

# The Ampleforth Journal



September 2018 to July 2019

September 2019 to July 2020

Volume 123 & Volume 124



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## NOTE

This 2018-2019 Volume 123 is a year late in appearing in printed form although it was distributed online last year. It has therefore been bound together with the printed edition of Volume 124, 2019-2020, which can be found following page 103.

# EDITORIAL

OSB FR RICHARD FFIELD OSB  
EDITOR OF THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL



There have been various problems with the publishing of the Ampleforth Journal and, with the onset of the corona virus we have therefore decided to publish this issue online now without waiting for the printed edition.

With the closure of churches it is strange to be celebrating Mass and singing the Office each day in our empty Abbey Church but we are getting daily Emails from people who are appreciating the opportunity to listen to our Mass and Office through the live streaming accessible from our website. On Sunday, 15th March, about a hundred tuned in; a week later, there were over a thousand. Let us know if you have any difficulty accessing this.

Although the school went home eight days early our teachers have been working to keep the students supplied with work online.

We moved from Bolton House and have now been back in our refurbished monastery for some months, made possible by the generous contributions of so many of you, whose names are recorded on a wooden plaque in the Narthex of the Abbey Church. Until this week, this has meant that, once again, visitors were able to join us for the Divine Office in choir. This, in turn, has meant that the numbers of those coming on retreat were increasing because joining us in choir for the Office is one of the most valued aspects of their stay here. And the Live Streaming of the Mass and Office is once more working properly. Even before the virus, we were continually hearing of people all over the world who tune in, whether occasionally or every day, to join us in our worship of God that is the main work of monks. Now, in June, people are joining us online for Home Prayer each weekday morning and for Home retreats on Saturday mornings

We continue to reach out to survivors of abuse perpetrated in the past by members of our community. Abbot Cuthbert's return is still awaited but we are blessed with the presence of two Novices .

Meanwhile, the legal separation of the School from the Monastery has been completed. Four monks are teaching in the school and each House has a monk as Chaplain.

From time to time the Housemasters and Housemistresses and other staff members have Retreat Days. Senior members of staff take part in a course in Benedictine Leadership.

In this issue Annabel Brown, a member of the Ampleforth Lourdes Pilgrimage since she was a girl at New Hall, writes about her experience of becoming Housemistress in St Aidan's House.

Two monastic works are reviewed in this issue: the Ampleforth Gradual in English and the New Testament of the New Revised Jerusalem Bible, Fr Henry's second reworking of the Jerusalem Bible. Adrian Havelock's account of military peace keeping in Cyprus is complemented by an article by Professor Paul Rogers (a contemporary of the Editor in the Imperial College Catholic Society over fifty years ago) on peace and security. Richard Davey writes on helping to keep to the straight and narrow and Fr Henry writes on his experience as a member of ARCIC III. The Editor welcomes suggestions for future content.

# THE AMPLEFORTH COMMUNITY

THE COMMUNITY AND THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES AS FROM OCTOBER 2019

## Responsibilities

Rt Rev Cuthbert Madden	Abbot
VR Fr Gabriel Everitt	Prior Administrator
VR Fr George Corrie	Sub-Prior
Fr Christopher Gorst (O65)	Novice Master
	Monastery Infirmary
	Hospitality
VR Fr Henry Wansbrough (W53)	Teaching
	Chaplain, St Oswald's
	Cathedral Prior of Durham
VR Fr Dominic Milroy (W50)	Cathedral Prior of Chester
VR Fr Leo Chamberlain (A58)	Cathedral Prior of Gloucester
VR Fr Mark Butlin (O49)	Alliance Inter-Monastères
	Cathedral Prior of Norwich
Fr Aidan Gilman (A45)	
Fr Adrian Convery (O49)	
Fr Michael Phillips (E52)	
Fr Edward Corbould (E51)	
Fr Anselm Cramer (O54)	Archivist
Fr Alban Crossley	Monastery Guestmaster
Fr Stephen Wright (T56)	
Fr Jonathan Cotton (H60)	Parish Priest, Leyland
Fr Felix Stephens (H61)	
Fr Matthew Burns (W58)	Priest in Charge, Gilling East
Fr Edgar Miller (O61)	Priest in Charge, Oswaldkirk
Fr Richard ffield (A59)	Chaplain, St Cuthbert's,
	Editor, Ampleforth Journal
Fr Alexander McCabe	Teaching
	Chaplain, St Thomas's
Fr Peter James (H69)	
Fr Cyprian Smith	
Fr Terence Richardson (J72)	
Fr Antony Hain	
Fr Hugh Lewis-Vivas	School Guestmaster
	Chaplain, St Hugh's
	Secretary, Ampleforth Society
Fr Bede Leach	Parish Priest, Ampleforth
	Hospitality



Fr Jeremy Sierla	Chaplain, Colwich Abbey
Fr Bernard McNulty	Leyland
Fr James Callaghan	Teaching
	Parish Priest, St John's Easingwold
	Leyland
Fr Paul Browne	
Fr Andrew McCaffrey	
Fr William Wright (A82)	Parish Priest, Knaresborough
Fr Raphael Jones	Parish Priest, Brindle
Fr Kentigern Hagan	Parish Priest, Kirkbymoorside
	Abbey Sacristan
	Visitor Centre Warden
Fr Cassian Dickie	Assistant Priest, Parbold
	Parish Priest, Lostock Hall
Fr Xavier Ho	
Fr Luke Beckett	
Fr Oswald McBride	Vocations Director
	Superior, St Benet's Hall
Fr Chad Boulton	Head of Chaplaincy; Chaplain, St Aidan's
VR Fr Colin Battell	Assistant Priest, St Benedict's Bamber Bridge
Fr Kieran Monahan	
Fr John Fairhurst	Master of Ceremonies
	Chaplain, SMA Gilling
	Head of Religious Studies, SMA Gilling
Fr Wulstan Peterburs	
Fr Philip Rozario	Chaplain, St John's
	Assistant Novice Master
	Master of Oblates
Fr Columba Moujing	Monastery Infirmary
	Hospitality
Fr Cedd Mannion	Choirmaster
	Teaching; Chaplain, St Dunstan's
Fr Ambrose Henley	Teaching; Chaplain, St John's
Fr Kevin Hayden	Dean of Hospitality
	Chaplain, St Bede's
Br Joseph Benedict Donleavy	

## MONASTERY OF CHRIST THE WORD ZIMBABWE

MONKS OF AMPLEFORTH

VR Fr Robert Igo	Prior
Fr Barnabas Pham	Novice Master and Bursar
Br Placid Mavura	Guestmaster

# THE AIMS OF ARCIC III

FR HENRY WANSBROUGH OSB

We can now look back with amazement on the extraordinary fact that until recently the Roman Catholic Church was perfectly content to interpret the prayers of Jesus, particularly at the Last Supper, for the unity of the Church he was founding as sufficiently fulfilled. 'The Church' was the Roman Catholic Church consisting of Bishops and priests (oh yes, and laity too) in union with the Bishop of Rome. Others calling themselves Christians were simply disregarded. We were perfectly happy in 1896 to dismiss Anglican Orders as 'absolutely null and utterly void', and leave it at that. There were two glimmers of light, the Malines Conversations hosted by Lord Halifax and Cardinal Mercier (1921-1927), and the annual Week of Prayer for Christian Unity initiated in 1935 by Abbé Paul Couturier. The silence was shattered by Pope John XXIII, with his wide experience of non-Catholic Christianity, when he instituted the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity. The invitations sent out to non-Catholic churchmen to attend the Council of Vatican II, and the influence of these observers at the Council introduced a new era. They were perhaps the primary single expression of the whole new mood of the Church. The next significant step was the 1966 meeting of Archbishop Michael Ramsey and Pope Paul VI, which led to the establishment of the Anglican Roman Catholic International Commission. The aim of this Commission was stated as 'the restoration of complete communion in faith and sacramental life, and visible unity and full ecclesial communion'. In the half-century of its existence has the Commission made significant progress, and is that stated goal still a reasonable objective? Some critics would go so far as to say that if agreement cannot be reached in half-a-century of discussions, the game is not worth playing.

ARCIC I and II were devoted chiefly to discussion of important theological topics on which the two Churches appeared to differ. A series of statements was issued which expressed substantial, not total, agreement between the participants in the discussions. The first set of agreed statements (issued by ARCIC I in 1971-1981) was on Eucharistic Doctrine, Ministry and Ordination and Authority in the Church. It may well be asked how, after the declaration of 1896, there could be agreement about Ordination. A partial answer is that all the statements concentrated on areas where there was agreement and left aside areas when there was not. The agreement was unexpectedly widespread, and the theology unexpectedly inspiring. The statements have been widely used in teaching Catholic theology. ARCIC II followed up with statements on other related topics where different attitudes and practices appeared, such as Christ's work of salvation, devotion to Mary and the saints, and further reflections on authority in the Church.

The process of ARCIC II came to an end in 2005. It may be more accurate to say that



it was interrupted by the decision of the Anglican (Episcopalian) Church of the USA to ordain a practising gay man to the episcopate and to bless same-sex marriages. It was therefore fascinating for me to be invited in 2011 to join the renewed talks of ARCIC III. Both parties being not only international but intercontinental, we met each year for a week successively in Bose (Italy), Hong Kong, Rio de Janeiro, Durban, Rome, Toronto and finally, in the year of the fourth centenary of the Reformation, at Luther's own university-city of Erfurt. The participants also had a good deal of theological 'prep' to do in the course of the year.

The most important feature, though slightly daunting for a newcomer, was that there were enough members of previous discussions to ensure that I was stepping into an atmosphere of ready friendship and trust. Each side included one member who had been in the discussions since the start. There was also a real sense that a new stage was beginning. The friendships and agreements between the parties involved had reached the stage when it was possible for both parties to show our own wounds. No longer was it felt necessary to put out the best cups-and-saucers for Aunt Mabel coming to tea, while hiding the chipped mugs. The result was highly positive. The phrase coined was 'receptive ecumenism'. Not even 'What were the differences between us?', but 'What can we positively learn from each other to improve our own structures?'

In ARCIC III two topics were to be discussed, ecclesial structure and morality. I mention the second only briefly, since the discussion has barely begun. On questions of morality, how is it that agreement about principles can issue in such diversity of decisions, particularly on sexual and family morality? We agree on the sacredness of human life and on the importance of the family as the basic unit of society. How is it, then, that we disagree so frequently and so fundamentally about divorce and remarriage, about homosexuality, about abortion? One Roman Catholic participant held that Catholic moral theology since the Counter-Reformation had been dominated by confessional practice, whereas Anglicans had the benefit of the tradition of moral theology stemming from Richard Hooker. This part of the discussion is, however, still on-going.

The summary of the discussions on the first topic is entitled *Walking together on the Way*, with the significant subtitle, *Learning to be the Church, local, regional, universal*. Each of the three working chapters first summarises the current structures and practices of government at each of the three progressively widening levels (local, regional, universal). It then points out tensions and difficulties in these structures, finally suggesting ways in which each community might learn from the other. Perhaps the most significant factor is that ecclesial government is viewed not as a way of dominating but as a way of serving and especially of preserving unity. From an early stage this topic took on quite a special hue. Instead of discussion

of such matters as jurisdiction and the limits and exercise of authority, the Greek concept of *koinonia*, ‘common life’, ‘sharing’, community’ or ‘communion’ has been basic to the discussion. This leads in a quite different direction: it is a biblical concept which flips discussion straight back into the first community of disciples at Jerusalem in the Acts of the Apostles. On several occasions Luke, the author of Acts, gives little summaries of their *koinonia* together and the way they lived out this *koinonia* in love and harmony, shared prayer and common ownership. So, instead of authorities in the Church laying down the law – an approach inherited from the ancient Roman legal mentality – leadership in the Church is discussed under the heading of ‘instruments of communion’, ways in which community can be expressed, preserved and enlarged. Accordingly, the first topic of ARCIC III was on the instruments of communion in each *ekklesia*.

Since Vatican II (and footnote 19 wisely attributes this to the influence of Newman and Yves Congar) the consciousness has grown again that every member of the Church has the dignity of sharing in the *tria munera Christi* as prophet, priest and king (#83). In a steadily respectful and delicate way the application of this is examined in parallel columns at the three levels of local parish, regional or episcopal level and universal level. The overwhelming impression given is that here are two communities which have historically and regionally undergone different developments, but are striving for the same fidelity to a shared vision and are now willing to look at themselves honestly and learn from the other without compromising their own identity.

At the local level the Anglican practice is to give more part to the laity in appointments and governance than do Roman Catholics, who still have less confidence in the discernment and *sensus fidei* of the laity. For instance, among Catholics the laity have little or no say in the appointment of their pastors (#100). Catholics still have room to learn from Anglican practices, though there have been enormous advances since Vatican II, especially in the ministry of the laity in liturgy, education and governance. At the local level the laity now take far more part in the *koinonia* of the parish; at the regional level episcopal conferences work in *koinonia*. At the universal level recent encyclicals (especially *Evangelii Gaudium* and *Laudato Si'*) and visits show that the Pope is listening to episcopal conferences and others. There is, however, a need to incorporate this listening more firmly into the formal structure of the Roman Catholic Church. Hence the principal ways in which Roman Catholics could learn from Anglicans are given as ‘open and frank debate’ at all levels, the inclusion of the laity in decision-making and a deliberative rather than consultative role for episcopal conferences.

At the regional level the same instincts hold in each body; each of the partners has a regional structure of episcopal conferences. There is, however, a major formal

distinction, in that the Roman Catholic instinct is to avoid any idea of national Churches, so that provincial Synods have only deliberative not consultative force (#129). Contrastingly, the Anglican structure is formally a federation of independent Churches, each with its Primate, who has a slightly different position in each. This may lead to the awkward position that one Anglican province may be in full communion with another Church (e.g. Lutheran) with which others are not in communion. In the course of the discussions the question arose whether the link between different Anglican provinces was comparable to the relationship of the Roman Catholic Church to the Catholic Uniate Churches such as Ukrainian, Maronite and other eastern Churches, which have their own Canon Law. I was mandated by the Anglican Chairman to lead a week's conference in Jerusalem on the question whether this was a possible model for relationship between Anglican and Roman Churches. A striking example of such a new relationship was given recently when Pope Francis and Archbishop Justin jointly commissioned 19 pairs of bishops to spread the gospel in their areas. On another occasion Pope Francis thrust his crozier to the Anglican Archbishop Moxon standing beside him, saying, 'You give the blessing this time.' These two incidents suggest the situation of two major Churches, each with its major Archbishop, working together in harmony. Is this what the two leaders were intending to express?

The longest part of the report examines the differences in the instruments of communion at the universal or worldwide level. In a worldwide organisation there are perhaps bound to be tensions between centre and periphery on individual issues. On one occasion I outlined to the then Anglican Dean of Liverpool (a certain Justin Welby) the difficulties I had experienced from Roman officialdom as executive secretary of the International Commission, set up by the Vatican itself, in search of a single translation of the Bible for the liturgy of the English-speaking world. The Dean commented, 'Lambeth is far, far worse.'

In the Anglican Communion there are four worldwide instruments of communion: the Lambeth Conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Anglican Consultative Council and the Primates' Meeting. None of these has power of enforcement, though they carry 'considerable moral authority', and the Archbishop of Canterbury is 'the visible sign of the unity' of the Communion. Similarly, in Roman Catholic thinking 'the Petrine ministry is a service that promotes unity, not a form of domination'. It is, however, much more than a mere 'sign' of unity. In promotion of this ministry the Bishop of Rome is able 'under strictly limited conditions' to make a definition that a particular doctrine belongs to the faith of the Church. The importance of this papal ministry of communion is underlined by the practical consideration that, now that there are more than 5,000 Catholic Bishops and no common language, a genuinely ecumenical council may never again be a possibility to hold genuine discussions and make decisions (#138).

The report approaches its conclusion with a reflection that ‘many Anglicans appreciate the commitment to unity within the Roman Catholic Church’ (#145), and the ‘deep ethos of unity woven into Roman Catholic life’. This contrasts with the Anglican tension, that provinces ‘may feel conscientiously obliged to depart from’ recommendations of the Lambeth Conference. It is also a source of fragmentation and disunity among Anglicans that an individual or group of individuals may find it impossible to accept the oversight of a particular diocesan bishop, and yet remains within the Anglican communion. The Roman Catholic attitude to unity within the Church may perhaps be illustrated by three cases which illustrate this overriding ‘ethos of unity’. When the doctrine of papal infallibility was declared in 1870 there had been considerable opposition to it. When it came to the vote some 60 bishops withdrew on the excuse of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. They finally accepted the declaration, as did the two who actually voted against it. There was still a group who refused to accept it; they (mostly from the Netherlands) left the Church and became the ‘Old Catholics’. At the same time the Greek Catholic bishops refused their adherence till a phrase was added recognising their privileges and their relative independence. So in that case it was unity which triumphed. Another case, closer in time, is the disagreement by a strong body of German bishops about the admission of divorced persons to communion. I think that any Catholic assumes that somehow agreement will be reached – again the instinct for unity. A third, more complicated, case was the interpretation of *Humanae Vitae* (1967) on the morality of artificial contraception. There was some vigorous discussion about this among the Roman Catholic members of ARCIC, how much liberty of conscience could be said to be still possible within the limits of unity. The same liberty of conscience was not felt to apply to a related topic, abortion.

In the concluding section the Anglican column of the report suggests ways in which this instinct for unity might be developed within the Anglican Communion, such as a common Eucharistic prayer, a common catechism and the development of shared canons. Finally, there is a need for stronger recognition of the presence of the Spirit in other Churches, and the realisation that ‘we are pilgrims together walking on the way of penitence and renewal towards full communion.’

If I may add my personal reflections, I would ask some questions, principally what sort of unity we are seeking to achieve. What degree of unity is necessary for us to express that unity in Eucharistic communion? The aim of ARCIC was said to be ‘complete communion in faith and sacramental life, and visible unity and full ecclesial communion’. I do not see that this goal is at present achievable. The progress made in friendship and community is immense: there is a strong but not complete *koinonia* between us. We no longer try to score points off one another, for we are on the same side, especially in contrast to the widely-trumpeted decline in overt Christian faith and practice. We can discuss theology together without rancour

and our disagreements are often less fierce than those with our fellow-Catholics. We can pray together with sincerity. We can deeply respect each other's leaders. We can reverence each other's Eucharistic liturgies and hold that Christ is present in them.

It seems to me that there are two intractable issues, the first of which is perhaps less intractable than the second. This first is the infallibility issue. Without in any way seeking to renege on this teaching we must remember that this declaration was made at a time when the Papacy was recovering from the loss of the papal states and so endeavouring to define its role in a new way. After many centuries as a secular as well as a religious ruler, Vatican I was seeking to define a new role for the Pope as a purely religious leader; this could account for the assertiveness of the declaration. In the decades since Vatican II the ministry of the Bishop of Rome as a Christian world leader and advocate of Christian values has become increasingly important, whether in the 1988 Day of Prayer for Peace at Assisi, the unravelling of the Communist domination by Pope John Paul II, the Westminster Hall speech of Pope Benedict, the responses of Pope Francis to the refugee-crisis or his leadership in the global issues of stewardship. The papal role as a leader of Christianity has become ever more important and far wider than a mere dictation of conclusions about doctrine. This potentially divisive element in the Petrine ministry of communion need no longer be seen as threatening.

No Roman Catholic could deny the doctrine of papal infallibility, but, with time and the continuing exercise of the Petrine office as an instrument of communion in other ways, it may come to be seen as not the most important nor the most operative of the elements of that ministry. A further issue is that some Anglicans are willing to accept the teaching of the one occasion when infallibility has been invoked (the Assumption), but do not see this as sufficiently central to Christian understanding of the position of Christ and his Mother to be a Church-dividing issue. Here there is perhaps room for development, but Anglicans remain uneasy that in the last analysis the Petrine ministry of koinonia includes the charism of deciding which issues are Church-dividing and which not. This leads on directly to the more intractable issue, the issue of diminished communion within the Anglican federation of Churches. How representative of the range of Anglican belief have the opinions expressed in ARCIC been? At the meetings of ARCIC Roman Catholics and Anglicans participate in each other's Eucharists, but do not receive Communion from each other. This is a painful acknowledgement of continuing disunity. At the meetings of ARCIC there is a sense of very widespread agreement. There is, I think, agreement about the three fundamental beliefs about the Eucharist (that Christ is truly present in the Bread and Wine, that this is not a mere symbol but an effective sign in which the participants commit themselves to Christ and receive from him the graces of his Passion and Resurrection). But there is also an awareness that this belief is not shared by all Anglicans. The acceptability of a variety of

beliefs and interpretations is built into Anglican consciousness. It is an essential part of Anglican ecclesiology that there can be communion despite considerable differences of belief and practice. The range of differences acceptable within Roman Catholicism is much narrower. Catholics can and do differ about the explanation of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Some reject on philosophical grounds the explanation called 'transubstantiation'; some would argue that Luther's view of consubstantiation can be understood in an orthodox sense. By contrast, to say that the Eucharist is a mere sign or 'remembrance' of Christ's sacrifice, or that Christ is received merely at reception of the sacrament (Receptionism) would not put an Anglican believer outside communion as it would a Roman Catholic. How far do the Agreed Statements echo the lived Anglican faith?

The question to be raised, therefore, is what constitutes unity? How much unity do we seek? Has there been any development of thought on this? Has the aim been modified through our lived experience of working together and learning from each other? Obviously there are degrees of unity. At the foundation of the World Council of Churches in 1946 the question of qualification for membership was of course raised. What constitutes a Christian? Was it sufficient to believe that Christ is our Saviour, or was it necessary to believe that Christ is God?

To look further back, at the split between East and West in 1054 one of the chief issues was whether it was legitimate to use leavened bread for the Eucharist; this would surely not be considered a Church-dividing issue today. The Orthodox Churches of the East do not admit Western Catholics to Communion, though in exceptional circumstances the Catholic Church accepts Orthodox believers to Communion. How much unity is required for the expression of unity in Eucharistic Communion? There is a certain divergence of belief and practice that is still not Church-dividing. To quote only two examples, there is a difference between East and West over the Assumption, whether Mary died before being assumed into heaven or not; this is probably not Church-dividing. A moral difference exists between Catholics in States of the USA which permit the death penalty and those which do not; this does not prevent them receiving Communion together.

In the modern situation of beleaguered Christians should theory follow practice? It is becoming increasingly normal in such circumstances as Prison or Hospital Chaplaincies that ministers, ordained, commissioned or not, care for and minister to Christians of various denominations, building on and building up their particular faith. Is it only in the sacrament of unity that disunity still needs to be expressed?



# WORKING WITHIN THE UNITED NATIONS CIVIL AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT CYPRUS

MAJ A J HAVELOCK (T99)

OFFICER COMMANDING RIGHT FLANK, SCOTS GUARDS

As soldiers we know how to march, shoot and go right flanking. So, when I was told ‘You’re off on a UN tour called Op TOSCA (Cyprus) and as Officer Commanding you are going to be working in the Civil and Military Cooperation department’ I had absolutely no idea what to expect. The first puzzling question was Cyprus. Why Cyprus? It’s a holiday destination. The United Kingdom has three military bases out there, so why are the UN there? A quick ‘Google’ and you begin to unearth that Cyprus is a ‘nutty’ problem commonly referred to as the ‘Cyprus Problem’. According to the UN there are still two long standing unfinished wars, both halted only temporarily by a ceasefire or armistice. One is Korea; the other is Cyprus. The Greek-Turkish war on Cyprus of July and August 1974 remains a legally unresolved international conflict. It was only a UN sponsored ceasefire that officially ended the fighting. This has been the situation for the past 45 years.

A well-armed Corps of around 30,000 Turks still garrisons the North. In many ways, the fighting on Cyprus of summer 1974 has become a forgotten war, except to its victims: over 1000 bodies have still not been found. The outcome of the war was that the Turks won because they had overwhelming superiority both on land and, crucially, in the air. Although nearly twenty aircraft were lost to anti-aircraft fire and crashes, the air superiority meant that many Greek units were bombed and strafed before they got to the fighting. The elite formations on both sides fought hard. Turkish generalship was slow but remorseless. UN observers – and some Turkish commanders - were astonished at the heavy casualties’ Turkish units were prepared to take. On the Greek side coordination was poor among their widely dispersed units and even when defensive blocks were established, morale among some of the scattered Greek units was a factor. Although some units fought bravely, particularly the artillery which was well handled, at the end many Greek reservist units deserted en masse.

The price of the battle for Cyprus was high. Both sides were undoubtedly guilty of some atrocities. Turks always refer to the invasion as the ‘intervention’, and certainly that would be a fair legal description of the first phase of the fighting. But the armoured breakout of phase two and the decisive Turkish advance that sliced the island in half was much more than that. It wasn’t an invasion by then: it was pure blitzkrieg. The Greek point of view is that they were simply invaded. Greek Cypriots routinely demand the return of their grandfathers’ homes and property

in the North and have kept up a clever round of “lawfare” over the years in an attempt to keep their grievances on the front page and sue to get their property back. But many Turkish Cypriots lost their homes and farms in the South too. Asked why they don’t reciprocate and demand their property back or compensation, old men shrug and say that since the Turkish army arrived they and their families feel secure. A weary acceptance of this peaceful status quo seems to have settled over the divided island, now split in two for four decades, as the UN struggles with the talks to reunite the parties. For the Greek side a kind of Enosis has been achieved through the Republic’s membership of the European Union; for the Turks, ‘Taksim’ i.e. partition, is a fait accompli on the ground, even if their tiny republic remains unrecognised by the international community. The island has been torn in half – in every sense – by war.

So, what was the role of the Civil Affairs department and how could the Scots Guards Civil Affairs team make a difference? The role of the department is unique within the UN Mission and in my opinion it was by far the most interesting. Civil Affairs’ mission was to manage civil activity within the UN Buffer Zone with an aim that through ‘activity’ occurring as it used to (pre-1974) in and out of the ‘Buffer Zone’ that stretches across the island, relationships would be formed, barriers would be broken and eventually the ‘Buffer Zone’ would become ‘normalised’. Normalisation, as it was referred to, sought through farming, construction, music, art, sport and charity work to bring the Greeks and the Turks together. The strategic aim of these efforts was to apply pressure on both governments to agree on peace through the will of the people. Most of our work involved interacting with farmers to discuss farming safely and lawfully in the ‘Buffer Zone’ but also contractors who needed to work on or repair infrastructure. Our most ‘interesting’ job was to monitor the professional standards of pig farmers, who would dump dead animals illegally or allow their slurry pits to leak into a local river network.

The most enjoyable task by far was acting as ‘event managers’ for both the Greek and Turkish communities. Daily, within our barracks (situated in the UN Buffer Zone) Greek and Turkish communities would come together for music, prayer, art or sport in our barracks as it was in neutral ground. The Scots Guards would co-ordinate and control their events. This included tasks such as safety, logistics and sometimes giving consultancy advice. Working within the community is certainly what made the operational tour so enjoyable. Both communities, though scared by war, were warm, friendly and engaging. The highlight in this work strand was that the team planned and executed a musical concert “Music from the Movies”, which 400 people from both communities attended. The night saw the Scots Guards Regimental Band, the 1st Bn Scots Guards Pipes and Drums and the Cyprus Chamber Bi-Communal Orchestra (an orchestra comprising both Greek and Turkish musicians) come together to play in a large ensemble of 70 musicians. The event was a huge success

and the British High Commissioner for Cyprus stated it was a true demonstration of how the Armed Forces can have such a huge strategic effect through 'soft power'. The evening opened doors for the first time within both communities.

So, what did we learn from this experience?

Firstly, working with the United Nations can be frustrating. They are not an agile organisation. They are often slow to make decisions or don't make decisions at all. Decision making in the Army is something we pride ourselves in and something happens: whether right or wrong, at least progress is made. With the UN though we learnt that decision making especially in Peacekeeping can have a negative effect on one side or the other and thus sometimes 'doing nothing' was often the UN way of doing the right thing. By doing this it remained impartial. One could argue that this approach was not really a means to reaching an end state and I would argue that this is exactly why the Cyprus problem has yet to be resolved. Secondly, we learnt that being military we had to adapt our style and approach when engaging with our civil counterparts. This tour was a tour of words, diplomacy and negotiation. Those are three things a soldier is not taught or is not particularly good at. Our words are bullets and the diplomacy is often done at much higher levels. Where we have had good practice especially in Afghanistan was in our low-level negotiation skills. So we had to learn fast: we had to learn the politics and we had to learn how we could support our UN civilian co-workers to best effect. We quickly learnt that the UN civil servants needed to be at the tip of the spear and that they needed to be the face of the 'issue'. At the end of the day they were the continuity that would remain on the island when we rotated out. This approach is not surprising but what is clear from Op TOSCA is that the Military and to some degree the Police have been the biggest players in the decision making on the island since the ceasefire and that our turn needed to end. The Military role should be one of security and thereafter to support to the UN civil servants who have the words, diplomacy but most importantly the training and ability to aid political reform. The lesson was simple, for far too long the Military have thought of themselves as the 'lead' and this had not worked, change was needed.

Lastly, it was clear by the end of the Scots Guards tour that the country is reaching a tipping point. 45 years has only seen small steps to a lasting settlement. Two great achievements have been made to date. Firstly, the establishment of crossing points over the 'Buffer Zone' allowing the populations on both sides to move (with appropriate permissions) from one side to the other. The country has now established nine crossings across the divide with two opening during the Scots Guards rotation. The opening of the borders is greatly assisting the populace in re-integrating towards this idea of 'Normalisation'. The second has been the UN attempts in 2004 with the Annan Plan and then again in 2017 with the peace talks in Crans Montana

(Switzerland). On both occasions it was clear there is still the will of the people and those in government to find a solution. However, it is my belief following time in the Civil Affairs department that this is now highly unlikely. The presence of the UN has created an environment for peace talks yet this can only go so far. It is now down to both South and North Cyprus governments to take the next steps. The Crans Montana deal came close but it is now very much seen as the last straw. Additionally, the world has changed. Moscow and Ankara are probably the biggest stumbling blocks. Ankara refuses to budge on the removal of its security forces and Russia's interest are best served by the country remaining in a status quo due to its investments within the country. South Cyprus is also to blame; many think they walked away from the table in 2017 as it would have been highly likely that if a deal had been struck, the sitting government would have lost their seat at the next election. By the by, what was clear by the end of the tour was that to reach an absolute resolution both sides would need to free themselves of outside interests and thereafter marginalise internal dissenters. Given the fact that the North of Cyprus is a de facto Turkish puppet state following the 'intervention' and that after 45 years of stalemate it is now the home to more mainland Turks than Turkish Cypriots, it is highly unlikely Ankara will change its position. Until then it will remain a protracted and intractable dispute.

*Photo top right: United Nations Civil Affairs Department*

*Photo bottom right: The farmer 'face off'. A three day standoff between a Greek and Turkish farmer over land ownership. Scots Guards had to use their best negotiation skills to diffuse the situation.*





# PEACE AND SECURITY IN A FRACTURED WORLD

PAUL ROGERS

## An Era of Civil Unrest

Over the past nine months there have been frequent outbreaks of unrest across the world, often leading to repression and violence. Some are driven by specific issues, such as the drive for Catalan independence in Spain, a fear of encroaching Chinese political control in Hong Kong or stultifying political stagnation in Algeria, but a common feature of most is a strong sense of resentment and anger at economic marginalisation and dismal poor life prospects.

Three of the most persistent have been in Chile, Iraq and Lebanon but there have been many more examples including Ecuador, Bolivia, Ukraine, Albania, Egypt, India and Serbia. Corruption and maladministration have played a part but behind much of the unrest is a deep sense of injustice as it is all too obvious that relatively small powerful elites have been unaffected by the austerity of the past decade.

This sense of alienation has extended to the rise of populist politician providing easy answers, whether it is Le Pen in France, Orban in Hungary or Farage in the UK, all of whom are ready to blame migrants, the EU or some other factor for supposedly taking countries to breaking point. A common theme is also making a country great again, in which we can include Trump, Putin, Modi, Macron, Erdogan and Johnson. In extreme forms the perception of exclusion can provide copious fuel for highly dangerous cultish movements, including the neo-Maoist Naxals of India's "red corridor". The worst may be those such as al-Qaida and ISIS where motivation extends to eschatological dimensions. In that context there is now extensive evidence that the worrying increase in extreme Islamist movements across the Sahel region of the Sahara is closely linked to their ability to recruit young men who are looking for purpose and power in contrast to a lack of any kind of future.

## Revolts from the margins?

In the wake of 9/11 it was common to voice fear of a clash of civilisations between the liberal Christian West and radical Islam, but this is an absurd simplification if what is evolving is a series of revolts from the margins which will more likely extend to an age of insurgencies if not countered.

Underlying the surge in unrest are two factors. One is a global demographic of over 40% of the population under the age of 24 yet far more educated and knowledgeable



about their own circumstances and life prospects than young people fifty years ago. Across Asia and Latin America 25% are under the age of fourteen and the average for Africa is 41%. Little can be done about that in the short term, but the second factor can and must demand an immediate response.

This is the failure of the neoliberal economic model that came in so strongly in the 1980s and was greatly boosted by the collapse of the rigid centrally planned era of the Soviet alternative after 1989. Neoliberalism typically seeks deregulated markets that will boost competitive shareholder capitalism as the pre-eminent driver of growth. It necessitates privatisation of state assets, free movement of goods and services, control of labour and an emphasis on tax regimes that encourage wealth acquisition. While there will inevitably be many losers the belief is that there will be enough of a “trickle down” to avoid strife.

The main transformation was initially in the United States under Reagan and the UK under Thatcher, but it extended strongly across the Global South and also Eastern Europe and had a considerable degree of influence across most of the world. It is characterised by a near religious faith in the free market as the one true driver of growth, with the oft-repeated mantra that “there is no alternative”.

Neo-liberalism appeared to succeed in the early years and even survived the Asian downturn in the late 1990s and the near-global financial crisis of 2007-8, but now shows signs of coming apart, especially as it has produced concentrations of wealth in a few hands that can only be described as obscene. In 2018 the wealth of the richest thousand in the UK increased by £66 billion, or an average of £66 million per person in a single year. The average pay of FTSE100 CEOs last year was £3.9 million, 113 times the average UK wage, and similar figures can be given for many countries in a global context of deepening inequalities.

Furthermore, this is the latest phase that is part of a decades-long change. Levels of inequality in western states were especially high in the first decade of the 20th century but over the next seventy years there was a marked change towards a rather more equitable distribution of wealth. From 1980 onwards that was progressively reversed in many countries, leaving us with the rising inequality of the past forty years.

## A Triple Paradigm Crisis - Economy, Environment and Security

Even so, there is deep resistance on the part of elites to even modest reforms of the system leaving the global economic paradigm in crisis, but this is only part of a wider predicament since two other dominant paradigms are also in deep trouble.

One is the belief that the impact of economic growth on the planet as a whole can be sustained and that the “Limits to Growth” debate of the 1970s was unduly pessimistic. This is proving to be fundamentally wrong in that the encroaching climate crisis is a clear demonstration that global ecosystem homeostasis cannot handle the anthropogenic pressures now being forced on it.

The security implications of climate breakdown are grim, with a huge increase in migratory pressures into Europe and North America, a greatly increased risk of failing states and the likely rise of radical and violent movements in response. If the recent experience of protests across so many cities is a matter of concern, that is but a pale shadow of what would be to come.

The problem is that preventing what will surely be catastrophic climate breakdown requires radical decarbonisation over the next decade and a transition to an environmentally sustainable economic model that is the antithesis of neoliberalism. On its own, an entrenched liberal market system will not respond to future threats because of the essential requirement in the system for short-term shareholder gain. Added to this, preventing climate breakdown requires more state action, not less, as well as unusually high levels of intergovernmental cooperation. This is anathema to the dedicated believers in the neoliberal economic approach and is yet one more reason why the system is lamentably unfit for purpose.

Beyond this is the third issue, the evolution of an international security paradigm rooted in maintaining the status quo rather than addressing underlying causes of current and future conflict. In one sense it is remarkable that this obsolete culture should persist, the last eighteen years of the failed war on terror being obvious proof of its inadequacy. The termination of the Taliban regime and dispersal of al-Qaida in 2001 led to a never-ending war in Afghanistan, the termination of the Saddam Hussain regime in 2003 has left a deeply traumatised and unstable country and the killing of Gaddafi in Libya in 2011 produced yet another failed state with an impact across much of Africa and southern Europe either through facilitating illegal migration or cascading armaments to areas in conflict.

In another sense this should cause little surprise. In his farewell address in 1961 Eisenhower warned of the growing power of a military-industrial complex. As he put it:

“In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist.”

Nearly sixty years later it is better described as a military-industrial-academic-bureaucratic complex in which industrial consolidation, high profitability, a lucrative arms trade dominated by just three corporations and a revolving door between corporations and senior military and civil servants all serve to produce a self-sustaining system. Furthermore, the complex sustains a persistently cosy relationship between defence interests, think tanks, private military and security companies and university-based research, all in a culture of hegemonic masculinity and western ethnocentrism. Not only does it benefit directly from conflict and the threat of conflict but it prioritises military responses to perceived threats, the war on terror being a powerful example. Moreover, it is very largely closed to independent external analysis and all too ready to fall back on patriotism and even the risk of appeasement in response to perceived criticism.

## A Glowering Planet or the Possibilities of Hope

Forty-five years ago, the economic geographer and one-time parliamentarian, Edwin Brooks, warned of the risk of a future global dystopia characterised by “a crowded glowering planet of massive inequalities of wealth buttressed by stark force yet endlessly threatened by desperate men in the global ghettos.” That rings even more true now than then, yet there are also signs of hope that such a dystopic future can be avoided.

The clearest change is in relation to climate breakdown where a combination of recent scientific evidence and a quite remarkable and sudden increase in public concern both make it more possible that radical action might be taken. Furthermore, the past decade has seen many welcome technological developments especially in the exploitation of renewable energy resources such as solar and wind. Some of these, such as offshore wind power, are already below grid parity for price compared with fossil fuels, even if transnational energy corporations remain resistant to change. Despite this the technical transformation makes it far more feasible to envisage rapid decarbonisation than even a few years ago.

On the economic front neoliberalism remains entrenched with vigorous resistance from wealthy elites to any talk of change, yet it is already fraying round the edges. The idea that “there is no alternative” is now openly challenged as little more than an ideological fixation, concern at the serious levels of inequality extends well beyond dedicated campaigners and within economic thinking there are signs of change, including serious interest in the idea of the circular economy as a sustainable entity.

It is on the issue of security that there remains all too little change, the emphasis remaining on “liddism” – maintaining security without seriously addressing the underlying causes, akin to keeping the lid on a boiling pot. Even here, though,

there is some change as some military think tanks raise the issue of the security implications of climate breakdown, marginalisation and mass migration. Perhaps one of the core changes in behaviour will be when senior military accept that an essential ethical function of their behaviour must be speaking truth to political power and argue forcefully that the defence of the realm and the need for a more peaceful and stable world will not be possible unless radical environmental and economic change is embraced in the next decade.

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# MY AMPLEFORTH CONNECTION

ANNABEL BROWN HOUSEMISTRESS OF ST AIDAN'S HOUSE

Ampleforth has a long said that it gives people a compass for life and it is true, that so many people, young and old feel a magnetic pull to this extraordinary Yorkshire valley. When I was appointed as Housemistress of St Aidan's, to start in January 2019, Ampleforth had already been somewhat of a compass for me for over 20 years and so moving in felt rather like coming home.

My connection with Ampleforth stems from my school days at New Hall in Essex. My Headmistress, Sr Margaret-Mary was well connected with the then Head of Ampleforth, Fr Leo Chamberlain, who invited her to bring girls on the annual Lourdes pilgrimage for the first time in 1996. Happily, the trip was deemed a success and the following year, I was one of 12 members of the Sixth Form who nervously made their way to the airport to make the journey to Lourdes.

To say that the experience was life-changing is probably too glib a statement, but it is certain that I wouldn't be where I am today had I not encountered the very spirit of Ampleforth at work during that week.

Under the Directorship of Fr Richard ffield, and as a proud member of Group 1, I threw myself into the work of the week, pushing myself firmly out of my comfort zone when helping with personal care of the assisted pilgrims for the first time. I learnt a huge amount by following the example of the experienced helpers who served with such care and attentiveness and I found the whole experience deeply moving. I got to know the Assisted Pilgrims. This was a new experience and it taught me a great deal about humility and dignity. Not something that often resonates with a 16-year-old.

I soon learnt that serving others was deeply rooted in the Ampleforth way. This was evident from the smallest action of pouring cups of water during services in the hot sun, to pushing wheelchairs up a long, steep hill without complaint to celebrate mass in the Cathedral of the Trees.

During the week, I got to know many Amplefordians. Current students, friends, OAs, and members of the Monastic Community. If my memory serves me correctly, this was also the first pilgrimage for the then Br Chad!

At the end of the week, as was tradition then, 'first-timers' were invited to make a commitment to the Ampleforth Lourdes Hospitalité. I recall with such clarity standing with my peers and reciting the Hospitalité prayer and I knew then that this would not be the end of my journey with Ampleforth.

I have returned to Lourdes on the Ampleforth Pilgrimage every year since then. Each year is different, and each year has brought with it a greater understanding of Benedictine values and traditions. Over the past 23 years, I have been fortunate to serve the pilgrimage in many ways; as a helper, as a group leader, as Deputy and then Chief Lady Handmaid, as Chaplain, Music Group Leader and Chaperone. In an unexpected way, each of these roles have helped to shape and prepare me for the role of Housemistress.

The move to Ampleforth was not something I had planned. I was working very happily as a Housemistress at Downe House in Berkshire when, one day, a flurry of activity on my phone alerted me to the fact that there was a Housemistress job at Ampleforth being advertised; had I heard? My initial dismissal was replaced by a persistent voice telling me to think again.

Arriving in the valley was like coming home. The place was familiar but new at the same time and the girls of St Aidan's greeted me with that same care and attentiveness that I had come to know so well in Lourdes. As I got to know the vast site and the long hallways, I started to recognise familiar names; parents and grandparents of friends on Honour's Boards but also their children and grandchildren in my house and in my classroom. It brought to light the huge net that Ampleforth casts out. This is not just a school, but a great family.

As I approach the end of my first year, it is clear that there are many things that make this place special: acceptance of the individual in a rich, diverse community; the role of service across the school; the outstanding pastoral care and the culture of learning. All of these are testament to the fact that we are a school of the Lord's service and that the Benedictine values are at the heart of our mission.

Fr Ambrose has summed this up rather better than I can. In an address to the school, he spoke about the principles on which St Benedict founded his community. He identified three tables around which our school community gather each day. The table of the altar, the table of the refectory and the table of study. These three tables, familiar to us all, characterise Benedictine life; all are welcome at the table and all are responsible for the welcome that each receives.



# BEING A MAGISTRATE WAS NOT FOR ME

RICHARD DAVEY (E66)

He walked in, tall, half-shaven head, red Mohawk in the centre of his scalp, Inserts in his ears and nose and who knows where else?

They had told me: “We thought you would be able to work with him as you had dealt with so many young men over the years in the Royal Navy”.

Well, yes and no.

Changes in life seem to come from all sorts of different directions. I had spent 30 years in the Royal Navy as a seaman and pilot; I had had training jobs, operational jobs, political jobs and most had been interesting and fun. Almost all had involved young people. Some had involved surprises such as briefing a 4 Star Russian General in Brussels about NATO and Russia’s relationships, only to find him arrested a few weeks later for selling some \$25m worth of weaponry on the black market. Others had involved interesting insights into politics when I had spent an hour briefing Mrs Thatcher about an aspect of Naval affairs a day after I had hosted President HW Bush on board, and, as she left with her team, I was cursed by Charles Powell – presumably for telling her the informed truth, a truth which directly led to a change in policy some three weeks later.

