would not let go. There was a gasp in the room as women do not touch men. But this came with the touch of Jesus in her life.

Ministry of Hope

I think I have never seen true hopelessness face to face in my life until I visited Northern Iraq. Go to a camp or a make shift home adjacent to a village or an unused building in a town and one finds families – often parents, children and a grandparent – living in ‘temporary’ housing since the summer of 2014 – now nearly three years later. There they are likely to have no job, no school, no transportation, nothing to do in the middle of nowhere which is NOT home, 24 hours a day. I like to think we are ‘anchors of hope’ and that this is what we bring into a hopeless – literally – situation.

As we continue to bring ongoing aid and relief – ‘triage’ work, if you will – we are also now moving to a further dimension of long term recovery and development. We are hoping to sponsor an independent survey of IDPs in the Dohuk area to find out from them what are their needs and hopes and aspirations. Our goal will be to provide what they need to be able to remain: a safe, self-sustaining Christian village, job and employment training, as well as ongoing pastoral care including the healing of traumatic memories.

I am enormously grateful to God for the call to this privileged ministry where we can make a huge difference. I hope you will join us in prayer and support to be anchors of hope, beacons of Gospel light in the darkness of a living hell.

Please do visit our good website at www.L4LME.org where you can find updates and ways to make donations.

Andrew Sloane

Editors’ note: On 29th April Ven. Bill Schwartz OBE, Archdeacon in the Gulf, will speak at the Mirfield Centre from his experience of the Middle East on ‘Christians living among Muslims’. Book on now.



Prayer in a camp



*Christmas care
packaged helper -
flour!*

Waiting for the Dawn

Christ has turned all our sunsets into dawns

Clement of Alexandria

My Lenten discipline for the last two years has been waiting for the sun to rise each day outside my Church. This year I am looking forward to completing the hat-trick. The raised ground immediately in front of the Church looks more or less out across the horizon and is an ideal vantage point for watching sunrises. Every sunrise is unique. I love the visceral joy that hits me when I walk out of the front door of the Vicarage and know that it is going to be ‘a good one’.

As someone who is not a great completer I surprise myself each year that I make it all the way through to Easter. The fact that this Lenten discipline is time-limited is key to its success – knowing that I will not be doing this for ever. Getting up each day at 4 am in summer really is not feasible either, certainly not for the long term. Such was the enjoyment of doing it that each early start was no hardship at all but became instead a great adventure.

I am a naturally early riser, so 6 am starts were never the battle for me that they clearly were for some of my colleagues at the College of the Resurrection who would come into Lower Church for the morning office looking dishevelled and broken. Watching the sunrise was a tradition started during my time at College. I would like to take off to the Calvary garden when I woke up, wrapped in hat, scarf, gloves and cloak. Long-johns were invaluable on cold and frosty mornings. I was conscious of the handful of other early risers who I would spot on their way to bask in the womb-like warmth of the sacrament chapel. This, however, suited me and was sacramental to me.

The skyline from where I sit is now quite familiar and I can see it clearly in my mind’s eye. Coming back to the same spot each day is like continuing a conversation where you left off with a good friend. From my favourite spot the sun rises directly above the pub on the opposite side of the main road. If I anticipate that there is going to be a ‘blaze’, I re-position myself so that a large yew tree is conveniently in the way. You get a wonderful burning bush effect. Sunglasses are useful to soak up all the detail.

Sunrise-geeks like me are aware that there are three different kinds of twilight: astronomical, nautical and civil. You do not really want



to be walking about without a torch in astronomical twilight, you can just about go for a run in nautical twilight, and you can just about read a book outside at the start of civil twilight.

Upon arrival in Church I like to open the porch doors, grab a seat and catch the tail end of the dawn chorus. As civil twilight begins I start saying the morning office. I start with the 'Acclamation of Christ at the Dawning of a New Day' with that wonderful Lancelot Andrewes collect. After the Psalm I tend to go for a wander around the Church if it is not raining. If it is raining, I sit at the entrance to the Church in the porch. You get a good sense of the light intensifying from there, and I try to stand outside with an umbrella at the technical moment of dawn.