Later as a civilian I spent a further 11 years working in London on aspects of the nation’s security of maritime infrastructure but eventually I decided that the time was ripe for a complete change.

Retiring to Somerset where we had had our home for 40 years, I reapplied to be a magistrate, something I had successfully done when I had left the Navy but had been frustrated by the inability to combine it with working in London. While attending several courts during the second application period, I had been very struck by one tragic case which involved a 21-year-old man who had been in care all his life and was now on a catering course in Yeovil and who was accused of causing actual bodily harm to a policeman. The policeman had come visiting at two in the morning looking for a 14-year-old girl missing from a council home in the town. The girl had also been in care almost all her life. Sure enough the girl had been with the young man but the stories told by the policemen were simply not credible and nor did the two officers agree on what had happened. In court there were two of us in the public gallery, and the other one was a young girl who looked about 14.

When I asked if she was the girl concerned she looked very nervous, but I told her I was hoping to be a magistrate and that I would like to hear her story. She agreed to go to a very public place in the court building and we ended up talking for about 30 minutes. She was describing her life and said that she had a woman who came to see her every week. “I love that woman” and it turned out that she was a mentor from an organisation called Promise. In the final interview, I had quite a robust discussion with the Chair who took a somewhat different view to mine about punishing young people, which I found quite depressing.

I was selected to be a magistrate but not high enough up the list that year to be needed immediately – and that was probably the best thing that could have happened.

Thank heavens for Google. I found the details of Promise, applied to be a mentor, did the outstanding course and waited for the phone to ring. Much of the course was focused on attachment theory and so mentors are required to commit to a minimum of two years with their young person (YP) and the general expectation is that you will have some activity with the YP at least once a week. Every mentor has a supervisor who has frequent face to face meeting to iron out problems, give advice, reassurance and practical help – as you will see if you read on. There were few restraints but a particular one was that the YP could not be brought home until the relationship was well established and that it was deemed safe by the supervisor. This made very good sense although it seemed to me that it was a way to understand how divorced parents must suffer when they travel long distances to see a child in the care of the other parent but have no base to go to.

I had been waiting several weeks after the course, hoping to be matched to my YP and it was getting a bit frustrating. We had been told that the matching process could take some time as it was critical to the success of the enterprise. So there I was, walking high in the Alps near Chamonix with my wife when my phone went. I was told that they thought they had found me a match. He was 18, had been in care from the age of 13, and was just emerging from the chrysalis – a time of really high risk for vulnerable young people. That was when they had said: “We thought you would be able to work with him as you had dealt with so many young men over the years in the Royal Navy”.

Jamie, (not his real name), was almost alone in the world. His father had never been a presence in his life; his mother had had some very curious ideas about how to bring up a child which was why Jamie had eventually been taken into care. He had an older half-brother who lived on the continent and they saw each other occasionally and were quite close. Neither of his parents now had anything to do with him.

I was introduced to Jamie by my supervisor and I immediately felt that this would

work. He was quite unlike any sailor I had dealt with, but he was clearly intelligent, surprisingly motivated and had a good sense of humour. Like some sailors, he was also expecting his first child from a moment's excitement some eight months before. Jamie was in fact living with the girl's mother but was waiting to get social housing. The one thing that set him on fire was mixed martial arts and he was immensely keen to start training. Through the charity, I got funding and that started him off on something which he is still doing some 11 years later. The centre he goes to is run by an ex-convict, a really wonderful man, and many of the trainees are either in care, have been in care, in prison, or come from very difficult backgrounds and it seems that they find a strong sense of respect and trust, however tough the training and fighting may be. Perhaps it is the only place that some of them find that security and I found it very impressive to observe. When I took Jamie to a fight in a hotel in Guildford some many months later, my heart was in my mouth as I watched him fight his opponent. I don't think I have ever been a room where there was such intensity of testosterone, adrenaline and energy and it certainly educated me in a very different part of society! The young women were every bit as fired up as the men and all these young people were having the most wonderful time. I found it desperate until I knew that Jamie was OK at the end of his fight!

For every high there is a low. Jamie had no job, no real help, and little idea of what he wanted to do. He was allocated housing in a village some way from the employment centres of Yeovil, Taunton and Bridgwater. He had no transport, no money apart from benefits which were very limited indeed, but he did have courage. We talked at length about what he might do; the Jobcentre was hopeless as all they required was that he achieve certain targets each week so that he could get his benefits. We settled on lifeguarding at the local swimming pools and I took him swimming several times to make sure that he could achieve the minimum requirements for the course and then he got a place. It ran from Monday to Saturday. On the Monday I rang him just before the start of the course – and a very sleepy Jamie answered the phone. He was still in bed and had overslept. He was also 12 miles away from where the course was to be run. In 45 minutes, he was up, dressed and had arrived at the pool having ridden there on the bike which we had obtained for him through another charity. That was when I felt that Jamie would be OK. Together, whatever came his way, I knew I was dealing with a very strong young man. For the rest of the week I rang him every morning at 6.15am to make sure he was awake and, on the Saturday, I knew he had the final exam in the afternoon. We were driving down to Cornwall in the morning when my phone rang. It was Jamie and my immediate thought was that he had been failed before the exam. Not so. He was ringing to say that he had passed and that he wanted me to know before anyone else. This was after 16 months working with him and was the first time that I had any real feedback that I was getting through to him. On the Monday I went to see him and as he opened the door he also opened his arms and gave me a great hug – again the first time we

had had any physical contact. It was one of the best hugs of my life!

Of course, nothing is as simple as that. After contacting some 17 swimming pools, he got absolutely no response of any kind but he remained thrilled that for the first time in his life he had achieved a national qualification. It meant so much to him. As time went on, things got difficult. The life on benefits was really grim. I had done a quick spreadsheet with him one day and his income was about £42 a week while his expenditure was about £44 before he had anything to eat. His social housing was all electric and on a pre-pay meter. In the middle of a very cold spell in winter I asked him how much he had left and then went straight to the local shop and bought him £50 of credit. When we plugged it in, he had had about 17 pence left on his meter before he would have got to the meter's limit of £5 "overdraw". One day I was with him and he rather casually showed me a letter from the Benefits Agency telling him that he owed them £2000. I told him that he did not owe that money. His attitude was that, as he had been told that he owed it, he must owe it. I discovered he had three days left to appeal so I wrote a letter for him to sign and in due course we were summoned to the Benefits Office in Bridgwater where the head of the office saw us.

Of course, Jamie didn't owe a penny and there had been a big mistake made in the office. Although they treated him extremely well at the face-to-face interview, it remains a fact that without a mentor, Jamie would have been wrongly required to pay back £2,000 at £5 a week – so for some eight years. The vulnerability of care leavers was starkly demonstrated.

There were other crises. Although formally retired, I was working abroad when my phone went and I was told that Jamie was facing eviction the next week. Instead, the team member from Promise managed to get a hearing in front of a judge the next week and the eviction was delayed for a month and then, a month later, was cancelled completely.

One day he told me that had been sanctioned by the DWP for failing to attend a meeting at the Jobcentre. They had previously given him a list of meetings and the one he had missed was not on the list. Incredibly, apparently that was irrelevant as he should have known about it. He had appealed to no avail before he told me about it. We appealed again – also to no avail until we heard that he would be in front of an appeal tribunal some four months later. Meanwhile he lost significant amounts of money over a 13-week period making his fragile financial situation even worse. We never did discover how the tribunal had arisen. When we went to the hearing – on 20th January – the DWP didn't appear. The Judge said that this was normal and when Jamie produced the paper from the Jobcentre, the Judge immediately found in his favour. He then said something chilling: "Don't expect to

be paid any time soon. The DWP will do everything they can to avoid paying. It will take some months". Meanwhile, in the previous September, Jamie had been to see the local MP who wrote to the DWP. Nothing. Later he saw him again. The MP wrote to Ian Duncan Smith, the Secretary of State. Nothing. There was no reply or acknowledgement on either occasion, something the MP said was quite unusual. In March when Jamie had still not been paid, I then wrote to the Secretary of State. Nothing. Finally, in May, we launched an FoI request against the Department, asking for full details of Jamie's case, including the letters that had been received. When a department receives an FoI request, it has 40 days to respond. The fortieth day was a Sunday. On the Friday, Jamie's phone went and an anonymous person said the money would be in his account that day and then disconnected. There was no apology, no explanation, no manners. The money did arrive that day and Jamie rang me to tell me that the FoI was complete. I corrected him. They had not complied with the request at all. Eventually we received 500 pages (literally) of computer print out which had nothing to do with the FoI questions we had asked. Yet another letter to the DWP finally elicited an explanation of the chaos – and there had been no record of the MP's letters or of mine.

While all this was going on, the squeeze on the public finances was being steadily tightened. What this saga shows is the utter inhumanity of a system which will crush anyone who doesn't know how to fight it. Having been in the public service for over 41 years, I felt thoroughly ashamed – and thoroughly fired up!

While all this was going on, Jamie had been quite excited that October when he had got a job in an Argos warehouse in Bridgwater and until Christmas he was working quite full hours and getting good overtime. After Christmas, nothing. He hadn't realised that he was on a zero hours contract and suddenly he was trapped. If he resigned he would get no benefits because he would have made himself voluntarily unemployed – and yet he had no income.

The story has a wonderful ending, however, in that for the last four years or so, Jamie has been working for Yeo Valley, a family owned Somerset business who have treated him really well. When he broke his hand in a mixed martial arts fight, there was no difficulty about having the necessary time off and they have been excellent employers in very many ways. This 29-year-old is now a perfectly normal, tax-paying, loyal employee whose life has been turned around because he had a mentor. Without that support – which technically ends at age 25 or before – there are some very black possibilities as to what might have happened. He now has an anchor in his life and I have the joy of having helped a very fine young man really get going in life after a terrible start...

But it doesn't end. My second young man is also doing fantastically well but that

is because some months after I took him on, he was moved from an emotionally abusive foster home to a brilliant generous one where the foster parents are pure 24 carat gold.

Where does Christ fit into this? When I had done the course, I had been quite upset to find an undertow of anti-religion running through many of the comments made by some staff members. Some years later, one outstanding staff member who had been my supervisor for some time said that she wondered whether there might be something in this Christian religion business after all. That was rather good to hear.



# THE NEW TESTAMENT OF THE REVISED NEW JERUSALEM BIBLE

REVIEWED BY CHRIS PATTEN

The New Testament of the RNJB was published in 1998 and the complete RNJB in 1999.

(Darton, Longman and Todd, £39.99)

Professor John Barton's recent magisterial history of the bible – a deeply scholarly Anglican exploration of the balance between scepticism and faith – reminds us (as CS Lewis did) that whatever the memorably powerful prose of the King James Version of the Bible, it actually made less of an impact on the development of English than Luther's bible did on the German language. Reading the New Jerusalem Bible, revised and edited by Fr Henry Wansbrough, one is reminded that the developed English language can be a simple and clear way of telling in narrative and explaining some of its mysteries. Looking at the synoptic gospels in this version in one sitting, one is reminded of the subtle differences in the style of the authors. This is achieved by Fr Wansbrough in clearly written English: no clumsiness, no need to search for a better way of recounting the familiar story.

We can tell the difference between the simple, direct language of Mark, translated (Fr Wansbrough reminds us) from a rough style of Greek. Luke's gospel is written in a more sophisticated style; John's is possessed with a unity of language; and Matthew's use of language reminds us what a great teacher he was. Animals are used to colour his images, making them more memorable; qualities may contrast, for example, the cunning of snakes and the harmlessness of doves. These are the sort of points very well made in the introductory essays to each part of the New Testament. I found them interesting, to the point and very helpful. The later introduction to the Psalms is especially valuable.

So how is a Catholic layman, with no biblical or theological training, to judge the Wansbrough revision? (with neither the learning nor the inclination to enter into the controversies about comparisons which filled the correspondence columns of *The Tablet*). This translation was intended, of course, to be gender inclusive, so male bias in the language is avoided without distorting any meaning. Moreover, it avoids some of the colloquialisms of other texts, accurately translating the concepts, language and images of the original. The notes ensure that students and scholars can cross-reference comments on the text, which are the product of the latest study and research. They are extensive, but do not detract from the meaning of the text. This is perhaps where a layman's eye can make the greatest contribution to a critical view of this edition.

I decided to take three of my favourite, best-known passages in the gospels, to see

how they sound read out-loud and to remind myself of how they had affected me and my views of organised religion and morality.

First, there is the Sermon on the Mount, the first, as the editor's footnote reminds us, of five discourses in Matthew's gospel made up of sayings pronounced on a variety of occasions. Jesus trudges to the top of a mountain, pursued by a multitude, to whom he delivers a commentary on the Torah or Law of the Jewish people as outlined in the Five Books of Moses, their most sacred texts. "I have not come to abolish the Law or the Prophets. I have come not to abolish, but to complete".

The Beatitudes place justice at the heart of Jesus' message. The powerless have not been forgotten by God; the powerful have obligations to others which they should not ignore. When I read this text of the Beatitudes aloud, I found myself borne along on the wonderfully direct prose, re-discovering later gems that I had forgotten. 'And if you save your greetings for your brothers and sisters, are you doing anything exceptional?'

Second, there is my favourite of the parables, which I hope will be read (in due course!) over my body. The emotionally charged story of the prodigal son is a moving tale, which has inspired many great paintings, most notably the one by Rembrandt. I have preached on this text twice and on the second occasion, tried to put myself in the shoes of the dutiful son. 'Then the father said' (the text is beautifully rendered), "My son, you are with me always and all I have is yours. But it was only right we should celebrate and rejoice, because your brother here was dead and has come to life; he was lost and is found".

The third passage is the story of the Good Samaritan, setting out memorably the duty of kindness, not least to a stranger. "Who is my neighbour?" asks the lawyer, who has asked Jesus how he can access eternal life. The stripped and beaten traveller on the dangerous road from Jerusalem to Jericho gets no sympathy from the priest and the Levite. They 'pass by on the other side'. But the Samaritan stops to help, showing who is the good neighbour. Jesus said to the lawyer, "Go, and do the same yourself". The reading is again just right, and given a scholarly touch of humour by the footnote about Samaritans, priests and Levites.

So, for this biblically unscholarly reader, Henry Wansbrough has done a signal service. This Revised Edition of the Bible will, I am sure, become a faithful companion to me and to many others for years to come.

*Lord Patten of Barnes, CH, is the Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

# THE AMPLEFORTH GRADUAL

DR MATTHEW SALISBURY

*In 1972 Br Alexander McCabe went up to St Benet's Hall, Oxford, hoping to read English but was asked by Abbot Basil Hume to read Music, for the future benefit of the Community.*

*The publication, nearly 40 years later, of the Ampleforth Gradual, is one of the many fruits of that decision.*

**I**n the daily Conventual Mass at Ampleforth the Introit, Responsorial Psalm, Gospel Acclamation, and Communion of the Roman Missal are often sung in English. These new 'Propers', which stand in for their Latin counterparts, allow a greater number of people to understand and meditate upon these parts of the Mass, and, at Ampleforth, the texts have been set to music which, while it is easily recognisable as part of the tradition of liturgical chant, embraces an idiom which is easily learnt and ought to be widely adopted. In the Ampleforth Gradual, the texts with their melodies have now been attractively published in a single volume and offered to the Church for wider use. The Gradual covers the whole liturgical year including Sundays, feasts, and ferias (for all three years of the Lectionary) as well as the special observances of Holy Week and the Common and Proper of Saints.

In the Sacred Constitution on the Liturgy of the Second Vatican Council, Sacrosanctum Concilium, sacred music is shown to be 'a necessary or integral part of the solemn liturgy' because it is 'united to the words'. Elsewhere in Sacrosanctum Concilium, the Council Fathers famously reminded the Church that 'all the faithful should be led to that fully conscious, and active participation in liturgical celebrations which is demanded by the very nature of the liturgy.' It is this injunction which is often described as the cause of a great flurry of activity in many different circles in the years after the Council. Whilst Vatican II commended Gregorian chant as 'specially suited to the Roman liturgy', new compositions in the vernacular were also permitted. In some circles such new compositions, and the invitation to compose them, were enthusiastically taken up. As the thoughtful Foreword to the Ampleforth Gradual points out, the appearance of liturgical texts in the vernacular caused a 'quite sudden advent [...] of music of many varied styles thought appropriate to the contemporary ethos', in addition to the existing corpus of Latin chant found in the Graduale Romanum. This is not to say that the whole gathered people of God should necessarily sing everything, all of the time: far from it. Rather, a trained schola cantorum is central to the ideal vision of music communicated in the conciliar documents. In terms of participation, the faithful should participate by '[uniting] themselves interiorly to what the ministers or choir sing, so that by listening to them they may raise their minds to God.' The chanted English propers at Ampleforth form one new repertory which satisfies this aspiration, allowing for the singing, and

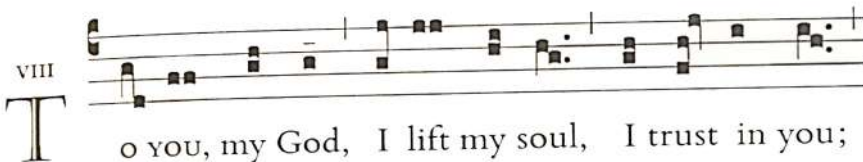
comprehension, of these parts of the Mass by a much wider range of people.

Some of the Introit and Communion chants bear a resemblance to their Latin counterparts in the *Graduale Romanum* (especially where the incipit can be conveniently made to fit). But in contrast to other re-imaginings of Latin chant into the vernacular, there is no sense in the Ampleforth Gradual that the musico-textual connections are awkwardly amended to fit new words in a different language, as was the case when, in the Anglican tradition at the beginning of the twentieth century, new translations were set to the melodies of the Latin propers. Instead, here the chants have been sensitively crafted to allow for formal links between the syntactical and expressive elements of the texts and the melodies to which they are set. The Introit to the First Sunday of Advent in the *Graduale Romanum* and in the Ampleforth Gradual are given here:



A large, stylized initial letter 'A' is positioned to the left of the musical notation. The notation consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and contains the melody for the first phrase. Below the first staff, the Latin text 'D te levá-vi \* á- nimam me- am :' is written. The second staff continues the melody, with the Latin text 'De- us me- us in te confí- do,' written below it.

INTROIT



A large, stylized initial letter 'T' is positioned to the left of the musical notation. The notation consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and contains the melody for the first phrase. Below the first staff, the Roman numeral 'VIII' is written. The second staff continues the melody, with the English text 'o YOU, my God, I lift my soul, I trust in you;' written below it.

In this example, the melody of the Introit for the First Sunday of Advent, *Ad te levavi*, has been neatly fitted to the translation, with the most significant word in this first phrase retaining its stress in spite of the differing word-order. The two musical strains can also be mapped onto new words with some slight simplification and omission of pitches. Note the retention of the ascending F-a-c triad on *confido* / *trust*.

The chants are easy to sing alone or in a small group: the melodies do not contain extremes of range, they point out in their contours the syntax and sense of the words, and they sit lightly within the whole celebration in a way that the extensive, melismatic Latin versions do not tend to do. These chants sit within a modal system which, when learnt, becomes second nature to the singer.

The chants are printed in four-line square notation, allowing them to be sung at an appropriate register for the singers, and the editors have included markings (the horizontal episema and dot) to aid in their interpretation. When using the refrains for the responsorial psalms, the singer will need to flip to another page for the chant formula and have a copy of the relevant psalm verses, but this is not an unreasonable expectation. It might have been ideal to have a small selection of chants of the Ordinary of the Mass in the Gradual as well, but the choice and provision for such music may be more easily left to local arrangements. Adding to the utility of the volume, there are appendices giving an alphabetical list of chants, a table of psalm verses for use at the Introit, and the paradigms for the Meinrad psalm tones. The volume, printed on thick paper, has a stitched binding covered in buckram, and is provided with three ribbons. It will stand up to daily use in the choir stall.

The 1967 Instruction on Music in the Liturgy, *Musicam Sacram*, expresses the merits of singing together in a liturgical celebration. ‘Through this form, prayer is expressed in a more attractive way; the mystery of the liturgy, with its hierarchical and community nature, is more openly shown; the unity of hearts is more profoundly achieved by the union of voices; minds are more easily raised to heavenly things by the beauty of the sacred rites; and the whole celebration more clearly prefigures that heavenly liturgy which is enacted in the holy city of Jerusalem.’ *Musicam Sacram* accepts, and it is pragmatic to observe, that it is not always possible in every celebration to sing every part of the liturgy that can be sung. The Ampleforth Gradual provides an ideal training ground for the community that wishes to increase the amount of its liturgical singing. Those wishing to increase the musical provision at Masses beyond the sung Ordinary might wish to begin with the Gospel acclamation, and move on to other genres in the Gradual, the Introit normally being the most complex. It is also perfect for situations in which Latin chant would sit uncomfortably.

The Ampleforth Gradual is a wonderful companion which makes possible the singing of the English Proper of the Mass in a worthy idiom. It deserves widespread adoption in parishes, cathedrals, and religious communities, where it will foster active participation, not only because a wide variety of people will be able to join in with the chants but also because they will be able to comprehend and meditate upon their texts, appreciating how their meaning, and the unity of the worshipping community in thought and deed, is enhanced by this new repertory of melodies.

*Dr Matthew Salisbury is lecturer in music at University and Worcester Colleges, Oxford and an Associate of the monastic community.*

# THE SHATTERING OF LONELINESS

BY ABBOT ERIK VARDEN OCSO

REVIEW BY FR PAUL BROWNE OSB

As a Trappist monk, Erik Varden spends his days remembering God. Seeking to live in his presence and consciously do his will in all things. As part of the Church and on behalf of the human race, praising and thanking him for all that happens, trusting in his providence.

Erik first became aware of God when, nearly 16, he heard a recording of Mahler's Resurrection Symphony. Until then, a declared agnostic, he was effectively an atheist. Aged 9 or 10 he had been horrified to learn of the barbarities inflicted by the Nazis on their victims. He began to read everything he could get his hands on about the subject, fascinated by, and indeed fixated on, man's inhumanity to man, but also drawn to the testimonies of famous noble survivors.

Listening to the Mahler, though, he found himself unexpectedly moved by the music – but also by the words of the chorus that makes its meaning explicit:

You are sown to blossom again.  
The Lord of the harvest goes and  
Gather in, like sheaves,  
Us, who have died.

Could it be true? he asked. He felt hope begin to rise within him.

Have faith, have faith: nothing will be lost to you.  
What you have longed for is yours, yes, yours:  
Yours is what you have loved and fought for.  
Have faith: you were not born in vain.  
You have not lived or suffered in vain.

“At these words something burst,” he goes on:

The repeated insistence not in vain, not in vain was irresistible. It was not just that I wanted to believe it. I knew it was true...I carried within me something that reached beyond me. I was aware of not being alone...I could no more doubt the truth of what I had found than I could doubt that I existed. The sense of it has never left me. That this should be so amazes me still. What had happened? I remembered. In a privileged insight, provoked by the music, I had found my deep intuitions confirmed.



But the problem of evil remained. He saw the human race as:

A suffering mass overshadowed by death. Not to avert my gaze was a duty, I was sure: I had to have the decency to see. But a voice sang within me: not in vain! Mahler let me sense that one can face life without yielding to despondency or madness, since the anguish of the world is embraced by an infinite benevolence investing it with purpose. Having encountered – recalled – this benevolence I recognised it as a personal presence. I wanted to pursue it, learn its name, discern its features.

He began to read the Bible and to pray and eventually became a Catholic, studied Russian Literature, was a Fellow of St John's in Cambridge, tried his vocation here as a novice for a few months and finally entered Mount St Bernard's Abbey in Leicestershire where not many years later he was elected abbot.

This is a book like no other I have come across. I read it twice as soon as it arrived, the second time much more slowly. Abbot Erik's voice is utterly unique – I know of no one else who says what he says nor says it as well. His Introduction alone is worth its weight in gold. It reads like a good poem – in which every word counts. I defy anyone who reads it not to want to read the whole thing. What strikes me and wins me about him is his intelligence, his total honesty in the face of evil, his utter sincerity and dedication to his vocation, and even a kind of innocence. Here is a real monk, clearly growing in wisdom and holiness, in faith and compassion. In humanity, which is next to godliness.

*Having been once a Novice at Ampleforth, before joining the Cistercians, Abbot Erik gave our Community Retreat in August 1919. At the time he was Abbot of Mount St Bernard monastery in Leicestershire. In October he was appointed by Pope Francis as Bishop of Trondheim in his native Norway.*

# “FAMILY OF THE RAJ” BY JOHN MORTON (C55)

REVIEWED BY ROBIN ANDREWS (O61)

John Morton was born in Calcutta in 1937 where his father was a leading businessman and banker in Calcutta having trained as an accountant with Deloitte before the First World War. On his first return visit to India in 1940 John remembers their vessel surviving a German attack as it passed through the Bay of Biscay. His early years in India were idyllic and it was with some sadness that he returned to England, prep school and then Ampleforth which he left in 1955. After National Service in the Grenadier Guards he read law at Oxford then returned to India in 1961 where he joined the emerging Tata organisation returning to England in 1964 to work for British Oxygen ending his career by founding a successful firm of Chartered Financial Advisors.

After retirement he has been on a voyage of discovery reading the amazing diaries and journals of his maternal great grandfather James O’Kinealy from Co Cavan and those of his grandfather Frederick both of whom had served in India for a period that was perhaps the height of the British Raj. These diaries are the heart of the book and the author’s own experiences of India have fitted him perfectly to distil them with understanding and humour. The title of the book “Family of The Raj” – says it all! James, the author’s great grandfather, had arrived in India in 1862 and joined the Civil Service there. He seems to have been a distinguished polymath who trained as a lawyer, and eventually became a High Court Judge in Bengal. But he was also a scholar of Arabic and Persian translating documents for the British Government. On top of these talents he was also a noted mathematician and as Secretary of the Civil Funds he wrote a masterly analysis of the province’s pension funds.

Frederick, James eldest child was educated at Beaumont College, and passed the Indian Civil Service exams in 1883 a requirement of the Indian Medical Service before being enrolled at St Bartholomew’s in London to study medicine. In 1891, following a course in tropical medicine, he arrived back in India to become Captain Surgeon in the Indian Medical service. He then specialised both in ear, nose and throat surgery as well as becoming an eminent ophthalmologist. In 1921 after wartime service he was appointed Surgeon General in Bengal and medical officer for the Prince of Wales when he toured India and Burma in 1921/22.

For this reviewer and perhaps many others whose knowledge of the history of the British in India is sketchy the book is highly readable and informative. It is a description of a world that has past and one that is often misrepresented in these

times of political correctness. We see the great events of the last hundred and fifty years such as the Afghan wars of the 1890s, two World wars, the Burma War, and the looming partition of India, from a new perspective. The author takes us lightly through history and we join him enthusiastically down the many side roads that are coloured by the personal memories recorded in the diaries. It is an excellent technique that keeps the narrative lively and fun for the reader. No-one who reads this fascinating book will feel their time has been wasted. It is a fine achievement for an octogenarian self-styled “son of the Raj” writing his first book – and it is rumoured another volume of Indian memoirs being prepared!

# JEREMY DEEDES (W73) RIGHT MONEY, RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT TIME: PERSONAL FINANCES TO TRANSFORM YOUR LIFE AND SECURE YOUR FUTURE

REVIEWED BY FRANCIS QUINLAN (A59)

This is a self-help book for entrepreneurs and self-employed professionals whose personal finances may be in a mess, and for people with little grip on family finances, perhaps with retirement looming and the prospect of running out of money. The subject is a serious one which gives many people sleepless nights, but its idiosyncratic treatment here has plenty of clarity, insight, pace and personal anecdote. You can take from the book what you find most helpful, or use it as a workbook, following its systematic approach and the short exercises provided.

The fundamental idea here is that careful, detailed planning is critical in managing your life and your money, just as it is in your business. Such planning can only be effective if it starts with the end in mind (the first principle in Stephen Covey's '7 Habits of Highly Successful People'). This demands that we define and review our life goals and aspirations with the care of strategic business planners, something many would shy away from or treat as unrealistic in domestic life. But Jeremy Deedes, a Certified Financial Planner, insists on this approach and devotes early chapters to his methodology for producing a grounded and articulated set of life goals and objectives.

Only after this does he go into the details of planning and managing personal finance. He outlines the strategic notions of lifetime cash-flow and lifetime liquidity, has sage advice about savings, compound returns and how to value your time. He demands a gimlet eye for controlling family expenditure and time management. He offers practical suggestions, though his yoke is not easy nor his burden light.

Underpinning all this is the contention that personal wealth is better defined in terms of personal development and the ability to lead a fulfilled life than in terms of tangible assets. He quotes Michael Gerber's view (in 'E-Myth Revisited') that one's primary role as a business owner is to create more life for oneself. In this vein, Jeremy Deedes argues that property is largely an illusory asset, often proving "a gilded cage" for those who could be better off using funds for "transformative travel" to develop their true potential. This view might challenge readers to whom the concept of home and hearth is an important aspect of their identity, with its sense of family and where the heart rests easy. But Jeremy Deedes is on a mission to help

people discover personal freedom and “the essential me”.

His approach owes much to American gurus in this field but is not for everyone. You must learn to relish detailed planning, the careful and habitual recording of time and expenses, and frequent monitoring of where you stand in relation to your plans and goals. To help maintain sanity and a balanced outlook, he advises mindfulness, joining a local meditation group, and long walks in the countryside.

# THE LAND OF THE WHITE LOTUS TIBET AND THE DALAI LAMA

JOHN BURLISON (C58)

His Holiness the Dalai Lama is now aged about 85 and not only can't go on forever but doesn't want to. In fact, he has already stated that he expects to depart the scene in a few years' time as he can't perceive his spirit being reincarnated again. It seems, therefore, that he may be the last Dalai Lama of all time.

On 14 March 2011 His Holiness wrote to the Assembly of Tibetan People's Deputies (Tibetan Parliament-in-exile) requesting it to relieve him of his temporal authority, since according to the Charter of the Tibetans in Exile, he was technically still the head of state. He announced that he was ending the custom by which the Dalai Lamas had wielded spiritual and political authority in Tibet. He intended, he made clear, to resume the status of the first four Dalai Lamas in concerning himself only with spiritual affairs. He confirmed that the democratically elected leadership of the council would assume complete formal responsibility for Tibetan political matters. The formal office and household of the Dalai Lamas would henceforth only fulfil the spiritual function of the role.

On 29 May 2011 His Holiness signed the document formally transferring his temporal authority to the democratically elected leaders. In so doing he formally put an end to the 368-year old tradition of the Dalai Lamas functioning as both the spiritual and temporal head of Tibet.

He has now declared that soon he will consult leading Lamas of Tibet's Buddhist traditions, the Tibetan public, and other concerned people with an interest in Tibetan Buddhism and assess whether the institution of the Dalai Lama should continue after him. He also explored the different ways in which the recognition of a successor could be done. If it is decided that a Fifteenth Dalai Lama should be recognised, responsibility for doing so will rest primarily on the concerned officers of the Dalai Lama's Trust and he has stated that he will leave clear written instructions about this.

He further warned that apart from a reincarnation recognized through such legitimate methods, no other recognition or acceptance should be given to a candidate chosen for political ends by anyone, including agents of the People's Republic of China. In a recent interview he conceded that he may be the very last to hold the title. The reason, it would appear, has as much to do with metaphysics, as it does with Chinese meddling.



“The Dalai Lama institution will cease one day. These man-made institutions will all cease,” he told the BBC. “There is no guarantee that some (inappropriate) Dalai Lama won’t come next, who will disgrace himself or herself. That would be very sad. So, much better that a centuries-old tradition should cease at the time of civility and in an atmosphere of appreciation.”

By “some (inappropriate) Dalai Lama” the 85-year-old spiritual leader is referring to an appointed successor. Indeed, the Chinese government has made it clear that it will choose the next Dalai Lama, a move that will guarantee a China-friendly leader. Or, it could mean the very end of the lineage all together.

As reported earlier in Reuters, the chairman of China’s ethnic and religious affairs committee, Zhu Weiqun, has spoken out saying the Dalai Lama has “no right to play with established custom.”

“Only the central government can decide on keeping, or getting rid of, the Dalai Lama’s lineage, and the 14th Dalai Lama does not have the final say,” Zhu said, referring to the present Tibetan incumbent.

The current Dalai Lama, who fled to India in 1959 after Chinese troops quashed an attempted uprising in Tibet, is responding to this prospect by insinuating that the next Dalai Lama could be illegitimate – a kind of Chinese-friendly puppet. The current Dalai Lama, the 14th, is seen by China as an unreliable separatist. (The point here is that China today is a unified county which it hasn’t been for centuries, if ever. The main fear in Beijing is that if Tibet breaks away, then other provinces or cities may also seek to separate and the whole country may then fragment, as happened in Russia.)

At the same time, he is also suggesting that the next Dalai Lama could simply decline to reincarnate, and thus fail to be identified. The refusal to reincarnate would prevent the Chinese government “from inserting itself into the process for political ends.”

In future, how any of this could be proven after his death is unclear. But by speaking out in this way, the Dalai Lama has now planted seeds of doubt and has alarmed Beijing.

Also, the Panchen Lama, the second-highest figure in Tibetan Buddhism, plays a key role in the selection of the next Dalai Lama. Back in 1995, the Dalai Lama named a young boy as the Panchen Lama, but China rejected this and chose its own candidate, but the latter is not recognized by Tibetan Buddhists. Chinese authorities took custody of the Dalai Lama-chosen nominee, and his current whereabouts are unknown.

## Tibet

Tibet is a big country about the size of continental Europe. Much of it is an empty high plateau, sparsely populated (about three million people) and contains the source of many major rivers in Asia: Brahmaputra, Yangtze, Yellow, Ganges, Indus, Mekong, and the Salween (through Burma). The vast Tibetan empire ran roughly from the seventh to the ninth centuries AD and encompassed much of central Asia. The main, and only, economy of Tibet is agriculture and timber, with some minerals. Tibet has been regarded as part of China since about 1296 AD, in our terms, and was referred to historically as 'a further out post of the middle kingdom' when China saw it itself in concentric circles around Peking.

Tibet accepted an ambassador, or envoy, as representative of the Emperor and paid some suzerainty to Peking as a vassal state. This continued up to about 1922 when civil war broke out in China, Mao Tse-tung versus Chiang Kai Chek, when there was no single government in China. During this brief period Tibet claimed complete independence from China. In 1949 with Mao Tse-tung's victory in China, negotiations started aimed at absorbing Tibet into the modern (and communist) China but without progress. In 1950 China invaded Tibet and embarked on a brutal repressive regime suppressing monasteries and banning religion, as also elsewhere in most of China. This was later regarded as a mistake and on my visits to China some years ago I was told that they now acknowledge that their policy in Tibet at that time was wrong. Tibet now is slowly emerging as a more open and tolerant society and an international tourist trade is encouraged.

## Dalai Lamas

This is the title given the supreme spiritual head Tibetan Buddhism. From the fifth Dalai Lama (1642 - 1682) he was also the temporal ruler of all Tibet until the recent establishment of the Chinese communist rule in 1950. His Holiness is believed to be the reincarnation of the Buddhist deity Avalokitesvara and encompasses the compassion of all the buddhas. The present incumbent is His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, born in 1935.

The selection process for Dalai Lamas lasts about five years from identification to confirmation. The candidate is believed to have the power to choose the body into which he is reincarnated, meaning that the current Dalai Lama is a reincarnation of the last. The search for the reborn Dalai Lama is the responsibility of the High Lamas and the Tibetan government, or court, now in Dharamshala.

The present Dalai Lama met Mao Ste-Tung and Chou En-Lai at meetings in Beijing in 1956 to ameliorate the position of Tibet within China and obviate the approaching

revolt in Tibet against the Chinese presence, but with little positive result. He escaped to India in March 1959 aged 23 enduring a 15-day march of about 300 miles over rocky ground and mainly at night (about 13 miles a day).

## Dharamshala

An old British Indian Army garrison town, situated about 300 miles due north of Delhi, Dharamshala is now the official residence of the 14th Dalai Lama. It is also the headquarters of the Central Tibetan Administration and centre of Tibetan exiles of the world. The Dalai Lama was accommodated by the Indian Government here after he fled Lhasa and was followed by many Tibetan refugees, creating a need for a new Tibetan centre free from the oppression of their homeland.

# THE WATERSIDE APE: AN ALTERNATIVE ACCOUNT OF HUMAN EVOLUTION

PETER RHYS EVANS (H66)

As the title implies, this is a very controversial subject, but the book provides the latest scientific evidence, based on research over the past 30 years, which shows that the traditional ‘Savannah’ ape theory, which has been accepted since Darwin’s time 150 years ago, is not true. The real account of our evolution from the primate ape family split 6-7 million years ago is explained much more logically by this ‘Aquatic/Waterside’ evolution scenario that we evolved, not as purely terrestrial mammals, as is generally believed, but as semi-aquatic mammals. Sir David Attenborough has been a major supporter of this theory and my work since the early 1990s, but our evidence has been ignored and ridiculed by mainstream archaeologists and anthropologists who do not want to admit that they are wrong.

I felt that the only way of bringing this compelling evidence into the public domain was to write a book, which hopefully will convince anyone interested in our true human origins and persuade critics to engage in constructive debate.

## The Waterside Ape An Alternative Account of Human Evolution

Have you ever wondered why humans have such an affinity for water and the sea? Why some people have dark skin and others have paler skin? Why we lost our fur and are the only Naked Ape? Why, out of over 4,000 land mammals, we are the only ones to walk on two legs?

Genetic evidence has shown that we split from our ape cousins, the gorilla and chimpanzee, around 6-7 million years ago. This was at a time when global temperature fell and the forest habitat where they lived in East Africa became decimated and replaced by grassland. New sources of food had to be found for survival. For the past 150 years, since the time of Darwin, a savannah theory of human evolution has been assumed and accepted without much scientific scrutiny or evidence, other than fossils.

This theory suggests that our human ape ancestors simply came down from the trees onto the savannah where they stood upright because they could see further over the grass and became hunter-gatherers. Until recently, no other alternative evolutionary scenario has been considered.

*Peter Rhys Evans is an ENT surgeon working in London. He was a Senior Lecturer at the University of Birmingham and the Institute of Cancer Research. He was also the Chief of the Department of ENT/Head and Neck Surgery at the Royal Marsden Hospital. He has authored or co-authored over 200 scientific publications including five books. His award-winning book Principles and Practice of Head and Neck Surgery and Oncology, 2nd edition, was published in 2009. He served as a Sub-Editor for the Journal of Laryngology and Otology for nearly a decade.*



## FR DOMINIC MILROY OSB 1932-2019



Fr Dominic Milroy died in York Hospital on 1st January 2019, having fallen and broken his femur. The plaudits that were received when he died were numerous and heartfelt for he was a man of great and wide-ranging talents and achievements.

Dominic, for that was his baptismal name as well as his monastic name, was born on 18th April 1932 at Swanage in Dorset. He was the only child of Tim Milroy, a Scottish Presbyterian who became a Catholic, and Clarita Burns. She was the fifth of eight children born in Chile to David Burns and his Anglo-Chilean wife Clara. Clarita was beautiful, vivacious and outward going and Dominic grew up adoring her. But both his parents were to die young, Clarita in 1957 and Tim in 1959.

He was sent to Carlekemp Prep School in North Berwick before going on to Ampleforth in 1945. There he went into St Wilfrid's House with Fr Columba Cary-Elwes as Housemaster and was one of a gifted group of contemporaries in that House, which included David Goodall, Patrick Laver, Michael Donnellon, Colin Macdonald and others. On leaving the school in 1950 he gained a place at Cambridge and also won an English Speaking Union Scholarship which involved a tour of the United States where he had an early experience of speaking and debating. On return, rather than taking up his place in Cambridge, he entered the novitiate in December 1951. After that he went up to St Benet's Hall in Oxford to read Modern Languages; there he was to gain First Class Honours. Back at Ampleforth he not only started his theological studies but also became heavily involved in the School. He taught modern languages, later he was to become Head of that department, was School Librarian and also Director of the Theatre. His appointment to the latter elicited a typical remark from Abbot Herbert, 'Do remember Br Dominic that nothing good ever comes out of the theatre'! Dominic was to prove him wrong for he achieved great success in that role and among others encouraged Julian Fellowes to pursue a career in the Theatre.

He was ordained Priest in 1960 and then went on to become Housemaster of St Wilfrid's from 1964-1974. They were the years of a social revolution that was taking place in Europe. He was well equipped both temperamentally and by inclination to deal with those changes. Not only did he have a brilliant mind, but he was an instinctive liberal and was very much in tune with the mod generation of pop and its



culture. He often said that he was among the first to discover the Beatles. Typically, he arranged for Antony Gormley to paint a large abstract painting on the doors of the House Chapel, an act for which he was derided. But he told the boys that they had to open their minds to that sort of thing.

Then in 1974 he was head-hunted by the Abbot Primate to be Prior of Sant' Anselmo in Rome, the international Benedictine house of studies on the Aventine Hill housing 120 students and professors. This role suited both his linguistic abilities and his temperament. He loved his time in Rome for it provided a wonderful opportunity to imbibe the rich culture of the Eternal City and the wide variety of social contacts both ecclesiastical and lay that it provided. Rembert Weakland, the Abbot Primate at the time, became a great friend as did Cardinal Eduardo Pironio, Prefect of the Congregation of Religious Life. No one would ever have accused him of being a curial figure in the bowels of church policy and administration, yet he was much respected by those in authority for his perspicacity, shrewdness and his effortless ease in situations of discomfort for others. Above all he transformed the life and living of the Community of Sant' Anselmo. But those happy years were brought to an abrupt end in 1980 when he was summoned back to Ampleforth to become the Headmaster.

As Headmaster he had a hard act to follow. Fr Patrick had seen the school through the turbulent years of the late sixties and early seventies with remarkable success. A clear head, a firm hand and a certain aloofness of manner was what was needed at the time. Dominic's style was markedly different with his liberal temperament and distinctly pastoral approach. His message was simple yet powerful. In his own words, 'the primary emphasis of all schools should remain the cultivation of goodness rather than success'. League tables would have been abhorrent to him. He strongly opposed the educational reforms of the time in which successive governments at Westminster had tried to impose conformity, correctness and as a result mediocrity, and to set targets that ultimately were pointless. His long speeches at Exhibition delivered without notes, yet always carefully prepared, provided a platform for him to articulate those views. He then took that message to the Headmasters' Conference to which he was appointed as Chairman in 1992.

Typically, he broke the mould by staging its annual conference in Bruges; the choice was deliberate in order to remind them that they were all citizens of Europe. Back at Ampleforth he used his power of charm, of brain and support from parents, boys and colleagues to plot major advances which for a time pulled strands together within the confines of the Abbey and College. The school was enjoying great success both academically and on the playing fields. One of his first decisions was to abolish morning prayers for the whole school in the Big Passage, a trivial decision in some ways but symbolic of a liberal agenda after a tightly controlled period under

Fr Patrick's headmastership. Local took over from central. In a sense it always had been that way given the nature, age, experience and talent of housemasters of different hues, but it had always been held in check. The cracks began to appear and he left problems which his successor, Fr Leo Chamberlain, had to address.

After stepping down from being Headmaster in 1992 his horizons expanded, and many of the connections he made as Prior of Sant' Anselmo came to be developed. He was much in demand as a retreat giver both in this country and abroad, visiting over 25 monasteries in nine congregations worldwide. These included such communities as Solesmes and Lerins in France, Montserrat and Silos in Spain and St Peter's in Canada. In addition, between 1993 and 2008 he served as a member of the Chevtagne Group based in that monastery in Belgium. It was an informal association of men and women religious both Catholic and Orthodox drawn up to promote a better understanding between the two traditions. He was well suited to this not only because of his linguistic abilities but because he was a committed oecumenist.

There was yet another foreign initiative in which he became willingly involved, this was the Manquehue Apostolic Movement in Chile. When Jose Manuel Eguigurian, a remarkable young Chilean, wanted to set up a school in Chile based on Benedictine principles he approached the Abbey of Las Condas in Santiago. That community advised him to consult Ampleforth, and from that moment Dominic became involved. With his close connections with Chile through his mother's family this was hardly surprising. That movement with its intensity of faith and commitment was to have a great influence on the school at Ampleforth and on other Benedictine schools in the country. Not only did members of that movement come over to Britain to help in the schools, but many Amplefordians travelled over to Chile in their gap year to join the movement.

Back at Ampleforth Dominic was heavily involved in the work of the Community. He was an influential member of the Abbot's Council for many years, was the Delegate to General Chapter from 1992 to 2004, secretary to the Confraters and editor of the Ampleforth Journal for eight years. In addition to all this he spent 13 years from 1997 as Chairman of Governors of St Benedict's Primary School in Ampleforth village, a school which had a high reputation. So much for his many achievements, and in recognition of this he was made Cathedral Prior of Chester, an honorary title in which he took much pride.

His life was full of contrasts starting with his family roots in Scotland, Chile and Spain, countries with startlingly different cultures. He was proud of his Scottish roots and his love of fly-fishing, golf and malt whisky were symbolic of this. But perhaps a great more influential in his life was his Hispanic connections. He was an

only child and was brought up under the powerful influence of his Anglo-Chilean mother Clarita and when she died in 1957 it was his uncle Tom Burns, publisher and editor of *The Tablet*, who was married to a Spaniard, Mabel, who provided a second home. He loved Spain and he loved Chile. In Spain he had many friends including the Benedictine communities of Montserrat in Catalonia and San Domingo de Silos near Burgos in northern Spain. In Chile he had not only the communities of the *Manquehue* movement but also an extensive family network. He would go there frequently, and as one of his cousins said: ‘pride of place was a remote mountain cabin owned by his cousin Felipe Clare Swinburn high up in the foothills of the Andes, facing the Pacific coast where he would go for long solitary walks before returning and sitting on the balcony, contemplating the flight of the condors across the magnificent scenery, pipe in one hand and a glass of his beloved malt whisky in the other’. The scene is so evocative of Dominic.

Dominic was a man who possessed great gifts both intellectual and personal. He loved much and was much loved, so not surprisingly he had a wide circle of friends for whom he was always the wise counsellor. He had those precious gifts of empathy, compassion and generosity of heart. Although he loved talking and had an easy gift for speaking he was a good listener and so gave great support to those in difficulty. He loved music and had a fine voice and took any opportunity to burst into song. He read widely, and although he was only a moderate performer himself, he loved all sport and in particular cricket. It was the complexities and nuances of the game which appealed to him and he took great delight in being invited to speak about Leonard Hutton to the Friends of Yorkshire Cricket.

Although he gave support to so many, he himself was in great need of support. As Headmaster he had the perfect secretary in Clare Jennings, an able and remarkable woman. She was to continue to support him as driver and assistant for the rest of his life, at least until she herself suffered a devastating stroke which left her unable to speak and partially paralysed only months before he died. His last years saw a steady decline of his health and in particular his failing eyesight. The debilitating effects of macular degeneration affected his ability to read and write with the result that he suffered from acute depression. Significantly he sought solace in reflecting on St John’s Gospel and with extreme difficulty trying to write a commentary on it.

The person of Jesus is at the heart of St John’s Gospel. He comes to give witness to the truth, to lead people to the God of compassion and forgiveness. He offers his love and friendship to each one of us revealing to each one how they are loved by God, and evoking in them the need to be compassionate and loving to others. At the end John says that he has written his Gospel ‘that you may believe that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life through his name.’ All that was central for Dominic and he saw that his mission in life was to teach it

to others, a mission he fulfilled to a remarkable degree.

His life came to an abrupt end when he fell heavily when leaving his room in the monastic infirmary and broke his femur. He was taken to York Hospital where he was in great pain. But at the very end his depression lifted and he died in peace on New Year's Day.

## FR AIDAN GILMAN OSB 1927-2018



Richard Gilman was born in Leicester in 1927 into a small and loving family. He had one sister, Anne, to whom he was close throughout her life, and Anne and Peter's children adored their uncle. After prep school at Welbury (where he was a contemporary of the future Fr Augustine Measures) Richard went to Ampleforth and then on to Cambridge to study Engineering. However, he broke off his studies and joined the Royal Marines. Three years later he accepted God's call to join the monastery at Ampleforth, being clothed in the habit in September 1948 as Brother Aidan. Nine others were clothed on the same day, mostly ex-servicemen. Six persevered: Fr Augustine Measures, Fr Joseph Carbery, Fr Geoffrey Lynch, Fr Nicholas Walford, Fr Simon Trafford and Fr Aidan. He was the last of that talented and varied generation to die.

While accepting that call to conventual life, it was not long before Br Aidan discovered a further call, this time to the eremitical life. He liked to reminisce how he went to see Abbot Herbert Byrne about this. The Abbot reassured him, and urged him to get on with persevering in the life of the community. Aidan accepted this advice and proceeded to solemn profession in 1952 and to ordination six years later. From 1951 to 1955 he studied Biology at St Benet's Hall in Oxford. He recalled later: "I spent a fourth year at Oxford. The overt purpose was to improve my physics and chemistry so that I could teach general science, not just biology for which there was less demand. It enabled me to take up a suggestion of my very good tutor that I should apply for a Royal Society sponsorship to do some research as a young science teacher. I was awarded a place and chose as my subject "Cytoplasmic Inheritance". This was only a few years after the structure of DNA had been worked out. The assumption then was that all inheritance was the work of genes in the nucleus of cells. Eventually I had to give this up having discussed with Fr William Price, the Headmaster, my school teaching commitments. I might have played a part in discovering the interesting importance of mitochondrial inheritance! Although I left the research nearly 60 years ago, it has recently come to be of considerable interest due to what is called three parents' inheritance (three parents, one baby)."

Fr Aidan combined his teaching in the school with pastoral commitments, acting as chaplain to RAF Topcliffe and RAF Linton-on-Ouse, and then in 1964, succeeding

Fr Denis Waddilove as Housemaster of St Thomas's House. Nevertheless, his fascination with the solitary life and his strong belief that this was his true calling compelled him to speak to the new Abbot, Basil Hume. It was typical of Fr Aidan that he would accept an Abbot's decision and willingly obey, but always feel free to return the question later.

After much consultation, Abbot Basil agreed to let Fr Aidan become a hermit. A vacant two-bedroom cottage, Holly Hill on the remote moors near Hawnby, was kindly lent by Lord Mexborough. The building had not been lived in for some time, and was beginning to deteriorate. There was no road to the house, no electricity or telephone, and no running water. It was truly basic, but the former Royal Marine set about repairing it, and furnishing a simple chapel in the tiny adjacent barn, fixing up a hand pump to raise water from a nearby spring, and clearing the garden both for flowers and for vegetables and fruit. It was arranged that he would collect his food and other supplies from the village shop in Hawnby two or three miles away. Fr Aidan moved in and began to live the life of a hermit from 1969.

Then six years later Abbot Basil had a change of heart. He summoned Fr Aidan back to the Monastery to take on the role of Novice Master. But in addition he asked him to resume teaching Biology, to run the metalwork shop and to be curate in the village parish as assistant to Fr Gerard Sitwell. A lesser man might have refused, but that was not Fr Aidan's way. He obeyed and sincerely did his best, though by the end of the first year it was clear that to pile on him all these appointments had been a mistake.

The newly elected Abbot, Ambrose Griffiths, therefore allowed Fr Aidan to take a year out to recover, at the Nigerian monastery recently founded by Glenstal Abbey. The foundation was then located at Eke and another Ampleforth monk, Fr Columba Cary-Elwes was also there at the time, acting as novice master. Fr Aidan's travel arrangements were typically idiosyncratic and economical. He worked his passage to Nigeria on a boat carrying sugar from Middlesbrough to Lagos, as a former Royal Marine, taking his turn on watch. And on the return journey he travelled overland on buses and on the backs of wagons all the way to Tamanrasset in southern Algeria. This is very much the same route that is taken in our own days by so many poor migrants across the Sahara Desert from West Africa. Fr Aidan's plan was to spend a week in retreat in the hermitage established by Blessed Charles de Foucauld, and then to fly home. De Foucauld had been a soldier then a priest and a hermit, living among the Moslem Tuareg until his martyrdom in 1916, and his story had fascinated Fr Aidan for years. Unfortunately the travel across the desert had not kept to the schedule, and he arrived at Tamanrasset with only twenty minutes to spare before his plane left.

Back in Ampleforth, permission was given to establish a small experimental community which would combine hospitality with a simple life-style, but would not have any parish or school commitments. The Barn House was lent for a period of five years by the Whitlock-Blundell family of Little Crosby, Merseyside, and Fr Thomas Cullinan, Fr David Morland and Fr Aidan began the new community in October 1977. Fr David left for other work soon afterwards, but he was replaced by Fr Barnabas Sandeman and later by Fr Bonaventure Knollys. Fr Thomas and Fr Aidan were the two who were there longest, and plans were drawn up for a more permanent home at Ince Blundell, where Fr Thomas remained until his death.

Moving from Crosby, Fr Aidan was appointed chaplain to Stanbrook Abbey, a large community of Benedictine nuns whose monastery was located then a few miles south of Worcester. The role of chaplain is always difficult: how much should the chaplain share in the life of the community? Fr Aidan became a controversial figure amongst the nuns. Some found him wonderfully refreshing and helpful; but others were convinced he was interfering and exceeding his brief. He joined the nuns for all the Hours of the Divine Office, sitting in the Extern Chapel, and spent every afternoon in manual labour. He suggested liturgical changes, many of which have endured, for example separating Vigils and Lauds. On his initiative the time of the Easter Vigil was changed so that the reading of the Gospel would coincide with dawn: this meant that in some years the Vigil would have to begin at 3am!

One of the biggest causes of tension arose when he proposed replacing the damaged Rosa Mystica statue on a mound outside the presbytery with a new one of Mary breast-feeding Jesus. An artist, Karen Bird, produced a number of small clay maquettes which the community was invited to view, and to choose among. Some said the subject was more suitable for a maternity home than for a monastery of contemplative nuns. Nevertheless, one of the maquettes, cast in concrete, was one of Father Aidan's greatest treasures which he took with him on all his subsequent moves. A few years before his death he gave it to the nuns and it is now in the Chapter House in the new Stanbrook.

More conflict arose over George, the local man-of-the-road, who used regularly to call at the monastery door in search of cups of tea and soap. Fr Aidan said he could not live in a five-bedroom house while George did not have a roof over his head, so he invited George into the presbytery. Matters came to a head when Aidan needed to get ready for the Easter Vigil, but George was in possession of the bathroom, washing his shirts.

One of his oldest friends observed that "Fr Aidan's ruling passion was an intense love of God which overflowed into his relationships with everybody he met. Conflict and misunderstanding caused him immense pain and even desperation for reconciliation.



This same love of God was the root of his huge appreciation of nature.”

Five years later, and under yet another Abbot (Patrick Barry), a new simple community was established in what had been part of the Bar Convent in York. As part of a plan to restructure the external pastoral works of the monastic community, St Bede’s Monastery was asked to run the adjacent pastoral centre for the diocese. Starting in 1987, with Fr Geoffrey Lynch as the Prior, and assisted by Fr Cyril Brooks and Fr Ian Petit, Fr Aidan took a full part in this new venture, and established long-lasting friendships with many people from the York area. He was appointed to the Diocesan Liturgical Commission, and became a strong supporter of the local and Diocesan Justice and Peace groups. One of his York friends writes: “In 1989 a new Ecumenical Justice & Peace group was formed to study the CAFOD ‘Renewing the Earth’ campaign. Aidan was a participant from the start and over the years, contributed frequently to the meetings and activities. His knowledge of the natural world was very valuable and we formed a close-knit friendship group. He was also a very good cook and many times I have enjoyed his bread and vegetarian dishes both for our Justice and Peace celebrations and when he lived in Plantation House and I would go for the sacrament of reconciliation and the Eucharist, always followed by soup and homemade bread. I would usually return home with fresh vegetables from his garden as well. We had some great walks together often with some other members of the Justice and Peace group. I have many memories of joint activities, conferences attended together and visits. I was encouraged to bring people in need of a welcome to visit him both in Osmotherley where he lived after he left York and also in Plantation House. As my confessor I found him encouraging, humble, gentle, kind. We often talked about prayer and he even wrote prayers for me at difficult times in our family’s life. I will miss him more than I can say.”

In 1993 the new Bishop asked Ampleforth to take on the Shrine of Our Lady at Mount Grace, just outside Osmotherley, and to run the local parish in succession to the Franciscans. Abbot Patrick felt that Ampleforth could not take this on while at the same time continuing to run St Bede’s. Abbot Patrick had a great devotion to Mount Grace and the community agreed to the change, though the York brethren found the decision very difficult.

Fr Aidan obediently moved 30 miles up the A19 in 1994 and took a full part in the life of what was then his fourth small monastic community. His homilies were always worth listening to: he had a way of looking behind the scripture passage: How does it apply to today’s world? How does this challenge me? In what ways must I change? Why did the editors of the lectionary omit those verses? In his funeral homily, Fr Gabriel recalled Fr Aidan preaching on the feast of St Dominic when the reading was by coincidence the Canaanite woman whom Our Lord compares to the house dogs: Fr Aidan found a twinkle in the eye connection between the house dogs

and the ‘domini canes’, the Dominican self-description as ‘God’s dogs.’

The desire for the eremitical life was still there, but Fr Aidan was now over 70 years old, and he knew that he would be unable to cope with Holly Hill again. In any case he always maintained that his hermit vocation did not exclude contact with people. He was well aware that many of the medieval hermits lived in towns and had an active pastoral involvement. Though they stayed in their cell and did not seek external work, people would seek them out for advice. Finally Abbot Timothy Wright heard his plea and allowed him to set up a new hermitage in 2007 in Plantation House, a farmhouse just a mile from the Abbey.

Four years later Fr Aidan returned to the Abbey, where his health slowly declined, and he moved into the monastery infirmary. He continued to keep in touch with his many friends, and with the monks out in Zimbabwe. One of them writes: “He was a loving brother/father and forever warm and understanding of our human nature. His commitment to the monastic life and being a member in a community was strong. He was always very good at keeping in touch by writing warm and long letters of news and encouragement and each time seeing him on visit he was always so interested in how things were in the monastery in Zimbabwe and what I was doing.” He remembered the dead, preserving obituary cards of his friends and of all the monks who had died during his time in the monastery.

He suffered considerable pain and found the limitations of old age profoundly frustrating. Nevertheless he persevered. Many of his old friends would make the journey to come and see him and receive his counsel. He died peacefully on 15th December 2018 70 years after he joined the monastery and almost 50 years since he first went to Holly Hill.

In every place that he lived, Fr Aidan planted a garden. One old friend recalled: “Although he kept few belongings or money, he was generous with his welcome and thanks. One year when he said that he couldn’t give me a gift in return, I asked him to design a flower bed for my garden. He modestly said that he wouldn’t know what to do. But on my return he had carefully listed a whole sequence of plants (Latin names and common names) suitable for a country garden.” At the end of his life he counted them up and reckoned he was responsible for over a dozen gardens.

He was a naturally warm and compassionate man, and a good listener. These qualities made him particularly hospitable, so every house he lived in became a real home, a place of welcome. Many of his friends have recalled his warmth and his ability to be a home-maker. It is true he could be quick-tempered and angry with injustice, but he was never mean, calculating or manipulative. One of his oldest friends wrote “Aidan’s openness to all conditions; his ‘wicked’ sense of humour; his

simplicity; his love of all created things; his no-nonsense approach have endeared him to many. Speaking personally, Ampleforth has given me life and Aidan has been the person who has warmed my soul. I am forever grateful.” He was good monk, always open to God, searching his ways, loving him and responding to God’s love; obedient also to the Abbot (and he lived under six of them) but never afraid to challenge people – from Abbots downwards.

Another old friend wrote: “His cards and humour were frequent and dry (in that order). He was the most frugal person I know – and his cards to you would be constructed from the picture cut off an old card stuck onto a piece of paper with a handwritten greeting. In his last days in the infirmary he insisted (and I mean insisted) at cutting his tissues in half so as not to waste paper. He took simple messages from the gospels and made them his own: Eve leading Adam to paradise, the Rosary meditation based on five meals (e.g. Cana, loaves and fishes etc.). In confession I remember him asking me “did I have too much?” I have always remembered this – I think he is the only person ever to ask this of me. I have shared this anecdote with many of my clients – we often strive for much more than we need and for things that we really don’t need. Aidan was never fettered by belongings and would make beautiful items out of simple materials – a crucifix from barbed wire (shaped into the cross) and glazed bread (shaped as Christ’s body) a spoon whittled from holly wood (reminding us of Holly Hill). Aidan would always say farewell with an injunction to ‘take risks’ (particularly in reply to a take care). He was always keen to see you living life to the full and in a loving relationship.” A true man of God, sincere, utterly unique, with the mind of a scientist and the tongue of a poet, he had a remarkable gift for friendship and everyone felt better for contact with him

## FR CYPRIAN SMITH OSB 1937-2019



Trevor Smith was born in Barrow-in-Furness in 1937. He studied French Literature and Music at Manchester University, and then lectured at both Queen's University, Belfast, and Hull University. From 1968-1972 he lived in Brazil and became fluent in Portuguese; whilst there, he taught both music and Latin. It was while he was in Brazil that he first encountered monastic life, attending retreats at the Sao Bento Benedictine monastery in Rio, which nurtured his taste for prayer and reading. On his return to England in 1973, he joined the community at Ampleforth, and received the monastic name Cyprian. He was ordained priest

in 1979.

After a short spell of research at St Benet's Hall in Oxford, he returned to Ampleforth in 1984 to teach and begin his writing career. His research into Meister Eckhart led to the publication of perhaps his best known book "The Way of Paradox – Spiritual Life as taught by Meister Eckhart" in 1987. It has since become quite a popular spiritual text. A second book "The Path of Life" followed in 1995. This book contains many of the conferences he gave as Novice Master at the Abbey, suitably edited and adapted for a more general readership.

Afflicted from birth with cerebral palsy, Fr Cyprian's mobility was never good – and even the simplest of journeys around the monastery was always a trial (at least until he got the first of a number of his infamous buggies!). Yet he persevered. A highly skilled musician, it was always rather nerve-wracking watching him struggle to the cantor's stool – still worse listening to him struggling up to the organ loft in the Abbey. Yet he delighted to play and sing – and many, both in the community and amongst his friends outside, will undoubtedly remember the sense of awe they felt watching him play, seeing what he could do on a keyboard, despite his physical limitations. He was also a talented composer, with a real gift for melodic vocal lines, whether in the congregational Masses he composed (which will be familiar to many Old Amplefordians from Sunday Mass in the Abbey) or the many antiphons and other works he contributed for the Monastic Office and Conventual Mass in the Abbey. I suspect few of the community can hear the Responsorial Psalm on Good Friday each year without automatically remembering his voice, or the small harp with which, on occasion, he would accompany himself.

Fr Cyprian was Novice Master for a long period, from 1989-1998. Many of us in the monastery now were novices under him, and to us he showed great patience and kindness, and probably rather more wisdom than we gave him credit for at the time. I suspect we didn't really understand at the time just how generous he was towards us, listening, gently guiding, trying to teach us not to take ourselves too seriously (a lesson I suspect we ignored!), trying to teach us to laugh at ourselves. He was certainly fond of humour and liked a good joke. As Fr Gabriel mentioned in his funeral homily, he would often tell the same joke many, many times, and 'naughty novices' would keep score of the retellings. As Fr Gabriel also mentioned, Fr Cyprian was very straightforward and honest – and we all learned very quickly his likes and dislikes. There were occasions when, probably unaware of what he was doing, he would mutter comments under his breath – whether on the readings, the brethren's homilies or the talents (or lack thereof) of particular cantors in choir – so much so that we unofficially christened these sharp observations "Cyprian's Commentary on the Psalms".

But I suspect he will be remembered most – by brethren and friends, and by the boys of St John's House for whom he was Chaplain from 2012-2016 – for his listening ear, his wise counsel, his gentle encouragement. The last years of his life saw a rapid deterioration in his health, and eventually he moved to St Catherine's nursing home for his last few months. We are grateful to the staff there for their patient care, and to the many friends who came to visit him in those difficult days when he most needed to know he was loved. He died peacefully in hospital on 8th April 2019.

Perhaps my most enduring memory is of him sitting in the half-dark Calefactory each Christmas, eyes closed, playing Byrd, Tallis or Bach from memory on the little electric keyboard we used to bring in over the holiday to accompany our Boxing Day carols. He always looked rapt, totally unaware of anything around him, playing what I think he felt was the music of heaven, a window into eternity. May he rest in peace.

# FR ANTONY HAIN OSB

## 1952-2019



It was the summer of 1978, an unforgettable year for the Church: the year of three Popes. In August my contemporary Christopher Heaps and I went to the West Highlands on holiday. We stayed at the Benedictine Abbey in Fort Augustus, at the end of Loch Ness, some thirty miles south west of Inverness. There we encountered a community of some thirty Monks of St Benedict. One of the youngest stood out – a tall ascetic monk – Br Antony. He went about his business in a quiet orderly way – this gentle man of God, solitary and quiet. Yet there was something about him which caught our notice – he was there in the monastery

for a purpose: to be with God alone. I was to meet him a few years later when in the autumn of 1981 I entered St Benedict's Abbey at Fort Augustus.

Stuart Hain was born in Ruislip Middlesex on 4th August 1952. His mother was a devout Anglican and his father, Ian, a Methodist to whom he was greatly devoted. He was baptised at St Mary's Church of England in Langley, Buckinghamshire. He attended Queensmead Secondary Modern at South Ruislip Middlesex.

Stuart was blessed with a keen intellect and proceeded to St David's University College Lampeter, Dyfed, where he graduated in 1974 with a BA in English Literature and Theology. Devout and with an enquiring mind he was received into full Communion with the Catholic Church while an undergraduate.

Stuart Hain worked for a couple of years before entering his monastic life, first as a Librarian in the London Borough of Harrow and then as a prep school teacher at Twickenham Preparatory School from 1974 - 1975. He developed Lymphodema and had several operations, which failed to bring about a cure. This together with other related illness was to dog him for the rest of his life.

After University he was in search of a religious life. He visited Ampleforth in the early 1970s and was interested in joining the monastery, but the Novice Master advised him to try a smaller community given his precarious health situation. So, he came to Fort Augustus in the Autumn of 1975 and was clothed in the Benedictine habit by Abbot Nicholas Holman on 18th March 1976.

Antony was a difficult man to understand in some respects. He was shy and retiring

and given his physical poor health tended to be something of a recluse.

In the traditional Benedictine Noviciate at Fort Augustus in the 1970s, under Fr Augustine Grene, Prior and Novice Master, he studied Monastic life and Theology, including the writings of Blessed Columba Marmion, Cuthbert Butler's Benedictine Monasticism, Hubert Van Zeller's Benedictine Ideal, Augustine Baker's Sancta Sophia, 'The Cloud of Unknowing' and more recent works such as 'Consider your Call' by Fr David Rees and others. Br Antony proved to be a good monk. St Benedict's rule says that the novice should truly seek God. Antony in his early monastic life and throughout later life sought God. He chose his name Antony after the father of Monasticism St Antony of Egypt. He was single-minded in his life and search for God in the Monastery. In the face of a lot of suffering he was steadfast in faith. In all the years I knew him he never complained and accepted his difficult situation as God's will. Nelson Mandela somewhere said that suffering embitters some people and enobles others. In Fr Antony's case, it was the latter..Mandela says 'suffering is my teacher'.

Antony was accepted for Solemn Profession which he made on 19th March 1982 and the following year on 20th March was ordained to the Sacred Priesthood. His Ordination card had a quote from St Therese – "If I did not simply live one moment to another it would be impossible for me to be patient, but I only look at the present I forget the past and I take good care not to forestall the future." These words from the Little Flower say much about him because he was incredibly patient despite indifferent health and suffering. In the early 1980s he went on a monastic holiday tour of Monasteries in France of both Subiaco and Solesmes Congregations with the Abbot of Fort Augustus and Fr Aelred Grugan OSB.

Antony was not called to be a Parish Priest of a large Parish or a University professor. His life was rather more obscure – a hidden Apostolate of prayer and intercession for the church and the world.

For several years he sang the Exultet at the Easter Vigil in his beautiful dulcet tenor voice. He was choir master or organist for several years. Fr Antony had a great devotion to Our Blessed Lady. His Ordination Chasuble was pure white with a sky blue offrey and a golden M. When he transferred to Ampleforth he made several pilgrimages to Lourdes. He kept up a regular correspondence with his many friends among them a Solesmes Benedictine Nun and a few former priests in his very neat handwriting. Fr Antony was meticulous and careful. His neatness and attention to detail were evident in the beautiful cross stitch patterns he produced.

When the Monastery at Fort Augustus closed he lived at Nazareth House in Bonnyrigg, Scotland for two years before moving to Ampleforth Abbey. His wish to



be a monk of Ampleforth was realised after many years. Since coming to Ampleforth in 2001 he completed an MA in theology from St John's, York University.

He made many journeys to visit his dear mother Joan at her home in Arbroath, who survives him. As a former Anglican he took on the devotions of Catholicism and he was devoted to the saints especially Padre Pio, St Therese of Lisieux, and to the practice of saying the rosary and stations of the cross.

His homilies were clear and concise. He had a penchant for finishing with one liners. Fr Gabriel quoted a few at his funeral: "Families are like fudge – mostly sweet, with a few nuts"; "Only Robinson Crusoe could get everything done by Friday"; "Yesterday is history, tomorrow is mystery, today is a gift: that's why it's called the present". In one of his sermons Fr Antony says "To the world you may be just one person but to one person you are the world."

We the monks of Ampleforth and the few who knew Antony well can testify that he was a good and holy monk and priest whose example in the face of difficulties and suffering made him shine in the world.

## FR THOMAS CULLINAN 1935-2019



Anthony Cullinan was born in 1935 and followed his brothers Edward (C49) and Tim (C50, ob. 04) into St Cuthbert's House and left in 1953 to do National Service where he withstood pressure to stay in the Navy and joined the Monastery in 1955 and was given the name Thomas. He read Mathematics at St Benet's Hall and became involved in the fledgling OXFAM organisation. On returning to Ampleforth he taught Social Justice Theology in the Monastery and Mathematics in the school as well as running the Sea Scouts and, later, starting the Venture Scouts, which involved many adventurous sailing, climbing, pot-holing and caving expeditions. He made a wooden table for the Maths room at the top of the Clock Tower and an Altar for the Abbey before a televised Mass. He, Fr Placid Spearrit and Fr David Morland were the nucleus of a group who enjoyed a series of summer holiday weeks at his parents' holiday home in the disused lighthouse on top of Beachy Head. Some of the evening discussions on theological and spiritual matters continued on Sunday evenings back at Ampleforth, though regarded by some as being dangerously radical.

Out of these emerged in 1977 the experimental monastic community at Barn House in Little Crosby, made possible by the Whitlock-Blundell family, involving Fr Aidan Gilman, Fr David Morland, Fr Bonaventure Knollys and Fr Barnabas Sandeman, who had looked forward for some time to spending his retirement in this community of prayer, unencumbered by commitments to school or parishes. It was a mortal blow to the project when he died suddenly in 1980 while they were on their way to Ampleforth for the Conventual Chapter.

One by one the others returned to Ampleforth as the loan of Barn House ran out, while Tom built Ince Benet nearby in the grounds of a convent to a two-storey design by his architect brother, Edward, using materials given and scrounged from demolition sites round Liverpool. Here he continued to live as a monk of Ampleforth, praying the Office in the chapel and celebrating Mass on the altar he had made (now in the Chapel of St Cuthbert's House) while a gradually increasing number of people came to visit. Some came daily to the Office or Mass, some came occasionally for Confession or counsel, some to stay for a few days, including Ampleforth monks and former students and Thomas appreciated the encouragement of Emeritus Abbot Herbert Byrne. Each Sunday evening he would cycle to celebrate Mass at St Helen's, Crosby, where his homilies were much appreciated. He became

increasingly in demand as a speaker and continued to write. Amongst several books and collections he published 'If the Eye be Sound' is a challenging and prophetic collection of talks and letters.

For some of the brethren, Ince Benet – like our urban parishes and the new foundation in Zimbabwe – was an important part of the other face of Ampleforth (although his refusal to have a telephone or, later, any email connection bothered some) and in 1990 the Conventual Chapter voted to recognise Ince Benet as an organic part of the community.

Ten years later Tom was increasingly feeling that the Ince Benet culture was part of the local church and in 2005 he was incardinated in Liverpool Archdiocese. His life at Ince Benet continued to be that of a monk-priest – as he is described on his gravestone – and he continued to witness by his life to many of the values expounded by Pope Francis in *Laudato Si*.

He died at Ince Benet on 18th January 2019 and six Ampleforth monks were at his funeral at Crosby. Many thought of him as a prophet and this was a theme of the Oscar Romero Memorial lecture given at Hope University, Liverpool in September 2019.

# RICHARD GILBERT

## 1937-2019



Richard was born on 17th November 1937 in the Lancaster Royal Infirmary to Ruth, neé Ainsworth, and Frank Gilbert. He died on 16th January 2018, aged 80. From St George's School, Harpenden, he went on to read Chemistry at Worcester College, Oxford. In 1961, he was elected President of the Oxford University Mountaineering Club. Between school and university, he did the statutory two years National Service. Richard married Trisha Roberts, raising a family of four children: Tim (A83), Emily, Lucy and William (O89).

He first worked as an industrial chemist with Tate & Lyle in Liverpool and then moved to Rowntrees, now Nestlé, in York.

His teaching career commenced at Ampleforth in 1966 where he was a dedicated and valued member of the Chemistry Department until he retired in 1996. Always enthusiastic about his subject, he expected an equal dedication from his students and was always proud of what they achieved.

In 1971, he completed [sic] the Scottish Munros becoming the 101st Munroist. Nowhere was his ability to enthuse others more evident to me than when he was passing on his love of the mountains. He introduced students, as well as colleagues, to rock-climbing on local crags and in North Wales and he soon had a thriving mountaineering club with visits to the Scottish Mountains at the end of the Spring Term and in the October half terms. He organised five overseas mountaineering expeditions: Iceland, 1968; Morocco, 1970; Iceland, 1972; Arctic Norway, 1974 and the first British school expedition to the Himalaya in 1977 when he got a party to the summit of 17,900ft Kolahoi in Kashmir. For this latter expedition he was awarded a Winston Churchill Fellowship Medallion presented by the Queen Mother. As a mountaineer he had the full trust of those who accompanied him and, on the strength of his reputation, the trust of his Headmaster, Fr Patrick. Abbot Patrick told me, just a few years ago, how he had given Richard full backing in his expeditions and how his own head as Headmaster would have been the first to roll if there had been any major incident, particularly in the Himalaya.

It was then Richard's intention to retire from leading student expeditions into the mountains, but the mountains still drew him, his colleagues valued his steady

expertise and he later joined in as mountaineering leader on College expeditions to Arctic Norway, 1982 and the Hornstrandir Peninsular (NW Iceland) in 1986 and 1989 and the associated training trips to the Lake District or Pennines in winter and Scotland in the Spring. I have had the privilege to join in on many private mountain trips with Richard, and he also led a staff mountaineering club, the Tryfan Club. Of course, when Richard started on his mountaineering exploits there was no such thing as a 'Mountain Leadership Certificate' (the acceptable alternative being 'Experience') but he eventually decided he must get the 'piece of paper'. His assessor related how candidates were expected to provide some record of their mountain activities: Richard was a meticulous log keeper and produced a tome the size of a family bible!

He was a prolific writer and as well as occasional articles published in *The Alpine Journal*, he was a regular columnist for *High Magazine*, in which he often defended wild spaces from assault. He also authored a range of mountaineering and hill walking books, including *The Big Walks*, *Classic Walks*, *Wild Walks*, *Lonely Hills* and *Wilderness trails*, and *Memorable Munros*. This latter book has many anecdotes of Ampleforth College mountaineering. His book *Young Explorers* about his five Ampleforth overseas trips should be found in most House libraries and the School Library.

Richard was an active campaigner for the natural environment and wild spaces: a long-standing member of the John Muir Trust and the Scottish Wild Land Group.

At his memorial gathering, the recurring theme was how he had inspired in others a love and respect for the mountains and how this had cascaded down to following generations. We will sorely miss him but must be so grateful for the many lives, including mine, that he has enriched.





# OLD AMPLEFORDIAN OBITUARIES

*The following pages contain a number of obituaries of Old Amplefordians who have died since the last Journal. A full list of Old Amplefordian and Ampleforth Society members deaths is available on the website:  
[www.ampleforth.org.uk/society](http://www.ampleforth.org.uk/society)*

Those who remember Fr Basil Postlethwaite, whose obituary appeared in the last issue of the Journal, may like to know of the Camino Fund, set up in his memory to help fund pilgrimages to Compostella. Anyone wishing to donate to this Fund in his memory can read more at: <https://caminofund.wordpress.com>.

**COLONEL HENRY OWEN HUGH SMITH LVO (E56) 19th June 1937 – 1st December 2016** was born in 1937 to Colin and Betty (nee Hotham) Hugh Smith. Henry went to St Edward's in 1950, having first gone to Gilling in 1947 and then to Junior House. After Ampleforth, he was commissioned into the Royal Horse Guards as a National Service Officer in May 1957 serving in both the UK and Cyprus. He re-joined the Blues as a regular officer in September 1961 after graduating in History from Magdalene College, Cambridge. After attending Staff College in 1969 he returned to command A Squadron, The Blues and Royals. As the reconnaissance squadron in the force responsible for guarding the flanks of NATO, he took it to arctic training in the north of Norway, on exercise in eastern Greece and it was the first squadron in the Regiment to be deployed to Northern Ireland.

In 1972, as a Major on the staff of London District, he was seconded to the Widgery Tribunal charged with looking into the events of 'Bloody Sunday.' He lived with 2nd Battalion Royal Green Jackets and on the night of 13th/14th March, accompanied a patrol out into the Bogside, Londonderry. The patrol was ambushed, and in an action lasting eight minutes, some 600 rounds were exchanged and Henry was shot in the right arm. His right hand was subsequently amputated above the wrist.

Following his recovery, Henry presented the 2nd Battalion Royal Green Jackets Officers' Mess with a silver figure of a swan with a broken wing mounted on a marble plinth with a suitable inscription to commemorate his own 'swan' going out on patrol. The swan now takes pride of place next to the Commanding Officer at all dinners. At Henry's memorial service in 2017, coincidentally on the 45th anniversary of that fateful night, no less than three members of the patrol came to pay their respects along with the swan itself.

He then served on the staff of Northern Ireland and 2 Infantry Brigade until, in June 1974, he became the Equerry to HRH The Duke of Edinburgh. At the end of this tour, he was appointed MVO, later converted to LVO.



Henry took command of The Blues and Royals in February 1978 and then returned to Northern Ireland. Here, the Regiment suffered several casualties, four of them fatal. Henry maintained his exceptionally high standards throughout and in subsequent enquiries was described as “an officer of the highest personal integrity whose personal sense of honour and commitment to his Regiment are absolute.”

After command, Henry had a number of roles including command of the UK element in the Sinai. In 1987 he was promoted full Colonel and served as Defence Attache in Nairobi until his retirement on medical grounds in 1991. He was appointed National Chairman of the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen’s Association (BLESMA) in 1996 and served in this post until 2010.

Henry was a keen sailor and in later years spent much of the winter sailing in the Carribean. He was elected a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1970 and also belonged to the Royal Cruising Club. In 2010, aged 72, he sailed across the Atlantic in the Royal Ocean Racing Club 600 Yacht Race with 14 ex-servicemen as the first all-amputee crew. His philosophy was that “there is no disability when everyone on board is somewhat in bits.”

Never married, Henry was pre-deceased by his elder brother Andrew (E50) in 2012, and is survived by his sister, Sarah Wells.

**ANTHONY COPLESTON WALSH (E67) 20th December 1948 – 7th January 2017** was born in Malvern to Phillip and Brenda Walsh. As a young child he spent several years in Jordon and Germany, where his father served as a Colonel in the regular army, for a time seconded to the Arab Legion. He had an elder brother, Christopher (E63) and younger sister Katie. Following prep school at St Richard’s he went to Ampleforth in 1962, where he established a reputation as a gifted all-rounder, excelling both academically and on the sporting field. He was Head Monitor in 1967, Captain of the 1st XI cricket team, also being awarded 1st XV rugby colours. He read history at Lincoln College, Oxford, finding time to play cricket for the Authentics and rugby for the Greyhounds. There he met his future wife, Charlotte Jessop, whom he married in 1972.

At school, he had been lectured on CP Snow’s ‘Two Cultures’, namely those represented by scientists on the one hand and “literary intellectuals” on the other. Tony decided to bridge this apparent gap, and armed with his history degree and one O level in General Science, employed his persuasive charms on the Middlesex Hospital to accept him for training as a doctor. He became president of the student union medical school, and in 1975 spent four months working in South Africa at the Charles Johnson Memorial hospital Nqutu Kwazulu. Following qualification as a doctor, he decided to go into general practice, initially as a GP in Telford, Shropshire

and then, from 1988, in Milton Keynes, where he practised until his retirement. He had a particular interest in psychoanalysis and in what motivated people to go to the doctor, finding that in a new town, lacking the support networks of long established cities and towns, people often relied on their GP for pastoral care.

At Milton Keynes he founded Willen cricket club, earning the nickname ‘Titanic Tony’ for a classic innings of 174 not out. Always supremely fit and active, in later life he took up tennis and cycling. In 2005, with his son Guy, he completed the London to Paris 360 mile cycle ride for Action Medical Research.

Tony and Charlotte divorced after 25 years and a second marriage to Clare Skingle also ended in divorce. He is survived by his children Rachel, Guy and Barney, his grandchildren Tomas, Elsa and Seth and his siblings.

**JOHN JOSEPH NICHOLAS ELDON (5TH EARL OF ELDON) (T54) 24th April 1937 – 30th January 2017** known as Johnny, was a photographer, landowner and philanthropist. He was the son of the soldier, sportsman and courtier Jack Eldon (OA17), and Magdalen Fraser, the children’s novelist, Catholic intellectual and renowned beauty. His parents were close friends of George VI and the Queen: one of his earliest memories was of accompanying the young princesses Elizabeth and Margaret during their famous outing into the VE day crowds. At Ampleforth, he excelled at rifle shooting, art and high jinks. He was proud of his Highland Jacobite heritage and was part of the extensive Fraser clan that has populated the school for so many generations. His school career was cut short by a sudden attack of peritonitis, which would have proved fatal without the quick thinking of Fr Peter Utley, who scooped him up from the school infirmary and drove him to York hospital.

He read History at Trinity College Oxford until, claiming to follow in the footsteps of his father and his war hero uncle, Shimi Lovat (C29), he shot and barbecued one of the Magdelene College park deer. He was swiftly and publicly sent down but, having fled the attention of the British paparazzi via the Bailliol drains, soon found a home in 1950s bohemian Paris, where he trained with the surrealist painter Henri Goetz. His time in Paris resulted in a lifelong love of France and all things French. Returning to London after National Service in the Scots Guards, he discovered an extraordinary talent for photography, in particular for portraiture and printing. He went into partnership with Patrick Lichfield, and during the 1960s, was at the heart of London’s fashion scene – though as a devout Catholic he had no interest in its excesses.

He was a devoted family man, beloved father to Jock Encombe (O80), Tatiana and Victoria. He sadly divorced his first wife, Claudine (Montjoye), after 30 years of

marriage, but found great peace and happiness with his second, Beatrice (Piquet). His many grandchildren, great nephews and great nieces adored him for his generosity and love of fun and mischief-making.

His faith was pure, strong and uncomplicated. Its joys and challenges were always at the centre of his life. In his humble and thoughtful way, he provided important financial and practical support to many humanitarian and religious causes, including Mercy Corps (formerly Scottish European Aid), Mary's Meals, Medjugorje, the Lady Chapel and Osmotherley and the New Dawn Conference in Walsingham. His private acts of generosity were similarly numerous and modestly executed.

He and his brother Sim, Simon Peter Scott (T57), loved each other deeply. Their relationship, and their service to Mercy Corps, is being honoured by the planting of a pair of olive trees outside the agency's office on the Mount of Olives, overlooking the Old City of Jerusalem. A fitting tribute to a life of love, duty and pilgrimage.

**HARRY ISIDORE FITZHERBERT (E91) 15th January 1973 – 30th March 2017.** During his five years at St Edward's, Harry stood out for several reasons. He was charismatic and generous spirited in all his dealings with people, he excelled academically and as the son of a diplomat, he had an unusual breadth of knowledge from the experience of living in several different countries.

Aged 15, Harry travelled with his father, Giles (B53), the then British Ambassador to Venezuela, deep into the Amazon rainforest where they stayed for a week with a cut-off Yanomani tribal community of hunter-gatherers. Some time after that trip, Harry wrote a letter to the Independent newspaper in response to an article about the Yanomani. The article stated that despite living always in the forest, the Yanomani have no word for the colour green. Not so, stated Harry. Although they have no one word, they have in fact some 60 words covering what we would simply call 'green.'

One of Harry's greatest contributions to school life was his founding of the Ampleforth Anarchist Movement and the Libertarian newsletter. The Ampleforth Anarchist Movement brought together students from all different years to discuss political theories and question some of the axioms on which the school was, at the time, organised.

The Libertarian was produced in opposition to the official school newspaper and was made up of articles contributed by regular attendees of the movement's meetings. After a few editions, it began to draw the disapproval of the school authorities. However, although Harry was undoubtedly the leading light in the Ampleforth Anarchist Movement, he was self-avowedly not its leader; leadership being anathema

to the philosophy of anarchism, and Harry was very careful at the meetings to suppress his own natural authority, to inspire rather than direct, which meant that decisions took place by consensus. This gave the movement its resilience; it could not be suppressed by attacks on its leadership as, nominally at least, no such leadership existed.

In his gap year, Harry worked as a cowboy on a ranch in the llanos of Venezuela before travelling across the continent with a school friend. He then went to Trinity College, Dublin where he studied History and Spanish. He was a founder of the Latin American Society there, which gained instant fame for the exuberance of its opening party, the entire budget obtained from the College was spent on roses, avocados and tequila. Before his final year, he took a year out to work in Zambia for Pestalozzi.

At Trinity, Harry also started experimenting with illegal drugs, which were to have an effect on the rest of his life.

After University, Harry retired to the family home in Devon to lead the life of a secular contemplative. He read, painted, made short films and investigated different religious faiths and philosophies. He was charming company, pure of heart and an excellent host to his friends.

**NICHOLAS JOHN FITZHERBERT (C51) 2rd November 1933 – 6th May 2017** often quoted the former Abbot of Ampleforth, Herbert Byrne, who said “I think one has to be prepared to start all over again, any number of times.” It was a sentiment Fitzherbert lived by with courage and determination as he overcame ill-health and personal hardship to help transform scores of young lives through his work as a Career Counsellor and Life Coach.

Aged 57, he took a room in the Business Design Centre in Islington and advertised his services in the Yellow Pages, marking the start of a career which saw him advise more than 250 young people – his ‘alumni.’