Then I make myself a cup of tea and take my chair outside. There is now enough light to read comfortably by. The traffic is already starting to build up to a steady flow on the Otley road. Often I get to say good morning to the foxes who live in the Churchyard as they stroll past. By the time I reach the Benedictus the forces are amassing in the sky. I tend to wander up and down the paved area in front of Church and soak it all in. I try to wind up at the official moment of dawn and head home for breakfast.

You get a real sense of the lengthening of days catching the dawn in Lent. The sun rises between 2 to 3 minutes earlier each day. This makes for a difference of 1 hour and 40 minutes between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday. Civil twilight is at 5.25 am on Easter Sunday (which may not seem that bad; in reality, however, it is 4.25 am if you don't count the hour going forward – the clocks 'spring forward' on Mothering Sunday). The total length of day increases dramatically during Lent, from 10 hours 50 minutes (on Ash Wednesday) to 14 hours and 6 minutes (on Easter Day) – a difference of 3 hours and 16 minutes. Things start to slow up in May as you approach the longest day in June, which is 17 hours and 6 minutes long. Sunrise is at 4.34 am on 21 June (and if you want to get the 'build up' to it, civil twilight is at 3.41 am).

I officially 'clock off' from my routine on Holy Saturday. I love Holy Saturday. It is my favourite day of the year, the limbo time between cross and resurrection. On Easter morning I am involved in the parish Easter Vigil service. On Easter Day the sun rises at 6.03 am which works well for those who, like us at St Chad's and St Michael's, hold a dawn Eucharist at 6 am. By the time we have gathered

and lit the paschal candles from the Easter fire, dawn will break at more or less the precise moment that we process into Church.

I wrote the following poem while I was studying at the College. It was published in a collection of poems entitled *Let there be: praying the new millennium* (McCrimmon Publishing Co, 1999) in the section “Delight in the Good”. I wanted to write something with an incarnational, Celtic feel to it.

Morning Prayer

I jump up and greet you, King of High Heaven.
You are my maker, the stars and the sun,
you are my lover, restorer and healer,
my joy and my freedom, you are the One.

I stand up to meet you, King of High Heaven,
all that I think stands to reason, stands to meet you,
all that I say speaks to pardon, speaks to seek you,
all that I act infected by fun.

For you are the firstborn of all thoughts, all reason;
you make the first thought before it's begun,
you make the first move before it's in season,
you hit the jackpot when the wheels haven't spun.

So I rise up and praise you, King of High Heaven,
uttering words that are not my own;
for your coming among us, King of High Heaven,
flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone.



The dawn is a consistent reminder that each new day is another resurrection. It is so reassuring. A bit like coming back to the Community of the Resurrection after time spent away – a continuing wonder that it is always there. Each new day another miracle.

Tom Lusty

Rev'd Tom Lusty is Priest in Charge at St Chad's, Far Headingley and Team Vicar within the Headingley Team Ministry

The College at War

I wrote an article some time ago about the Fraternity of the Resurrection during World War I and readers will have seen from Br. Steven's article on William Freestone that the Community of the Resurrection suffered through its members the same fears, deprivations, injuries, imprisonments, deaths and bereavements as all other men and women caught up in the hell upon earth that was known as the 'Great' war.

The College of the Resurrection did not escape unscathed. From full membership the College and the newly built Hostel of the Resurrection were reduced to single figures as ordinands enlisted or were called up to fight or serve as chaplains and other non-combatant roles in the various theatres of war. As the years progressed the *CR Quarterly* published news of the 'Lads' and sadly on occasion to note those reported as missing or killed in action. The war memorial on the left-hand wall of Holy Cross Chapel in the Community Church at Mirfield records William Freestone (the one member of CR killed) and below his name are those of 17 students and old students who also were killed during WWI.

Recently Catherine Hardy, a Companion of the Community, brought me a photograph of the Hostel students taken in 1913. Among them is Catherine's father, Herbert Woodford Orton, who when war broke out left the College to enlist. A second photograph supplied by Catherine shows him in 1920 in among the students of the Hostel of the Resurrection of that year.