Many came from Goodenough College, a hall of residence for overseas post graduates of which he was a Governor for 29 years. Fitzherbert’s guidance and support, drawn from own experience of adversity, including two redundancies, was often life-changing and he forged enduring friendships.

Dallas Leigh-Martine, a training adviser from New Zealand, met him in 1994 and described his help as follows: “I was £5,000 in debt, 12,000 miles from home but within 16 weeks I was offered four jobs through Nicholas.” When she married, Nicholas gave her away.

Another alumnus, Georgie Vestey, wrote to him: “When we met all those years ago, you looked into my heart and soul and saw a path for my career that even I had not seen.”

Several of the qualities which made Nicholas such an effective Career Counsellor were in evidence at the very start of his professional life, in the army.

Aged 19 he joined the Coldstream Guards as part of National Service and in the summer of 1953 he was selected to command the newly formed Assault Pioneer Platoon, having attended a course on explosives with the Royal Engineers.

He moulded his lively collection of Guardsmen, several of whom had criminal records, into the pride of the battalion. On one famous occasion, he inadvertently silenced Field Marshal Montgomery when the latter appeared unexpectedly at battalion headquarters just as Nicholas’ platoon detonated a series of high explosives. Montgomery fulminated that he couldn’t hear himself speak.

After the army, Nicholas worked for a small export company and persuaded the owner, Leonard Wadsworth, to give him a leave of absence to make a round-the-world trip, on the understanding that he would establish contacts for the business. Thus, aged 26, long before taking a ‘gap year’ became fashionable, he worked his passage on a merchant ship to Australia and hitch-hiked across the country. In North Queensland he worked on a cattle station during the mustering season and in America visited 72 companies, cold calling the CEOs from public telephone boxes, securing several valuable contracts for Mr Wadsworth.

His greatest test was a redundancy in 1977 aged 44 from a City merchant bank where he had worked for 17 years managing pension funds. Overwork had resulted in illness but with the support of his wife Terez, and demonstrating great perseverance and resilience, he fought back and found his true calling in helping others.

Looking back over those years, he wrote: “In a way, all that had gone before served as preparation for this.” He is survived by Terez, to whom he was happily married for 49 years, children Elizabeth and Henry, and three grandchildren.

**ANTHONY JAMES JOSEPH SIMONDS-GOODING (B53) 10th September 1937 – 16th October 2017** was born in Dublin on 10th September 1937, and brought up in County Kerry. After Ampleforth he served in the Royal Navy before joining Unilever as a management trainee and being sent for a stint with its advertising agency, Lintas, where he learnt the ropes of the trade.

Anthony began his career with Unilever as marketing manager for Birds Eye frozen

foods. He achieved his first notable success with the “Captain Birds Eye” television commercials that brought fame to the brand’s fish fingers. He moved on to the brewery group Whitbread, first on the marketing side and later as managing director.

Whitbread held the UK licence for the Dutch-based Heineken brand and it was Simonds-Gooding’s bold decision to approve the “refresh” campaign. Market research suggested it would not play well, but it eventually ran for more than 30 years and drove a shift in British drinking tastes from ale to lager.

With similar counter-intuition, he approved the tag-line “reassuringly expensive” for the French lager Stella Artois.

In 1985 he was persuaded to cross the client-agency divide and become chief executive of Saatchi & Saatchi. The role was effectively that of troubleshooter between disparate factions within a loosely assembled, fast-growing international collection of strong personalities.

Within two years he moved again, to become chief executive of the fledgling British Satellite Broadcasting, which set out with the initial backing of the Thatcher government to be Britain’s first non-terrestrial television offering.

Having finally begun broadcasting in March 1990, BSB claimed 750,000 subscribers to Sky’s 1.5 million. But both were haemorrhaging cash and before the year’s end BSB’s shareholders sued for peace; the two ventures merged as BSkyB, with Sky in the driving seat and Anthony out of a job.

After BSB, Simonds-Gooding took on a portfolio of non-executive business roles, including the chairmanship of the software group Oxford Metrics. He was also chairman of the Rose Theatre at Kingston-upon-Thames and of Design & Art Direction, a charity which promotes excellence in advertising work through awards and training, and which he rescued from financial embarrassment.

In later years he gave another portion of his energies to fundraising for cancer charities. He was volunteer appeals director and vice president of Macmillan Cancer Support, playing a leading role in the creation of the “coffee mornings” campaign which raised many millions.

In 2013 he became chairman of Breast Cancer Haven, a smaller London-based charity which he encouraged towards national ambitions. He was appointed CBE in 2010.

Anthony married, first, in 1961, Fiona Menzies; they had four sons and two

daughters. The marriage was dissolved in 1982 and in that year he married, secondly, Marjorie Porter. She survives him with five children of the first marriage, one son having predeceased him, and a stepson from the second marriage.

**CHRISTIAN SYDNEY ELLISON MANGLES (D19) 8th November 2000 - 14th June 2018.** “Slowly they learned to tell their stories, share their losses, learn the new landscape.” Fr Chad’s homily, Sunday 17 June 2018.

Kit joined St Martin’s in September 2011, following his brother, Johnny, who’d arrived a year earlier. Their sister, Helena, joined two years later. Coming from a very small school on an island off Hong Kong meant this was quite a culture shock for them all. However, Ampleforth was very much a family school for the Mangles – Kit was one of eight cousins to attend the school, plus his father, Edward, and an uncle.

Kit truly loved his time at Gilling, making great friends, and representing the school at rugby, cross-country, hockey and athletics.

Kit moved across the valley in September 2014, joining St Dunstan’s. This was the ideal house for Kit and he made very strong friendships, and had close relationships with his housemaster Ben Pennington and matron Marian Rogers. While not relishing all of the constraints of school life, and spending far too many lunchtimes in detention, Kit loved being at Ampleforth with so many wonderful friends. Kit joined the CCF in his first year and had planned to join the army.

A year ago, at Kit’s memorial service, Fr Chad led us in prayer, and said: “What does life mean in the face of a tragic death? How can we talk of the Kingdom of God, when we are confronted by something that seems so senseless? When we gathered on Friday night, I could hardly sing, I could barely speak. This abbey was full of such sadness. But at the end, you stood together, not speaking, not moving, but peaceful in your silence, witnesses to the truth of the promise:

“Blessed are those who mourn, they shall be comforted. And this was not the result of a cleverly devised service, of carefully researched techniques for tackling teenage grief. This was raw, ‘last minute.com’, a chaotic trusting in something beyond us. The totality of Friday was more than simply the sum of its parts. Jesus called the Holy Spirit ‘the one who comforts’, and that Spirit was at work in that Mass.”

Earlier this year on 21 March 2019, the school celebrated the feast of St Benedict and it seemed the right moment for Kit’s contemporaries in St Dunstan’s to plant a maple tree in his memory; a living and lasting memorial, and a solace to those who mourn. In early autumn each year, overlooking the cricket pitches, the tree’s deep red colour



will pick up the best of the valley sunsets. After the tree planting, Kit's parents, family and friends were received very warmly in St Dunstan's by Mr and Mrs Thurman. As we gathered on that day, I remembered Mr Pennington's words at Kit's memorial service the previous July, now mounted on the wall in the Housemaster's study:

"Kit was exactly the type of boy I wanted in St Dunstan's and exactly the type of person I'd have wanted as a friend. In life, Kit filled a space; he influenced people all around him. He didn't sit in the corner and wait for things to happen, he made them happen. He was confident, yet he was fragile and had a deep belief in justice. We can all ask 'why?' and try to deal with this terrible tragedy and then bury it for fear of it upsetting us again and again. However, I suggest we never forget how it made us feel, how it hurt, because by never forgetting, we will hold Kit close in our lives and allow them to be positively influenced to make us better parents, children, brothers, sisters, husbands, wives and better friends. I think Kit would approve of that."

We continue to pray for Kit, and also for those who knew him and loved him.  
Fr Ambrose, Jilly and Edward Mangles (O85).

Quotes from letters:

Kit was absolutely his own man and a good friend. Whenever school was getting boring, Kit was the one amongst us who knew what to say to make us all laugh ... He was a good friend and I will miss him terribly.

With all the love in my heart, I shall cherish the wondrous memories I have made with Kit. He was the life and soul of every situation he was in, but it is wrong for anyone to think of Kit in the past, as he remains in every thought of mine – past, present and future.

I see a young, lovely, smiling Kit in my mind's eye ... and there he will stay. Our son's great friend and the source of so many stories ... He will always be remembered for the last four Dunstan's mad-cap years and by others for so many more years before.

Words cannot express how much we will miss your cheeky, charming and beautiful boy. All we can say is what a pleasure it has been to have had him in our home and our hearts for four years.

**JAMES SEYMOUR HEAGERTY (O50) 4th November 1932 – 2nd October 2018.** Nowadays, not too many can recall Pauline Ampleforth and its cheerful if austere – by today's standards – way of life. James Heagerty, who died in October

2018, did so with affection and like most people always kept profound respect and admiration for Fr Paul.

James followed his brother Patrick into St Oswald's House in 1947. (Their father Wing Cdr JS Heagerty was a former RFC pilot who during the First World War had survived being shot down by Baron von Richthofen and in the Second organised the maps in Churchill's War Rooms.) His Housemaster was Fr Steven Marwood, one of Fr Paul's right-hand men, who understood his special needs. He was not only dyslexic but had other health problems too, so that much of his time at Ampleforth was spent in the carpentry shop, although he enjoyed beagling. He left in 1950, for National Service with the 9th Lancers in the British Army of the Rhine.

Even at school he showed an interest in architecture, with a precocious love of architectural detail and an eye for perspective – such as instinctive awareness of when a doorway or a window was too high or too low. Dyslexia ruled out becoming an architect, so he qualified as a master builder at Guildford Technical College, after which he joined his father's business, building houses and flats with him in Chelsea on the Cadogan Estate. He then made a very successful career of restoring and selling ruinous mansions in Notting Hill Gate, especially the Neo-Classical houses of Thomas Allom, which he meticulously brought to life again with a well-chosen team of specialists. Not only did he have a flair for the work, but he developed into an astute man of business.

As a small boy in London, in the Blitz when the bombs were falling, he acquired a strong faith that he never lost. For a time, he went regularly on the Ampleforth pilgrimage to Lourdes, bringing his father and his brother Patrick. Having helped to find houses in London for the Catholic Housing Trust during the 1960s he then advised that great Benedictine Mother Mary Garson, of whom he was a great admirer, on converting houses into care homes. He also financed the building of a church and community centre in a South African township at Hermanus besides paying for a carpentry training workshop and a clinic at Irundu in Uganda. He continued to support Irundu until he died, staying in close contact with its parish priest Monsignor Stephen Mudoola who became a valued friend.

Living in the Sussex Weald, he relaxed by hunting with the South Down, having learned to ride by taking a gruelling equestrian course at Colonel Dudgeon's Riding School in Ireland that involved painful falls. He gave up hunting when he contracted rheumatoid arthritis in middle life, finding solace in golf. With the dogged determination that showed in everything he did, eventually he overcame his dyslexia, enjoying the novels of Anthony Trollope and even the Iliad.

In 1961 he married Claire Patterson, a marriage in which he found unfailing support

and happiness. They had three children – a daughter, Caroline, and two sons, Piers (O80) and Joe (O81).

James was not an easy man to get to know well. Those who did, will remember a wonderfully quirky sense of humour and a gift for lasting friendship, with a deep love of Sussex. They will also recall an impressive stoicism in enduring ill health, as during the last 18 months of his life when he lost the power of speech. He found some comfort in carpentry, and also in the paintings of Gary Bunt which he discovered towards the end – haunting primitives that convey a simple Christian message set amid the Sussex countryside.

He had made many friends among the monks of Worth, two of whom concelebrated his funeral Mass, assisted by Mgr Undula from Irundu who was staying at the abbey when he died.

**JAMES ANTHONY DOVE (T95) 15th September 1977 – 20th October 2018.**

The following is taken from the eulogy given at James' funeral by his brother Nick.

Our brother James was born 15th September 1977 to a long line of adventuring ancestors. If we can choose our parentage, he definitely chose this one because at heart he was an adventurer in life. One of our ancestors was a French aristocrat in the French revolution fleeing the guillotine. He was shipwrecked and washed up on the shores of Ireland. From here came the charm and impish character so clear in James. Our grandfather was a skilled engineer building roads to the far reaches of the Empire and our dad loved to play polo on the plains of India, somehow finding the time to fight in the cavalry on the north west frontier. From here came the adventurousness coursing through James' veins. He was into anything and everything, entirely mischievous, funny, a prankster, willing to take risks, in short, he loved living life. He loved life completely and he lived it intensely. He was Chelsea blue through and through. He is the Kings Road!

His childhood memories as 'Jumbo' included the grand home in Wellington Square and the life the Dove family had there. His rabbits and goldfish, his 'Wellington' bear and Rocking Horse called 'Pooky'. He recalled children's parties in St Luke's in Chelsea. Also Young England where Princess Diana took a real shine to him. Then the Dragon School where he learnt among other boring stuff to dance the 'Slide' well before the rest of us. He attended Ampleforth College and Bristol University.

He really came into his element during his university years when he started DJ'ing, learnt the arts of social life, the driving to London, oh and did I mention girls? His memorable smile captured the world in general and the whole of Chelsea in particular. He often travelled with his family to their holiday home in Palm Beach

which he loved. He even got a speeding ticket there on his roller-blades.

Today is our chance to say thank you for the way you brightened our lives, even though God granted you but half a life. And not only that, but in his infinite wisdom He considered that such an adventurous spirit needed some counterbalance, and so He sent you first diabetes, then financial and family hardship from our Dad's debacle at Lloyds Insurance, and if that wasn't enough, to cap it all, the debilitating, frightening and incurable Multiple Sclerosis disease. It's a string of events that would have broken a lesser person. And it would have been easy for James to let himself become bitter and hardened; to surrender to self-pity and regret; to retreat from life; to become angry at everything and everyone. No one would have blamed him for that. But that was not our Jamesy. He merely threw himself into life with even more abandon and enthusiasm.

His exuberance and flamboyance was his courageous counter to the limits the Good Lord had set on him. As he would always say 'Bring it on'! He would laugh with all the problems of life and would never make you feel not good enough. Hands down one of the funniest and genuine people you could meet. Truly one of a kind. And so loved.

May God bless our brother James, and may he rest in God's eternal peace.

**RICHARD GORDON DOUGAL (E52) 10th July 1933 – 13th November 2018** joined Ampleforth having spent the war evacuated with his father's prep school to Snowdonia and then Barbon Manor in the Lake District. He had many happy memories of his time at Ampleforth, but particularly remembered Fr Basil Hume sharing the football results with him (rugby being the school sport) and once getting permission to go to watch his beloved Blackpool Football Club at a Wembley Cup Final during term time. The family had moved to Blackpool after the war and Richard remained an avid Blackpool FC supporter all his life. He left Ampleforth in 1952 having been a School Monitor, Head of his House and 1st XV full back, as well as an accomplished tennis player. His ex-tennis partner, David Philips E52 (now Fr Michael) remembers visiting the family for a weekend of the sights, lights and heights of Blackpool where Richard's mother worked at the Holy Child Convent.

After National Service and Oxford (Christ Church, PPE) Richard joined the Commercial Union insurance company. He was posted to Malaya in 1960 and where he met his wife, Mary Alethea de Souza who he married in 1965. After five very happy years in Malaya, Richard was posted to Japan where he spent eight equally happy years and where his two daughters, Fiona and Anne, were born. So continued a long stint overseas including years in Germany, Singapore and Malaysia (again) until he returned to England and settled in Sussex in 1987. Then began his second

career as a school master at a local prep school which he loved. He moved to Sydney Australia in 2008 a few years after the death of his wife and to be near one of his daughters but returned regularly to England to catch up with family and friends. He died suddenly in Australia aged 85, on 13th November 2018, where he had a full Catholic funeral in Latin, and then was commemorated in the UK with a gathering at Christ Church in May 2019.

As he would say, “Be safe and Be cool, play on.

**HUGH DAVID LUMSDEN (B56) 22nd January 1938 – 3rd December 2018.** In 1959, Hugh Lumsden vanished. His mother Sylvia had received a call from New College to say that Hugh never returned for the second term of his degree. For the next two years, the family knew nothing more while Hugh travelled the Caribbean and South America, even teaching English in Manaus on the Amazon. Then, out of the blue, a telegram arrived from Peru. The Foreign Ministry had written to say that Hugh had contracted Polio close to Lake Titicaca. He had been airlifted by the Peruvian military to a hospital in Lima, where he was in an iron lung.

An old boy of Ampleforth, the son of the Peruvian Foreign Minister, had spotted Hugh’s name in a local newspaper. Hugh was flown home on a stretcher on one of Air France’s first jet flights to Europe.

His appearance shocked his family: Hugh was gaunt, little more than skin and bones, a far cry from the tanned 20-year-old who, two years previously, had returned to England from National Service in Aden bursting with health and in top physical form.

Stubborn to the point of being bloody-minded, Hugh refused to accept medical predictions that he would never walk again. With determination, he regained the use of all but his chest muscles. Advised to swim and to snorkel in warm water to rebuild his strength, Hugh embraced a doctor’s suggestion that he should live and work in the Tropics.

Hugh was born on the Isle of Wight close to the family of his mother, Sylvia (née Ogilvy Forbes). In late 1941, with his mother, and two brothers, Hugh sailed to Melbourne, Australia, to join their father, Carlos Lumsden, an RAF pilot, who was test-flying Beaufort planes.

In 1942, Carlos died in the North Atlantic, when the boat on which he was returning to England was sunk by a U-boat.

After returning to England in 1946, Sylvia had married an old flame, a Navy captain

she had first met when she was a landowners' daughter in Scotland, and he, a young career lieutenant on a fisheries protection vessel. Hugh, a nine-year-old who spoke with an Australian twang, and relished the wide-open space of Australia, was bewildered by the formal surroundings of his new home, a Naval Establishment in Gosport, Hampshire.

After Ampleforth, Hugh went to Aden for National Service with the Cameron Highlanders. He enjoyed leading his platoon to the Aden hills to protect convoys in the wadis. Oxford proved flat in comparison. An outdoorsman, at home with a shotgun or fishing rod, he found little common ground with his school boyish fellow students.

After he had recovered from the worst effects of his polio, Hugh continued his travels, and for the next 15 years, he taught English, swam and snorkelled in tropical waters and visited Tahiti, Australia, New Zealand and Hong Kong. A film buff, Hugh also taught movie studies at Berkeley University in California and, briefly, at the University of British Columbia. In 1975, he replied to an advertisement, offering teaching work in Saudi Arabia near the Red Sea, described as a "365-days- a year swimming pool!". On arrival, Hugh discovered that his job was based on a high plateau in Saudi Arabia, 6,000 feet above and 50 miles from the sea.

This did not deter him: with a tiny group of expats, Hugh eventually made it to the shores of the Red Sea. The presence of black and white tipped sharks in the waters did not alarm him. More than 50 years later, Hugh would recall the waters and their fish in lyrical detail in his memoir, *Days & Nights by the Red Sea*. Once, he caught a barracuda that was 1.5 metres long.

After twelve years in Saudi, he worked for the UN (ICAO) teaching English to Air Traffic Controllers in the Philippines, at the Civil Aviation Institute of China, and in Thailand.

In 2013, after developing post-polio syndrome and the early signs of Parkinson's Disease, Hugh returned to England after over 60 years abroad.

He lived in Buckinghamshire, near John (A59), his younger brother, who encouraged and assisted Hugh to complete his book, which he self-published on Kindle under the nom de plume, David Dundas.

At lunches with family and friends, Hugh enjoyed answering questions from fellow guests about remote spots in the Tropics. Whether an island, city, or beach, he had invariably been there and long before the hordes of tourists.

**MIKUS LINDEMANN (W84) 18th March 1966 – 4th December 2018.** Michael (a.k.a. Mikus a.k.a. ‘Klaus’) had an astonishing zest for life, and was a beloved father, brother to Stefan (E86) and Mariella, and friend to whom the crowd of hundreds, sitting, standing and peering in from the entrance vestibule at his memorial service was a fitting, though unsurprising, tribute. From playing Van Halen at top volume in his 6th Form bedroom near the Old Music School, to consorting with the aristocracy of Europe at the Salzburg festival; from leading Bill Clinton’s motorcade to the Hay Festival on his orange Aprilia 650 with a blonde friend riding pillion, to horse trekking in Uzbekistan; Mikus was the best of company and a blast of fresh air. He relished adventure, was intelligent and curious, he delighted in the good things in life and, in the words of a good friend, completely lacked the embarrassment gene. His cosmopolitan charm was balanced with gleeful humour and an alert readiness to offer correction. He had rare self-conviction and uncompromising high standards. Always ready to tease, he nevertheless took many things seriously: his adored daughters Cara and Ines, his friends, his faith, culture, politics (passionately Remain), and finally, his death.

Mikus’ father was German, his mother Polish-in-exile. The family had settled in Portugal, whence Mikus came to Junior House in 1976. If it was as a cosmopolitan that he arrived at Ampleforth, it was as an anglicised one that he left, despite having acquired the unflattering nickname Klaus while in St Wilfrid’s. Ampleforth remained an anchor for the rest of his life. He was close to a number of schoolfriends and kept in touch with many monks: Fr Edward both married and buried him. He then did a six month’s commission in the 13th/18th Royal Hussars, followed by a degree in Law at Bristol, though he then pursued a career – and adventure – in journalism. He was an outstanding linguist and started by working in Warsaw for the Associated Press where he interviewed Lech Walesa, before ending up in Bonn as a reporter for the Financial Times. However, the prospect of greater financial security lured him to the City. After stints at a variety of merchant and then private banks, he settled at an investment fund run by friend and OA Joseph Bunting (E84). Here his foibles were delighted in and his persistence and expertise greatly valued. Although his marriage to Hester sadly ended in divorce, he was devoted to and immensely proud of his two daughters, of whom the oldest Cara started at Ampleforth in 2019.

Mikus was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukemia in May 2018. His final six months revealed him at his best. Throughout his treatment he was vigorously positive. He prayed a lot, he enjoyed to the full his free time out and about in London, weekending with friends or taking his girls on trips, and drew around him an ever-increasing circle of friends and admirers. During a six-week sojourn in Hammersmith Hospital he had only two hospital meals – every other breakfast, lunch and supper was brought to him by one of his dozens of visitors. In mid-November it became clear that the leukemia was incurable. Mikus now set about preparing for what proved to be an



exemplary death. ‘I’m not afraid of death: remember that, I’m not afraid of death’; on another occasion ‘I know I’m going to heaven’; these were typical of the courage, faith and style which remain an inspiration to many.

He said all he needed to say to his beloved girls, he arranged his affairs, he had warm final embraces with his brother and sister and friends, he prayed and received the sacraments.

He had a gift for friendship. He was a stimulating and amusing companion, who was frank but also deeply loyal – rarely would anyone be criticised in their absence, and instead he was generous in praise of all those he knew. This generosity of gift was matched by generosity of demand. ‘I am in Paris next week and I thought I might stay in your flat for a few days – I wonder if you might have the heating fixed’ would not be untypical; but his confidence in one’s assent was both flattering and humbling, and lay close to the heart of the tremendous breadth of friendships in which he delighted.

**DOMINIC ARTHUR FRENCH (W76) 5th June 1959 – 22nd December 2018** arrived in St Wilfrid’s in 1973 when Fr Dominic Milroy was Housemaster. Dominic was always a great admirer of his namesake and they kept in touch over the years. When he married Miranda, it was Fr Dominic who married them. Their sons are Richard and James. James has two children so Dominic became a proud grandfather before his death. By a strange coincidence, Dominic and Fr Dominic both died in the same week.

When Fr Dominic was Prior of St Anselmo in Rome, before becoming Headmaster, he employed Dominic as the gardener. Dominic spent many years in East Africa. He spent some time in a remote Turkhana village. This village had been adopted by the explorer Wilfred Thesiger. Dominic was a great builder and created some remarkable African buildings in the wilds of Kenya, where he lived an adventurous life. He lived there for a number of years with the Kamba woman, Susie, whom he married in a village ceremony. They had two delightful daughters, Heather and Charlotte. It was with them that Dominic was visiting in Uganda when he sadly died of a heart attack.

At his Memorial Service in the Brompton Oratory, his son Richard spoke lovingly about his father who, in spite of the many problems that had affected his life, should always be remembered as someone whose Catholic faith had helped him to conquer the many difficulties and challenges he encountered during his all too short life.

**SIR HEW HAMILTON-DALRYMPLE (O44) 9th April 1926 – 26th December 2018** was born in North Berwick in 1926, the third of four children of Sir Hew

Clifford Hamilton-Dalrymple, the 9th baronet who had worked as a forester in Canada until inheriting the family estates in 1920, and his wife Ann, née Thorne. A brother, John, known as Jock, was a parish priest in Edinburgh and the founder of Martin House, a rescue for homeless mothers and children.

Young Hew was educated at home until the age of nine and then came to Ampleforth. Having won the sword of honour at Sandhurst, he was commissioned into the Grenadier Guards. Ten years later he married Lady Anne-Louise Keppel, daughter of the 9th Earl of Albemarle, whom he had met on the doorstep of a mutual god-daughter's home; they were engaged within three weeks. The couple settled at Leuchie House, his 18th century ancestral seat near North Berwick, but soon built a modernist house in the walled garden. Leuchie House was leased to nuns from the Servite Order who ran it as a respite home for people with multiple sclerosis. Today it is an independent charity offering respite breaks for people with long-term conditions.

Hew succeeded to the baronetcy in 1959 and left the army in 1962 to take up the responsibility of running the family estates but retained his military connection as captain-general of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's bodyguard for Scotland. He was also Lord Lieutenant of East Lothian from 1987-2001.

Hew and Ann took their responsibility of running the estate seriously. They supported the Catholic church in North Berwick and crowned more than 50 lifeboat queens for the local branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Hew was also a director of Scottish & Newcastle Breweries from 1967-1986 and the Scottish American Investment Company from 1967-1993.

Anne-Louise died in 2017. Hew is survived by their sons Hew, John, Robert and William, 11 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, the youngest of whom was born on the day he died.

**PETER MICHAEL GEORGE (C53) 12th January 1935 – 27th January 2019** was born in London, the youngest son of Rosa and Harry (OA24), a Scottish solicitor who had been a senior staff officer during the war. His mother was the granddaughter of George Grossmith, who is best remembered for his roles in Gilbert and Sullivan operas and for co-writing the comic novel *The Diary of a Nobody*. At Ampleforth, Peter did well at most subjects, especially maths and history. On the rugby field he proved to be a useful hooker and was part of the 1st XV, which was coached by a young Basil Hume. On leaving Ampleforth he entered the novitiate at the Abbey, but realised that a life of celibacy was not for him and left to undertake National Service with the Royal Artillery.

While in the army, Peter decided to become a solicitor and travelled to London from his camp in Essex to attend night classes. In 1957 he became an articled clerk for Messrs Arnold Fooks Chadwick of Piccadilly. After qualifying as a solicitor in 1962, he joined Charles Russell & Co as an assistant. The initial appointment was for three years but he quickly established himself in the family law department and was elevated to salaried partner within two years. He was made a full partner in 1966, eventually becoming head of the department before retiring at 70.

In 1971 Peter met and married Denise Davenport. The couple had seven children: Jamie, Charlie, Columba, Kentigern, Talitha, Gervase and Tom. Denise died in 2017. To mark his retirement in 2005, Peter wrote *En Passant*, 'a private epidiascope of reminiscences and reflections' that he distributed to a few select colleagues and friends. The brief memoir elegantly laid down his principles. Peter dedicated the memoir to his wife and to God. In its final chapter he reflected on the importance of balance between work and home and recalled the advice given to him at his wedding: "sometimes you'll have to give priority to the one, sometimes to the other, but when it is evenly balanced always come down on the side of home."

In retirement Peter continued to attend church and to meet friends and family, but he missed Denise deeply. During his final illness he looked forward to being reunited with her and he died on the anniversary of the date they first met 48 years earlier.

**PATRICK WILLIAM HICKEY (A41) 21st September 1923 – 12th March 2019** entered St Aidan's House in 1937 where he was a keen member of the Beagles and of the Falconry Club and had such a good rapport with his Housemaster, that he allowed him to keep an owl in his room, after which he was known by everyone in the school as "Bird Hickey".

After leaving Ampleforth, he was commissioned into the Royal Artillery and saw service in the jungles of Burma with the Colonial Regiment of the Royal West Frontier Force during WW2, ending his service with the rank of Major.

Patrick was married to Bea in 1953 and was the much-loved father of Anne, Madeline, Rosemary, Patrick and William and grandfather of James, Sarah, Iain, Philip, Emily, Patrick, Robert, Alexandra and Beatrice, and great-grandfather of Isabella.

He worked on the sales side of the family engineering business W.H. Allen of Bedford for many years (which was subsequently bought out by Rolls Royce) before joining Nuovo Pignone, an Italian company manufacturing equipment for the oil and gas industry in both exploration and refining. Every North Sea rig was fitted with their compressors.

With all this business and engineering experience, Patrick, who had developed great “people skills”, was never afraid of coming up with all kinds of schemes to resolve practical problems. Armed with that lovely smile and twinkle in his eye and however impractical you thought his solution, he made friends with relative ease and they soon came around to his way of thinking, having left such a lasting impression.

He also had a love of nature and never lost his interest in bird watching and wildfowling. He had the foresight to buy some old Army Nissan huts back in the 1960s near Stiffkey Marshes in Norfolk, which have now been turned into lovely holiday homes by the coast for the benefit of his children and grandchildren.

Above all, he was a wonderful family man who took a great interest in both sides of his family history and throughout his long and happy life had a love of everything Irish, his father having been born in Kilkee, Co Clare on the West Coast of Ireland, where he loved to go back and visit, and County Down Northern Ireland, where Bea came from. He kept his faith throughout his life as a committed Catholic, attending Mass weekly. He was uncle and god father to Anthony Coghlan (J69).

**FR JOHN MELHUIISH MHM (W68) 4th August 1949 – 23rd March 2019** died in a car crash on 23rd March at the age of 69. He was driving back to his parish from one of the outstations where he had gone for pastoral work. After Ampleforth he joined the Mill Hill Fathers and went to St Joseph’s College, Mill Hill, London, where he studied philosophy and theology.

He took the perpetual oath at Mill Hill on 4th May 1974 and was ordained a priest in Seaford on 15th June 1975. In that same year, Fr Melhuish was appointed to Kisii in western Kenya, and worked there for almost 30 years. His service included teaching and pastoral ministry as well as being vocations director. He started a catechetical formation centre in the diocese of Homa Bay. In 2005 he was withdrawn from Kenya and appointed to Rustenburg where he learnt to speak the Tswana language.

Fr Melhuish, who was known as the “High Priest” because of his unusual height, worked there in a variety of ways, especially in the training of catechists and the formation of lay leaders. He was also a consultor to the society representative.

In 2017 he followed a sabbatical course at the Tantur Ecumenical Institute in Jerusalem and spent another part of that sabbatical in China. He then returned to Rustenburg and was appointed to Bethanie parish, where he also got involved in an apostolate to prisoners.

**CAPTAIN EDWARD MICHAEL SHANON O’KELLY (C45) 4th May 1927 - 13th April 2019** The Ampleforth ethos and spirit so beloved by alumni is difficult

to encapsulate precisely, but perhaps Michael O’Kelly would be a perfect example. He made the most of his considerable gifts, which he combined with a strong sense of duty and he valued the love of friends and family, and time spent amongst them, above all else. Quoting Hilaire Belloc in the introduction to his memoirs: “There’s nothing worth the wear of winning, but laughter and the love of friends.”

As a new boy at Ampleforth, Mike remembered being inspired by the Head Monitor who made a speech to the whole school in the big passage; the boy was Captain of Rugby and universally liked as a kind and dutiful leader. He was not to know that the inspiring figure was a future Abbot and later Cardinal – Basil Hume. A few years later, Mike followed as Head Monitor himself in 1945.

His links with Ampleforth continued throughout his life, both as a parent and serving as Treasurer of the Ampleforth Society for many years and he was deeply honoured to become a Confrater in 2002. His Catholic faith remained strong throughout his life and in his later years he would take Communion to the sick following mass, remarkably only stopping weeks before his death.

Born in 1927, Mike’s father was Major Bill O’Kelly MC, one of seven brothers to fight in the First World War and who subsequently left Dublin to settle in Hertfordshire. Following the harsh discipline of Wellbury prep school, Mike had a very happy time at Ampleforth; Head of House in St Cuthbert’s, he would usually join Fr Sebastian (Fr Walter’s uncle) for a cigarette when reporting that the house was turned in for the night. Different times.

Mike felt well prepared for the Royal Navy by the rigorous school OTC of the day, in his own words, “I could strip and clean a Bren gun or Sten sub-machine gun with my eyes shut, and use a rifle and revolver effectively”. Despite winning one of 15 places from 500 applicants for a naval cadetship, it was his third attempt and he worried that he needed to compensate for his lack of intellectual superiority through hard work; undoubtedly misplaced, the assessment was to stand him in good stead for the years ahead. This determination was coupled with a deep sense of honesty and integrity, maintained throughout his life.

Mike became a leading expert in anti-submarine warfare and latterly spent time at the MoD as a staff officer, firstly for the Chiefs of Staff Committee and later as secretary of the Defence Policy Staff. His naval career took him all round the world, to the United States, Hong Kong and the Far East, Malta, which he loved, Korea, where he served during the Korean War and Iceland during the Cod War. His duties were equally varied, including: teaching younger officers at Dartmouth, serving as First Lieutenant in a destroyer and Captaining the naval base HMS Vernon in Portsmouth. Inevitably he met all sorts of remarkable people, once as a young

Lieutenant having to accompany Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, from a small Dorset airport to Dartmouth for a dinner; during the lengthy journey, Montgomery constantly asked questions about the villages they were driving through, local population numbers, which animals were farmed, weather, etc. Thinking on his feet, Mike kept his largely fictional answers as short as possible and as soon as he felt it polite, changed the subject to the desert campaigns of World War II on which he was more familiar, and on which the Field Marshal could talk at some length. And did so.

HMS Vernon, was his naval swansong, but equally a career highlight. He was much involved in the 1977 Fleet Review, with over 100 Royal Navy ships and a 100 more foreign warships, it was an unforgettable sight; at various times he played host to the Prime Minister, the Queen and most of the Royal Family and numerous assorted Admirals, Generals and politicians. Coming late in his Naval career, it was a time when all that he had learnt about leadership could be bought to bear. He left with much sadness and the terrific send-off he received from the entire base showed the great respect and affection in which he was held by all.

Following his retirement from the Navy, Mike's attitude of hard work and good organisation served him extremely well for 8 years at Whitbread, where he had a demanding role looking after senior management development. In retirement, he gave considerable service as a County Councillor in West Sussex. He also became a Governor at Midhurst Grammar School, and when the school failed its Ofsted inspection, he took on the role of Chairman and for 14 months cajoled a demoralised team until the school emerged from special measures into the now thriving Midhurst Rother College. He was 80 at the time.

He was also a Governor of Littlegreen, a school for those unable to attend mainstream education. In typical fashion, his commitment went above and beyond and he was soon tutoring individual pupils in maths, something he enjoyed up until only a few months before his death.

In his latter years, Mike turned to writing. Firstly, he wrote a memoir for the family, but soon followed this with a short history of the Battle of the Atlantic. Aimed at educating his grandchildren's generation, he took great pride in having his well-received "The Second World War Explained" published by Pen & Sword, the year before he died.

Marriage to Minty in 1958 was the start of a long and loving partnership. For over 60 years she offered loyalty and support, and also had the strength of character to cope with the trials of being a naval wife. They had four sons, William (C77), Mark (C79), Tim (C82) and Robin (C84).

Mike loved gathering people together and many friends of all generations enjoyed his and Minty's legendary hospitality. He loved music and upon hearing a snatch of a tune was able to play practically anything on the piano. Many happy hours were spent in naval wardrooms or at home with family and friends singing round the piano late into the night.

Mike was never happier than when the family were together and in his own words he said that it was an enormous joy to him that his four children and twelve grandchildren maintained such strong friendships. His virtues of integrity, hard work and loyalty were always quietly lived and his 60 years of successful marriage an object lesson.

He was a devoted brother to Dick (C43) and Mary. When Mary's husband Jim died tragically young he typically stepped up his role as uncle to his nieces. Similarly, when Dick was struck down with Motor Neurone Disease Mike was a huge support for his family. And for the next generation he has been much more than just a great-uncle.

A life well lived indeed and enjoyed with humour as well as integrity by a man who didn't want to waste a minute, but who had plenty of time for others. He called his memoirs "The Unforgiving Minute", and he tried to live his life by the dictum of Rudyard Kipling's poem If:

If you can fill the unforgiving minute,  
With 60 seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And – which is more – you'll be a man, my son!

**JACK EYSTON (E52) 27th April 1934 – 23rd April 2019** was born at Hendred, the second son to Captain Thomas More Eyston and Lady Agnes, and younger brother to twins Tom and Mary and older brother to Elizabeth. He was only six when his father died from his wounds in France. He followed his elder brother into St Edward's House and, after National Service, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, to read Land Economy and then trained as a land agent at Chatsworth.

His lifelong ambition was the restoration of Mapledurham after many unhappy years of tenant occupation. When he began it was uninhabitable, but he was able to move in with his wife, Anne, when they were married in 1968. One of his fundamental goals for the running of Mapledurham was to provide houses and places of work so that people could live and work in the same parish. He didn't think in periods of years or decades, but in centuries. Some of his plans took decades before coming to fruition, but most of his ideas eventually came off, thereby ensuring the long-term



sustainability of the estate. In order to raise funds at Mapledurham, there were a number of memorable films made there – most famously *The Eagle Has Landed*. When the film crew came to film *Sharpe* they wanted to cut down a row of trees in the garden. Jack secretly wanted to get rid of the offending trees anyway, but in typical fashion he managed to get the film company to pay him for the trees to be removed! When the chimneys at Mapledurham had to be extensively rebuilt, a priest hole was found in one of the chimneys. Jack and Anne's fiftieth wedding anniversary celebrated fifty years of the house being open to the public. He was delighted to see Richard Williams's book *Blount of Mapledurham* published just before he went into hospital.

He lived frugally and was a countryman through and through. His shooting prowess was legendary, with Lady Anne standing on the peg with him and expertly marking where the birds fell. One of his favourite terrible jokes was: "Why is Spring such a dangerous time of year? Because the cow slips about, the bull rushes out and the buds start shooting."

He rarely travelled abroad except to Lourdes each year to help with the *malades*. A Knight of Malta and a Knight of St Gregory, his religious devotion and sense of duty towards others was paramount in his life.

He was chair of governors at the Oratory School, a local parish councillor and chairman of South Oxfordshire District Council. He was appointed High Sheriff of Oxfordshire in 1992.

A devoted husband, father and grandpa, he managed to get to one of his son Tom's recent Oxfordshire rugby matches in the last few months of his life and enjoyed playing chess with Toby when he was in the Royal Berks hospital. He died there on 23rd April 2019 aged 84.

**DR PETER JOHN WATKINS MD FRCP (B54) 6th February 1936 – 16th May 2019.** "Peter exhibited a lot of Ampleforth/English Benedictine characteristics – an easy, non-aggressive, courteous and compassionate predisposition, which is what made him such a good doctor." Part of a letter to Val Watkins from Dr Anthony du Vivier (A63).

Peter was born in Manchester to Kenneth and Irmgard (née Herrmann). Kenneth, a young consultant surgeon at Manchester Royal Infirmary, was killed in a car accident in Germany in 1938, but the generosity of his colleagues funded Peter's education at Ampleforth. Peter's aunt, fondly known by all as "Tante", moved to Manchester to help Irmgard look after Peter and his younger sister and together they faced many difficulties as Germans in Manchester during the war. Tante was a huge influence

on Peter and her food parcels (mostly cake) sustained him throughout his time at school and beyond.

Peter arrived at Junior House in September 1948. He enjoyed school, winning prizes for Physics and cello and forming life-long friendships with Paul Kennedy (E53) and Christopher Manners (C53). He was always very proud that Cardinal Basil Hume taught him history. Although not a natural sportsman, he did enjoy tennis and being a Scout started his passion for hill walking.

After Ampleforth, Peter went on to study Medicine at Cambridge (Gonville and Caius College) and St Bartholomew's Hospital in London. Later, in Birmingham, he obtained his MD under the guidance of Professor John Malins after which he returned to London in 1971 to take up a Consultant position at Kings College Hospital. He specialised in the treatment of Diabetes, with a special interest in Diabetic Neuropathy and was well liked by both patients and colleagues.

As his career progressed, he combined his interests in writing and clinical medicine by publishing books (Diabetes and its Management, with co-authors, and the very practical ABC of Diabetes) and, on retirement in 2000, editing Clinical Medicine, the journal of the Royal College of Physicians. During his time as Editor he invited his good friend Dr Kevin Connolly (E55) to contribute to the journal through "Conversations with Charles".

Peter and his wife Val loved travelling and, by invitation of the Tropical Health and Education Trust, made several trips to community hospitals in rural Ethiopia to train doctors and nurses to deliver diabetes care. This training has had a long-lasting influence and their practices are still in place there.

Peter was a family man. His first wife Gillian died young leaving him with three teenage children. He married Val in 1993. He was never happier than when surrounded in a family celebration by his children, step-sons, their spouses and grandchildren. They often made music together with Peter on the cello, which he picked up again in retirement.

Peter always said that he loved being part of the Ampleforth Community for life and that the monks were always there when pastoral care was needed.

**HUMPHREY MARTIN LEA MORTON (B50) 13th February 1932 – 28th June 2019** grew up in Chelsea. His father, Herbert, was a mining engineer and his mother, Una, came from Ireland. He never forgot his roots or the Catholic religion he was brought up in. After Ampleforth he studied history at New College, Oxford, sparking a lifelong interest in the subject. Before university, Martin served in the

Irish Guards as a national serviceman. Posted to Germany, he saw first-hand the effects of the war, yet he believed he had been fortunate – many of his peers fought in the Korean War.

Martin grew up in a non-political household but found common ground with other students in the Oxford University Conservative Association, which he went on the Chair. It was when representing the association at a meeting of the British national committee of the World Association of Youth that he met Joyce Waley and they married in 1957. They went on to have four children.

Martin worked for the Confederation of British Industry and then the Oil and Chemical Plant Construction Association. He served as a councillor on the former St Pancras Council and then the newly formed Camden Council for three terms, chaired the housing committee and later became leader when Conservatives were in control. He stood for parliament twice in Hackney but failed both times, losses which friends said were Camden's gain.

He served as a governor at La Sainte Union and the former St Richard of Chichester schools in Camden and also spent 28 years on the governing body of St George's in neighbouring Westminster. His Chairmanship of the Camden Civic Society ran for more than a decade, reflecting his strong interest in conservation and the environment. Other passions included exploring his family history.

**MICHAEL ANTHONY SUTTON (C40) 29th March 1921 – 28th June 2019** left St Oswald's in 1940 having played in both 1st XV and 1st XI. He lived an incredible life and in recent years was being recognized in the press as the Oldest Somerset Cricketer; oldest Bath Rugby player; one of only 5 surviving Royal Tank Regiment D-Day veterans and the longest-serving member of the Magic Circle.

Tony was involved with the D Day landings, serving as a lieutenant with the Westminster Dragoons. Later he was awarded the Military Cross for rescuing an injured crewman from a tank whilst his unit was fighting in Holland, and in 2016 he was granted the Legion d'Honneur by the French Government for his part in the liberation of France.

After the war he went to Worcester College, Oxford where he gained blues in both cricket (bowling Len Hutton for 2) and rugby. On leaving Oxford he was articled to a firm of Bath solicitors and played rugby for Bath and Somerset and cricket for Lansdown. Having completed his articles Tony joined Tozers in Teignmouth, where he subsequently became senior partner.

He played cricket regularly for South Devon Cricket Club and in 1954 he appeared

for Devon. Tony played cricket until he was nearly 60 in addition to which he was heavily involved with Teignmouth RFC where he served as Chairman and President of the club for many years.

YouTube has an interview with him, as Somerset's oldest cricketer, by his fireside in Teignmouth in which he recalls the morning when a neighbour rang, while he and his wife Gillian were at breakfast, to tell her how sorry they were to hear of Tony's death. She replied that he was sitting next to her if they wanted to talk with him. The monthly magazine *The Cricketer* had published an obituary. E W Swanton had muddled him with his brother who also had an MC. The Editor sent him a case of champagne which he used to throw an Obituary Party.

Shortly before he died he corresponded with Fr Francis Dobson about how Ampleforth came to be known as Shack (NOT SHAC) following a speech in which an OA had referred to 'this old shack'. He is one of the concert party – also including George (later Basil) Hume – depicted at the bottom of the stained glass window in Holy Cross Chapel in the Abbey.

Tony's wife predeceased him, but he is survived by three daughters, two sons, 15 grand children, and two great grand children, He died peacefully at his home in Teignmouth June 28 2019.aged 98.

**SIR PATRICK SHEEHY (B48) 2nd September 1930 – 23rd July 2019** was born in Burma, the son of an Irish father, Sir John Sheehy, who rose to be secretary of the finance department in the Indian Civil Service, and a Scottish mother.

After Ampleforth he was commissioned into the Irish Guards for National Service. He joined British-American Tobacco in 1950, having been turned down by BP, and with an ambition – never fulfilled – to work in Latin America. Instead he was posted first to Nigeria and Ghana, becoming regional sales manager.

In 1954 he was seconded to the Ethiopian Tobacco Monopoly, moving to Jamaica as BAT's marketing director in 1957 and to what he called "the idyllic life" of Barbados in 1961.

After an interlude in the marketing department in London he became general manager of the group's Dutch subsidiary in 1967, returning to head office in 1970 to join the group board. From there he played a major part in acquisitions in the US and elsewhere, and it was his grasp of all BAT's interests beyond tobacco which helped win him the chairmanship in 1982.

As chairman he embarked on a new strategy of diversifying into insurance and

financial services. BAT bought Eagle Star in a fiercely contested takeover battle in 1984, followed by Allied Dunbar in 1985 and the Farmers insurance company in the US in 1988, making it the largest UK-based insurance group.

Strongly built and ruddy from his years as a young BAT sales manager in the Tropics, Sheehy was often described as a man of tough action rather than eloquent words. He was, in fact, an engaging conversationalist, but in the gravel voice of a lifelong smoker: conscious of the potential impact on BAT's share price, he was rarely photographed without a cigarette in his hand – though latterly he admitted only to “five or so a day, purely for pleasure”.

Sheehy was also a long-serving and benign director of The Spectator, whose then chairman, Algy Cluff, invited him to join the board of his mining venture, Cluff Resources, as well as an international adviser to Swiss Bank and a director of BP. He was a member of the council of the Royal Institution of International Affairs at Chatham House, and the sole British industrialist on the Comité d'Action pour Europe, an influential lobby group of business leaders and former politicians in favour of European economic and monetary union.

He was knighted in 1991, and made a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur in 1997. Pat Sheehy was a keen golfer and skier. He married, in 1964, Jill Tindall, the daughter of a Burmah Oil executive; they had a son and a daughter.

**ROBERT ADAIR CAMPBELL (C46) 14th March 1928 – 2nd August 2019** was born in Bermuda, where his father was serving with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and was educated at Ampleforth.

In 1946-47 Bob served as a national serviceman in the Royal Marines. A year later he was selected for officer training and was commissioned in 1948, when his potential was recognised by his appointment as aide-de-camp to the Major-General Royal Marines, Plymouth.

He was a very good shot both with shotgun and rifle, champion shot in the Marines in the late 1950s, and a sniper instructor. Once, in Aden, one of the old sheikhs claimed that his men were first-class shots while the British army were rubbish. Just then a flock of bustards flew overhead, and the sheikh offered Bob an old Lee-Enfield rifle which he put to his shoulder and brought down the leading bird, much to the delight of the tribesmen who ran over and collected the bird to eat for their dinner. There was no trouble in the area for a number of weeks after that.

From 1959 to 1961 he was an instructor at the School of Infantry, Warminster, where one of his students was the then Lieutenant Charles Guthrie (later Chief of Defence

Staff 1997-2001 and Field Marshal Lord Guthrie of Craigiebank), who became a lifelong friend – “Taught him everything he knows”, Bob liked to joke.

In 1971 Bob took command of 41 Commando, which was shortly to be deployed to Malta, with their families, as a political signal of Britain’s continuing commitment to Nato’s southern flank. It was an awkward time in the relationship between the British and Maltese governments, with much potential for the authorities to raise any issue concerning its resident battalion to a political level.

Fortunately, Bob and his wife had strong, personal connections with Malta and many of its leading families; they did much to establish the place of the Commando as an integral part of the local community, and there were no incidents under Bob’s command. He received a personal letter from Lord Mountbatten commending him and his men on their actions and restraint.

On his father’s death in 1972, Bob retired early from the Royal Marines to live at Altries on the Dee, giving his family their first stable home after living the itinerant life of many a military family. He loved sharing the house and estate, and little gave him more pleasure than for family and friends to catch their first salmon or shoot a first roe deer.

Bob was a proper countryman – determined, upright, stubborn, modest and immensely generous with his time. He loved his family and was immensely proud of his 19 grandchildren, but he was always an enthusiast for whatever he did.

Bob was an all-round sportsman, playing cricket and rugby in the first teams at Ampleforth. As wing forward for Combined Services, he always ran as fast as he could to the breakdown, relying on his fitness as a Marine to be there first. He was a member of the MCC from 1955.

As a keen fisherman he was chairman of the River Dee Fishery Board from 1987 to 1996, when he oversaw the buying out of the fishing nets and the introduction of the controversial catch and release policy which was then ahead of its time, and he was a member of the council of the Atlantic Salmon Trust.

Bob’s deep Catholic faith was learnt from his Irish-born mother, Aileen née Emmet. He was installed in 1977 as a Knight of Grace and Devotion of the Order of Malta whose work includes looking after and funding hospitals, medical care centres around the world for the sick and elderly, and the victims of conflict. He was also awarded the Papal medal, the personal gift of the Pope, in 1988.

He was a member of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen’s Bodyguard for Scotland.

Bob married Norma in 1951, and she survives him with three sons and three daughters. In about 1965 they responded to an appeal from an orphanage in Waterlooville for a Catholic family to take an interest in a family of four semi-orphaned children whose father, a RM officer, had died suddenly, and they fostered a fourth boy.

**PAUL JAMES MORRISSEY (D58) 18th March 1940 – 27th August 2019.** Left to cherish Paul's memory are his daughter, Paula Madigan and husband William; brother, Michael Morrissey and wife Bernie; sister, Jillian Morrissey; and granddaughters, Kayla and Justine Madigan. Preceding Paul in death were his parents, James and Freda, and his brother, John.

Paul was born in Liverpool. After leaving Ampleforth Paul served as a non-active duty pilot in the Royal Air Force in the early 1960s. While travelling in Australia and New Zealand, Paul met his future wife, Ann. After moving to the United States in 1968, the two married and settled in Jackson Heights, NY. Paul worked in sales in the credit services industry while starting a family with his wife. He was a passionate activist for causes he believed in, founding and leading the Morality Action Committee, which advocated pro-life, pro-marriage, and anti-pornography platforms. Due to his passionate fervour for the pro-life movement Paul would wholeheartedly endorse organizations advocating for women choosing life for their unborn children. Blue Ridge Women's Center, in Roanoke, offers such support for women with unplanned pregnancies. From 2012-2017 Paul operated his own landscaping business, Boxwood Clippers, in the Roanoke area. Paul's family would like to acknowledge the remarkable health benefits that the herbal tea Essiac brought Paul for years during his battle with prostate cancer, significantly lowering his PSA level from nearly 3,000 to almost zero. As a faithful and lifelong traditional Catholic, Paul told those close to him "The most important thing to do in life is to pray. The second most important is to make sure God is listening."

**MAREK BOHDAN GRABOWSKI (J67) 5th of August 1948 – 13th September 2019** was born in Wimbledon to Stanislaw and Maria Grabowski.

In Autumn 1955, Marek attended Prep school at St Phillip's in London at the age of seven. He went on to Ampleforth in Autumn 1962 at the age of 14, and it was here that his love for sport blossomed with cricket being mentioned in the majority of his school reports. He certainly had many fond memories of his time at Ampleforth and it built a strong foundation for his life and the way he lived it.

Marek went on to St Mary's University Twickenham in 1970 where he studied to become a Bachelor of Education and History. He later completed a Master's Degree in Education.

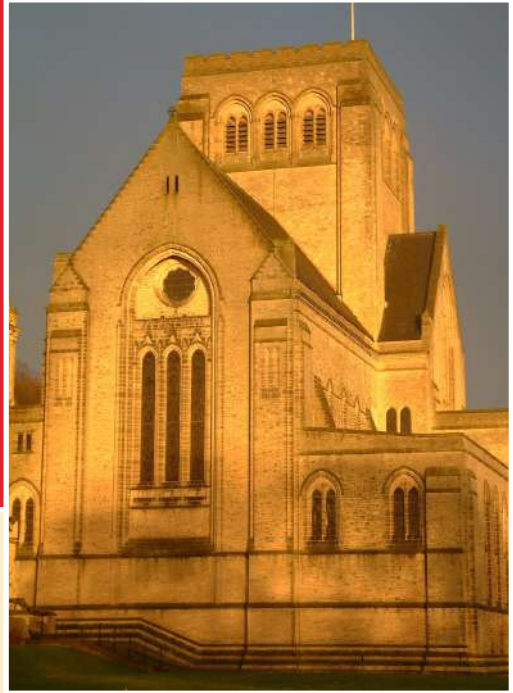


Marek met his future wife Giovanna D'Anna in 1970 and they married at St Michael's Catholic Church, Wolverhampton in October 1972. They went on to have three children; Marysia, Zofia and Stanislaw. Marek later became a loving grandfather to his five grandchildren, Thomas, Caitlin, Olivia, Leah and Amelie, of whom he was immensely proud.

Marek devoted his life to service, working in education both as a teacher and School Governor. He was a devout Catholic and a great support to his parish and community. He was also an active member of the Knights of St Columba and was involved with several charities.

Marek retired from teaching in 2005 and left London to move to Bracklesham Bay on the south coast. This had always been a special place for Marek and his family, and he often referred to it as 'Paradise'. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.





# The Ampleforth Journal

September 2019 to July 2020



**Volume 124**





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# EDITORIAL

FR RICHARD FFIELD OSB

EDITOR OF THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL



Twenty five years ago, Fr Robert Igo was asked by Abbot Patrick to lead the setting up of our monastery of Christ the Word in Zimbabwe and to be its Prior. Now we have elected him as our Abbot, of the whole Ampleforth Community.

In October, at the Headmaster's Virtual Drinks Party on the Saturday evening of the Ampleforth Society's online weekend, a contemporary of mine, Francis Quinlan (A59), asked how long would monks continue to be part of Ampleforth College because,

he said, "It's the monks that make the impact".

Robin Dyer asked if I would like to answer and, off the top of my head, I replied that 50 years after Vatican II, perhaps we were beginning to realise that one of the implications of the decree on the Church, *Lumen Gentium*, is that the Church is not the Vatican but the people of God on pilgrimage: the laity as much, if not more than, the clergy.

The decline in people becoming monks and priests must surely be for one of two reasons: either people are no longer willing to accept a call from God or, maybe, God is no longer calling people to become monks or priests. The latter may, in turn, be because laypeople are today much more educated than in previous centuries and because the clerical state has too often led to the abuse of power, including the sexual abuse of children.

Two years ago, the Lay Community of St Benedict came for a weekend retreat at Ampleforth. There is an article by their leader in this issue. There is also a review of a book about the Domestic Monastery. And, as we go to press, the Manquehue Movement – itself an entirely lay body – which has had an enormous impact on the religious and spiritual lives of thousands of people, has published a book of testimonies to this impact called 'I Have Seen the Lord', edited by Cristóbal Valdés whom many will have met in the school and on the Lourdes Pilgrimage. It includes pieces by several OAs and members of the Society. And there are many lay communities in the Church today, in which members of the Ampleforth Society are active.

Of course, not all lay Catholics are exempt from the corrupting influence of power, as is made clear in David Harold-Barry's article on the Robert Mugabe he knew.

Students in the school today are much more conscious of the influence of the Rule of St Benedict than we ever were seventy years ago. And the same goes for the lay staff of Ampleforth, both academic and in the offices and on the estate. Bron Bury, who has done so much for the Ampleforth Society over the last three years and and has now left us, told me how much he has valued, and grown more and more to appreciate, the advice he was given by the lay Procurator at the time, Oliver Pickstone, to read the Rule of St Benedict.

There is some evidence that it is as much the Rule of Benedict itself that makes the impact as the monks themselves. Ampleforth may be becoming a less monastic school but it does not follow that it is a less Benedictine school. And I am not sure that my contemporaries and I would have seen our responsibilities as clearly as Keza in Year 11.

The publication of this Volume 124 has once again been delayed due to pandemic issues. The printed edition has been bound with the printed edition of last year's Volume 123, which appeared then only in the online edition.



# THE AMPLEFORTH COMMUNITY

THE COMMUNITY AND THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES AS FROM JANUARY 2021

## RESPONSIBILITIES

Rt Rev Robert Igo	Abbot
Abbot Cuthbert Madden	
VR Fr George Corrie	Prior, Parish Priest Kirkbymoorside
Fr Christopher Gorst (O65)	Infirmarian
VR Fr Henry Wansbrough (W53)	Teaching Chaplain, St Oswald's Cathedral Prior of Durham
VR Fr Mark Butlin (O49)	Alliance Inter-Monastères Cathedral Prior of Norwich
Fr Adrian Convery (O49)	
Fr Michael Phillips (E52)	
Fr Edward Corbould (E51)	
Fr Anselm Cramer (O54)	Archivist
Fr Alban Crossley	Monastery Guestmaster
Fr Stephen Wright (T56)	
Fr Jonathan Cotton (H60)	Parish Priest, Leyland
Fr Felix Stephens (H61)	
Fr Matthew Burns (W58)	
Fr Edgar Miller (O61)	Priest in Charge, Oswaldkirk
Fr Richard ffield (A59)	Chaplain, St Cuthbert's, Editor, Ampleforth Journal
Fr Alexander McCabe	Chaplain, St Thomas's
Fr Peter James (H69)	
Fr Terence Richardson (J72)	
Fr Hugh Lewis-Vivas	
Fr Bede Leach	Parish Priest, Ampleforth
Fr Jeremy Sierla	Chaplain, Colwich Abbey
Fr Bernard McInulty	Assistant Priest, Leyland
Fr James Callaghan	Parish Priest, St John's Easingwold
Fr Paul Browne	
Fr Andrew McCaffrey	
Fr William Wright (A82)	Parish Priest, Knaresborough
Fr Raphael Jones	Parish Priest, Brindle
Fr Kentigern Hagan	Abbey Sacristan Visitor Centre Warden
Fr Cassian Dickie	Assistant Priest, Parbold
Fr Xavier Ho	

Fr Gabriel Everitt	
Fr Luke Beckett	Canonical Consultant to the EBC
Fr Oswald McBride	Prior, St Benet's Hall
Fr Chad Boulton	Novice Master; Chaplain, St Bede's
VR Fr Colin Battell	Assistant Priest, St Benedict's Bamber Bridge
Fr Kieran Monahan	
Fr John Fairhurst	Master of Ceremonies
	Chaplain, St Edward's & St Wilfrid's
Fr Wulstan Peterburs	Bursar
Fr Philip Rozario	Chaplain, St Aidan's
	Master of Oblates
Fr Cedd Mannion	Choirmaster
	Chaplain, St Hugh's
Fr Ambrose Henley	Dean of Ampleforth College; Chaplain, St John's
Fr Kevin Hayden	Dean of Hospitality
Br Edmund Wales	

MONASTERY OF CHRIST THE WORD,  
ZIMBABWE

MONKS OF AMPLEFORTH

Fr Barnabas Pham	Novice Master and Bursar
Br Placid Mavura	Guestmaster

# THE MIND OF POPE FRANCIS

A REVIEW ARTICLE BY PROFESSOR MAX DE GAYNESFORD (T86)

*The Mind of Pope Francis: Jorge Mario Bergoglio's Intellectual Journey* by Massimo Borghesi (Liturgical Press: Collegeville, Minnesota, 2018)

We may imagine some good-natured teasing of the Jesuits, given their reputation for daunting brainpower: that when after nearly five hundred years one of their number is finally elected pope, a long and intricate study has to be written to reassure us of his intellectual depth.

Still, it is worth asking why we need such reassurance. Do we always require it of popes, or is this one special? Do we know what we would be looking for? What would it take to persuade us? And are we open to the possibility that this need, if we feel it, may say as much about us as about Pope Francis?

There is a short video from April 2018, filmed in a poor parish on the outskirts of Rome, in which the Pope comforts a young boy called Emanuele whose father has just died, and then preaches impromptu on the fatherhood of God. If you have not watched it, I encourage you to seek it out. With luck it will remain available and easy to find for some time. I do not know if your experience will be the same as mine, but you also may be affected by the Pope's response, his immediate reading of the complex situation and what is needed by the boy and by the crowd, the intensity of his listening, the compassionate intelligence that enlivens his hand movements and facial expressions, which always precede his words, and the words themselves, when they finally come, which speak to the crowd without going over the head of the boy. You also may find yourself wondering what reassurance you need about Pope Francis' intellectual depth.

This will wear off, perhaps, as do most inoculations against doubt. But if the craving returns, it is worth checking whether that is not for one of two reasons: too demanding an idea of intellectual depth or too narrow an idea of what it involves. What prompts me to say this is the publishers' advertisement for *The Mind of Pope Francis* by Massimo Borghesi which lures us in both directions, and I suspect both are traps. Their blurb says:

'A commonly held impression is that Pope Francis is a compassionate shepherd and determined leader but that he lacks the intellectual depth of his recent predecessors. [This book] dismantles that image.'

The implication is that this book will reveal Francis to be the intellectual equal of St John Paul II or Benedict XVI. It does not show this, and I do not think for one

moment that either its author or its subject believes it could. But that is not what is most important. The question is, why anyone would set the bar for 'intellectual depth' at that height. The blurb also implies that compassionate leadership cannot itself be evidence of intellectual depth. But again, I doubt there is any good reason to believe this. In scenes like that with the bereaved boy in Rome, we see an impressive mind in action, one with the wit to express itself as much by gesture as by word, and where the gesture is no less thoughtful than the word.

The companions of St Francis, in some ways a model for the present Pope, would lament 'Paris, Paris, you have destroyed Assisi'. They meant the University of Paris, whose lecture rooms quickly became more familiar to the leading friars than the secluded forests and wild mountains of their founder. Some fear that the same distrust of the academy must invest our present Francis, of whom it may doubly be said 'he does not offer scholarly lectures like those Benedict XVI presented at the University of Regensburg'. Borghesi does well to dispose of this impression of distrust. He compiles considerable evidence to show how thoroughly familiar Pope Francis must be with lecture rooms, as student and teacher of the Humanities, of Philosophy and of Theology. What he does not show - what he may not even wish to show - is that this Pope is at home in the academy, comfortable with academics and the academic life. Not that this need be a defect. Indeed, as many figures who are most significant to philosophy and theology show, not being at home in academic life can itself be a sign of intellectual depth. But we may wonder if an impression of the Pope's discomfort here partly explains the distrust that corners of the academy have for him.

What often lies behind doubt of a person's intellect is actually dislike of the uses to which they put it. And this brings us closer to a genuine need which this book addresses, and which I am convinced the author (if not the publisher) has centrally in mind: quite simply, the need to appreciate rather better what the Pope is saying and why he chooses to say it in the particular ways we have come to associate with him. In answering this need, the book is most valuable and worth attending to closely.

Why? Because in ways that have begun to court scandal, Pope Francis has been much attacked from within the Church. Ostensibly, this is criticism of his teachings: an emphasis on divine mercy in *Misericordiae Vultus*, which some think underestimates the role of grace and the Cross; a pastoral initiative on access to the sacraments in *Amoris Laetitia*, which some think endangers our appreciation of Penance and the Eucharist; an admiration for popular piety in *Evangelii Gaudium*, which bestows on it a theological significance that some think excessive. But these are the talking points and not necessarily where the real disapproval lies. The genuinely damaging doubts are the ones that lie in places where it is difficult to confront them.

Critics usually admit that Pope Francis is orthodox himself but claim that his choice of words gives encouragement to those who are not. The disapproval here is not so much of the teachings themselves as of the context and ways in which the Pope chooses to express them. And the criticism is expressed in vague ways that are difficult to tackle. What one hears, quite often, is ‘He makes me anxious; I don’t know what he’s going to say next!’

Of course, that in itself need be no bad thing. Why else did the crowds follow Jesus up the Mount? But the fear, as we may discern it, is less about whether Pope Francis will say something challenging (which we might expect and welcome), as about whether he is entirely in control of his own words. If people think he is not careful enough, not guarded enough, or not canny enough, they may regard that as an excusable side-effect of his enthusiasm, but they will identify it as a defect nonetheless, and a defect of intellect. That, then, is why I think there is a need for close studies of the Pope’s intellectual depth, ones that help explain not just what Francis says but why he says it in the ways he chooses to say it.

The Mind of Pope Francis makes a good start at this. It reflects the concerns and interests we would expect of an author who is obviously sympathetic to the projects of Pope Francis. Massimo Borghesi is a layman, a European and an academic, a professor of moral philosophy at the University of Perugia. There is something of the flavour of an interim report about his book. It is made up out of personal interviews and letters, pressed together with long reflections on sermons, speeches and encyclicals and intermixed with short encyclopaedia-type passages on significant people and events that form the Pope’s context. In many ways, the book can be read most fruitfully as a first pass at a compendium of sources for a future, more stable and decisive study. That sounds like criticism but it is meant sincerely as praise. We are in the midst of things with this pontificate, and the book helps give us a deeper sense of just what we are in the midst of. It is a genuinely courageous act to write from this position, long before the owl of Minerva spreads its wings. By contrast with much that passes for engagement with the present Pope, both laudatory and critical, this book is a genuinely helpful appreciation of the situation, one that does not trade in the superficial or flee from the complexities.

The Mind of Pope Francis functions at a variety of levels, reflecting the complex mind of its subject. The first level is purely descriptive and suggested by the subtitle. The book is in part an intellectual biography of the man who would become Pope Francis. Massimo Borghesi gives full and proper details of Jorge Mario Bergoglio’s thirteen years of formation with the Jesuits in Argentina, his role as a teacher, his curtailed doctoral studies in Germany, his involvement in the formation of others, his encouragement of and active participation in Catholic intellectual life in South America.

The second level is equally focused but more a matter of archaeology. By digging around in a variety of sources, from private letters to papal encyclicals, Borghesi seeks to show the continuity and connectedness between the ideas worked out over the decades by Jorge Mario Bergoglio and the teachings of Pope Francis. He concludes, very persuasively, that the latter has emerged from the former with a combination of consistency and creativity.

The underlying theme of the book is that, throughout his life, Pope Francis has been intellectually convinced of the need for unity in difference and practically committed to helping communities and societies to live with the tension between polar opposites - between contemplation and action, for example, or between piety and apostolic zeal, or between catholic universality and particular inculturation. The decisive response in each case - and Borghesi convincingly demonstrates that it is rooted at the deepest levels in Pope Francis - is to reject neither pole but to be resolute in welcoming each, coping practically with the living tension that results while resisting the temptation to 'resolve' this tension or to 'transcend' it in pursuit of a deathly uniformity.

There are several ways to look at this. Viewed in one way, it is a contribution to the problem of how to deal with polar opposites, which has a long history in philosophy and theology, and an equally impressive history of rejected resolutions. Think of Peter Abelard's *Sic Et Non*, or Gratian's *Decretum*, the foundation of canon law whose other title is *Concordantia Discordantium Canonum*, or Aquinas' pursuit of the truth by alternating propositions with their contraries. Viewed in another way, there is an offer of insight into the personal style of Pope Francis when confronting organisational issues in the Church. Borghesi does not delve into this, but it seems from the various biographical materials now becoming available that Pope Francis not only welcomes tension but has on several occasions actively stirred up opposition so as to use it to bring about change.

What will fascinate future historians is how intellectual conviction and personal style prepare the way for each other here, and to try to identify which plays the guiding role in the life of Pope Francis. What fascinates a philosopher is the road not taken. For there are two basic options when confronted by polar opposites and the choice seems to go deeper in most of us than reason itself can delve into or change. Some of us assume that the world really is composed of opposing forces and concentrate on finding ways of dealing with the world. Some of us assume that it is our minds which create the appearance of such opposition and focus on finding ways of dealing with how we think. If Borghesi is right, Pope Francis is naturally of the former group. It is because he assumes the world really is divided that he is keen to show us ways to live with it and to court opposition as a means of doing so. But there is a hard question which Borghesi does not address and it is this: how could

someone of that former group find sufficient common ground to reach and persuade those who are naturally of the latter group? The gulf just seems too wide.

At a third level, Borghesi broadens the argument and demonstration, offering a series of brief introductions to the theologians who have meant most to Pope Francis. It turns out that this is a notably large and multiform group. Irenaeus, Augustine, Aquinas, Ignatius and Peter Faber are salient in the more remote past. Those to whom Pope Francis has been most drawn in more recent times include Michel de Certeau, Maurice Blondel, Karl-Heinz Crumbach, Romano Guardini, Erich Przywara, Gaston Fessard, Henri de Lubac and Hans Urs von Balthasar. Borghesi is particularly keen to stress the influence of Guardini on Pope Francis and devotes a central chapter to him, though he shows convincingly that the crucial point of consonance - on welcoming the tension between polar opposites - must already have been central to his thinking.

With so many individuals mentioned, it is irresistibly tempting to take note of the absences. One in particular strikes me as puzzling and I wonder what to make of it. This must be one of the few books covering broad areas of theology where a single Rahner is mentioned but it is Hugo, not the younger brother. It has always seemed to me, when reading Pope Francis, that Karl Rahner must have been a strong influence. Indeed, that would be expected, given the context in which Jorge Mario Bergoglio was formed. No doubt there are deep contrasts between Karl Rahner and Hans Urs von Balthasar, though these have surely been played up in recent years. But to emphasise von Balthasar's influence over Pope Francis and to leave out Rahner altogether is a surprise and I can't believe it gets things right. There may be some more digging to be done.

Finally, at a fourth level, Borghesi broadens the demonstration still further. He aims to offer the Western European reader a crash course in the Latin American theological and pastoral context so that we can better understand what the Pope is saying and why.

Borghesi correctly reminds us of something we tend to forget: that those of us in Western Europe required at least as much contextual training when Karol Wojtyła became Pope John Paul II, and he did not come from a country so very far away. Foremost amongst Latin American intellectuals in whose discussions Pope Francis has actively participated are two close contemporaries, the Argentinian Amelia Podetti (1928-79) and the Uruguayan Alberto Methol Ferré (1929-2009), both widely engaged intellectuals though employed as university professors, one in Philosophy and the other in History. The book particularly stresses the impact of regular discussions with Ferré on Pope Francis' development and devotes the final chapters to it.



These are some of the most dense and impressive parts of the book. Borghesi's method of combining the whole sweep of relevant evidence, from the most intimate testimonies of private letters to the most public and general Church documents, gives a real sense of the dimensions here, the complexities and the variety of elements which Pope Francis keeps in play.

There is an old prejudice that it is the ever-narrowing analytic mind which is most impressive. Perhaps that is also a reason some tend to underestimate Pope Francis. But it is just that: a prejudice. What is at least equally impressive is the ability to synthesise intellectual materials in revealing ways. This is one of the deepest lessons I learned to appreciate in History classes at school. Unpacking it over the years, it strikes me as ever more profoundly and importantly true.

*Max de Gaynesford (T86) is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Reading.*

# ILKLEY MOOR, PLUTO & GOD

FR ALBAN CROSSLEY OSB

*Then t'ducks'll come an' eyt up t'worms  
On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at*

The well-known Yorkshire dialect ditty gives an amusing and succinct, if slightly gruesome summary of the cycle of natural life.

A fellow-Lancashire-man, Professor Brian Cox, in his televised expositions, is among those who, in our day, open-up to those of us of more limited experience and knowledge a fuller, more scientific and exciting, indeed beautiful, vision of our world and beyond it to Pluto, at the distant edge of our solar system, and even beyond that.

As an undergraduate physicist sixty years ago, I discovered that science and mathematics have an aesthetic side that is not always recognised, as well as raising philosophical and, I would even say, theological questions. Physics reveals many physically beautiful things and the whole of science and mathematics is imbued with conceptual beauty, a word which Professor Cox uses frequently.

Apart from some years teaching them in school, I did not pursue my physics or mathematics beyond the undergraduate level of the early 1960s and I have forgotten so much detail that I doubt if I could now pass even a GCSE physics exam. I have, however, retained a scientific outlook on the things and events around me and an appreciation of the beauty to which I have alluded.

That appreciation has been greatly re-enlivened for me, and perhaps for others, by the work of such luminaries as Brian Cox and Stephen Hawking, with whom, though I was not aware of him at the time, I was a fellow physics undergraduate sixty years ago.

I have found Brian Cox's recent television presentations on BBC4, *The Planets* (ranging from Mercury to Pluto) and *Forces of Nature*, positively enthralling. They have enhanced my wonder at the majesty and complexity of creation, but left me dissatisfied with assertions or implications that there is nothing beyond what is or can be known to scientists. I am very happy to accept Professor Cox's assertion to his viewers that "The earth is your ancestor" (*Forces of Nature: The Moth and the Flame*), but not his next sentence: "The restless planet is your creator". I would be happy with "procreator", but not "creator".

Science can and must go on exploring and making inferences from all that is known

to human observation and intelligence and must push beyond that to the ever-shifting boundaries of what still remains thus to be known, into the infinite, but not intrinsically unknowable, realms beyond those boundaries, thus shifting them; but it can't jump beyond that infinity. History also suggests that some of the things now generally accepted as scientific truths may be at least modified, if not overturned, in the future. That all leaves us with a healthy dissatisfaction and longing, which, I believe, can only be filled by the creator God. As St Augustine wrote: "our heart is restless until it finds rest in you". The wonders and beauty of God's creation can and should raise-up our spirits in awe and make us long for God, but he is knowable to the human intellect only in so far as he has revealed himself, especially in Jesus Christ and in the Scriptures, those that led up to his coming and those that came after it.

St Paul, one of the major inspired authors of those Scriptures, was well aware that we cannot grasp the full knowledge of God in this earthly life. In his letter to the Romans (11:33-36), he wrote: "How rich are the depths of God – how deep his wisdom and knowledge – and how impossible to penetrate his motives or understand his methods! Who could ever know the mind of the Lord? Who could ever be his counsellor? Who could ever give him anything or lend him anything? All that exists comes from him; all is by him and for him. To him be glory for ever! Amen."

God gives us in this life morsels of the truth, which make it possible for us to have some analogical knowledge about him and a measure of personal encounter with him, which is more than merely knowing about him. There is, as a medieval author wrote, a cloud of unknowing between us and God, but we can beat upon that cloud and penetrate it with the dart of our loving desire, which may bring us a foretaste of that full knowledge of God, the destiny for which he created us.

*Ducks of Ilkley and all beasts, wild and tame,  
O Bless the Lord;  
Pluto and all planets and stars,  
O Bless the Lord;  
Hawking and Cox and all who are searching,  
O Bless the Lord;  
Give glory and praise to him for ever.*

This paper was first delivered at a meeting of the monastic deanery of St Benet Biscop at Ampleforth Abbey on 15 September 2020. Some of the monks present suggested it should be offered to the Journal for publication.

One monk suggested it would be good to have the full lyrics of Ilkley Moor; here they are:

*Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee, ah saw thee?  
On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at  
Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee, ah saw thee? (x2)  
On Ilkla Mooar baht 'at (x3)  
Tha's been a cooartin' Mary Jane,  
Tha's bahn' to catch thy deeath o' cowl  
Then us'll ha' to bury thee  
Then t'worms'll come an' eyt thee oop  
Then t'ducks'll come an' eyt up t'worms  
Then us'll go an' eyt up t'ducks  
Then us'll all ha' etten thee  
That's wheear we get us oolan back*

# ROBERT MUGABE: AN ENIGMA

DAVID HAROLD-BARRY SJ (A57)

The editor of the Ampleforth Journal has asked me to write on Robert Mugabe and I am happy to try because I think he was a man who needs to be understood. But I do so in some trepidation because it is extremely difficult to say something useful while not treading on some sacred ground where a white person from Europe, even if he has spent all his adult life in Africa, can easily offend. So I begin by apologising if what I write causes hurt to any reader.

Robert Gabriel Mugabe was born on 21 February 1924. I know that because his mother told me! When she was an old lady staying with her daughter, Bridget, I used to take her Holy Communion and after receiving, she would break into the Litany of Loreto in Latin to the astonishment of those present and the bemusement of her grandchildren. *Ambuya* Bona had been brought up in a Christian village in Kutama, a sort of self-isolating space 80km west of the capital. The idea of the early missionaries was that the newly baptised would be quickly contaminated if they continued to live in their ‘pagan’ villages and so they had to be taken out of that environment into the highly charged religious atmosphere of a ‘purely’ Christian world. The policy was favoured for a while but soon outlived its usefulness once catechists were settled in ordinary villages where they had the task of promoting the faith among the people and teaching the children.

This was the world into which Robert was born but his own account of the time belied the pervasive influence of the Christian faith. His elder brother, Michael – his mother liked archangels and the boys were named Michael, Gabriel and Raphael – was, in his mother’s words, ‘more intelligent than Robert’ but he was poisoned while still young. His father left his mother to marry another woman in Bulawayo. Mugabe told me about the poisoning of Michael at the time of his mother’s death in 1992. Since I had known her I went to express my sympathy at his official house. I discovered I was the only one as everyone was gathering at his sister, Sabina’s, house. I was surprised to be admitted but normal protocol is put to one side at times of grieving. He spoke at some length about his mother with much affection. After his father went away the family was left in poverty and Fr Francis Markall, the Jesuit mission superior (later Archbishop), used to give *Mai* Bona soap and other essentials. Fr Jerome (Jerry) O’Hea, an Irishman who, like the present writer, wandered into the English Province of the Jesuits, was a great influence on the growing Robert and taught him about the Irish War for Independence. When Mugabe was President he named the new hospital which he set up at Kutama, after him. Robert grew up a ‘good’ Catholic and appreciated the moral teaching and discipline he imbibed at the time.

Intelligent student that he was, in 1949 Mugabe secured a scholarship to study at the University of Fort Hare in South Africa where he learnt of the non-violent political action of Mahatma Gandhi. On his return to Southern Rhodesia he taught in a number of schools before going to Zambia to teach at Chalimbana Teacher Training College in Lusaka in 1955. In 1958, anxious to experience the world beyond the confines of his segregated country, he secured a teaching post in Ghana where he had the electric experience of living in an independent African country under Kwame Nkrumah. The Independence of India in 1947 had already shaken people into realising the British Empire would not 'last for a thousand years' but the independence of Ghana brought this lesson into the consciousness of Africa. Teacher Mugabe had much time to reflect on what all this might mean for Southern Rhodesia and the recently established Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland of which his country was part.

Ghana's other gift to Robert Mugabe was a wife. Sally Hayfron accompanied him back to Southern Rhodesia for a visit but Mugabe soon became deeply involved in politics and was persuaded to stay. In 1961, Robert and Sally were married in St Peter's, Harare then the oldest African suburb in Salisbury. By this time Mugabe was Publicity Secretary in the National Democratic Party, the successor of the Southern Rhodesia African National Congress, led by Joshua Nkomo. African nationalists in the mid-1950s wanted the ideals of partnership, espoused – but lukewarmly applied - by the founders of the Federation in 1954, to work. But foot dragging on the part of the whites led to a hardening of African opinion and a more radical nationalism emerged in the 1960s that saw Africans as their own liberators. They searched for a way forward, sometimes taking the initiative, sometime reacting to white provocation. By 1963 many had become frustrated by Nkomo's leadership and a split developed, one group remaining loyal to Nkomo's party which was now ZAPU, the Zimbabwe African People's Union, while others, including Mugabe, started a new party they called ZANU, the Zimbabwe Africa National Union, under the leadership of Ndabaningi Sithole. The nationalist movement was now split and remained so until late 1987, long after independence, when the two sides signed a 'Unity Accord' though this was a 'marriage of convenience' and deep divisions remain to this day.

The split played into white Rhodesian hands as it led to violent confrontations between the two parties and there were petrol bombings of houses in the townships in 1964. The government grasped the moment to ban both parties and arrest their leaders and some of their close followers. Mugabe was one of these and he, like the others, spent the next ten years in prison without being brought to trial. Fr Henry Swift SJ was the prison chaplain then and used to see the Catholics in detention regularly and celebrate the Eucharist for them. Mugabe used to serve his Mass. He also spent his time teaching his companions various subjects. In 1967 his only

son, Nhamodzenyika, died in Ghana where Sally had gone to escape the hostile atmosphere. Mugabe applied to go to the funeral but he was refused. This left a deep wound. Later, when he became leader of the country, he would often – at least in the early days – try to reach out to whites. But it was clear that his resentment against them was bitter. It was not just because of Nhamo but what the refusal to attend his son's funeral came out of. It was a symbol for him of the whole history of racism to which he and the black people of the country were subjected for so many decades.

I am writing these lines in June 2020, at the time of the demonstrations in America and across the world prompted by the killing of George Floyd in Minneapolis. They have made all of us - even if we think we haven't a trace of racism in our make-up - question our attitudes. People of Mugabe's generation were deeply wounded in their sense of personal dignity by the prevailing climate of superiority and entitlement that white people exuded. Today we are learning fast that it is possible to have ingrained attitudes that we hardly think about but which are offensive to others. In America there has been much affirmative action and legislation to combat racism but, even so, it has persisted. It has needed this shock treatment of a brief clip of Floyd's death to ignite the explosion of feeling that now grips not just the United States but much of the world. There was no 'affirmative action' or legislation to combat racism in Rhodesia when I first landed here on 25 August 1966. On the contrary, the government of Ian Smith had just declared independence from Britain, unilaterally and illegally, the year before so that it could pursue its racial policy without the annoying voice of British Prime Minister Harold Wilson barking at its heels. How many of the whites hated that man! The entrenchment of racialism in Rhodesia at the very time when Africa 'to the north of us' (a synonym, for the whites, of chaos) was entering the promised land of freedom, was a bitter pill to swallow for the men now in detention without trial.

Robert Mugabe was a man driven by a determination to put this injustice right and he believed he was the man to do it. He sought power even if it meant rough treatment for his rivals. In the late 1970s, my infuriating uncle, Arthur Frewen, an elder brother of Richard Frewen, onetime monk at Ampleforth, used to provoke me with his diatribes about Mugabe. Arthur (A39) had taught a boy at Hawtreys School, Xan Smiley, who went on to become editor of *Africa Confidential*, an investigative journal that went deep into African affairs. Xan used to call on Arthur and feed him a picture of Mugabe as intriguing, unscrupulous and a potential despot. I first met Mugabe in 1974 when he emerged from prison thanks to Henry Kissinger who was pushing détente in Southern Africa. I was deeply impressed and remember him addressing a large gathering at Silveira House, the Development Centre where I was at the time, and you could hear the proverbial pin drop, he held our attention so tightly. I used to respond to Arthur, lecturing me on Africa from his flat off the Cromwell Road, 'you don't know what you are talking about' or words to that effect.



And yet he was right! Xan had understood and documented how Mugabe blocked unity among the guerrilla forces in the bush as this might scupper his chances of being the undisputed leader in independent Zimbabwe.

When he did become first prime minister and later president in the new Zimbabwe (1980), he gave many inspiring speeches about ‘turning swords into ploughshares and spears into sickles’ and he appeared to reach out to the white community. He travelled indefatigably inspiring people to work and build the new country. But he also reacted brutally to any sign of opposition. There is no doubt that some disaffected groups among the Ndebeles did rise and present a perceived threat but Mugabe’s response was disproportionate. He crushed them and made no distinction between dissident and honest citizen. Even women and children were massacred. 20,000 died and this was all done in secret and it took years for the truth to come out through, among other channels, a document from the Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace, *Breaking the Silence*.

Mugabe led the country for twenty years virtually unchallenged but by 2000 there was a groundswell of opposition and an opposition party, the Movement for Democratic Change, posed a real threat to his hold on power. The big commercial farmers, overwhelmingly white, supported the MDC and gave Mugabe an identifiable group whom he could crush and so help undermine the new movement. But neutralising the white farmers was not enough because the opposition went far beyond them. So he realised he had to use force to get the votes he wanted. Hugo Young (B57), an Old Amplefordian contemporary though from a different house to me, wrote in *The Guardian*, ‘In one way the Zimbabwe elections (2002) sets an example to all democrats. It inspires even as it appals.... It registers the attraction and power of democracy. Where in our own continent of ingrates, would people queue for 15 minutes, let alone 20 hours, to make their point? Where, simultaneously, has any other leader gone to such lengths as Robert Mugabe to confer democratic legitimacy on himself? While he serially violates the substance of democracy, he can’t do without its semblance...’

Mugabe extended his rule for almost another 20 years using these same methods and was only removed from power when age (he was 93) and fear of power falling into the wrong hands, prompted a palace coup in 2017. He died in 2019 and while those who inherited his power are different people they continue to use his methods. So what are we to say about this highly intelligent and educated man, who was raised on a mission with an atmosphere of intense Catholicity? Woe to the one who makes judgements! But some kind of assessment is needed if we are to understand why things went awry.

First, we can say the faith he learnt at Kutama never went beyond the basics and

even these seem to have been grasped intellectually and not in the heart. He would not have qualified to be among what Newman called ‘an educated laity’. He spoke of having a rosary but it was a tool not unlike Trump standing before a church in Washington holding a bible. He respected the Catholic Church and appreciated her work in education and medical care but I was there when he also denounced the bishops as a bunch of Jeremiahs when they protested about the *Gukurahundi*, the vicious onslaught on the Ndebeles in the early 1980s referred to above.

But then what can we say about Mugabe, the man credited with leading Zimbabwe to freedom and then spending the next 37 years presiding over an economy that exponentially undermined the livelihood of most of its people? In the 1980s, during his first decade in power, he worked tirelessly to build the new nation. Schools, clinics and hospitals appeared in every corner of the land. In the 1990s the economy began to unravel and the International Monetary Fund demanded he follow an Economic Structural Adjustment Plan. ‘Adjustment’ sounds such a non-threatening word but it meant serious withdrawals of subsidies on which people relied. Mugabe felt the consequent criticism and began to realise his position was not assured. He became intent on holding on to power by whatever means. Whenever you saw him up close he appeared to be a man who relished the taste of power and the position it gave him. Eldred Masunungure of the University of Zimbabwe has said that Mugabe led ‘a government which is a risk-taking elite ... willing to take bold decisions irrespective of the consequences’. This was apparent in his entering the war in the Congo in the later 1990s, a time-honoured tactic of diverting attention from local issues. As opposition mounted he tried, as we saw above, to neutralise the MDC by, among other things, confiscating the land from the whites. He rode out all the local and international criticism of this move without budging. In fact he went further by turning on the urban dwellers, the perceived stronghold of the MDC and demolished their simple houses in the name of cleaning up the cities (Murambatsvina). Further, he allowed the Zimbabwe dollar to float into absurdity in 2008 rather than take the radical steps needed to protect the currency as he feared the political cost of such a remedy. Stability was only restored to the economy by the intervention of South Africa and the abolition of the national currency in favour of the US dollar. Mugabe never explained and never apologised. He just bounced from crisis to crisis, his only guiding star being retention of power in his own hands.