Hostel of the Resurrection Matriculation Class 1912-1913, with the Warden Bernard Horner CR

Thanks to material supplied by the Reverend Giles Orton (Herbert's grandson and Catherine's nephew) we have some details of his military service. He became a temporary 2nd Lieutenant in the 1st Dorset regiment. Taking part in the Battle of Ancre he was wounded in his left eye with damage that would be permanent. His citation for the Military Cross states that it was "For conspicuous gallantry in action, he displayed great courage and initiative in reinforcing and holding the most advanced points reached in our attack, thereby checking an enemy bombing attack. He was wounded." Catherine says: "He was wounded on his forehead, the bullet having hit his helmet, causing partial retinal detachment in one eye." Both his daughter and grandson testify to a self-effacing nature. Catherine says that he always refused to speak about the award of the MC, while Giles has written: "The citation is not very forthcoming ... I understand however that it says rather more than he was prepared to say. 'They just handed them out with the rations' was his standard rebuff to any queries in that direction." He was discharged 22/1/19 bearing the rank of Temporary Lieutenant Acting Captain. He was ordained deacon and licenced for St Mark's Lewisham in 1922. The *CR Quarterly* for St John the Baptist day 1917 records the award of the MC to Herbert and to William Worsley (also in the photo 2nd Row, extreme right) and to Reginald Harding.

In the 1913 photograph we have pictures of two of the students who were killed in action in 1916. The *CR Quarterly* for Michaelmas 1916 records the deaths of Edward Montgomery (2nd from the left Top Row) and Frederick Brown (not in photo).

Both were reported missing in Gallipoli: "Brown had been four years at the College and Montgomery three. After training at Grantham and elsewhere, they were sent to the Peninsula, and it seems likely that in death they were not divided. On first consideration, it would seem impossible to write of them together, for they were so obviously dissimilar: Brown was slight of build and nimble, Montgomery solid and moving with dogged perseverance. And yet they had much in common. Both were good at games and played the game; both were of affectionate nature and had a College nickname: both were conspicuously unselfish and won the affection of others. The men of Brown's platoon gave him a case of pipes for Christmas and his fellow officers testified to the efficiency of the 'Midget'. Montgomery on his last leave expressed the hope that no College student would become a Casualty, and added 'If there has to be one I hope it will be me'; it was he who divulged the high opinion in which Brown was held ... each was profoundly sensitive of the necessity of being right with God."

The first student on the left in the 2nd Row of the 1913 photo is Alfred Francis Taylor who was killed in action on August 9th 1916.

Reading these stories, seeing these images, is a bit like time travel – the names on the War memorial take on light and colour and beauty.

As the *CR Quarterly* put it (Michaelmas 1916) – “And so for a time we must leave them, and it may be for all time; and if they are now beyond the bounds of time, they have fought the fight, and eternity will provide what we have missed of their Company now.”

John Gribben CR

And then, came the bird...

A bench in a rose garden
brings memories of
sitting alongside, of being
my beloved's beloved.

This evening in June
there is room for another;
an absence prepares to be
replaced by union.



The roses cast their fragrance,
making the garden a bridal bed,
ready, at last, for the meeting
of 'was' and 'shall be'.

Beside me, on the bench,
the presence of Love
takes his place,
and silently waits.

And then, came the bird,
singing, as only a blackbird can.
Like heralding bells.

Maggie Jackson

Maggie is to be CR's first Poet-in-Residence this May. Having been a youth worker in Leeds, she trained as a spiritual director and retreat conductor, and has been on the Team accompanying Individually Guided Retreats at Mirfield for some years. Maggie writes: "My poetry often arises through prayer and connects with spiritual matters. I am told that it has helped other people explore their inner-life." She has had poems published in four anthologies: 'Journey into the Millennium' (1998), 'Mystic Melodies' (2006), 'The People's Psalms' (2013) and 'A Little Book of Serendipity' (2013).

Easter Chickens for Tariro

Easter Day means Easter eggs, usually chocolate, no doubt because so many people give up chocolate for Lent. Real eggs need chickens and so chickens are one symbol of Easter. Those who follow my Tariro reports will know that we are always starting chicken projects in various Tariro centres. They generally flourish but they do not make the intended profits because the kids run out of food from other sources and end up eating the chickens. Well, that is good: they get some good, protein rich food that tastes nice, but we need more chickens.

Raising a chicken from start to finish costs about £3.00 in Zimbabwe. Normally we have 100 chickens but this gives only a very small profit and makes sustainability difficult. We have a chicken project at St Augustine's which we want to build up to 500 so that it becomes a proper business. We hope it will make a profit, be sustainable and feed the children. Would you like to donate a chicken? Or 5 chickens? Or maybe 10 chickens to this project? If so, can you send me a cheque made payable to 'Tariro' or cash, and indicating it is for chickens, for the amount of chickens you would like to sponsor? It would be a really nice Easter present for our children!

Nicolas Stebbing CR



Companions CR

RIP – Eve McQuater and Edith Pierce

Companions Study Days – Mon 4th - Thurs 7th September 2017 at Mirfield.

Contemplative Prayer to include CR speakers

More details in the next issue of the *CR Quarterly Review*.

For enquiries and bookings, please contact Beth Harper at the Mirfield Centre

centre@mirfield.org.uk

01924 481920

125th Celebration Weekend

www.mirfield.org.uk/festival

7th - 9th July 2017



We invite you to join us in a weekend of celebration at Mirfield. This year our **Festival Day** is on **Sunday 9 July** it will include the re-hallowing of the Community Church as the culmination of a weekend marking the Community's **125th anniversary**. We will welcome the Bishop of Norwich – also our Visitor- to lead the service.

Festival Day is preceded by a **Quiet Afternoon for CR Companions** (all are welcome to join) on **Friday 7 July** and a **Celebration Day** to thank our supporters and wider family on **Saturday 8 July**. Following a midday service and lunch on the Saturday, there will be an opportunity to hear from brethren and others what the future holds for the Community, for our guests and visitors, and for the site at Mirfield as a whole.

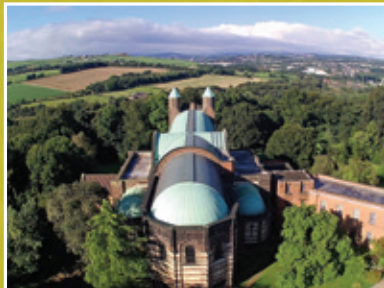
Saturday 8 July – Celebration Day

10.00am	Daily Eucharist
11.00am	Coffee
12.00pm	Celebration Day Midday Office
1.00pm	Lunch
2.00pm	'Stations of the Future' - Talks, Tours & Displays
4.00pm	Afternoon Tea with Brethren
6.00pm	Solemn Evensong

Sunday 9 July – Festival Day

12.00pm	Sung Mass
1.45pm	Lunch
	Afternoon Activities & meet the Brethren
4.00pm	Exposition & Benediction
5.00pm	Solemn Evensong
<i>(Refreshments available throughout the day)</i>	





Coming to the celebration?

All are welcome to join us for a day, part of a day or for the whole weekend. Why not encourage a group to come from your parish, or bring friends and family?

Booking forms and information at www.mirfield.org.uk

Lunch

Lunch Tickets for day guests are available to book online through our website www.mirfield.org.uk

Lunch (per day) £7 per person

Accommodation

Accommodation (including supper and breakfast) and Lunch Tickets are available to book online through our website (www.mirfield.org.uk), priced as follows:

Single En-suite	£48 per night
Standard Single	£43 per night
Standard Twin	£55 per night
Lunch (per day)	£7 per person

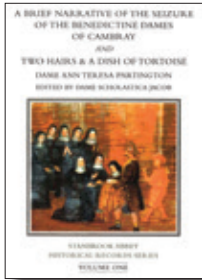
Please let us know you're coming!

Visit our website: www.mirfield.org.uk
Email: community@mirfield.org.uk
Telephone: 01924 494318

Or write to:
House of the Resurrection,
Stocks Bank Road, Mirfield, WF14 0BN

Book Reviews

A brief narrative of the seizure of the Benedictine Dames of Cambray and two hairs and a dish of tortoise. Edited by *Dame Scholastica Jacob*. Stanbrook Abbey, North Yorkshire YO61 4AY. Historical Records Series No.1. 2016, £8.50. 82pp. Illustrated



This is a shocking and moving story from the early French Revolution. The present Benedictine monastery of Stanbrook, now up in North Yorkshire, was founded in penal times in France and for 300 years lived in Cambray. In 1793, the whole community of nuns were arrested and taken to Compiègne near Paris where they were imprisoned in squalid quarters. There they stayed for 18 months. Their chaplain and two sisters died in prison. The others were often cold, often hungry and constantly threatened with violence and death by the Revolutionaries. The most unpleasant part of the tale is the sheer violence and hatred of the mob. This is occasionally lightened by humane and merciful guards. It was a horrible and frightening time for them. Finally, in 1795, with the death of Robespierre, they were able to get permission to return to England, where they arrived, destitute, to take up monastic life again.