Despite this recklessness he was revered by many in the country and even more so by people in other countries in Africa who saw him primarily as a person who stood up to outsiders who were trying to dictate how Africa should run its affairs. When he appeared at international gatherings he received applause which baffled people from outside Africa.

Robert Mugabe inspired awe. He was perceived as being the man who brought

freedom and dignity to a people wounded by nine decades of white oppression. The accompanying photo, taken when he visited Silveira House in 1983, shows the enthusiasm we all had for him at that time. So, why did he go on to squander all that good will and pursue a course which dragged his country down so that economists will tell you the country was better off, economically, under Ian Smith? It is an enigma of history that people who are oppressed can, on overcoming the oppression, go on to oppress others. I come from Ireland, a country in thrall to our powerful neighbours for seven hundred years. Yet in the Rhodesia into which I landed in 1966, among the stalwart supporters of the Rhodesian regime, were members of the Mashonaland Irish Association. How could they forget the experience of their ancestors? I remember giving them a wide berth and have only recently rediscovered them – much transformed (to my mind) and still active in good works. Why do the Israelis, who have perhaps suffered more than any people on earth, persecute the people who inhabited the land, where they (the Israelis) are now settled, from time immemorial? And so, finally, why did Robert Mugabe, who grew up under a regime that denied him and his people dignity and opportunity, go on to blot out the possibility of a dignified life for the majority of his own people? It is a question that beggars understanding.

*Mugabeism as a form of populist reason is a multifaceted phenomenon requiring a multi-pronged approach to decipher its various meanings. At one level it represents pan-African memory and patriotism and at another level it manifests itself as a form of radical left-nationalism dedicated to resolving intractable national and agrarian questions. Yet, to others, it is nothing but a symbol of crisis, chaos and tyranny emanating from the exhaustion of nationalism. — Sabelo J. Ndlovu-Gatsheni*

I have lived in Zimbabwe for more than fifty years and I have come to realise that civic consciousness and the checks and balances it promotes are not automatically attained by the lowering of a colonial flag and the hoisting of a multi-coloured freedom flag. After freedom, comes the hard work of building that consciousness with its implication that our rulers are our servants not our masters. Joshua Nkomo, the man Mugabe supplanted, once said, ‘it took me a long time to realise that a country can become free without its people becoming free’. If, in the veins of a people, there is an acceptance that the chief has all authority and is not to be questioned, it becomes hard to build this civic consciousness. We can enjoy the fantasy of putting the words of Abraham Lincoln into the mouth of Robert Mugabe, but it remains a fantasy. On becoming president, Lincoln said:

*I have been selected to fill an important office for a brief period and am now, in your eyes, invested with an influence which will soon pass away. But should my administration prove to be a wicked one, or, what is more probable, a very foolish one, if you, the people, are true to yourselves and the Constitution, there is little*

*harm I can do, thank God.*

What the final judgement of the people of Zimbabwe will be on Robert Mugabe remains to be seen. I feel they will forgive much and hold on to the positive achievements of his time in power. I learnt my history at Ampleforth and came to know that many great men – from Alexander to Napoleon and beyond – started out brilliantly but lost their way as the lure of power gripped them. In the end we have to fall back on Romans, Chapter 7, and the guidance of the greatest psychologist of them all, Paul of Tarsus: ‘where I want to do nothing but good, evil is close at my side. In my inmost self I dearly love God’s law, but I see that acting on my body there is a different law which battles with the law in my mind... What a wretched man I am! Who will rescue me from this body doomed to death? God – thanks be to him – through Jesus Christ our Lord’.

*Photo below: Mugabe at Silveira in Gapiien days circa 1982.*



# THE LAY COMMUNITY OF ST BENEDICT

ADAM SIMON, LEADER OF THE LAY COMMUNITY OF ST BENEDICT

The Lay Community of St Benedict is an association of lay people who seek to base their lives on the Rule of St Benedict. It grew out of the Lay Community at Worth Abbey that began in 1971 but in 2003, at the request of the then Abbot, we became independent. At present, there are about 200 members, in different parts of the country and we have links with different Benedictine monasteries. In March 2019 we held a retreat at Ampleforth and were to do so again in 2020 had lockdown not intervened.

Evidence of the enduring appeal of the Rule of St Benedict is seen in a constant stream of literature, from Esther de Waal's *Seeking God* (apparently the only book that Abbot Patrick Barry publicly praised) to *The Way of St Benedict* by the former Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Rowan Williams'.

The idea of laypeople coming together in associations to support each other on their faith journey is relatively recent in church history and started to flourish after World War II. Since Vatican 2, the understanding of the Church as the People of God on Pilgrimage together (as Basil Hume used to put it) has developed, although the process began earlier. Pope Pius XII's document, *Provida Mater* in 1947, endorsed movements such as Catholic Action, which had emerged in the 1930s.

So now there is a flourishing of different lay associations and new communities such as the *Focolare* in Italy, *Communion & Liberation*, the *Chemin Neuf*, Teams of Our Lady and others. Many of them bring together people in different states of life – consecrated, single, married, priests, and many of them are ecumenical, following different inspirations in the church. Some have new founders such as Chiara Lubich, and some calling back to the wisdom of masters such as St Francis, St Augustine, or, in our case, St Benedict.

People join the LCSB because they want to belong to such a lay community that is founded on Benedictine spirituality. The appeal of the Benedictine life starts in the liturgy of the hours. I remember my first visit to Worth Abbey in 1979 as a student seeker of God – I fell in love with the Office. I still rejoice deep down when I hear those Gelineau, Bevenot, Rees and Gaisford chants with the powerful Grail translation of the Psalms, in which you feel so rhythmically and viscerally the cry of the psalmist. It is here that we join in the prayers used by Christ and we experience what Dietrich Bonhoeffer called “the unbroken, constant learning, accepting and impressing upon the mind of God’s will in Jesus Christ.”

Today in an unbroken line of monastic tradition, we keep up that tradition by praying as a community four times a day. Three times a day we say the Divine Office – Lauds, Vespers and Compline. And once a day we do early morning prayer for 15 minutes, mediated by different members of the community in a wide diversity of forms of prayer.

We used to have to join individually in this prayer routine, praying by ourselves at home. But now we are beneficiaries of the Covid crisis. Recently, a point was made in a letter to the Tablet which struck home: “Had we developed the celebration of the liturgy of the hours more fully, then people at home could actually celebrate liturgy.” This is what we have done in recent months in the Lay Community of St Benedict.

When we became independent from Worth Abbey in 2003, we used to meet in regional groups three times a year and, more often, in local groups. We wondered if we needed to create a new physical home, such a vital part of Benedictine spirituality. Since the Covid lockdown we have discovered a new home online, and it is good.

For three years the community had been experimenting with online prayer. A group of pioneers started saying morning office every week on Skype. It worked well and immediately there was an attachment to this form of prayer. We felt close and strengthened, as if we were praying together in person. But it was only a few. The Covid crisis has changed that, and on average we now have 100 people tuning in to at least one of our daily prayers every week.

In the Office we are part of the worshipping Church. We are a faith family. Everyone participates. Some are cantors, others are readers. We take turns. The beauty of the liturgy is important, and we have guidelines and a way which works for us. Being present, structuring our life around it in true Benedictine style, is more important than perfection. It has kept us stable during this difficult period and has brought us much joy and support. So many members have expressed their deep appreciation of this ancient form of shared prayer, rediscovered and renewed.

The challenge for members of the LCSB is to sustain the spiritual life, without the discipline of a residential monastery. Members are active Christians in their parishes (from multiple denominations), and also in non-church activities such as charity work, development, politics as well as in professional life. So, we now offer to activists a fellowship of repose and spiritual journeying. Besides the daily office, this also includes study, social and prayer groups.

The next and enduring attraction of the Benedictine life is the Rule, and Saint Benedict himself. For laypeople the Rule can have an immediate effect of



conversion. Esther de Waal, the author of *Seeking God*, the 1980's classic which defined for many of that generation the lay interpretation of the Rule, says that she had a moment of divine revelation when she read chapter 31 in which it is written that "all the utensils of the monastery...should be cared for as though they were the sacred vessels of the altar." She realised that in Benedict there was a spirituality which imbues everything with God's presence, and from that moment her love affair with St Benedict and his Rule started.

In the LCSB we read a portion of the Rule every day at Lauds and study the Rule each week in an online group— it is called "Benedict at Home". One of our members, who has studied the Rule for years, shares insights with others. It is a very rich experience for people searching to live their lives as Benedictines. In addition, we have a more informal discussion of the Rule at a weekly online café. We do not take ourselves too seriously, as there are occasional peals of laughter when some of the daunting ancient prescriptions are read out, which do not always translate easily into a modern idiom, like not having their knives in bed with them in case they get cut in the night.

There are various aspects of the Rule which we have adopted as a community through being formed in a Benedictine culture. For example, when the LCSB established its Constitution in 2003, some thought that leadership should be exercised through a Council of elected members, while others felt that we needed the energy and accountability of an elected leader, closer in spirit to the Abbot, even if the role does not have the same breadth of responsibility. In our Constitution the role is described as follows:

*The role of the leader is to collaborate with the council and the community in discerning the strategic direction of the LCSB, to work for the spiritual wellbeing of all members and the community, to inspire members of the community to deeper spiritual commitment and to represent the community to both its members and the outside world.*

The period of office is limited to three years, renewable once. Since independence we have had four leaders, each of the first three bringing their own gift and charism to the community. The most recent has just started his term of office. We value the wisdom of St Benedict in his emphasis on kind and gentle leadership, treating each person as an individual, accountable for their wellbeing, and occasionally called to steer people back into the right paths.

One of the joys of the Rule of St Benedict is the recognition of individual differences in every aspect of the regulation of the spiritual life. There are always exceptions and human considerations to take into account. It is about living the Gospel, and



that means that love of God and love of neighbour are the key prescriptions. The LCSB has adopted a form of commitment which is close in spirit to the humanity of St Benedict as members take the following promise every year:

*In response to the call of Christ I offer myself to Almighty God  
by the help of the Holy Spirit  
with the love of the Lay Community of Saint Benedict  
to live holy communion  
create holy space  
and offer holy service  
in the ways in which my circumstances allow.*

Living holy communion involves behaving in a Christian and considerate manner towards family, friends and people met during the day, particularly the marginalised. Creating holy space involves making time each day for prayer and lectio while holy service takes as many different forms as there are members, ranging from helping with a food bank through prison visiting to serving as a governor of a Catholic school.

When you are a young mother, or caught up in a busy career, the words “in the ways in which my circumstances allow” give a wonderful sense of freedom. Some may argue that it gives a let-out from the demands of the spiritual life but, as lay Benedictines, we have to recognise that we are not monks and that we do only what we can. However, alongside this freedom is a growing sense of mutual commitment, which comes from the shared offices. As one of the Worth monks recently said to us – and it has apparently been echoed at Ampleforth by Fr Gabriel - being a monk is about turning up. We come for each other, not just ourselves, and when we cannot come, the habit is growing of informing whoever is the host of the week’s liturgy.

One of the most moving and solemn moments in the life of the Community is when we reunite at Worth Abbey for our Summer Gathering in August and renew our Community Promise in the Unity Chapel. It is when we feel very intensely the bonds of community.

The opening words of the Promise, “In response to the call of Christ...”, express the fundamental dignity of the layperson, each one of us called by Christ into a special relationship with Him. When enquirers come knocking at the door of the LCSB, we have learnt to apply chapter 58 of the Rule, that “the entry of postulants...should not be made too easy, but we should follow St John’s precept to make trial of the spirits to see if they are from God.” We listen, in the words expressed by enquirers, for a hint of understanding of how they are being called by Christ.

This dignity of the layperson comes from two sources – firstly through baptism but also, importantly, through worldly knowledge and experience. This was recognized at Vatican II and in Pope St John Paul II’s encyclical *Christifideles Laici*. More recently, Hans Urs von Balthasar has written: *“The role of the layman in the Church is appearing in a new light. Since professional competence is more important than ever in the countless, immensely complex questions that face humanity on a world scale - questions not merely of development, but of bare survival in the immediate future - the laity, who combine such a competence with a genuine Christian sensibility, move into the front line of the Church’s missionary task as well...It would be presumptuous for the priest and theologian to want to direct the translation of faith-driven principles into the economic, political, and cultural spheres themselves.”* (The Laity and the Life of the Counsels - The Church’s Mission in the World”.)

So the layperson is a missionary disciple, fully aware of his or her calling to be a witness for Christ but also, an expert, uniquely placed to bring Christ and his values into the complexity of our world. St Benedict reminds us that we have to be humble in these roles.

While our roots lie in the Catholic Church, people from all Christian traditions have always been full members of the community, which seeks to create a ‘holy space’ and a lived ecumenism, where members can learn from one another and grow together in love and service of our Creator. In our community there are people from the Anglican, Methodist and United Reformed Churches.

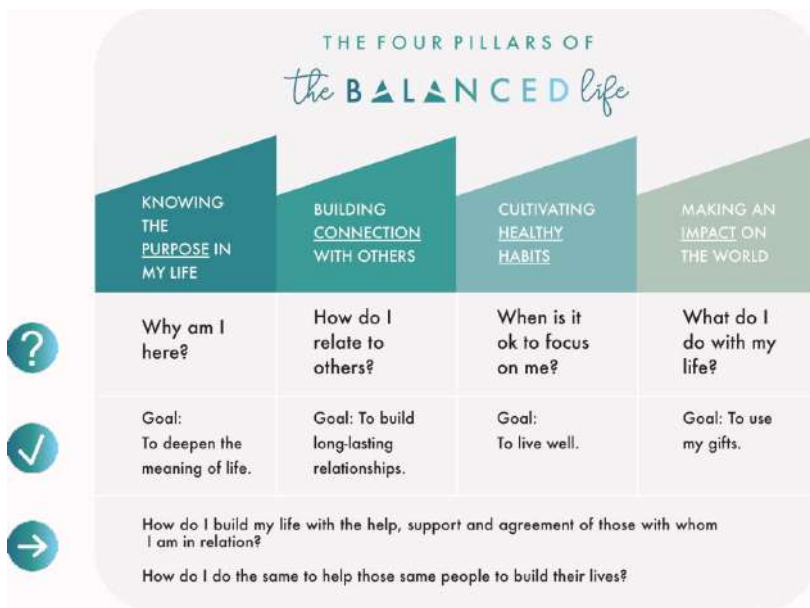
The Covid crisis has shown us some of the possibilities of digital evangelism. Just as Ampleforth has conducted a beautiful series of online retreats during lockdown, which will hopefully continue, so in our own digital way, the LCSB has brought people together in a hugely enriching and nourishing experience of community. The future will be hybrid, as people choose online for certain experiences and physical for others. As we have been gifted, we have an innate desire to share that gift. In the midst of crisis, the LCSB has come together and has experienced a flowering of faith.

We know that many people are searching for meaning. The start to a spiritual journey today is often the Google enquiry. During the Covid crisis, Google has registered a 50% increase in the number of searches using the word “prayer”. If you are interested in the Rule of St Benedict and you put in the word “Benedictine monastery” or “oblate”, you will go to one of the English Benedictine houses. Or you may put in a term such as “lay Benedictines”, and the top response is the Lay Community of St Benedict.

In August 2019, as part of our outreach to young people, we carried out research about what makes for a balanced life for young people. Seventy young people aged between 18-35 responded, 85% of whom identified as Christians and 15% as agnostics and atheists.

There are no earth-shattering findings in the research. But there is one thing which is inescapably fresh and compelling about it and which underpins the success of the Rule of St Benedict for the last 1,500 years. We all more or less have an idea of what a balanced life is but, with all our complexities and the pressures of life, we find it very hard to know how to live one.

In order to help young people to discover the basis of the Balanced Life, we have listened to their responses and chosen inclusive words to describe what we call the four pillars:



As I write this article, we have received over 30 entries for an Essay Competition for young people to explore the Balanced Life. The essay was to be based on questions which correspond to the four pillars: purpose, relationships, healthy habits, and impact. With Fr Timothy Radcliffe OP, Tim Livesey, one of our long-standing members, and a young theologian called Kate Banks as our judges, we are looking forward to developing the intellectual firepower of this new initiative and to attract more young people to engage in the search for a Balanced Life. This search may bring them to the wisdom of St Benedict and the Gospel which would fulfil our dream of reaching out and sharing the gift.

The LCSB at fifty years old is still in the spring of its life. We are embracing change and welcome others to join us on this journey of personal and communal transformation. We have learnt that to live the Benedictine life of prayer, work and study means, above all, making the time for communal prayer, whether we are commuting or working away and insofar as our circumstances allow. We deeply appreciate the heritage of the Rule of St Benedict and the liturgy of the hours and rejoice as a Lay Community in being able to welcome others into this experience and we aspire to be laypeople transforming the world in ways large and small.

*The Website of the LCSB is at <http://www.laybenedictines.org>.*

# A SCULPTURAL LIFE

MARK CORETH (O77)

For as long as I can remember I have had a passion for art and in particular for three dimensions. Life in my Kenyan childhood days was spent with large horizons, vast scales, skies, clouds, mountains, people and wildlife... the ingredients for my sculptural career. My schooling took me from Kenya to St Richard's Prep School in Herefordshire where the Headmistress, Ursula Tremlett, was a very inspiring art teacher and acted as the catalyst to my future. St Richard's guided me to Ampleforth College and Ampleforth to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, followed by fifteen years with the Blues and Royals. I saw service in BAOR during the Cold War, Northern Ireland, the United Nations in Cyprus, the South Atlantic during the Falkland war and ceremonial duties with the Mounted Regiment.

My future life as a sculptor was developing throughout my time at school and in the military. My senses were open to new experiences, some good, and some bad but all invaluable to life, learning and broadening my horizons.

I have been blessed by a very happy family life. On leaving the Army in 1993 and setting forth on my sculptural career I found myself living and working predominantly from home. I was lucky enough to be an intricate part of our children's lives from birth to their adulthood and equally they have been an integral part of my life. They have followed the twists and turns of my adventures.

My sculptural passion has always been as an animalier sculptor, capturing the magic of nature in three dimensions. I have learned my trade from the wide open spaces, travel, the local guides who were my experts and teachers such as the Inuit in the Arctic, or Ladakhi in the Himalayas. I have travelled, studied and sculpted through Europe, Africa, Asia, the Americas, the South Atlantic and the Arctic. This approach gave me ideas and inspirations that I would and could never have had if I taken a less proactive route. For example, work such as my Ice Bear Project, a sculpture inspired by the sea ice, polar bears, icebergs and a warming climate. Ice Bear was a mix of bronze and ice, a bronze skeleton of a polar bear within a carved ice sculpture of the bear. It was a sculpture that I created seven times in seven cities around the world. It was a piece of theatre, from the sculpting of a bear, it melting, leaving the bronze skeleton, a pool of water and a powerful message.

My hope with the Tree of Hope, that I created for the St John of Jerusalem Eye Hospital Group and that is now in Muristan in the Old City of Jerusalem, is to spread its swifts far and wide around the world. Each swift is an intricate part of the sculpture in Jerusalem. The fact is that they are migrating from / to the City but carrying that message of HOPE and MUTUAL RESPECT between peoples and

nature. I pray that in time people will see and recognise the image of the swifts and link them with that fundamental and important message.

When I told my Aunt, Betty Elwes, of my time in the Holy Land she was intrigued and without hesitation asked if she could commission a group of three which she wished to gift to Ampleforth. I was invited to give a number of talks over the time of the unveiling to Ampleforth concerning my project including the Head Masters Lecture... Now we hope to place swift nesting boxes in the eaves around the school and the Abbey so that the swifts in the Newman Garden will be joined by many more during the breeding season. They too are a message of HOPE.

The approach to my work described above has been somewhat balanced by the disciplines of commissioned work much of which has been on home soil, like for example a life-size sculpture of the famous racehorse Frankel and drinking fountains at the Globe Theatre and the Natural History Museum. But there were also other commissions and most importantly one centred in Jerusalem, my Tree of Hope which led to my Flight2Hope. But, I would like to leave that story to an infinitely more proficient writer than myself, a man who has become a great friend and fellow traveller. He is a lawyer and very wise historian, an author of numerous books and most importantly he was a crewman on my Flight2Hope... Joshua Levine.

## **Flight2Hope** **By Joshua Levine**

The key to peace in the Middle East, it has long been assumed, is to bring together the Israelis and Palestinians. Once the bloodiest of neighbours have been reconciled, the rest of the region will fall into place. But reconciliation requires these proud peoples to begin to accept each other, to gain some understanding of each other's attitudes and beliefs. And that, it is only too clear, has rarely happened.

But does this matter anymore? Israel has signed peace treaties with Bahrain and the United Arab Emirates. The creation of an independent Palestinian state is no longer the price Israel must pay for normal relations with Arab states. And pressure from elsewhere may bring Palestine to the negotiating table. So where is the pressing need to bring Israelis and Palestinians together? With the focus shifted elsewhere, does it really matter how Abraham's descendants are getting on?

It matters more than ever, of course. As Palestinian feelings of abandonment and isolation grow, so will resentment and anger. It would be a terrible mistake to give up on attempts to bring Israelis and Palestinians together. And that's why we need to pay attention to the work of an English sculptor and small-aircraft pilot, Mark Coreth, a man who has been making extraordinary efforts to do precisely that.

Last year in pre-lockdown days, when such things were still possible, Coreth led a flight of nine small aircraft on a remarkable journey up the entire length of Israel and Palestine, and across into Jordan. These planes contained an invited mix of Muslims, Jews and Christians. Among them were a Jordanian general, an American astronaut, a United Nations humanitarian advisor, and an Israeli wildlife expert. And they were not following any old route. Rather, they were flying alongside tens of thousands of swifts, the dynamic little migratory birds that arrive in the Holy Land in early spring and stay there for a hundred days before flying south again to Africa. Oblivious to scripture, indifferent to borders, they nest happily in the holy sites of the three Abrahamic faiths. Each bird is a little model of tolerance and inclusivity. I was very fortunate to be invited to fly with them.

Coreth's Odyssey had begun three years earlier when he created an ambitious sculpture in the Old City of Jerusalem – an area resistant to change. It's a place where walls have been built from the same golden limestone for over three thousand years. Donkeys and religious zealots still pace its uneven, vehicle-free streets. A wooden ladder leaning against the Church of the Holy Sepulchre hasn't been moved for at least two centuries. Were Jesus to return he could work as a tour guide.

So it takes a brave man to build something completely new in the Old City – and Coreth is a brave man. A veteran of the Falklands War, he was a tank commander in the Blues and Royals before reinventing himself as one of Britain's most eminent sculptors. In 2016, he accepted the commission from the St John of Jerusalem Eye Hospital that brought him to the Old City.

The Knights of St John established their first hospital for sick pilgrims on the site of the Clinic in the 12th Century. And as Coreth stood on the modern clinic's roof with its panoramic views, he was struck by the daunting blend of history and belief in front of him. Here was the spot where King David set down the Ark of the Covenant and proclaimed his holy city. Here, too, had once stood the magnificent temples of Solomon and Herod, and now stood the Dome of the Rock, the shrine containing the rock from which Muhammad ascended to heaven. And closer still were the sites of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. The influence of this little patch of land on world attitudes and beliefs cannot be exaggerated. Mark Coreth's brief was to reflect this history – as well as Jerusalem's hopes for the future. "Quite a big task," he notes wryly.

Coreth's task was made a little easier during a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane where he was inspired by the sight of two thousand-year-old olive trees sprouting fresh young leaves. His sculpture, he decided, would take the form of one of these ancient gnarled trees cast in bronze. But instead of leaves, the branches of his tree would sprout swifts. Cast in bronze, swooping in all directions from the canopy of



the sculpture, they would celebrate freedom and hope.

The sculpture is now finished – but for Mark Coreth, it will never be complete. He has begun casting groups of three bronze swifts, and placing them in strategic spots around the world where they become part of an ever-growing work. And that, in turn, led him to mount the flight across Israel, Palestine and Jordan. He views the journey as a project that expands the definition of sculpture. “We were carving a message of hope and mutual respect above Jerusalem,” he says, “and making one of the most exciting bits of sculpture that you could make.”

I can vouch for the excitement. Our route took us from the Red Sea, over the Dead Sea, past the Sea of Galilee and finally to the Mediterranean Sea. In the process we passed over the lowest point on earth, two deserts, the Negev and the Judean, and we spent a lot of time flying over Jordan. It is impossible, simply by looking, to work out where the border between Israel and Jordan lies.

We flew over two ancient sites – Qumran and Masada – settled by fugitives escaping Jerusalem. The Essenes of Qumran were Jews disgusted by the corruption of the Jerusalem Temple. They fled the city two thousand years ago to form an ascetic desert community. At Masada, meanwhile, Jewish rebels were besieged by the Romans. In their desert compound, the rebels chose to commit mass suicide rather than be taken.

The landscape has retained these stories and it continues to update them. The desert is now punctuated by Palestinian villages and Israeli settlements. The villages are poor, their flat-roofed buildings topped by ugly water towers. The settlements are tidy and landscaped, their pitched-roofed buildings capped with terracotta tiles. They sit at once together and apart, tied to the old stories. “Masada will not fall again!” proclaim the settlers claiming the land left behind by the rebels.

The most exciting part of the trip was an unprecedented flight over the Old City of Jerusalem. The golden Dome of the Rock was visible from every angle with the smaller dark lump of the Al Aqsa Mosque to the side. Below them, from one angle only, is the Western Wall, a sweep of golden blocks at street level but barely a sliver from above. Herod’s Temple would have looked impressive from up here. We could see the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and Damascus Gate. But what we couldn’t see was the rage and rivalry that causes the city to crackle. In its place I felt awed by the effect of this tiny stain of land on who we are today.

Beyond infusing us with emotion, what could the mission practically achieve? I asked some of my fellow travellers. General Mansour Abu Rashid is a retired director of Jordan’s Military Intelligence Department. He led the negotiations that

resulted in the 1994 peace agreement between Jordan and Israel. “This flight has been a message from the three religions that they can work together,” he said, “and that there is tolerance and reconciliation between the people.”

But is a message of tolerance and reconciliation enough? “Mark Coreth has flapped his wings like hell,” said pilot Jonathan Elwes (T67), “to demonstrate that people can work together and borders can be made less important. What we must do now is to get the story out there so that we can be an example.”

Dr Gilbert Greenall, a senior humanitarian advisor to the British government and the United Nations, went further. In 1993, he was involved in brokering a peace agreement in Angola. “We were successful in providing an expanded programme of immunisation which both sides signed up to,” he told me, “and that was the beginning of the end of the war.” Dr Greenall drew a parallel between the vaccination of children in Angola and environmental projects in the Middle East. Both are neutral, inclusive measures that allow people to come together. “And once you have that human contact, people can talk. There are great opportunities with environmentalism to forge this bridge.”

That, it seems to me, is the key. For as General Abu Rashid notes, Israelis and Arabs share a great deal. “We are similar in many things. In culture, in traditions, in food, in faces also...” So similar, in fact, that he firmly believes that peace will be achieved in the region because ordinary Jews and Arabs want the same things. This is certainly the hope of Ricky Arnold, a NASA astronaut who returned to earth from the International Space Station in October 2018. Arnold – who has seen Israel, Palestine and Jordan zip past many times – was impressed by the sight of General Abu Rashid greeting an ex-Israeli general after the flight with a warm hug. If this is possible, he says, and if American, Russian, German and Japanese astronauts can live as family on the Space Station for months, then we are surely all capable of living together as human beings.

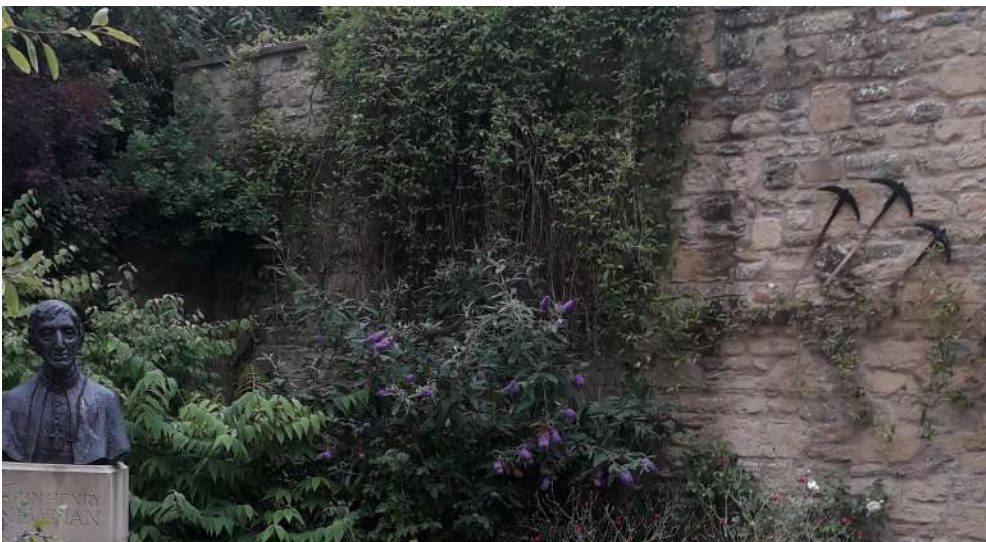
Positive words – but there is a huge amount of work still to do. Another passenger was David Verity, chair of the St John Ophthalmic Association. He has spent much time working at the clinic. He tells me about treating a small Palestinian girl who had lost an eye and needed her socket remoulded. Verity stepped outside to speak to the man she arrived with. “Are you the girl’s father?” he asked. “No,” said the man. “She is my granddaughter. My family was lost and she’s all I have left.” In tears, the man explained that every member of his family had been killed by crossfire in a single night. Verity continues: “All I could do was put my arms around the man. I’m pretty thick-skinned, I’m a doctor and I’ve seen it all. But it was the effect on this elderly man who presumably had looked after his family all his life and saw them go all at once. I thought ‘This is how we as humans behave! We can and must

do better!”

I spent the following day as an observer with the Outreach Team of the St John of Jerusalem Eye Hospital, travelling into the West Bank, towards Madaman, a Palestinian village north of Nablus. Google ‘Madaman’ and you will find that it barely exists on the internet. I could find one passing mention despite the fact that it contains 2500 people, several shops and a small library. Such is the impression made by Palestine and its people on Western consciousness. Yet almost every day of the year, members of the Outreach Team drive into these West Bank and Gaza communities to offer vision tests and eye examinations. They treat simple conditions on the spot and arrange referrals and operations for more serious problems. They charge nothing and they examine every man, woman and child who shows up. Without these visits most patients would simply go untreated. And as Khalid, the Outreach manager told me, “These people just want someone to listen to them. And that gives them hope.”

This is why we must not give up on attempts to bring Israelis and Palestinians together. This is how to confront feelings of abandonment and isolation. And this is why we should pay attention to Mark Coreth. He is hatching plans for another flight, another ‘message of hope and mutual respect’, to fly this time from sub-Saharan Africa up through the cradle of humankind in the Rift Valley, and back to Israel. It will follow swifts – and human beings – from the very start of their respective migrations. Israelis and Palestinians will be on board. Coreth’s sculpture is still growing. I hope he asks me back.

*Mark Coreth’s three bronze swifts, given by his aunt, Betty Elwes, have been mounted on the wall in the Newman Garden at Ampleforth.*







*The Tree of Hope in Jerusalem*



*The Ice Bear Project*

# MAKING ‘THE CAVE’

TOM WALLER (A92)

On Saturday 23rd June 2018, 12 boys from a soccer team and their coach went missing in a cave system in the north of Thailand, after heavy monsoon rains flooded the caverns suddenly and left them trapped inside. The missing children became headline news. It took rescue workers 9 days to eventually find them and another 9 days to get them all out. During those 18 days, the whole world was gripped and intrigued by the unfolding events at Tham Luang cave in the Mae Sai region of Chiang Rai province, close to Thailand’s border with Myanmar. Everyone tuned in on TV news, radio, Facebook and other social media. Newspapers ran dramatic headlines on the incident almost every day. It seemed like nothing else mattered, except the fate of those young ‘Wild Boars’, as the team was known. Not just in Thailand, but people all over the world hoped and prayed for their safe return.

“How many of you?” – British cave diver John Volanthen famously called out, after surfacing in the dark chamber after more than a five hour dive/swim into the cave on 2nd July 2018. “Thirteen!” was the reply. Thank God: they were all found alive and unharmed. Miraculously, after having no food or any kind of sustenance for 9 days, the boys and their coach were in remarkably high spirits. How had they survived all that time? Was it the fabled mountain goddess who had watched over them to keep them safe? Or the fresh water dripping from stalactites that they drank which kept them alive? Perhaps the meditation techniques taught by their coach, a former Buddhist monk, helped them to survive all that time, huddled together on a muddy ledge, alone in the dark. Hoping. Praying.

All would be revealed in the weeks and months following their ordeal. The YouTube clip from the GoPro camera affixed to the top of John’s helmet when he found them went viral. But the challenge the Thai authorities now faced at that time was – how to get them out? The world was watching and time was running out.

The situation was unprecedented. Never before had such a perilous rescue mission of this kind been mounted in such conditions, with the stranded team almost 2.5 miles from the entrance to the cave, deep inside a mountain range called ‘Nang Non’ – literally translated from Thai, this means ‘Sleeping Lady’ – named after the local legend of a goddess spirit. Thais are superstitious by nature and very much believe in the mystical world, just as much as the realms of science. A famous and charismatic Buddhist monk, Kruba Boonchum, kept vigil, praying for the 13 souls, and even predicted their safe return. Fortunately, he was quite right as the team were brought out alive in the end, but not before one man had paid the ultimate sacrifice - Saman Kunan - a former Thai Navy SEAL, who had volunteered as a rescue diver and died tragically in the process.

Like many others viewing the dramatic events unfold over those days and weeks, I was fascinated and transfixed by what was happening in Thailand, as the whole world came together in a race against time to get them out alive, before more monsoon rains would seal their fate.

I happened to be in Ireland during this time, enjoying the summer holidays with my four children at my father's [Jocelyn, (A62)] house in County Tipperary. My two boys, Alex and William, were aged 11 and 13 at the time and it made me think; what if it were my boys that had gone missing? What would I do in that situation? Would I try to take matters into my own hands to try to get them out?

Unbeknown to me at the time, in the neighbouring County Clare was a Belgian cave diving enthusiast living in Ireland - Jim Warny - also closely watching the events unfold on the internet. In fact, he had offered his help to friends who were members of the British Cave Rescue Organisation (BCRC), who had already headed out to Thailand to help with the rescue. On the 6th July, shortly after hearing the news of Saman's death, he gets the SMS message: "When can you be ready?" Within 2 hours Jim had packed his bags and was ready to go to Thailand.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of military and rescue personnel had converged on the cave site. The world's media had descended on the scene. Even billionaire Elon Musk entered the fray, tweeting about a mini submarine that could be used to help bring the boys out alive. But it became increasingly obvious to the Thai authorities that it seemed that it was the civilian cave rescue divers, who had come mainly from the UK, who had the necessary skills for the task of extracting the kids safely, since neither the Thai Navy SEALs nor the Pararescue teams, who had deployed from the US Indo-Pacific Command, were qualified for these kinds of very specific conditions. The BCRC stepped up, along with two Australian doctors, and came up with a somewhat controversial extraction plan, which involved sedating the children to bring them out unconsciously, swimming them through the underground caverns. They had calculated that the odds of survival for the boys were only 60-70%. Two or three might not make it out alive. The stakes were high and the situation was unprecedented, with everyone operating outside normal procedures. A rescue like this involving kids simply had not been attempted before.

Thai authorities assessed the situation, reluctant to allow the chance of any further loss of life. The best plan was to bring them out the way they came in, through the flooded tunnels. They gave the nod to the BCRC team to go ahead. Thirteen skilled divers were selected for the risky mission and on 7th July, Jim Warny arrived in Thailand to join them, stepping off the plane and into the cave – the fate of the boys would be in these men's hands, and a knife-edge three-day mission was now underway...

My film THE CAVE (NANG NON in Thai) is a dramatic retelling of those events, as seen from the unique perspective of the rescue volunteers who took part in the rescue mission. In particular I decided to focus the narrative on the stories of three of these unsung heroes: Nopadol Niyomka - a Thai water pump manufacturer who drove 11 hours across the country to go and help at the cave site, Mae Bua Chaichuen - a local rice farmer who sacrificed her crop by letting the rice fields flood after water was diverted from the cave system, and Jim Warny – the cave diving enthusiast who took time off work in Shannon, Ireland, to fly 6,000 miles away to volunteer his services to strangers in a country he had never been to. All three ordinary people were part of the massive rescue efforts. Each played their part and contributed towards saving those 13 lives. What they all had in common was that they showed humanity without bounds!

“All thirteen are out!” hailed the news reporters. It had been a perilous mission. Anything could have gone wrong. Thankfully the extraction was a success and everyone was accounted for, including all of the support divers and hundreds of rescue personnel. When Jim Warny returned to Ireland from the ordeal he was given a hero’s welcome. He was interviewed on national TV and articles appeared in local newspapers. When I read of his involvement I immediately reached out to him, through social media. It seemed fortuitous that he was in the next county. I was apprehensive about that first meeting, and not even sure that I wanted to make a film about the incident. Before I met him he had watched one of my previous films on Netflix, THE LAST EXECUTIONER, so he had some idea of my capabilities as a filmmaker. But after he recounted the story to me in his own words, I was hooked. I just knew that this would be my next film!

In deciding to make a film about the Thai Cave Rescue, I had to work fast. Numerous film projects had been announced in the press and at one time there were six rival projects being touted, including some from the big guns in Hollywood (later Ron Howard would announce a movie about the same story). As a filmmaker with Thai nationality, I knew I would have an advantage as the script would not have to seek pre-approval from the Thailand Film Office, a department of the Tourism ministry who oversees foreign film productions. If I waited any longer perhaps I would not get the chance to make any film about the subject, as the Thai Government had coveted the intellectual property rights of the boys’ story, to protect their interests (their story rights were sold exclusively for a Netflix series in the end). However, as long as I did not concentrate the story on the boys or their coach, nor break any laws, I could go ahead and make a film without anyone interfering.

However, the biggest challenge I faced in planning a dramatization of the events on screen was the fact that because the event was so widely covered, most audiences would know the outcome of the story already. This is always a considerable factor in making films that are “based on a true story.” You can’t just make things up! I wrote



a treatment concentrating the story on the elements that people did not necessarily know, weaving the personal stories from these ordinary men and women together to create a unique take on the story, culminating in the suspense and drama of the final underwater extraction.

Jim agreed to play himself in the film. It was a good decision – after all where was I supposed to find a qualified actor to play a Belgian cave diving expert who spoke with an Irish accent and could handle tricky diving apparatus. So I figured that there was no better person to play Jim Warny than the man himself. The others followed suit, agreeing to play themselves alongside actors and non-actors, much like the rescue itself, where qualified professional rescue workers worked alongside amateur rescue volunteers. Three other divers involved in the real mission from Canada, Finland and China also signed up to appear in the film as themselves. It gives the film an authentic flavour and, in any case, I didn't have the budget for the likes of Tom Cruise or Tom Hanks!

To raise money I pitched the film idea at the Toronto Film Festival in September 2018. The script was finished in October and by November we were filming in Thailand. Of course we met several obstacles along the way but timing had been everything. We were the first. It was exciting for everyone involved, especially as they all knew the real story. This was a double-edged sword in a way. Expectations were high. People were surprised or sceptical that we were making a narrative feature film about the event when it had been so widely covered recently by the media and without any 'official' Government permission. We resorted to having to make the film under the radar. I felt it was important to tell the story in my own way, using some of the real rescue volunteers playing themselves and showing the 'untold story' as told to me by Jim Warny and the other real participants I had selected. Scenes inside the cave itself were largely filmed elsewhere in Thailand, in water caves that were safer to film in but looked like the Tham Luang cave system. For more intricate filming we moved to an abandoned swimming pool in Bangkok, where we constructed sets for the different chambers of the cave system so that we could control the filming more practically without actually being underground. Finally, in February 2019, after months of lobbying Thailand's Ministry of Culture, we were even granted permission to film at the real Tham Luang National Park for a number of hours. Those shots of the cave entrance and the mountainside helped to set the scene credibly.

In total, several hundred people were involved in the making of the film, and rather like the event itself, people from all over the world contributed. In one scene in the film, you can see Michael Pritchett (W87) at the wheel of a BMW racing down the M4 motorway under Police escort to get to Heathrow Airport to deliver child size face masks in time for a Thai Airways flight. Such was the response to the real

event, where life and death decisions regarding logistics and equipment had to be made promptly to allow the rescue to take place. In other scenes at the rescue camp hundreds of extras were required to give a sense that thousands were on the scene. Everything had to be researched meticulously. Everything had to feel real.

After a combined total of 36 shooting days in Thailand, Ireland and the UK, the film was now in the can, well before any other production had been able to even make a start. Several documentaries had been filmed, using mostly news footage and interviews with the rescue divers, who were all attaining some notoriety. But perhaps we would be the only fiction film to be made? Time would tell. Certainly we were the first. With the cave entrance at Tham Luang National Park becoming almost unrecognizable following its new found popularity as a tourist attraction, I knew we had made the right decision to act fast. Six months of post-production work followed, as we readied the film for its film festival debut. Hours of multi-camera footage had to be condensed into less than 2 hours running time. Having made the film as a local Thai production, we were still subject to scrutiny of the finished film by the ratings committee of the Ministry of Culture. Being somewhat critical of the Thai authorities in the film worried me a little. However, after a tense screening to ministry officials, the film was passed with a General Audience rating and luckily no cuts.

THE CAVE was invited to have its world premiere at the prestigious Busan International Film Festival in South Korea on 5th October 2019, followed by screenings at Vancouver International Film Festival and the BFI London Film Festival. The film was released in cinemas in over a dozen countries including Thailand, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Japan. Covid-19 closures disrupted the film's distribution in Europe in 2020, but it is available in certain territories to stream online at [vimeo.com/ondemand/thecave](https://vimeo.com/ondemand/thecave) or you can order a Collector's Edition Blu-ray DVD from [www.thecavenangnon.com/bluray](http://www.thecavenangnon.com/bluray)

The project has been a significant personal journey for me, ever since I turned on the TV news in the summer of 2018, to seeing the film's struggle with distribution as cinemas are closed due to the pandemic. It has been a rewarding experience to have collaborated with those selfless people who dropped everything to go and help at the mountainside. Ultimately the film embodies a message of HOPE, at a time when the world could really do with some positive energy all around. As far as my own passion for making films – where did it all start? Well my calling as a filmmaker started in the bowels of the Ampleforth College Theatre which was home to the Panasonic Room, literally a room equipped with Panasonic video equipment. I was more interested in wielding a camera about the place than any racket or throwing a ball. Such is the wonderful spread of activities available to you at SHAC, that can really influence your life thereafter. For me a career in the film and television

industry ensued and here I am now, honoured to be writing about my endeavours in The Journal almost 30 years later.