In the prison with them for some weeks were the Carmelite sisters from Compiègne who were suddenly taken from their midst and guillotined. The Carmelites had been compelled to wear lay dress but on the day they were taken, their clothes were in the wash so they were executed in their habits. The Stanbrook sisters inherited the Carmelites' lay clothes and treasured them as relics.

The sisters were not the first to suffer imprisonment and death for their faith. Nor will they be the last. This account from Dame Ann Partington of the sufferings she and her sisters endured reminds us of the sufferings of so many Christians throughout the world today. We would do well to pray for them.

Nicolas Stebbing CR



Songs for the Soul *Ivor Moody* REjoice Publications
ISBN 978-3-910265-26-0 UK £7.99 23 Feb 2017

When I was a student in the early Seventies it was rare to walk down a corridor in The Divinity Hostel Dublin or to pass a doorway in the Vincent Square Hostel to King's without hearing strains of 'Sounds of Silence', 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters' and other Simon and Garfunkel songs wafting out at

you. The Beatles songs were still vigorous including 'Love is All you Need' but I first encountered them in the Sixties and I still love them. I was not a fan of Leonard Cohen at the time but my young brother was and so I met him first in 6 Sherwood St Belfast. I think that we all recognised S&G for what they were – spiritual writers and singers for an age that had lost religion. It took me a lot longer to notice how religious and spiritual many of the Beatles' songs were. I have just been reading 'Love is All You Need' and wondering how I missed to point when I was younger.

It was only when *The Guardian* gave away booklets of Cohen's poetry that I realised that I had missed the work of a spiritual genius.

Canon Ivor Moody is a former student of the College of the Resurrection and of King's College London. His book 'Songs for the Soul' published in February will be on sale in the Bookshop at HR. In it Fr Moody discusses popular songs and their spiritual implications. Of the Beatles 'Let it Be' he writes:

It is a song which illustrates the bittersweet paradox between distance and closeness. Paul McCartney recognised immediately the religious connotations of this song. The words of the song speak of a mother's watching presence, a comforter of the broken hearted people of the world, whose advice is to wait, to trust and to believe that everything will come right in the end.

One reviewer writes:

From 'Message in a Bottle' to 'Let it be', Ivor Moody opens up the deepest messages and lets these old songs be something new in the minds of the reader. Moving seamlessly from Sting to George Herbert, from Nia Simone to St Paul he finds the hidden treasures and the spiritual nourishment embedded in popular song and links them to the great themes of scripture and the great spiritual writings of the past.

What more can I say to commend this book to you?

John Gribben CR

A Nun's Story Sister Agatha with Richard Newman. Metro Books, imprint of John Blake Publishing. Pp 338. Illustrated. Pbk. 2017. Isbn 9781786062512. £7.99.



For all who are interested in the history of the religious life in this country, and indeed beyond: who are interested in how it fares in the Roman Catholic Church today; for all who enjoy a good read – the life story of an exciting and attractive woman: this is a must.

Shirley Leach (now Sister Agatha of the Company of Jesus in

York) was born in England in 1931, immediately after her father (51), mother (40) and 3 sisters returned from India where her father had been Director of Mines. The sister nearest to Shirley was 8 years older. Their return was because their father had been sacked, not for neglect, but for telling the truth. Four years later their precarious finances were rescued by Agatha's maternal grandfather's substantial bequest.

In some ways Agatha's early life of privilege parallels that of our own Bishop Trevor Huddleston (1913 –1998). Privileged childhoods for both, but no lack of insecurity.

Agatha tells us she cannot remember not having been in love with a young man, even from earliest age: "I had always been in love with one boy or another." She makes a marvellous religious sister, but that is because of her straightforward and extremely loving character. The account of the much later funeral of the man she was about to marry, when God took her away to join the Company of Jesus, is one of the many poignant passages in the book.

The book concludes with an invaluable appendix on the life of Mary Ward (1585-1645), founder of the Company of Jesus. This, together with Sister Agatha's own story, shows how very different the religious life for women is, in the Catholic Church, from anything Anglican nuns experience.

The writer Richard Newman has skilfully and unobtrusively put the book together from Sister Agatha's own words recorded over a year of interviews, as he explains at the end.

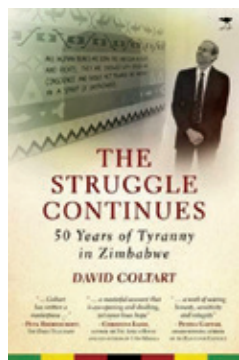
The publishers must have known that a cover picture of a quite plain and robust nun in her habit would hardly sell many copies. Instead we have a ravishing studio photo of an exquisitely slim and languid deb, one who could hardly have enjoyed show-jumping as a girl, as a photo shows little Shirley doing. Plainly not Agatha at all.

Although neither CR nor any of our brothers is mentioned, we have had a good deal of contact with Sister Agatha in the past. One of her friends was James Ramsden, who introduced her to Paul Getty, who rescued her Bar Convent when they ran out of money. Our own brother Aelred Stubbs CR was a great friend of James Ramsden, and he and Sister Agatha came to stay at our former house, Emmaus, in Sunderland. In the process of turning the Bar Convent into a museum, Sister Agatha needed an ordinary sanctuary lamp, to take the place of the wonderful antique silver one too tempting for burglars. CR was able to give one from our former retreat house at Hemingford Grey.

When she needed to fill a gap in the walls, we were glad to hand over a set of large carved and painted altar panels. Sister Agatha was a delight to deal with. We have a story that when the Company of Jesus, like many nuns, discarded their traditional habits and put on ordinary clothes, Sister Agatha appeared with a pearl necklace, and when asked "Where did you get that ?" she replied "I thought it might come in handy."

Antony Grant CR

The Struggle Continues: 50 years of Tyranny in Zimbabwe. *David Coltart.* Jacana. South Africa 2016 isbn 978-1-4314-2318-7. Available on Amazon £24.00



Our Brother Robert Mercer was Bishop of Bulawayo from 1977- 1987. During the early part of that time a young Bulawayo boy, just out of school, was serving in the police against the ‘freedom fighters’. Five years later, he was back in independent Zimbabwe as a lawyer, determined to give all he could to build a new, just and prosperous Zimbabwe. No less a person than Robert Mugabe had assured this young man, he would be welcome back to do that.

Almost at once, David Coltart found himself plunged into human rights work. Independence was barely two years old when infighting broke out between the two tribally based political parties. The ruling party turned at once to repression, arrests, torture, murder and massacre. This was the infamous *Gukurahundi* campaign during which at least 20,000 people in Matabeleland died, men, women and children, often in agonising circumstances. One of those whom David rescued from a torture centre was Bishop Robert’s archdeacon. He came straight off the rugby field to do that job.

In this book, Coltart has given a magnificent description of the fight for human rights over the past 40 years. He writes exceptionally well with a lawyer’s clarity and detail, yet never loses the story. I find this sort of book hard to read, both for its length (600pp) and for the harrowing stories, yet I found it almost unputdownable. I knew something of the violence and torture of the past forty years but had no idea how bad it was, and how cynically it was pursued. David’s account of cases he fought and often won is very exciting. Over and over again, he shows how the law can work even in Zimbabwe, though it became harder and harder to make it work as political appointments were made in the judiciary, and as opponents were intimidated or liquidated. David is a very brave person: he and his family (four children) have been intimidated and harrassed over 3 decades. David has survived several assassination attempts, and still he fights on. David shows how there are thousands of very brave Zimbabweans who have shared in this fight against tyranny, and many have paid with their lives. David has worked impressively with colleagues of both races in all areas of his life: political, legal and sport (he is passionate about cricket and rugby!). At no point is this a White man’s complaint about the incompetence or corruption of Blacks. David’s struggle has been shared by Zimbabweans of all races and he has close friendships with all.