*Tom is the founder and managing director of De Warrenne Pictures, a production company first established in 1996: [www.dewarrenne.com](http://www.dewarrenne.com). His first film was Monk Dawson, based on the novel by Piers Paul Read (W57). He generously arranged for the Monastic Community to be able to view THE CAVE and has donated a copy to the School Library. Tom is pictured below along with a still from the film.*



# A NOTE FROM KEZA ON RACE, PRIVILEGE AND PROTEST

KEZA, CURRENT STUDENT IN ST MARGARET'S HOUSE

I have been asked all my life about how I feel being the way I am, being the colour that I am and what it represents in today's world. Growing up in a privileged childhood meant that this question rarely arose apart from when I had to ask myself why my skin was darker, hair curly and features more defined. Being biracial also erased the question in my mind that two races couldn't love each other as equals. I had always been brought up to love the other and I had never noticed or cared where people came from. My parents' approach to education led me to be shielded from the fact that race was a bigger subject than I had ever imagined. I never realised that the world would see this minor difference in melanin levels as a reason to take away someone's life. The reality hit me when I moved to America this year, and when, during the lockdown, the news that George Floyd had been brutally murdered captivated every screen. My little bubble of privilege had been burst, when I realised that the person crushed under Derek Chauvin's knee could easily have been my mother, cousins or even me, if I had been born in a different reality. Seeing the unfazed look of the policeman as he squeezed the last breath out of this man filled me with disgust and caused a newfound outrage to bubble in me. I decided to research further.

As my journey of unearthing was going on, the world was on fire around me and I happened to be in the centre of it all. In my house in Washington D.C, in late May, the sound of sirens rang through the streets. Helicopters encircled the city, and chaos was felt in every neighbourhood. This was when I realised that I needed to be part of the change and I hoped attending these protests would change history. At family dinner that night, my parents and I debated on what was to be done next. Due to my father's tricky position in diplomacy, we were worried that my wanting to go out and protest the system and the President that he worked with, would put his work in jeopardy. He was also worried about my schoolwork as this was exam season. My mother on the other hand wanted me to protest but was worried about what might happen. No matter what my parents said, I knew that I would go. My mother firmly said that as soon as it got violent, I would leave. Late that night, I frantically drew up some caricatures on banners and excitedly prepared myself for the next week as police sirens wailed into the night. After having finished my morning lessons, my friends and I biked for fifteen minutes all the way to the White House. In the summer heat, hundreds of people stood with banners. The fact that I could see people of every colour, age and socio-economic background warmed my heart. Barricades of policemen and soldiers were arranged in lines in front of the White House. The protests went on for two weeks, and I attended for seven days.

After a very short time in Ampleforth, I knew I had made a new home here. In all of the countries and places that I have lived in, I knew that this was one of the things and places which really grounded my life. I was one of the only black students, but this had a minor impact on my life here and the only difference was the colour of my skin. However, the events of this year have made me realise how lucky I am to live in such an accepting and loving home. I still believe that everybody has room to consider others more, and for further education about what is happening in the world outside our own lives. Ampleforth is a bubble which, for me, burst after the events of this year. If we all take time to learn what is happening in the world outside, and to care about this, we can all change things for the better and pave the way for the next generations.

# HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO FOLLOW THE MASS?

FR RICHARD FFIELD OSB

Over the last nine months most people have been unable to get to Mass in person. Many have found it worthwhile to listen or view a Mass that is live-streamed via the Internet, whether from Ampleforth Abbey or one of the many other churches that have been able to make this available. Not everybody has access to the Internet and, even if they have, the sound quality is not always satisfactory. In any case, whether on line or in church, some people like to be able to follow the Mass with the texts in front of them. There are several ways of doing this and this note offers a survey.

Since the days of the Latin Mass people have used missals and there are still some available. Collins offer a Missal in two volumes, one for weekdays (six ribbon markers) (£30) and the other for Sundays (£19). The Daily Missal weighs 900g (2lb), which is a bit of a handful. The Sunday missal has only two ribbons, which is annoying if you don't want to leaf through the pages for the correct Preface. The CTS publish a Sunday missal at £19.95 with both Latin and English on facing pages. Some may like to purchase one or other of these missals as they have the Jerusalem Bible readings. The Bishops have decided to change these soon to the English Standard Version and this will no doubt be used in the publications below.

Another alternative is to subscribe to *Magnificat*, which costs £47 per year. This is posted to you every month with the Masses for each day and is much easier to carry around and handle. As well as the Masses it has a meditation for each day as well as interesting articles each month by various people such as the martyred Polish priest, Blessed Jerzy Popieluszko and Bishop Robert Barron. To subscribe, go to [www.magnificat.com](http://www.magnificat.com) or in the UK call 020 7448 3607. A cheaper and simpler possibility is the CTS paperback Sunday missal for the current liturgical year only at £7.95. A smaller and cheaper alternative, which fits in a pocket, is *My Day by Day*. It comes with an Introduction by a different priest each month to the readings for every day. It costs £19.50 a year from [archpublishing.co.uk](http://archpublishing.co.uk) or 01782 213000.

If you have a Kindle, tablet or smartphone, the lightest in the pocket (in both senses) way to get the Mass texts is to buy a once-and-for-all subscription to *Universalis* for around £10. This gives you the Mass readings – and the rest of the Mass - for the whole year, every year, all the Hours of the daily Prayer of the Church (Divine Office), and articles on the saints of the day, often with illustrations. Your purchase lasts for ever, and once you have bought the app, no Internet access is needed. A month's free trial is also offered. To find out how to get the app, all you need to do is go to [universalis.com](http://universalis.com), where you can also view the readings of the day for free.



# THE EMERGENCE OF AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE AS ‘THE CATHOLIC ETON’

*By Peter Galliver; published by Gracewing in 2019; reviewed by Ralph Townsend.*

The story of post-reformation Catholic education in England is a fascinating one. The most interesting material in Peter Galliver’s book is not so much that relating to its title as the account it gives of the principles of Catholic education as they developed in the various continental schools of the exiled English Catholic diaspora at Paris, Douai and St Omer’s in France and Lamspringe in Germany. Their return to England at the turn of the nineteenth century brought an approach to school organisation and curriculum very different, as they had developed, from the great schools of England, which are the constant reference point of Galliver’s narrative. The schools that settled at Stonyhurst, Downside and Ampleforth, and those that grew at Ware, Oscott, Bath and Birmingham, trace their stories through the great events that mark their rise after the cautious return of Catholic groups at the end of the eighteenth century, Catholic Emancipation in 1829, the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in 1850 and, particularly important for Galliver’s story, the lifting of the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the universities at Oxford and Cambridge in 1871.

This is a story that has all the competitive drama of a rugby match. In one team are the old Catholics of England, concentrated in the Lancastrian north, before Irish immigration and the influx of ultramontane extravagance, protective of their small aristocratic remnant and their discreet ways and resistant to too much displacement of the old order. In another team are the Jesuits and in another the Benedictines, each fighting for the winning cup. The bishops are there trying to referee the game and keep control, constantly calling time for the mission, the priority of parish and seminary over school. In the case of the Benedictines these tensions were (and perhaps still are) internalised: monastery v school, school v parish, school v seminary, monastery autonomy v episcopal authority.

In the foreground of this scrum are the star players. The maverick Peter Augustine Baines, Lamspringe and Ampleforth boy, mascot for Ampleforth until he is promoted as episcopal vicar in the west of England, whereupon he sets about seducing Ampleforth teachers and pupils away to help build his project at Prior Park. The corpulent Cardinal Wiseman, referred to irreverently by his chaplain as “his Immense”, favouring the fortunes of Oscott. Bishop Hedley, key player in getting the Oxbridge barriers to Catholics lifted. The splendid buccaneering old Catholic Lancastrian Bishop Ullathorne, descendent of St Thomas More, famous for reminding his opponents that he was teaching the catechism “with the mitre on [his] head while Manning were still an ‘eretic”, Newman’s great defender. John Henry



Newman himself setting up the Oratory School at Birmingham with a curriculum hinting at the principles of the Idea of a University, managing the fallout from his disastrous appointment of the Old Wykehamist convert Father Nicholas Darnell as its first headmaster. Cardinal Henry Edward Manning with ambitions to open a school in Kensington.

The rugby pitches at Ampleforth are fine ones and they have nurtured star headmasters: in living memory the scholarly Patrick Barry, the charismatic liberal Dominic Milroy, the curmudgeonly but brave Leo Chamberlain, so sympathetically eulogised at his funeral last year by his sage successor, Gabriel Everitt, in the words of Psalm 22, “save me from the mouth of the lion”. The rise of Ampleforth onto the national scene at the beginning of the twentieth century was a competitive response to get its pupils scholarships at Oxbridge and into the corridors of national influence. Abbot Edmund Matthews performed much of the spadework of persuading the monastic community, always replete with competing opinions, to invest in the school as its major project, while keeping the mission going in the parishes. The mega star on the pitch in *Gulliver’s tale* is Father Paul Nevill, headmaster from 1924 to 1954. Nevill was from a southern old Catholic family. His obituary records that “Val Nevill arrived as a new boy at Ampleforth in the year 1890, wearing the regulation Eton suit and, to give it glamour, a red tie.” He was a happy and talkative child, to whom gossip was meat: he could never tell a lie but neither could he easily keep a secret. It was Nevill, with all his aristocratic and influential connections, to whom his class and manners were acceptable, who was determined to raise Ampleforth into company with the ancient English schools, the flagship of which was Eton College. He set about making it a school attractive both to the old Catholic families and the new English Catholic elite. Key to this project was the alignment of the curriculum with that of the traditional public schools, with its emphasis on the study of the classical language, literature and history, and the organisation of the school into Houses on the collegiate model. Out of this culture would come an affinity with Oxbridge academic and social mores that would secure a Catholic presence in the English establishment, unambiguously loyal to the Crown, in all varieties of leadership.

It worked. Ampleforth overtook Stonyhurst and became the pre-eminent school of the English Catholic establishment. This book surveys this history with admirable scholarly detail. The bibliography contains new titles for those who have research interests in this branch of English monastic history. It is a book that looks back with judicious and readable clarity. I spotted only two minor typographical errors, one of which brought a frisson of pleasure: in both the text and the index the name “Convey” is conferred upon Father Adrian Convery, a misprint rather fitting to that delightful former Guest Master in whom the odours of sanctity and pipe tobacco perfectly coalesced.

But what of the sub-title and its relation to the present and the future - The Emergence of Ampleforth College as ‘the Catholic Eton’? As far as Paul Nevill was motivated by social ambition for the school, the sobriquet is explicable. But surely that is where it stops. Eton is and always has been a very different place from Ampleforth. A good way to trace the history of change in the English establishment is to examine the changing clientele of Eton. A royal foundation now on the edge of London, it is the litmus test of such change. At one time it is the badge of the Protestant aristocracy and landed gentry, prosperous or down-at-heel; at another the new plutocracy; at another (the present time) the celebrity class. Galliver records in the opening pages of his book that there has been a significant abandonment of Ampleforth for the ancient schools of the south, including Eton, with their Catholic chaplains to keep them honest. Perhaps Nevill’s ambitions have come back to bite! The money for the exorbitant fees now charged by Eton and Ampleforth is made in London and the south-east, or in China or Russia, far from Yorkshire. Modern parents want to see their children play games on weekends, and North Yorkshire is too far to drive.

The serene monastic valley of Ampleforth has little in common with the streetscape of Eton. The monastic bell tolling the hours at Ampleforth has long since faded from the foundation by King Henry VI of the College of Our Lady [of the Assumption] of Eton beside Windsor. How many Etonians would know who or what Our Lady of the Assumption is? You cannot imagine any Head Master of Eton explaining to parents, as one Headmaster of Ampleforth reputedly did, that “here we prepare our boys for death”. You might just imagine that happening at Winchester (at which Peter Galliver now teaches), with its contemplative cloisters and tradition of scholarly understatement, but not at Eton. No, Ampleforth is not the Catholic Eton and never really was. It was dubbed so only because at one moment in its history English class required it so in order to serve its purposes, and if the sobriquet survives it is only as a thoughtless soundbite, unhelpful to its future.

Ampleforth College for nearly two hundred years enjoyed the rich benefits of monastic learning and monastic teachers. Tempus fugit. Now there are lay Heads, no monk housemasters and fewer Catholics, gentry or not, than in the days in which the sobriquet was conferred. Ampleforth has had more than its fair share of troubles in recent years. There have been sins and errors as there are in the history of any institution. It is, I sense, at a crossroads in its history, when tough decisions have to be taken. Whatever happens, Ampleforth has the depth and wisdom of Benedictine discipline, learning and prayer as its historic resource, capable of reinterpretation and renewal. That resource will assist and sustain it far more reliably than any sobriquet.

*Dr Ralph Townsend is a former Ampleforth parent and was the first Catholic Headmaster of Winchester College since the Reformation. Peter Galliver taught history at Ampleforth for many years.*

# DOMESTIC MONASTERY

REVIEWED BY MAAIKE CARTER

*A Review by Maaike Carter of Domestic Monastery by Ronald Rolheiser (Darton, Longman and Todd, 2019).*

This review began as a something of a duty, responding to the request of a monk friend, in the midst of daily domestic demands. But it has ended as one of the most spiritually affirming and nourishing encounters I have had for a while. Rolheiser's little book draws out the values of monasticism that can be found in everyday family life and left me in no doubt that the living out of this call is every bit as sanctifying as the vocation to the religious life.

Fr. Rolheiser, priest and member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, knows family life intimately - born in Canada in 1947 into a large farming family in rural Saskatchewan - his wisdom, drawn from early and current family experience, permeates each page.

Early on in the book, he mentions Carlo Carretto, 20th Century contemplative, who suggested that his mother's thirty years of devotion to raising children was just as contemplative and much less selfish than his own years as a hermit in the Sahara desert. Silence is, for many, an essential ingredient in the search for God, but Rolheiser makes clear that the noises of small children and the interruptions that demand a loving response from a parent, mould the heart just as powerfully as stillness. Indeed, Rolheiser suggests that the early years of raising a child involve a similar withdrawing from the world. Monks give up their will, their time, their own pursuits, in order to encounter God and learn to love. But the domestic world, he suggests, is similarly a place set apart where we learn that personal needs take second place and our time is not our own. I remember well the early days of mothering where the daily routine of a baby necessitated long hours at home for feeding or sleeping - often with only the sound of the washing machine in the background. Many of those hours were exhausting, often boring and sometimes lonely, but Rolheiser makes clear that this is akin to the desert and just as fruitful. In family life, one's own time, pursuits and will must yield to the needs of another. The often-used phrase 'in a minute', parents discover over time, is almost always better served by a 'yes', even when you don't feel like it. Rolheiser likens the call of a young child to the monastery bell, where the bell is intended as a "discipline to stretch the heart". Just as the bell regulates the day with a call to stop what you are doing and give yourself over to God's time, family life is punctuated by a myriad of calls to give over our time to attending to the love of another. "To be a mother or father is to let your dreams and agenda be forever altered."

Rolheiser is not rosy-glowed about family life. He acknowledges, of course, that great harm can be done where dysfunction, hatred and sin can block love and grace. But the authentic self-giving friendship that can be found in family life, Rolheiser suggests, is what we find perfectly in heaven.

For me, one of the most enduring images from the book was that of the monk's cell. Recalling the Desert Fathers and Mothers, Rolheiser says that the inside of a cell provides everything a monk or nun needs to know. He then describes the cell - "its small single cot, its single chair, its writing desk, its small basin or sink, and its kneeler." Perhaps it was the mention of the word cot but this description perfectly describes a nursery - a cot, a rocking chair, a change table and a bowl of water for washing. It brought me straight back to middle of the night feeds, the silence of the night, slumber light on, rocking a baby back to sleep. Perhaps Rolheiser would agree with me that there is no need for a kneeler here, the baby in arms is the embodiment of prayer. And arguably the many hours spent on the nursery floor playing, even when you don't particularly want to, suffices for a kneeler. Rolheiser tells us that, no matter what walk of life we are in, each of us has a cell. By staying faithful to our commitments - our promises, our work, our relationships - we are all bound by a certain enclosure and it's there that we discover God.

I read 'Domestic Monastery' sat at our kitchen table. Long, narrow, plain wood - itself rather like a refectory table - it has travelled our family life for a quarter of a century. I have always metaphorically called it the altar of our family life, where the simple and every day can be transformed into loving encounter and nurturing, sometimes with no more than a plain cup of tea. Our table is stained with paint splatters from children's art and small imprints of handwriting practice, even the odd leg has been subjected to a chewing puppy. All life takes place at this table - Christmas feasts, Baptismal celebrations, even funeral wakes and, naturally, many, many everyday family meals where individuals bring their stresses, strains, argument and sometimes only turn up out of obedience. So it was very heartening to encounter Fr Rolheiser's comparison of the family table to the daily rhythm of prayer. A regular prayer life is a balance of feasts and everyday. Too many feasts are exhausting, he suggests - what sustains prayer is routine. "Show up! Show up, regularly," he suggests. "The ups and downs of our minds and hearts are of secondary importance."

Throughout the book Rolheiser shows us how the monastic life and family life share many common threads. God is transcendent and incarnate, to be found equally in Church or at the kitchen table. Domestic life is no less a muddle of community and individuality as that of the religious life. It demands a similar balance between contemplation and action, the same call to set aside one's own desires in order to learn that all time belongs to God and that the everyday tensions of life mould the heart to love more patiently. When the Word became flesh, God placed Himself into

the everyday – it’s no wonder, then, that the domestic can be transformed into sacred space. This book affirms just that and invites us to seek Him there.

*Maaike Carter is the Head of the Christian Living Department and a Tutor in St Margaret’s House. She is a member of the Community of St Aelred and a part-time mid-wife in York. She is married to Dominic Carter (D85) with six children.*

# AT SEA, AWAITING ORDERS

BY FR COLUM KELLY - REVIEWED BY MATTHEW LUCKHURST (T92)

Having been in the shipping industry myself for coming up to 25 years and spent many a good hour in a Mission to Seafarers facility, enjoying a cold drink after a long hot day in a sunbaked port in East Africa, being welcomed to a good lunch in the Indian Ocean Islands or being offered a tippie to warm the body in the colds of the Russian Far East, I felt it was the least I could do when the Editor asked me to review this book by the retired Senior Chaplain of Stella Maris.

One must appreciate that anywhere between eighty to ninety percent of what we see around us, in our homes, in our places of work or entertainment, what we drink, eat or wear has been shipped across our oceans by hardworking, dedicated seafarers.

This book is not about the plight and hardship of the men and women at sea and neither should it be. Seafarers are salaried workers, they have made the conscious choice to go to sea, and have understood what this entails: the extended periods away from home and having to compromise and work in close quarters with strangers from a foreign land for weeks and months at a time. In the modern day, when just in time deliveries are the norm and corporate key performance indicators increasingly drive behaviour, the expectations they have to meet have never been higher.

Instead, this book is about extraordinary acts of kindness. It provides a glimpse into the great work the seafarer's charity Stella Maris does, not only for seafarers but also communities who live in close proximity to the world of the shipping industry. The content will resonate in these times when life for many has been particularly challenging. We are all on a journey of sorts, it may not be a physical journey but a journey nonetheless, emotional, psychological, in business or in our personal lives, and we all at some point have needed that guardian angel. This book helps one to draw down on the parallels of our own journeys into the unknown with those at sea: not least the isolation and absence from family members and loved ones (particularly relevant today during the COVID 19 pandemic with weeks in lock down). Best we treat life's journey as an adventure, and I say to myself frequently that there is no such thing as a bad experience, but rather an experience I would rather not repeat. A key message Fr. Colum Kelly tries to portray is never to underestimate the value of the small gesture, a smile or brief chat to a stranger to ask how they are doing. The small gestures can often be magnified into much larger positive outcomes.

So next time a family member is ranting about the late delivery of their latest online purchase, encourage them to read this book and spare a thought for the hard-working men and women at sea who make it possible to receive that purchase, and the sacrifices they may have endured.

Recognition of the seafarer as a key worker is important, given the impact they have on our daily lives, so when clapping for carers, add a couple of extra for the seafarer.



## FR LEO CHAMBERLAIN 1940 - 2019



Fr Leo Chamberlain died peacefully on 23rd November 2019 after a long and painful period of increasing ill-health, at the age of 79.

The Chamberlain family have been an integral part of the Community of St Laurence since before we settled at Ampleforth in 1802, for it was they who, in 1795, put the Tranmere Hotel in Birkenhead at the disposal of the Community as they sought a home after their flight from Dieulouard. As early as 1838 George Chamberlain was described as “patriarch of old Amplefordians”. Fr Leo was understandably proud of his inheritance and of his resulting responsibilities. His father and uncles were all distinguished old boys and Uncle Hermann became the redoubtable Abbot Alexius Chamberlain. It was from his Chamberlain genes that he inherited his ‘very substantial’ physique.

George Ford Leo Chamberlain was born on August 13th 1940 and joined the Prep School at Gilling Castle in September 1949, proceeding from there to St Aidan’s House at Ampleforth before going up to Oxford to read History at University College. There he found the Dean of the College was Tony Firth, himself a former member of St Aidan’s House and likewise a pupil of Tom Charles-Edwards. He took to Oxford life like a duck to water and made many close and lasting friendships, notably with (Sir) David Miers, later Ambassador to Lebanon, Greece and the Netherlands, and Robin (Lord) Butler who became Secretary to the Cabinet. After Oxford he joined the Community at Ampleforth, being clothed in the habit in September 1961 by Abbot Byrne, and ordained priest by Bishop McClean in July 1968.

Leo’s ability and competence were always obvious, as was his industry and dedication to whatever he undertook, be it managing the bookshop, running the golf course, perfecting the greens and bunkers, or teaching in the School. Whatever the sphere he was invariably determined that standards should be as professional as he could make them.

In 1972 he became Housemaster of St Dunstan’s, then Senior History master. Here again his competence was evident. As one of his staff wrote: “as Head of History he was superb. He drove an unwieldy group – both lay and monastic – magnificently, supplying us with material that was up to date and relevant, and demanding very

high standards. He supported the weaker brethren and allowed most of us to go our own way, while being rigorous in watching what we were doing.” Much the same can be said of his days as Housemaster. A former member of the House writes “Fr Leo was my Housemaster when I was in St Dunstan’s and despite his apparent stern demeanour (as perceived by a young pupil) he was both feared and admired in equal measure; it has never left me how supportive he was to me in my first years there. Equally, his tolerance in dealing with questions of faith – showing both understanding and a rare worldliness for a man of the cloth – was a gift. He was a man of great intellect and great compassion. I have nothing but fond memories of Fr Leo; I will miss him and the good he did for so many.”

By the late 1980s and early 1990s Fr Leo became increasingly involved in the management of the School. Numbers were diminishing alarmingly in both the Prep School and the Upper School which necessitated the unpleasant task of making redundancies with which he was charged. In 1993 he was made Headmaster, and for the next ten years oversaw the transformation of the School, leading to it becoming a fully co-educational boarding and day school. All the Houses were either rebuilt or refurbished. He saw the building of the Bamford Centre containing new science laboratories and additional classrooms for politics and economics. Throughout this time he strove constantly and successfully to raise the academic standards.

Fr Leo, however, had always been interested in the wider Church, and as early as the late 1960s had got to know Chris Cviic. As he wrote to his widow after his death in 2010, “we both sat on the Committees supporting Aid to the Church in Need and Keston College and I came to value his always moderate, principled and highly informed comments as well as his writing... There was one particular moment when I valued Chris’s advice. In January 1988 after six years’ involvement in direct aid to Poland, I was wondering what we should do next when I had a midnight inspiration. It was quite simply that by 1990 something would have changed and we should provide a conference to bring as many as we could from the East to share insights and experience – in part this was political insight, but it was not simply this. Chris and I met for an hour at Charing Cross. He thought there was something in it, and so the Ampleforth Conference of 1990 - A Time for Change - took place, and by then we had participants from every country in the new emerging Central Europe as well as from Russia. Cardinal Hume presided and Chris himself played a prominent part.”

Besides this, Fr Leo had arranged educational visits of Hungarian boys in 1988 as well as organizing short term bursaries for students from the new Catholic or Orthodox schools in Poland, the Czech Republic, Hungary, Russia and Lithuania in 1994.

In 2004 Fr Leo moved to Oxford as Master of St Benet's Hall and over the next four years presided over a complete administrative reform of the Hall. Fr Felix, his successor, recalls "that when he himself arrived he found on his desk 248 newly prepared pages of compliance with University Statutes and the St Benet's response by way of Regulations and Rules."

In 2008 he moved again, this time to be Parish Priest of St John's, Easingwold. Here too his administrative skills as well as his immense capacity for sheer hard work were quickly evident, and over the next ten years he oversaw a complete restoration of the church and property, the church exterior repaired and repointed, the railings, and garden restored, the interior of the church completely re-ordered, the roof stencilling beautifully re-done, all with the full approval of the Historic Churches' Committee.

However perhaps Leo's greatest challenge throughout his life was some lack of diplomatic tact. He faced a number of battles in his time as headmaster and with the perspective of time, it's clear that he made a number of important and well-judged decisions for the future of the college. Where he faced opposition, though, his instinct was to fight for what he believed, rather than to negotiate agreement through compromise or personal charm. This left bruises and cost him friends – a fact which he recognised, and which hurt and saddened him to the end of his life, for under the sometimes daunting carapace was a kind, gentle and sensitive heart.

Leo had his true friends, though, and nothing would shake that friendship. They saw his integrity, courage and loyalty. They respected his learning, his judgement and his intelligence. They saw his numerous acts of kindness and generosity, and with those friends, the humour and sense of fun would be allowed to emerge, often over a relaxing meal or a glass of good wine. It was not only friends who saw Leo's special qualities. One professional who worked closely with Ampleforth has written: "I was a great admirer of his, both as a man and a manager. I have always cited him as the best client I have known: hard-working to an extreme, demanding in equal measure; appreciative of creative input in others; capable of warmth and generosity as well as intolerance of loose thinking, lack of rigour or morality; and, importantly, open to advice and external support."

In his years at Easingwold he was increasingly dogged by ill health and above all, like all his family, by arthritis, and mobility became more and more of a struggle. By 2018 it became necessary for him to return to the Abbey. Eventually, after several spells in hospital, he died peacefully in the monastery and was buried in the last remaining place in the Abbey vault.

# THE HEADMASTER'S EXHIBITION SPEECH AT THE END OF LAST TERM AT GILLING CASTLE

DR DAVID MOSES, HEAD OF ST MARTIN'S AMPLEFORTH

The year at St Martin's Ampleforth can be characterised as academically highly productive, full, and fulfilling. The one distinctive and overarching comment about the pupils of the school, though, has been that their manners, their care of each other, their kindness, confidence, and commitment make them stand head and shoulders above their peers. I say with some great feeling, that we are very proud of the fine young men and women who have been our charges this year, and we have gained the greatest respect for them.

There were many and great highpoints in the year. Performances of the Fauré Requiem and Messiah are always special. Enjoying our Christmas Dinner in the grandeur of Gilling's Great Chamber, and then events such as the superb Burns Night at the end of January, stick in our minds. This term, despite the barriers of distance and the vagaries of wifi, our students have thrown themselves into activities with their accustomed passion. We have had a vibrant chess club with nail-biting finishes and a live Drama Club who have worked online to produce high quality monologue performances and dialogue pieces. I have been delighted to see budding inventors in the Craft Projects group and a selection of delicious offerings from our students in the cookery and baking Club. We have gathered beautiful art works in Art Club and kept fit together, though apart. The Virtuoso Programme has been well used and thoroughly enjoyed by many, and activities such as the scholarship club have been vibrant. I am very proud of our pupils for having been so committed to keeping up co-curricular activities, and I am grateful to the staff who have worked so hard to provide live teaching.

Indeed, I am delighted that all of our pupils have made such great progress, and I am particularly pleased with the Year 8 pupils – there were more than ever of them - who gained Basil Hume and Academic Scholarships to Ampleforth College.

We have missed you tremendously during this period of lockdown; but there have been great moments too – our Sunrise Easter Day video was one, which sparked so many conversations that we continued to have online. So we think that we, as a community, passed quite a difficult test; we have remained a tangible community, cleaving together, even though apart.

I have some 'thankyous' to say. As I said at our last assembly Mrs Martin has become a very valued colleague and a great friend. I am delighted for her and

Husband James – but we are immensely sad to part company with her. I am keen to thank Mrs Moses publicly for the service that she has given to us all this year – she has been absolutely relentless in her support of everyone. And finally, I want to say a thank you to the prefects, and the Monitors of this year 2019-2020. Henrietta, Finbar: I could not have asked for better Heads of School. You have my greatest respect for the way that you have exercised leadership by fine example – thank you.

It has been the greatest privilege to lead this community this year, and I relish that it, against all odds, has been a thriving, happy, successful school. Some will remember that I have said this before, but I sense that this time it will stick: I am signing off as Head of School at St Martin's Ampleforth, though signing on as Housemaster of St Edward's & St Wilfrid's junior house. I and Mrs Moses wish you all the very best for the summer holiday you deserve.

# OLD AMPLEFORDIAN OBITUARIES

*The following pages contain a number of obituaries of Old Amplefordians who have died since the last Journal. A full list of Old Amplefordian and Ampleforth Society members deaths is available on the website:*

*[www.ampleforthcollege.org.uk/society](http://www.ampleforthcollege.org.uk/society)*

**JOHN CLEMENT RYAN (C60) 28 October 1942 – 11 May 2018** died of a recurrence of prostate cancer, an affliction with which he had been diagnosed in 1994. His father John Ryan (C34) and uncle Clem Ryan (C37) both had distinguished careers in post war Dublin with leading roles in banking, electricity supply and whisky industries to name but three. John Clement was the eldest of four boys in the College of the 1950s and 1960s, part of a cohort of Irish boys ferried across the Irish Sea by Fr Hubert Stephenson (C29). At its peak as many as 49 were in the party in 1956; by 1973 that number had dwindled to five, never to rise again.

He entered TCD to read French and B Commerce in 1960 and took his degree in 1964. (In those days Archbishop McQuaid of Dublin forbade Irish Catholics from entering a 'British Protestant University' but exceptions were made for those who had had a secondary education across the sea.) He then joined the Ford Motor Company Management Training Scheme in Brentwood in Essex, specialising in Marketing during which time he married his friend from TCD Jane Carroll Murphy who came from north of the border. They had four daughters: Rebecca, Veronica, Lucy and Alice.

His destiny was always likely to be Whiskey and the defining moment came in 1966 when the family company John Power and Son, Whiskey Distillers, joined forces with two other family distilleries, Jameson of Dublin and Murphy of Cork to become the Irish Distillers Company. He was in direct line of the seventh generation of Power's Whiskey. John Clement formed the new Irish Distillers Export Department and concentrated at first on Europe. Well versed in French he joined the French post graduate Business School outside Paris and then spent months in Germany and Italy learning their languages. Then through to the 1980's he expanded his export role to include America. More imaginatively he created The Irish Whiskey Corner which became the Old Jameson Distillery where visitors could learn the story of Irish Whiskey and sample its different products. The site at Middleton, Co Cork has grown to become one of Europe's most popular tourist destinations.

In 1980 he became Marketing Director of Irish Distillers and was well into his stride when in 1988 the company was taken over by the French drinks company Pernod Ricard, an agreed take-over which preserved Irish Whiskey as a separate unique entity.

John Clement then became responsible for International Public Relations at which he excelled, liaising with foreign journalists, taking part in a series of TV chat shows in USA and Europe, including giving as good as he got in the Terry Wogan Show. He was soon acknowledged as the worldwide ambassador for Irish Whiskey. It was his last major appointment before the onset of cancer in 1994. He was far too young to be limited by retirement and on recovery continued as best he could to be a consultant for the company.

His many personal gifts then came to the fore. He presided over family life with a quiet demeanour, sitting in his chair while, around him chatted, often all together at the same time, his wife and four daughters. Parties at the Blackrock Co Dublin house were legendary and frequent, rarely less than 50 chatting and laughing away in the upstairs drawing room, once inhabited by the Irish designer Paul Costelloe and his parents. (Paul had 4 boys at the College in early 21stC.). Across the road from the house was the parish church of Booterstown, founded as early as 1616. The church became John Clement's spiritual base and for some 40 years he conducted the 9 a.m. congregation in their hymn singing (Irish style) usually without an organ for assistance. Apart from the spiritual benefit to the congregation his musical talent, whether singing, playing the guitar, or in other contexts a violin, a cello, a clarinet, bonded the wider family, all of whom had a part to play, or were asked to play a part in the musical adventure.

For 45 years on Christmas Eve he corralled members of his and the wider family into Grafton Street Dublin opposite Bewleys Coffee House for a marathon sing-song, raising money for the Simon Community for the Homeless. Over the years some 800,000 euros was raised (and the annual counting of the collection took place with family members on St Stephen's day.)

Beyond family gatherings John Clement and Jane had time for another set of loves: the annual gathering in Venice and the early winter visit to Paris, often with friends and staying in the same abode, booked from year to year. Then there was the annual two month visit to the relatives in South Africa, mainly Cape Town and Knysna where members of the family had taken root at the end of the 19thC.

In the pantheon of Irish Whiskey John Clement Ryan's role followed that of the members of his wider family who had bravely and courageously set aside small family distilleries and joined up into a single marketable business of world renown. John Christophe Contures, now CEO of the Pernod Ricard empire and once a colleague of John Clement wrote of him: "a natural raconteur, his pride in, encyclopaedic knowledge and passionate belief in the qualities of Irish Whiskey made him an eloquent ambassador....JC was one of the giants of the Irish Whiskey Industry and a key reason why the industry survived".



He was brought home to die after many visits to St Vincent's Hospital over the years. 27 of the immediate family gathered round his bed for Mass just before he died.

**CANON ANTONY GERARD GRIFFITHS (A43) 25 May 1925 – 28 September 2019.** Born in Twickenham in 1925, Canon Antony Griffiths moved with his family during the war years to a village near the North Yorkshire moors. He was not very happy at his Prep School in Seaford but flourished at Ampleforth. He was not keen on sport. He felt a vocation to the priesthood from a very young age. After a short trial with the Carthusians, then with the Jesuits, he eventually went to Oscott for Northampton diocese and was ordained on 3 June 1950. His younger brother Ambrose (A46) also became a priest and eventually fifth Abbot of Ampleforth and later Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

His first Mass was celebrated at the Slipper Chapel in Walsingham, signalling from the very beginning of his priesthood his devotion to Our Lady. After three curacies he served for 60 years as Parish Priest of St Peter, Marlow in 1978.

He was certainly a very independent and determined man. When he retired at the age of 77, he just moved next door to the ground floor flat in Pugin House. His housekeeper's last memory of him in the Presbytery was of him sitting in a chair saying the Rosary just before he moved out. In Pugin House he managed to live a relatively independent life until about two years before his death, when he needed more care than could be provided at his flat and a care home was found for him in Woodstock (very close to his sister Claire).

Claire, his sister, with her husband Alan and other close members of the family gave him much support, especially in these latter years and in the months leading up to his death.

He had a great, dry sense of humour which took the edge off many a difficult situation. He was smiling almost to the end even when he was unable to eat, drink and speak. He was known as a good listener, despite latterly becoming profoundly deaf.

He was always conscious of the needs of the poor and homeless. He worked hard for Christian Unity, attending meetings and events well into his 80s. (His grandfather had been a Church of England clergyman).

**(RICHARD) OLIVER MILES CMG (D54) 6 March 1936 – 11 October 2019.** After Classical Mods, Oliver read Russian and Turkish at Oxford - where the Soviet spy George Blake tried to recruit him - and did his National Service in the Royal Navy

as a Russian interpreter. He had a lifelong love of Russia and Russian literature. On a university trip to Moscow, he and professor, on the pretext of religious observance, managed to visit the dissident author Boris Pasternak, with whom they spent a memorable day. He joined the Diplomatic Service but never served in Russia. After a series of foreign postings, he became Head of the FCO's Near East and North African Department in 1980. He was appointed HM Ambassador to Libya in 1984, where he broke off diplomatic relations after the murder of WPC Yvonne Fletcher outside the Libyan embassy in London. The dramatic experience of leaving the country brought him many speaking engagements after his retirement. Later ambassadorial appointments were to Luxembourg and Greece.

Oliver loved travelling in the Middle East and was renowned among colleagues for seeking doss houses and tents where he could talk with local people. Though he was a devout Catholic throughout his life, he held a deep affinity for Islam and Muslims generally, and when one of his sons embraced Islam and married a Muslim woman he did not hesitate to bless their relationship.

After two years' secondment at the Northern Ireland Office in Belfast he became the first Director-General of the Joint Directorate for Overseas Trade Services, a new unit set up to improve British Government services to exporters, and travelled widely both in Britain and abroad. After retiring, he joined MEC International, a consultancy promoting business with the Middle East, and later became chairman. In April 2004, Miles initiated a controversial letter to Prime Minister, Tony Blair, signed by 52 retired ambassadors and calling for a new approach to policy in Palestine and Iraq. He was often on television or radio and in the press as an authority on Libyan affairs - about Colonel Gaddafi, the Lockerbie air disaster, and then the Arab Spring in 2011. He founded a leading newsletter on Middle Eastern affairs, now known as Arab Digest, and he also worked as a consultant on government leak enquiries, chaired a charity that helped house foreign students in Britain, and occasionally - and with great enthusiasm - worked as an election observer in the backwaters of the former Soviet Union. He is survived by his wife Julia and their four children, Joe, Tom, Hugh and Lucy and eight grandchildren.

**NICHOLAS (NIK) MARK POWELL OBE (O67) 4 November 1950 – 7 November 2019** had not one, but three fabulously successful and eventful careers: in the music business, in the film business and in education. He was born the third of five children, and spent his childhood in Shamley Green in Surrey, where a near neighbour and his greatest childhood friend was Richard Branson. Though at different schools, their friendship endured and in their late teens gave birth to several entrepreneurial ventures before Richard, on leaving school, suggested starting a magazine for students. Nik was bright and able to wrap up A levels earlier than the norm at 17 to join Richard on Student magazine. But they had a minor falling out

and Nik took himself off to Sussex University, where he lasted just one term before Richard, missing Nik's support and financial skills, persuaded him back in exchange for a 40% share of the nascent Virgin business. Nik became Consigliere to Branson's Godfather - Richard had the dreams and vision and Nik made things happen and looked after the numbers.

During these formative years, Virgin grew from a record retailer with shops around the country into the world's most successful independent record label. Among their four launch releases in 1973 was Tubular Bells by Mike Oldfield, which brought much needed financial liquidity. Other successes followed, including the signing of the Sex Pistols and the release of their controversial album Never Mind the Bollocks, after the band had been dropped by other labels.

Nik left Virgin in 1981 and immediately set about forming what became the Palace Group of companies with Stephen Wooley. The two of them built Palace into a very successful business promoting, backing, selling and eventually making many successful films. Their distribution business put out The Evil Dead (1981), the French thriller Diva (1982), the Coen brothers' debut Blood Simple (1984) and Wim Wenders's Paris, Texas (1984), positioning Palace as the punk band of the film industry - never obeying the rules, but doing great stuff with film. Palace's film productions started with Neil Jordan's adaption of Angela Carter's book The Company of Wolves and ended eight years later with Jordan's Oscar winning film The Crying Game. In between came Mona Lisa, Absolute Beginners and Scandal among many others.

But, too often, Nik was forced to repurpose cashflow and juggle productions to finance films with artfully constructed, delicately poised and interdependent financial deals which, ultimately, were too fragile to sustain the business when just a few things started to go wrong. The closure of Palace was a massive personal and emotional moment for Nik. Everything that was wrong with the underfunded British film industry was also the story of Palace. Most gave up, but Nik was a great fighter against tremendous odds; he never gave up even at the cost to his personal reputation.

His new company, Scala, rose phoenix-like from the ashes of Palace, producing Nick Hornby's adaptation of Fever Pitch (1997) and the Oscar-nominated musical drama Little Voice (1998), as well as Backbeat, Calendar Girls and Ladies in Lavender. Never an accumulator of the trappings of wealth, and with huge debts from old personal guarantees, Nik needed more income. Meanwhile, the newly appointed Board of the National Film and Television School understood pretty quickly that it was in a hell of a state, running a deficit of £1m and lacking leadership. They needed, they said, "a charismatic mad person with go and energy!" Nik was at a bit

of a loose end and took to it like a duck to water. He said at the time that he didn't know if he could do it because he'd never run an institution. But then again he didn't know how to run a record company either before he started Virgin with Richard. And he had no idea about film when he went into the film business.

This was a new career and a new start. The truth is, he could so easily have just fizzled out among the ruins of Palace. But with this he became an elder statesman and godfather to the British Film Industry. He brought a bit of Rock 'n Roll to the NFTS and got government and industry back engaged, going out and raising enough money to enable massive changes to the campus, with three new buildings, since when it has become a place of real optimism. His greatest achievement though was with the students. He made each of his students feel that they could be a star - and his greatest joy was seeing them win International Film Awards.

**CHARLES JOHN VAN DER LANDE (O53) 22 June 1935 – 10 November 2019** was born in London and before arriving at Ampleforth, attended Avisford Prep School, which he left as Head Boy. During the war Avisford had relocated to the then Junior House (now Alban Roe House), as the school buildings in Sussex had been taken over by Canadian Troops. Charles thrived at Ampleforth. In the sixth form his initial intention had been to study sciences, but he soon realised that he was more suited to humanities. He was taught history by Basil Hume, who also coached the Rugby XV, which Charles captained in his final year, as well as representing the England Public Schoolboys team.

After Ampleforth, Charles joined the Royal Artillery for two years' national service. Training at Oswestry and Mons prepared him for the rigours of subaltern life in Hong Kong before he went up to Queens' College, Cambridge to read law.

On graduating, Charles embarked on a business career first with Unilever, where he marketed Stork margarine, then with Wilkinson Sword as their European marketing lead, a role which included responsibility for the USSR.

Charles had always wanted to run his own business. In 1972 he joined a wetsuit manufacturer, ET Skinner, later Typhoon International. He subsequently became a partner and managing director. In the early 1970s wetsuits were utilitarian rather than fashion items, and the market was dominated by the diving sector. Charles built up the UK distribution network and expanded the company's range into water sports, including water skiing, sailing and windsurfing. The company also developed an innovative dry suit which could easily be donned over everyday clothing. This opened up new and valuable markets in the security, oil exploration, and rescue service sectors at home and abroad.

In retirement he devoted himself to his family, game shooting and fly fishing. He resumed his studies, achieving a degree in Archaeology and Landscape Studies from the University of Surrey, subsequently playing a leading role in the Surrey Archaeological Society. A devout and committed Roman Catholic, he was also active on the Committee of his local Anglican parish.

In 1961 he married Gillian (née Newington), who survives him with their five children and fourteen grandchildren.

**EDWARD HORDER CULLINAN CBE RA (C49) 17 July 1931 – 11 November 2019** was the eldest of three brothers in St Cuthbert's. It was his uncle Mervyn (the 2nd Baron Horder), for whom he later designed a house in Hampshire, who persuaded him not to follow his father into medicine but instead to become an architect. After gaining a First at Queens' College, Cambridge, and studying at the Architectural Association, he practised as an architect and founded his own practice in 1959, which became employee-owned nine years later. As a student he cycled all the way to eastern France and back, a 1,000-mile round trip, in order to see Le Corbusier's just-finished chapel at Ronchamp.

In 1956 he restored the lighthouse on top of Beachy Head as a holiday home for his parents, known as Belle Tout. His brother, Fr Thomas Cullinan OSB (C53) (deceased 2019) and several monks went there for memorable summer holiday weeks. After it was bought by the BBC (and featured in several films), Ted and his wife, Roz, lent their cottage Gib Tor in the Peak District to the monks for holiday weeks.