In 2000, David was one of the four Whites elected for the Movement for Democratic Change: this was the first time a significant opposition had been

elected to Parliament. In 2008, he joined in the Unity Government which saved the country from complete collapse. He was Minister of Education, and in weeks revived a department that had more or less collapsed under the horrendous inflation of 2008; schools re-opened all over the country; he managed to equip them with text books and even pay the teachers. It was an astonishing achievement and coincided with the start of Tariro, so I remember it well. Curiously, although Mugabe has frequently attacked Coltart in public, threatening death, intimidation or deportation, he often supported his measures as Minister of Education, against his own firebrands. And when David's daughter was mauled by a lion, Mugabe showed genuine concern for her.

One painful question one asks all the way through is "Has this struggle been worth it?" In individual terms David has saved uncountable numbers of people from prison, and through his political work has helped the country. But all sorts of initiatives to build a good justice system have failed; the government has overturned every kind of constitutional measure, corrupted the law, and frustrated the best efforts of good men and women to produce a democratic society. What is there to show for it? One could even argue that the opposition, by its presence, created the violent actions of a Government whose only response to opposition is to destroy (hence the destruction of commercial farming). In fact, that slide into destruction would probably have happened anyway. What David and his colleagues have achieved is to build up an impressive record of human rights work that will stand in the future. People like him have thought, written and talked about justice and the proper rule of law, so that when Zimbabwe finally is free from this tyranny, a large amount of experience and of courageous work will stand ready for use.

David has also told the story which needs to be told. Both with *Gukurahundi* and in his other legal and political work he has brought facts out into the open. He believes, and has made himself unpopular with Whites for saying so, that the stories of intimidation and injustice from the years of White rule, as well as Black rule, need to be told, so the ghosts can be exorcised.

This is an outstanding account from a brave, committed Christian; an account which makes me proud to be a Zimbabwean despite the horrors perpetrated by so many Zimbabwean people.

Nicolas Stebbing CR

Please direct all materials, enquiries and comments to the editorial team:

Oswin Gartside CR ogartside@mirfield.org.uk

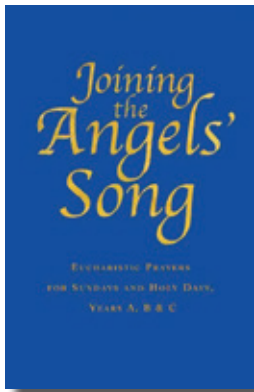
Antony Grant CR agrants@mirfield.org.uk

Philip Nichols CR pnichols@mirfield.org.uk

Please send articles for consideration for the CR Review to the editors at least 5 weeks before the issue date.

Joining the Angels' Song: Eucharistic Prayers for Sundays and Holy Days, Years A, B & C. *Samuel Wells and Abigail Kocher,*

Norwich: Canterbury Press, 2016. ISBN 978 1 84825 839 6. £25



The aim of this book is to provide a Eucharistic prayer for every Sunday of the year for each year of the three-year lectionary, a prayer directly related to the readings. In the early Church, before the emergence of the fixed (or relatively fixed) liturgical text, it was customary to improvise the Eucharistic prayer according to certain norms, which might be described otherwise as ‘what a Eucharistic prayer ought to contain and what it ought to sound like’. The precise nature of the results in terms of content and style varied from community to community, diversity rather than uniformity being the key to understanding early liturgical development, and

this initially only spoken and improvised variety is probably reflected in the more-or-less fixed, but still often evolving, texts which have come down to us. It could be argued that Kocher and Wells are effectively returning to this early tradition and practice in the conscious way they have paid attention to the typical structure of a Eucharistic prayer and overlaid this with imaginative prayers inspired by the Liturgy of the Word for the day, except that they have provided the results as fixed texts. So in some ways this book is the result of a fascinating exercise in bringing together the tradition of Eucharistic praying with a desire to produce a fresh and infinitely more varied diet. But of course this raises some questions.

The authors are keen to stress their understanding of the nature of a Eucharistic Prayer, and honest about overcoming a reticence on the part of one of them to produce such material given that Eucharistic prayers are now ecclesially agreed, authorised texts which cannot be replaced by local or individual compositions or improvisations. For this reason, though, there will still be many for whom a departure from this norm is not desirable, necessary, or indeed canonically permitted, however creative these new compositions may be, and for whom on these grounds it would not be possible to make use of them. The liturgy of the Church has an authoritative, corporate and collective anonymity, the product of many hearts, hands and minds, not primarily subject to individual creative inspiration, however well-intended. The authors claim that there is a widely shared frustration with ‘over-familiar’ texts, hence the need for more variety, but repetition of familiar texts is surely part of the DNA of liturgical celebration. On a certain level the texts of the liturgy cannot ever become over-familiar because they point beyond themselves to what cannot be known wholly by the senses. Regular encounter with and attention to the authorised texts brings the

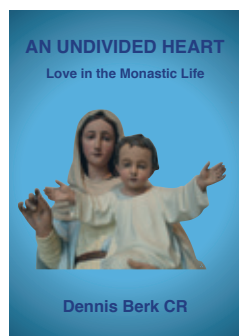
possibility of something new however many times they may have been heard before. The liturgy is not ‘repeated’, actually: it just keeps on going, and familiar texts are, paradoxically, part of that ‘without end-ness’ (a coinage of David Jones) to which the liturgy constantly looks.

These are just examples of the kind of question raised by the existence of this book, but rather than see them as wholly negative responses to what Wells and Kocher are trying to do here, perhaps they also represent the positive opportunity the book offers to revisit what it means to pray the Eucharist and to think more deeply about its principles and texts in the light of the whole tradition of Eucharistic praying.

Benjamin Gordon-Taylor

Director of the Mirfield Liturgical Institute

An Undivided Heart – Love in the monastic life *Dennis Berk CR* Mirfield Publications. 2017. 102 pages. Paperback. Isbn: 978-0-902834-43-9 £6.50. Special price £5 from CR Online Shop and in Mirfield Publications Shop.



For the last two years, Dennis CR has been engaged in a course on spirituality with the Pontifical University of Sant’ Anselmo in Rome. This book is the fruit of his chosen subject, the joyous pursuit of Love, in all its fullness. (Being a monk clearly isn’t only ‘priests in black gowns walking their rounds’!) The inexpressible mystery that is the source of all things, ‘the longing for total union with the One who is Love, has been at the heart of this vocational calling.’ Beginning with his core desire to find, and be found in, God’s love, Dennis takes the reader on a journey to the place where, for him, that desire finds its truest expression – life in Community.

This is a huge subject to cover in 13 brief chapters so, even on that count, it is a courageous enterprise. The theme of loving God with an undivided heart – how we might hold the love of God and the love of others indivisibly together – threads its way throughout. Those who have visited the Community of the Resurrection will know Dennis as its gracious and hospitable guest brother. So these are not merely words written on paper. They find their embodiment within the family of CR and at the public interface between the monastery and the world.

Throughout the book, there is plentiful theological exposition to support his thesis and all of it entirely accessible to lay disciples. In keeping with the spirit of Benedict this is a book written with the head in the heart – a pastoral treatise born out of the application of thoughtful study to daily experience. While it comes out of the monastic tradition it is clearly intended for all Christians, for it is ‘our baptismal covenant that initiates every one of us into the ongoing task of

loving in imitation of our Lord and Saviour.’

Some of the negative manifestations of a dualistic split between body and spirit, that have so damagingly pervaded some Christian thinking, are raised and dismantled to clear the way for the main discourse on wholehearted loving. Drawing on the Rule of St. Benedict and the writings of monks and nuns, past and present, the Love in question is firmly rooted in the Incarnation of Christ and in the Trinity of persons in the Godhead – ‘an eternal, joyful, radiant manifestation of loving and being loved that flows between, and in, and among the Father, Son and Holy Spirit is the very love that creates, sustains and keeps the universe.’

It is not only the scale of the subject matter that makes this a courageous enterprise but the acceptance of vulnerability. There is always a many-faceted risk in exposing one’s heart. Will it be considered self-indulgent? Will it be misunderstood and distorted? Will it be dismissed or rejected? Dennis’s admissions of his own failure to love (although perhaps a little too frequent) make his words all the more compelling. He speaks with candour and deep affection about the ‘myriad social dramas’ that occupy each day. Reading this book, one hears a man whose personal integrity enables him to make connections with all who desire to live their personhood to the full in Christ. Do not come to it with an editor’s pen in your hand. If adverbs before verbs, quaint words like ‘oftentimes’, and frequent colloquial turns of phrase upset you then turn aside. Come to this book with the generosity with which it is offered and you will find blessing.

Barbara Clarke, Associate CR

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