When Fr Thomas was running the Venture Scouts his brother designed the Venture Scout Loft above the old Sea Scout room, (which some will remember as adjacent to the Old Kent Road) and he later designed the monastery at Ince Benet that Fr Thomas built in Little Crosby, using left-over materials from building sites, just as he and his wife had built their own house in London over three years of weekends, also using materials discarded by contractors. Many at Ampleforth will also have seen his Visitor Centre at Fountains Abbey.

By the 80s his practice was attracting a steady stream of commissions and the attention of the Prince of Wales, who lauded Cullinan as a proponent of a more socially engaged 'community architecture.' His commitment to these principles throughout five decades in practice was recognised with the award of the RIBA royal gold medal in 2008. He was also made a CBE in 1987, a Royal Academician in 1989 and a Royal Designer for Industry in 2010. Described as a 'practising architect' he remarked dryly: "I cherish that word. I'm always practising. And one day might even get there."

He became a noted teacher. By drawing the famous buildings of the past as well as his own work or just spur-of-the-moment ideas, he could explain the whole of architecture and impart a spirit of adventure and energy to the process, all in a few well-chosen lines. One of his last commissions was the Maggie Centre for cancer patients next to Newcastle Hospital, a modest building that hugs the landscape and catches the sun, cultivating a therapeutic atmosphere of tranquillity and empathy. "It's basically a very large house," said Cullinan, "a building where you relax, read, cook, take exercise: all of the elements of uomo universale." A fitting coda to his long career. He is survived by Roz and their children, Emma, Kate and Tom.

**FR BRIAN GEORGE GLAS SANDEMAN (B44) 27 August 1926 – 12 November 2019** was born to Lt Colonel Victor and Marie Sandeman in Thorenc, France. There, with his older brother Philip (E40) (deceased 1951), the family lived until ferocious forest fires precipitated the move to Jersey in 1931.

Brian went to Gilling in 1937 and with his love for all things sporting made the 1st XV and 1st XI that year. In the Upper School he took part in the patrols on the moors looking for parachutists.

After the Germans occupied the Channel Islands in 1940 it was five years before he saw his mother again and sadly never his father, who died during the Occupation. On leaving Ampleforth Brian joined the Army. Whilst in training he developed peritonitis and was medically discharged. He worked in a radio factory before attending Trinity College, Cambridge in 1945. Following graduation in Natural Sciences Tripos he married his beloved Jane in July 1947, a month before his 21st birthday! They set up home in Jersey and Brian returned to Cambridge for his Masters and a Certificate in Education.

Brian had a few entrepreneurial businesses, but teaching was his forte. Whether it was lecturing in Agriculture in Australia, teaching Biology at A level in Surrey or as a class teacher of Year 5 boys in Jersey he was dedicated and talented and well respected by all. He retired in 1984 to spend precious time caring for his beloved Jane, the mother of their eight children, before her death in 1986.

Later that year Brian spoke to his children, now all grown up, of his calling to the priesthood. He started training at Womersley Seminary in 1987. However, two years later, his hopes of becoming a priest seemed impossible when he was diagnosed with a brain tumour. Brian was never one to give up easily, and following a successful operation, he returned to his training. He was ordained a priest in Jersey on 15 May 1993, aged 66.

Fr Brian had 20 years as an active assistant priest and the chaplain at the Jersey

hospital. His life as a priest was precious to him, he felt privileged to share his faith and minister the Sacraments. As a father he walked some daughters down the aisle and then as a priest had the extraordinary experience of marrying two of his children and a grandson. He baptised several grandchildren, a great grandchild and gave several grandchildren their first Holy Communion. The Bishop conferred on Fr Brian the privilege of confirming two of his grandchildren at the age of 90!

He undertook each of his roles, father, teacher and priest, with love, passion and diligence. He passed away peacefully with his dear daughter Mary at his side.

**ANTHONY CRAVEN CHAMBERS (C61) 8 December 1943 – 21 November 2019** joined the novitiate on leaving the College and became Br Sebastian, alongside Fr Felix Stephens (H61) and 14 others. Despite learning to control his church giggles by actually saying the prayers, it turned out the monastery was not for him and he left to try deep-sea fishing in the Hebrides. This was the start of a life-long love of sailing. Then - armed with his three separate history A levels - Tony went up to Oxford where he reconnected with his old friend Peter Maxwell (B61) and heard of Peter's sister Rosemary who was a novice nun. When Rosemary left Woldingham and met Tony, it was love at first sight. They went on to have five children Dominic (E84), Sebastian (E85), Antonia, Mungo (E95) and Alexandra and 17 grandchildren.

After Oxford, Tony joined his beloved Grenadiers and served in the Middle East and Northern Ireland. He was incredibly proud that in two tours in 1969 and 1970, not a single round of ammunition was fired. On leaving the army, Tony went to work in the City and after a scholarship to Manchester Business School, joined First Chicago and later went on to become Head of Banking at Flemings. He became a banker with a nose for money making. He helped to open-up the North Sea, advised on the Channel Tunnel and supported international trading in the Far East, North America and Europe. He was hugely respected in the City for his combination of acumen and integrity.

Tony's spiritual life remained central. He believed in the invisible church, which in his mind's eye was ecumenical and open minded. In retirement, he applied his clear thinking to the current challenges in the church. He never criticised the perpetrators of crimes, who he considered sick of mind, but he was furious at the failure of the church authorities to report crimes to the police. And he worked tirelessly to investigate the poor governance of diocesan charities, that used donations to support people who were accused of cruelty to children.

Tony combined his business life with working for, and contributing to, numerous charities. He was supportive of Ampleforth and loved reminiscing with young and old about happy days at Shack. He always gave to the monastery rather than the



school; as he said the monastery didn't have many rich old boys! As Fr Edward said at Tony's funeral, the novitiate's loss was everyone else's gain.

**JONATHAN SHERLEY-DALE (B70) 16 August 1952 – 24 December 2019** was the first of four brothers to enter Ampleforth in September 1963 aged 11, under the care of Fr Peter Utley. Michael (B72), Andrew (B79) and Adam (W85) followed over subsequent years. Jonathan was a sensitive boy, initially homesick but making a small group of firm friends. Like many of his contemporaries he was very interested in the 1960s music scene and became a life-long Beatles fan. He did not excel at mainstream sports, but won the JH breast stroke swimming prize, following a family tradition in pool events.

Moving to St Bede's in 1965 Jonathan became an important member of a progressive house. In keeping with the tides of the time, St Bede's became known as independent and slightly radical, under the supervision of Fr Martin Haigh. Jonathan was a popular member of St Bede's and was Head of House in his final year. Long haired and rebellious, he was best known for his fairness, quick to stand up for those in need of help. He was fortunate in enjoying the support and friendship of Fr Martin throughout these years, albeit the relationship was tested on many occasions. He also developed a keen interest in gardening and was often to be seen alongside Fr Benedict Webb in the gardens of Aumit House.

In his career Jonathan spent several years in the brewing and wine bar business, with particular success in Birmingham in the early 1970s, setting up one of the first city chains of wine bars with local businessman Michael Horton. In this he followed his father's involvement in the brewing and leisure business. Later he became involved in the London residential property business with his brother Michael, and other siblings, assisting in the Stock Market flotation of City North Properties plc in 1998. Jonathan worked as Development Director for several years and was adept at design and understanding the technical make-up of buildings.

In the early Millenium Jonathan left the property world of London, returning to his permanent home in Stroud. He had married Susanne in 1979 and Gloucestershire came to represent his roots and place of greatest contentment. Susanne provided the foundation for four decades of marriage and was always a great source of support. Three lovely children, Rebecca, Lucy and Zennon were all born and brought up in Stroud. Jonathan was a devoted father and came to spend his last 15 years working in the area. He was made up of contradictions - unconventional but a creature of habit, rebellious but cautious, both strong and insecure and in many ways deeply spiritual. He was always quirky and slightly out of step. However, no one was in any doubt that he was happiest and most relaxed in his home environment. He was never completely comfortable with the world of business and devoted his later

years to gardening, often on a charitable basis. He built up a large circle of devoted customers who greatly miss his support.

In November 2019, almost without warning, Jonathan was diagnosed with advanced pancreatic cancer. Apart from some stomach pains, he was extremely fit, helped by his outdoor work. It was unfortunately not possible to operate and it was shocking that his decline was so swift. He died on Christmas Eve 2019 with his family around him.

**FR PAUL KIDNER OSB (W49) 17 August 1931 – 18 January 2020**, monk of the Abbey of Saint Mary and Saint Louis in Creve Coeur, Missouri, died peacefully on 18 January 2020. Born in Oswestry, he came to Ampleforth in 1943. He read civil engineering at Brasenose College, Oxford and then entered the monastery at Ampleforth in 1952. He studied theology at Sant' Anselmo in Rome from 1955 to 1959 and was ordained priest in 1958. Immediately upon receiving his licentiate in sacred theology he was sent to Ampleforth's recently founded Priory in St Louis, Missouri, where he taught mathematics and theology and coached several sports, some of which were quite new to him.

Not a man of many words, Fr Paul was a careful, precise and patient teacher under whom many students attained highest scores in the Advanced Placement Examinations in calculus. He was calmly able to tease and be teased by students and younger monks. In 1973 when the Priory was granted independence from Ampleforth, he elected to cast in his lot with the young foundation, a commitment that would be confirmed when he became an American citizen 20 years later. In 1974 he succeeded the founding headmaster of the Priory School, Fr Timothy Horner, as second headmaster, a position he held until 1983. From that year until his retirement from the School Fr Paul served as Associate Director of College Counselling, spending much time and effort helping each student find the right fit for his further education. When the Priory was raised to the status of Abbey in 1989, Abbot Luke Rigby (B41) appointed him Claustal Prior, responsible for the day-to-day running of the monastery. He was meticulous in making out weekly schedules, keeping close watch over Abbey finances, and never seeming to be flustered by contretemps. He was likewise meticulous in observance of prayer and the monastic routine. Fr Paul's many contributions to the Abbey and School were recognised by the English Benedictine Congregation in 2004, when the title of Cathedral Prior of Peterborough was conferred on him.

Fr Paul celebrated his golden jubilee of priesthood in 2008 and continued teaching until his retirement in 2015 at the age of 83. In this year he was honored with the Luke Rigby Award for outstanding service to Saint Louis Abbey. Early in his teaching career he began leading groups of boys on trips to Europe and frequently

conducted float trips with students on the various rivers of the Ozarks. In later years he developed a fondness for Alaska where he spent time in the summer with alumnus friends. In 2018 he celebrated 60 years as a priest. A few months later he was diagnosed with colon cancer for which he was operated on in February 2019. He endured patiently the many complications following this surgery and after a brief recovery was found early in 2020 to have a recurrence of the disease for which there was no treatment. He died only 12 hours after returning to the monastery and being admitted into hospice care.

If there was a watchword that would characterise Fr Paul's life it would be service. He often preached on the theme and was a living example of it. Not given to rhetoric, he preached homilies that were succinct and always pointed and based on a solid theology. At Rome he came under the influence of Fr Cyprian Vagaggini OSB, a leader in the liturgical renewal of the Church in midcentury. From Oscar Cullmann he learned that the Church lives in the between-time between the "already accomplished" and the "not yet fulfilled," a tension expressed in every liturgy. A typical English Benedictine monk he did not speak often of the spiritual life, but the Scriptural citation on his ordination card revealed the source of his strength: "In the world you will have trouble, but be brave, I have conquered the world." Another glimpse into his spiritual life came in the first talk he gave to the faculty as headmaster, in which he said the main duty of the teacher with respect to the boys was "to love them." This he did with steady commitment and without fuss for nearly six decades.

Two of his maxims well expressed his character. "If a job is worth doing, it's worth doing well." He was punctilious in carrying out each of his many responsibilities. He gave a rare glimpse into the source of his strength in a homily to the school in which he said simply, "The saints are those who let God love them." We believe that as he passed from this life he heard the words of his Savior: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter the joy of your master."

**TIMOTHY JAMES PRICE (C63) 15 September 1945 – 19 January 2020** was born in Cirencester when his father, Captain Jimmy Price (C35), was still in the army. Following his father's demobilisation after the war, the family bought Langlee near Jedburgh. At Langlee the family grew by a further three members - Jacqui in 1948, Simon (C69) in 1951 and then Mary in 1953.

After Gilling and Junior House, Tim was in St Cuthbert's House under Father Walter, where he developed a strong Catholic faith and a deep respect for the monks who taught him. He was School Monitor, enjoyed his rugby, excelled in athletics and gained School Colours for the Long Jump. He showed an early passion for hunting by following and ultimately whipping in to the Ampleforth Beagles. He

enjoyed history and won a place at Magdalene Collage, Cambridge.

At home he was the only one of the family who ever caught anything on the Jed Water at Langlee. Fishing remained a passion of his all his life.

He made his greatest friends at Cambridge. He led a lively and confident bunch, absorbed in all of the sporting and social activities - Cambridge Draghounds, Pitt Club, Caledonian Reel Club, May Ball Committees.

He was in his element. He had a love and deep interest in history (although he finally took his degree in Land Economy), he was fascinated by politics, which were fiercely debated at Cambridge in the mid-1960s, he played rugby and tennis and found a horse to ride with the Draghounds - even managing to persuade a local benefactor (secured no doubt by way of the daughter) to lend him a polo pony, enabling him to win a Half Blue for Polo - not bad for a relatively impoverished student. His grandmother had given him £2,000 on the condition that he spent it before he left Cambridge – a challenge he found no difficulty in meeting.

After Cambridge, he shared a flat with the Durlacher brothers in Lennox Gardens where his dinner parties became legendary. He was an outstanding cook (unusual then among men), a lover of good wine and enjoyed an interesting circle of friends. A party animal at heart - he was never happier than when dispensing food, wine and good cheer to others.

After university, he got a job at Kleinwort Benson and then left to work with Peter Walker, the highly respected Conservative MP who was then in opposition. Tim met many interesting and influential people both in politics and business. His life seemed set fair and then the Conservatives were elected and his mentor's assistant was drawn from the ranks of the Civil Service.

Tim dabbled in politics for a period and at one time sought adoption for the Berwick constituency but then got involved in a number of oil related businesses, most of them operating in difficult countries such as Libya and Nigeria – thus Tim's email address of tpinlagos@. He even got caught up in a Russian Forestry business resulting in a near scrape with the Russian Mafia.

Business was Tim's "Achilles Heel" as his infectious enthusiasm took him into situations and partnerships with people of a buccaneering nature who often let him down. His perseverance and a degree of obstinacy could blind his judgement and he seldom managed to achieve his ambitions but never lost his enthusiasm and optimism about everything he did - and was loved for it.

Tim married Jane Malcom in September 1981 in the beautiful surroundings of Milton Abbey in Somerset, close to Jane's home, with a helicopter to take them off for their honeymoon.

Living at the Garden Cottage at Rosehill, Rebecca arrived nine months later in 1982 and Rollo 14 months after that in 1983. Tim was always brilliant with the young. They loved his energy and boyish enthusiasm.

He enjoyed his rugby and tennis, which he played both competitively and socially right up until recently when his hips began to fail.

Sadly, Tim and Jane separated in 2012. Jane returned to Somerset to look after her mother who was failing and Tim continued to rent The Bungalow at Hennerton Golf Course.

He was able to fulfil a long-term dream of living on the West coast of Scotland when Gruinard Cottage belonging to his old friend, Jane Gibb, became available. He moved in and settled quickly into West Coast life, making friends with all the locals as easily as he had made friends all his life, played tennis and golf, even sorting out the finances of the Highland Community Broadband - and, of course, entertaining with characteristic panache and generosity in his new home. He found all the things he loved at Gruinard – the lobster pots, the mackerel, the salmon, the general messing about in boats. On one day, he caught four salmon.

He died among his friends from a sudden heart attack aged 74.

**NEVILLE LEO CLIFFORD-JONES (W48) 18 January 1931 – 24 January 2020.** On leaving Ampleforth, Neville trained as a Chartered Accountant before spending two happy years in the 9th Lancers. He then joined his Father who was CEO of SGB and, when his Father died in 1963, succeeded him, eventually becoming chairman of the group. Always a keen horseman, he met his wife, Sue, when out hunting when his horse kicked her pony. He was 24 and she was 17 and they married three years later. Their first trip together was to Ampleforth so that he could show her where their sons would be educated. They promptly had four daughters. He was a great fisherman, going to Iceland for 41 consecutive years of salmon fishing. He also had a rod on the Test. A respected philatelist, a member of the Royal Philatelic Society and an accredited international philatelic judge, he also had a gold medal collection of Newfoundland stamps. He was a keen racing man and served as a steward at Ascot and Goodwood. He died at home, where he and his wife had lived for 62 years, after a long illness uncomplainingly borne.

**BRIAN ANTHONY MARTELLI (E51) 9 June 1933 - 16 February 2020.** My brother Brian Martelli, the eldest of three boys, all Amplefordians, was born in Paris where our parents had met and married in 1931, our father being the Paris correspondent of the Morning Post at the time. On returning to England, Brian was sent to The Dragon School and thence to Ampleforth in 1946 where he joined St Edward's House, then in the care of Fr Raphael. Amongst others, Edward Corbould and Thomas Pakenham were his contemporaries.

He rose to become Head of House and Captain of Boxing before gaining an Exhibition to University College, Oxford, where he read Greats and won a Boxing Blue. After National Service in the Coldstream Guards, he took articles and pursued a legal career with various London firms. Though once engaged, he never married. Brian had a very strong Catholic Faith and was a man of high-minded fortitude and courage, both physical and moral. As a young man he had loved horses, bred and broke in his own foals and hunted with the Cattistock Hunt in West Dorset. After Vatican II he had become a follower of Archbishop Lefevbre and subsequently an ardent supporter of the Pius X Society. The material comforts of this world meant little to him and he increasingly led a solitary and hermitic lifestyle, centred on the Pius X church in Holloway where for many years he served at their Latin Masses. He was always most generous with his time, support and free legal advice to friends and family. For his last year, he had moved to St Saviours House in Bristol, a Pius X Society sanctuary, where he could happily attend mass in their beautiful Puginesque chapel, just yards down the corridor from his flat.

We loved him dearly and shall miss him very much. May he rest in peace. Amyas Martelli (C59).

**DR MARK HANS TWEEDY (J72) 2 DECEMBER 1953 – 15 MARCH 2020.** After leaving Ampleforth Mark studied medicine at Barts and shared a flat with two contemporaries from St John's, Geoff Daly (J72) and Michael Low (J72), who both remember losing to Mark at backgammon, as well as enjoying his cooking and, later, family holidays together. As a GP he had a reputation for being a good listener with a remarkable calmness. A patient wrote: "One day someone in the waiting room complained to reception about the 'long wait'. It annoyed me! I asked: 'Are you seeing Dr Tweedy?'" The reply – 'Yes.' I stared at him and said: 'You know what, I feel certain that when you are in with him he gives you all the time in the world, which is exactly why we are both sat here waiting because he is giving somebody else that special time.' He shut up! The receptionist smiled." He was never known to raise his voice, or speak ill of anyone, publicly or privately, always seeing the best in people. He died suddenly on holiday in Jamaica and will be greatly missed by his wife Helen and children Katherine, Stuart, Elle, and Rebecca.

**AMYAS HENRY STAFFORD NORTHCOTE 25 NOVEMBER 1937 – 21 MARCH 2020 (W56)**, who died aged 82, was a scion of the Earls of Iddesleigh. He was born the elder son of Cecil and Winifreda Stafford Northcote, whose prep school at Hawksyard sent many boys to Ampleforth. He came to Ampleforth in 1952 and, with his younger brother, Hugh (W57), was a prominent member of the Lakes Party that did all sorts of interesting things over at the bottom lake on games afternoons in the summer term. Later, when he and his brother and sister were running the family prep school, which had now moved to Bishton Hall and was known as St Bede's, he was to run the Sea Scouts there, that operated on the local canal. He served as a Magistrate, a Parish Councillor and was President of the Conservative Constituency of Stafford.

**ARTHUR EDMUND FRENCH (O51) 10 JANUARY 1933 – 20 APRIL 2020** was born in Betchingley, Surrey, to Maud and Bertram French. The youngest of three siblings, he attended Ampleforth, studied at Cambridge and subsequently trained as a barrister. He was a well-loved figure across the generations, known for his kindness, generosity and mischievous sense of humour.

Arthur attended Ampleforth from 1946 to 1951, where he developed his Catholic faith, as well as a lifelong love of drawing and watercolour inspired by his teacher, Fr Raphael Williams. He upheld both throughout his life and his large circle of family and friends would look forward to his annual, hand-drawn Christmas cards. After leaving Ampleforth he worked his passage on a cargo ship across the Atlantic and travelled in Canada for a time, working various jobs including lumberjack and car park attendant at the Calgary Stampede.

Following this, he returned to the UK and joined the Irish Guards for his National Service where he was a popular figure, known for his humour and ability for mimicry.

He studied History at Cambridge University and maintained a keen interest in the subject throughout his life, becoming known as a veritable Who's Who of people, past and present.

However, architecture was also close to his heart and he would sometimes listen to Nikolaus Pevsner, rather than attending his own lectures.

As an undergraduate, his extra-curricular activities provided his peers with much entertainment. One party trick of standing on his head whilst reciting poetry would sometimes land him in trouble. Friends vividly remember him being carried out of a club by Security - still upside down.



Arthur subsequently trained as a barrister and concentrated on criminal prosecution for much of his career. Colleagues recall his practice as being driven by his strong Catholic faith, and a sense for justice. He remained a consummate entertainer and, having witnessed the cross-questioning of Mandy Rice-Davies during the Profumo affair, would entertainingly mimic some of the more salacious courtroom exchanges. Never one to rush, Arthur married professional violinist Charlotte (née Towneley) at the age of 52 and together they had two children, Alice (M06) and Edmund (D07). Arthur and Charlotte shared a love of horses and the countryside, and he was a keen supporter of the Ampleforth Beagles.

They moved to Nunnington in 2004, in part to live closer to Ampleforth. His Catholic faith remained strong and he took great delight in attending Old Boys' reunions. He also volunteered at the Grange for a number of years, endearing himself to guests and staff alike.

When ill health prevented him from driving, Arthur bought an electric bicycle and was often seen zipping around the valley, coat tails flying. He would frequently cause lengthy traffic jams as he cycled up Cauley's Bank, oblivious to the queues forming behind him.

Moving to Helmsley in 2018, Arthur quickly became a familiar and well-loved local figure. He would venture out on regular walks, often pausing to sit on people's walls to have a chat. With his easy manner and genuine interest in others, he had the ability to hold a conversation with anybody.

In his latter years he suffered from Vascular Dementia and was cared for, at home, by his wife, Charlotte. He kept up his neighbourhood walks, accompanied by his faithful terrier, Arrow, almost until the end, although would sometimes venture further than he could manage. He was on various occasions picked up by delivery vans, a refuse collection truck, a police car and the vet, as well as countless kind neighbours. Even on these journeys he would engage his rescuers in easy conversation, always interested to learn about other people.

Arthur's spirit is still very much alive through all who knew him.

**MICHAEL KENNETH GOLDSCHMIDT (A63) 17 APRIL 1945 – 22 APRIL 2020** followed his elder brother into St Aidan's House and captained the school Athletics team and the Shooting VIII. In 1969 he was a member of the Old Amplefordian shooting team that won the Public Schools Veterans Match at Bisley. In addition, he was Captain of the Sandhurst Shooting Team in 1965 when they won the Regular Army Major Units Small-Bore Championship. He followed his father, great-grandfather, uncle and godfather into the Royal Leicestershire Regiment,

though by the time he was commissioned this was the 4th (Leicestershire) Battalion of the Royal Anglian Regiment. His career ranged from ADC to the Governor of Western Australia, through growing his hair long as intelligence officer in Northern Ireland, to commanding a mechanised company in Germany and later the training depot for the Queen's Division as well as several senior staff appointments. In most postings he was able to indulge his passion for cricket, with 98 not out and four wickets in four balls as highlights and being elected to the MCC. After retirement he worked with SSAFA as Director of Housing and Welfare and wrote the final volume of the Royal Leicestershire Regimental History, *Marching with the Tigers*, and also about the decorated military OAs. He and his wife, Margaret, were regular members of the Lourdes Pilgrimage where he was responsible for dispatching the long processions of voitures from the Hospital, each with two or three pushers and pullers, so that they arrived at the various services and activities on time.

**MARTIN ROBERT MORLAND (T51) 23 SEPTEMBER 1933 – 28 APRIL 2020** was born in Tokyo where his father, Oscar Morland, was posted as a diplomat. It was in the embassy compound in Tokyo that Oscar first met Martin's mother, Alice (née Lindley) whose own father was the British ambassador there at the time.

After Japan entered World War II in 1941, the Morlands (Oscar and Alice went on to have three more boys) were interned in the embassy compound until a ship could be made available for their U-Boat dodging repatriation to England. Alice, who was pregnant at the time (and who lived out her twilight years in Ampleforth village) recalled one leg of this journey as being a "nightmare" with "cockroaches as big and numerous as rabbits before mixy."

With no formal education available under confinement in Tokyo, Oscar had taken it upon himself to teach the young Martin the rudiments of Latin and Greek. This stood him in good academic stead once he got to Gilling Castle and then, like all of his brothers after him, at Ampleforth (his youngest brother, William (H60) (deceased 2011), became a monk at the abbey, taking the name Fr David) where he was a founder member of St Thomas', and later still, at King's College, Cambridge, where he took a first in Classics.

Martin's National Service was spent with the Grenadier Guards, after which, in 1956, just as the Suez crisis was brewing, he followed his father's and grandfather's footsteps into the Foreign Service. Obligated to learn a hard language, he then spent a year studying Burmese at the School of Oriental and African Studies before being dispatched to Mandalay to continue his tuition and then to the British Embassy in Rangoon, where he lived for three years.

Martin's subsequent diplomatic career took him to Geneva (twice), Rome,

Washington DC and back to Burma, this time as ambassador, in 1986. Two years later, quite unexpectedly, the country, long under the grip of the dictator Ne Win, erupted in mass protests that the military brutally put down.

In 1964, Martin married Jennifer Hanbury-Tracy and the couple went on to have two sons, Will (T83) and Anthony (T86), and a daughter, Catherine. Jenny died in 2018; Martin is survived by his three children.

**JOSEPH THOMAS GERARD ROGERSON (W57) 28 JANUARY 1940 – 1 JULY 2020**, known as Tom, passed away after a relatively short period of deteriorating health.

Tom was the eldest of three brothers to attend Ampleforth College, shortly behind their cousin Anthony Griffiths (A43) (deceased 2019) and his younger brother Michael (A46) (deceased 2011), who later became Abbot Ambrose of Ampleforth. Tom's eldest son Gerry Rogerson (H85) followed his steps into Ampleforth College and now too his only granddaughter, Izzy Rogerson (B21).

After leaving Ampleforth Tom studied medicine at the University of Liverpool, before working as a Houseman at the Royal Shrewsbury Hospital, where he branched into Anaesthetics, before signing up with the Royal Air Force in 1965.

While Tom loved to fly and excelled in his pilot training, his skills in the Operating Theatre were paramount. Tom served in the RAF Medical Branch from 1965 to 1996 as a Consultant Anaesthetist. He served in multiple posts overseas in Aden, Singapore and on a detachment to Gan. He was also Commanding Officer of the RAF Hospital Wegberg and The Princess Mary's RAF Hospital Akrotiri, Cyprus, where he was CO during the first Gulf War. In the UK he served at RAF hospitals Wroughton, Nocton Hall in Lincolnshire and The Princess of Wales RAF Hospital Ely.

On leaving the RAF, Tom became Chief Medical Officer for St. John's Ambulance before retiring and enjoying life in Ely, in particular his fondness for real ale.

Tom leaves behind his wife, Madeleine, two daughters Nicki and Louise and two sons, Gerry and Tom.

**KEVIN PAKENHAM (W65) 1 NOVEMBER 1947 – 19 JULY 2020** was the fourth son and youngest of eight children of Lord and Lady Pakenham, later the Earl and Countess of Longford and inherited his father's loathing for pomposity and snobbery. After St Philip's school in Kensington, Kevin came to Ampleforth, captained the 1st XV and went on the school debating tour of America. He gained a

First in PPE at New College, Oxford and taught for a time at St Antony's College. He held various posts in fund managing before founding his own firm. He founded the Longford Trust in 2002 to continue his father's work in prison reform as well as supporting several other charities. He maintained his love of sport, writing two books on golf and was putting together a collection of his own poems and drawings dedicated to his late sister. He enjoyed entertaining people, whether by his unconventional dress on formal occasions or by impersonating his father. He was impatient with the Covid-19 lockdown but organised quizzes on Zoom for his family and friends.

**FR BRIAN JOSEPH TWOMEY SPS (B52) 28 APRIL 1935 – 23 JULY 2020**, of St Patrick Missionary Society (the Kiltegan Fathers), to Jerome Twomey and his wife Hilda (née Marsden) of Cardiff. He was the youngest of a family of six children, one of whom died in infancy. In 1942, he went to Gilling and left St Bede's House in 1952. He joined the Kiltegan Fathers that September and read Philosophy and French at University College. After theology in Rome and ordination in 1960, he was appointed to the Diocese of Ogoja, Nigeria, where his sister Sr Deirdre MMM was already working as a missionary doctor. Three months in parish work were followed by ten years teaching in secondary schools. He returned to Britain to teach English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Latin, Plainchant and Drama at St Patrick's College, Buchlyvie, Scotland. He returned Nigeria in 1975 to serve as rector of St Augustine's Junior Seminary, Ezzamgbo, for eight years and then returned to Ogoja Diocese to teach in various schools until 1990, when he launched into a new ministry. He began to specialize in spiritual direction and student formation. To prepare himself for this new ministry he took the Religious Formation Ministry Programme at Loreto House, Dublin and also did courses in spirituality and spiritual direction.

He returned to Nigeria and was appointed to the Formation Team of St Paul's Missionary Society, at the National Missionary Seminary in Abuja. He served as spiritual director there from 1992 to 1997. When St Patrick's Missionary Society decided to welcome students from Africa and Brazil, Brian was an obvious choice to be part of the pioneer team at the Society's newly established formation house near Ijebu-Ode, Nigeria. He worked in the formation ministry of the Society in West Africa until 2004. In 2005, Brian returned to parish work in Stirling. After retiring in 2015 he continued with his ministry of spiritual direction, retreat giving and mentoring.

Brian was prayerful, sensitive, firm, courageous, intelligent and eloquent. He encouraged the students entrusted to him to be open, prayerful, respectful, cultured and sensitive to others.

Ill health forced him to retire altogether from active ministry in 2016. He died peacefully on 23 July 2020 after a long illness borne with patience and fortitude.

**ADRIAN GUSTAV RANDAG (A54) 8 JANUARY 1936 – 5 AUGUST 2020**

was the eldest of three brothers who came to Gilling Castle and then St Aidan's House. At that time their eight sisters were unable to join them. He did his National Service in the Coldstream Guards, joining the 2nd Battalion in Germany with two other OAs. As eldest of the family he was extremely well organised and, as well as being an excellent rifle shot and fit for the roughest route march, he had no trouble winning the respect of his platoon.

After reading Agriculture at St John's College, Oxford he qualified as an accountant and went into the City, working for Tiny Rowlands and then Liebig's, the makers of Oxo, who sent him to South America to be responsible for thousands of acres and tens of thousands of cattle. He met and married Fafa, and then went away to the King Ranch in Spain for a couple of years. In 1985 he returned to England and joined Millicom, founded by Peter Scrope (E73), one of the earliest mobile telephone companies in England, as Finance Director. He steered the company to its eventual successful takeover by Hutchinson Whampoa, when it became Orange.

He became a regular member of the Lourdes Pilgrimage. At home, in Surrey, he was keen gardener, kept up his shooting and began planning the Trust which was to be the source of funds for the Randag Fellows: nine of them at the College at present and set to grow. He wrote: "I am the eldest of eleven children followed by three sisters, two brothers and five sisters. We were raised on a rented farm and were required to work and help whenever needed. We were encouraged to develop our own interests from a very early age and living in the country we had wonderful opportunities to do so.

"From the age of eight my brothers and I went to Ampleforth. Our parents made enormous sacrifices to do this. We never had or expected a family holiday and I well remember my father telling me when I was in my early teens that he was giving me the best education he could find.

"Times have changed but I believe that the kind of family and outdoor life we grew up with and our schooling gave us invaluable standards, independence of thought, will to work and to succeed.

"I would therefore like to give a few children of a similar family background, who have been brought up with the same culture, the opportunity to go to a school which will stretch them and increase their confidence to lead and hold their own in later life."

Whenever he visited Ampleforth he made a point of meeting these Fellows.

**BEN CONNERY (T07) 27TH APRIL 1989 – 8TH AUGUST 2020.** After attending Gilling Castle, Ben gained major academic and music scholarships to Ampleforth. He was a gifted musician and was always involved in music at school, whether playing the piano at informal concerts, leading the College orchestra or singing for eight years in the Schola. His love of singing continued as a member of several London choirs. He loved playing all kinds of sport and became a popular member of the OAs Rugby Club.

Ben was immensely bright but those lucky enough to have known him were always struck by his modesty. He gained a first-class honours degree at St John's College, Oxford whilst balancing his studies of Arabic and Persian with early morning rowing sessions. He rowed for his college and with the university boat club to an extremely high level; something which his tutors believed was incompatible with getting a First.

Ben had a profound interest in other people and cultures. As part of his undergraduate degree he spent a year in Syria studying at the French Institute in Damascus where he was at times mistaken for a local, so perfect was his accent. He had a remarkable gift for learning languages and spent several summers in Egypt refining his use of Egyptian Dialectal Arabic. In Egypt he wrote articles and papers as a research intern for the Arab-West Foundation which seeks to promote tolerance and understanding between Arab and Western communities. He also spoke excellent French, Spanish, Farsi and Turkish.

After Oxford Ben gained a Master's in Economics at the London School of Economics. He was then selected for the prestigious Overseas Development Institute Fellowship scheme and spent two years working in Abuja, Nigeria. After two years at the Treasury in London he worked for a global risk consultancy firm where tributes have shown that he was known for his sharp intelligence, wit, and extensive knowledge of the Middle East.

Blessed with a wonderful way of putting people at ease, Ben's warm personality and courtesy enabled him to establish close friendships which lasted throughout his life. He placed particular value on the friends he made at Ampleforth, a number of whom were present at his funeral.

It was terribly sad when Ben started developing episodes of psychosis in early 2019; something which ultimately took his life away. Although the pandemic restricted attendance at the funeral in Nottingham, live-streaming enabled several hundred people around the world to share in a beautiful service with his parents Tim (T63)

and Roz, and brother Andrew (B05).

**SIMON JAMES DICK (O78) 14TH MAY 1960 – 20TH AUGUST 2020** was the second son of John (O49) and Judy Dick, and brother of John (O77), Michael (O83) and Alexandra.

Simon went to Gilling in 1968, then to Junior House, and the Upper School in 1973. His year was the last to frequent the original house, as St Oswald's moved to the new Nevill House in 1974. While at Junior House, Simon joined the Schola and went on its first international trip to Melk, Austria.

He was not academic, but he had some success in athletics, swimming and cricket, reaching the 3rd XI under the captaincy of Paul Ainscough (C80), who later became his brother-in-law when he married Alex in 1989.

After Ampleforth, Simon spent time in Singapore with his family, before returning to London to work as a coffee broker. He moved to Laing & Cruickshank in 1981 as a trainee "Blue Button" on the floor of the London Stock Exchange. He relished the life and progressed to Wise Speke as a "Yellow Button." In 1987, everything changed. "Big Bang" pushed all stockbroking online and Simon hated technology. He tried recruitment, but this didn't suit and in 1990 he moved to the Highlands of Scotland and worked as a bar manager - his future career.

Returning to London in 1994, he worked in various bars and in 1996 became a trainee manager for Shepherd Neame, achieving his own licence in January 1997. In 1998 he married Finella O'Brien, the older daughter of David (E53) and Penny and the sister of Charles (A84). They worked as managers and joint licensees, and secured their own tenancy in 2002. Unfortunately both the business and his marriage failed. His health deteriorated and when he died he had already been invalidated out of work for several years.

Simon was memorable. A tall man with curly blond hair, he had a kind and gentle manner and would not have a bad word to say about anyone. He loved cricket and was renowned for always wearing cricket jumpers. He made many visits to the Oval in later life. He also loved football, supporting variously Leeds United, QPR, and latterly Aldershot Town, when he lived in Albury in Surrey. He was an excellent host with a brilliant way with customers, often having drinks ready for his regulars before they even asked. Unfortunately, he always found the financial side of things more difficult.

He was a genuine man, true to his own nature and character and although difficult at times, he was loved by those who knew him well. Sadly he died alone, which in



some ways summed him up, but he will be missed by his family and close friends and for his favourite greeting, "Hello, dear chap."

**PAUL RUSSELL MOORE (J77) 30 OCTOBER 1958 – 28 SEPTEMBER 2020** came to Gilling Castle in 1966, following his elder brother Christopher (J75). In the Upper School he was Head of St John's, played for a number of school teams and was a founder member of the Schola. After leaving he taught in the Junior House for a time before reading law at Bristol and practising as a barrister and then switching to financial services because working for Allied Dunbar in Swindon took him closer to the hang-gliding hot spots, which is where he met his wife, Maureen, who became his lifetime spiritual rock. He made his home in North Yorkshire so that he could share with his children, Emily and Oliver, his love of community and nature that he had valued when at Ampleforth. Working for KPMG he advised on financial regulatory issues before moving to Halifax Bank of Scotland in 2002.

As Head of Group Regulatory Risk from 2002 -2004, Paul's job was to alert the HBOS Board to risks that might be catastrophic for the bank. He identified dangerously flawed sales practices, prescient of the banking collapse of 2007 / 2008, which he brought to the attention of the Chairman and Chief Executive Officer. Their response was to suppress his report, sack him and then smear his character in their efforts to diminish his reputation and undercut the validity of his report. When he phoned his wife to tell her he had been sacked, she replied: "Don't worry Paul, it is all part of God's plan." He was fully vindicated when the bank imploded three years later and the senior management were held to account for their egregious behaviour. His book, *Crash Bank Wallop*, documented this and he was often asked to give talks about his experiences, at Ampleforth and elsewhere. He was a founder member of Whistleblowers UK in 2012, dedicated to ensuring that others who followed the same whistleblowing path, from whatever sector of society, were better protected and supported through the ostracism and abuse that he himself had suffered. He frequently remarked: "We are transformed by trouble." He delighted in seeing his sons share his enthusiasm for music and singing at Ampleforth and, with his new-found passion for electric bicycles, enjoyed long cycle rides across the moors. He died of colitis in hospital, surrounded by his family, holding his olive wood cross and greeting the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

**MICHAEL WILLIAM LAGAN DUNNE (A46) 31 MAY 1928 – 1 OCTOBER 2020** was born in Portsmouth as his father retired after 33 years in the Royal Navy. He was the 7th of eight children. By 1940 the family had evacuated to Coxwold: their Portsmouth house was completely destroyed in a German bombing raid. At Ampleforth, besides being a noted long-distance runner, he developed an interest in photography. He was commissioned into the Dorset Regiment and served in Austria and Palestine. After being demobbed following serious injury he thought of joining

the monastery but realised it was not for him, though he did develop a lifelong interest in Monk and Nun jokes!

One of his brothers suggested he pursue his passion for photography. He became apprentice to the society portrait photographer Baron and worked alongside Tony Armstrong-Jones (later Lord Snowdon) who introduced him to the artist Mary Rodd. His usual chat up: “Would you let me take your photograph?” worked: they married in November 1954 and settled in Richmond Surrey where their five children were born. He set up his own business in Kensington, specialising in fashion and advertising during the swinging 60s and, later, houses and gardens for European and American magazines and books on interior design and landscape gardening.

Mary and Michael parted in the early 1980s. He immersed himself in his work and developed his cooking skills. He was equally at home with the finest ingredients or whatever was at hand, and created wonderful fare, made all the better by the stories told during both the cooking and later at the table.

Michael wanted others to see the best in themselves and often helped them do so. He remained a man of enormous faith and was often seen at Ampleforth, where he enjoyed hearing his grandchildren singing and being sometimes called on, as the eldest OA present, to speak at Ampleforth Society Dinners.

Through her skills as a therapist, Michael met Elizabeth (Liz) Gibbs in 1994. They eventually returned to North Yorkshire and Masham for some of the happiest years of his life. His children were devoted to her. He carried on taking pictures commercially into his 80s and then for pleasure, for the community and for recording his growing family. He enjoyed helping others develop photographic skills.

He died in Darlington hospital following a fall at his home. His was a life well-lived, right up to the end. His legacy appears to be thousands of photographs, an extraordinary network of friends and much goodwill.

**JAMES RONALD O’CALLAGHAN SYMINGTON (B52) 8 DECEMBER 1934 – 7 NOVEMBER 2020** was born in Porto, Portugal in 1934. He was a member of the third generation of the Symington family to produce port. When the British Embassy advised all its citizens to leave neutral Portugal during World War II, James travelled with his mother and siblings to Canada via New York on the Pan Am Clipper flying boat service. Six-year-old James arrived in Manhattan holding a treefrog taken from his garden in Porto, and the ‘transatlantic frog’ was featured in the next day’s New York Times.

The family returned to Portugal in July 1943 and in 1946 James came to Ampleforth.

He was unable to take up a place at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford due to financial limitations following a difficult few years for the port trade during and after the war. He was commissioned in the British Army and served as a Second Lieutenant in the King's African Rifles in Kenya for nearly two years. He became fluent in Swahili and developed a close friendship with the African askaris. In his retirement, James often returned to Kenya and met up with the old soldiers with whom he had served. Throughout his life, he supported social and wildlife projects in Kenya to help the communities he had grown to know so well.

Following a long depression in port sales from the early thirties onwards, 1960 brought the first signs of a revival. It was in this year that James married his wife Penny and joined his father and cousins in the family company. He began working as a taster and blender – a highly skilled role that is crucial to making excellent port. James was responsible for making Dow's and Warre's 1966 and 1970 Vintage Ports as well as Graham's 1970. These are some of the most highly regarded wines from the twentieth century and have aged magnificently.

After handing over his tasting and blending responsibilities to his cousin Peter in 1973, James began working on the commercial side, developing new markets in the US, Canada and Scandinavia. James, together with his cousins Michael and Ian, formed a strong partnership that steered the family business through several turbulent decades, when many of the historic family port companies were sold or simply closed. In 1985, James founded Premium Port Wines in San Francisco, the first wine distribution company established in the US by any port company. Today, the business is responsible for a significant proportion of all US port sales.

With constant good humour and an indefatigable optimism, James built many close relationships throughout the world of wine. He was a founding member of the Primum Familiae Vini in 1992. The PFV has since developed into a strong association of twelve wine-producing families committed to championing the values of family-owned wine companies and ensuring that they continue into the next generation.

He reminded Julian Fellowes (B66) that the Downton Abbey family would have been sure to have port at the end of dinner; it duly appeared in later series, an early example of product placement.

Like his ancestors before him, James had an overwhelming love of the Douro. In 1987, he acquired a small semi-abandoned property called Quinta da Vila Velha. Together with his wife Penny, they restored the quinta into a well-tended 145-hectare riverside property with 55 hectares under vine. The estate now produces some of the best wines in the region.

James and Penny had a son, Rupert (T81), and two daughters, Clare and Miranda, and six grandchildren. Rupert is now the CEO of Symington Family Estates and his oldest son, Hugh, has been working in Premium Port Wines in the USA promoting the family's wines since 2018. Clare also works in the family business and is based in the UK.





