

The Ampleforth Journal



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EDITORIAL

FR RICHARD FFIELD OSB

EDITOR OF THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL



The recent publicity surrounding the publishing of the IICSA report in August may have awakened unwelcome memories among those who have suffered at the hands of some of our brethren. We still want to reach out to them and the means for this are still on the Ampleforth Abbey website under the safeguarding tab.

It has been encouraging to us to receive so many messages of support and to know that no parents saw fit to remove their children from our schools. And

there is increasing interest from all sorts of people in the retreats run here throughout the year by different monks, together with requests for monks to go and speak or preach at different venues and events. There is also a steady flow of people asking to become Oblates of Ampleforth so that, as lay people, they can share in the prayer and the values of the Benedictine life.

Four monks from each of most of the dozen or so monasteries in the English Benedictine Congregation attended a four day conference or workshop at Buckfast Abbey in October, to develop ways of taking responsibility for our monastic communities. As monasteries get smaller, it was useful and inspiring not just to share experience but to find out how much the different communities have in common and how much we can support each other. One concrete result is that those of us resident in Bolton House (for another six months, until the monastery building refurbishment is complete) meet informally for ten minutes each evening before Compline to exchange news and views.

Abbot Cuthbert saw the move to Bolton House as an opportunity and an encouragement to re-examine our way of life as a community and this has proved to be the case. It is, in fact, a tribute to his leadership that during his exile (now more than two years) and amid all sorts of other unexpected tribulations, our monastic routine of community prayer and work has continued unabated.

The brother of an OA, who had been on scholarship to a large comprehensive school near Slough (as a teacher at that establishment once referred to it) remarked some years ago, with a touch of envy, that Amplefordians seem to do interesting things after they leave school. There is basis for that observation in some of the articles in this issue and the editor will welcome further evidence.

THE AMPLEFORTH COMMUNITY

THE COMMUNITY AND THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES AS FROM OCTOBER 2018

RESPONSIBILITIES

Rt Rev Cuthbert Madden	<i>Abbot</i>
VR Fr Gabriel Everitt	<i>Prior Administrator</i>
VR Fr George Corrie	<i>Sub-Prior</i>
Fr Christopher Gorst (O65)	<i>Novice Master</i>
	<i>Monastery Infirmary</i>
	<i>Hospitality</i>
VR Fr Henry Wansbrough (W53)	<i>Teaching</i>
	<i>Chaplain, St Oswald's</i>
	<i>Cathedral Prior of Durham</i>
VR Fr Dominic Milroy (W50)	<i>Cathedral Prior of Chester</i>
VR Fr Leo Chamberlain (A58)	<i>Cathedral Prior of Gloucester</i>
VR Fr Mark Butlin (O49)	<i>Alliance Inter-Monastères</i>
	<i>Cathedral Prior of Norwich</i>
Fr Aidan Gilman (A45)	
Fr Adrian Convery (O49)	
Fr Michael Phillips (E52)	
Fr Edward Corbould (E51)	
Fr Anselm Cramer (O54)	<i>Archivist</i>
Fr Alban Crossley	<i>Monastery Guestmaster</i>
Fr Stephen Wright (T56)	
Fr Gordon Beattie (D59)	
Fr Jonathan Cotton (H60)	<i>Parish Priest, Leyland</i>
Fr Felix Stephens (H61)	
Fr Matthew Burns (W58)	<i>Priest in Charge, Gilling East</i>
Fr Edgar Miller (O61)	<i>Priest in Charge, Oswaldkirk</i>
Fr Richard ffield (A59)	<i>Chaplain, St Cuthbert's,</i>
	<i>Editor, Ampleforth Journal</i>
Fr Alexander McCabe	<i>Teaching</i>
	<i>Chaplain, St Thomas's</i>
Fr Peter James (H69)	
Fr Cyprian Smith	
Fr Terence Richardson (J72)	
Fr Antony Hain	
Fr Hugh Lewis-Vivas	<i>School Guestmaster</i>
	<i>Chaplain, St Hugh's</i>
	<i>Secretary, Ampleforth Society</i>

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

MONASTERY OF CHRIST THE WORD, ZIMBABWE
MONKS OF AMPLEFORTH

VR Fr Robert Igo
Fr Barnabas Pham
Br Placid Mavura

Prior
Novice Master and Bursar
Guestmaster

ON THE HOLY FATHER'S CALL TO HOLINESS IN TODAY'S WORLD A VIEW FROM THE PEW

FRANCIS QUINLAN (A59)

What does it take to lead a holy life? Pope Francis gives his answer in *Gaudete et Exsultate*, published in February 2018, the fourth and most recent of his Apostolic Exhortations on issues of concern to ordinary Catholics.

In *Gaudete* he encourages each of us personally along a path to holiness. His title recalls Jesus's reassurance to his listeners when he taught them the Beatitudes: "Rejoice and be glad", he said to troubled people, "your reward will be great in heaven." The tone and message of this Exhortation is shaped by the Beatitudes, by the Second Vatican Council's universal call to holiness, and by Francis's own pastoral experience.

Gaudete is a hugely encouraging document, but its sixty-plus pages of closely-set text take several hours to read and reflect on. Many people may have only seen a few excerpts in the media, at best. So I have summarised its five chapters here, and then offer some further reflections.

Chapter 1: The call to holiness

Holiness, Francis says, is seen in the lives of the saints, but it is also seen widely in many committed, caring families. Their moral and spiritual values are often best exemplified by our mothers and grandmothers, or perhaps by the next-door neighbours. In other words, holiness is not the preserve of the clergy and those in religious orders. Nor is it "about swooning in mystic rapture." Rather, it is the consistent behaviour of all who try, each in their own way, to follow Christ's example, even if it's only through small gestures, generous hearts and a pervasive awareness of God's presence in those around them. Thus there must be many in our communities who already lead what Francis describes as holy lives, and he wants us to settle for nothing less.

Francis's approach is not prescriptive. He discounts attempts to imitate any particular saintly example because we are all different and our circumstances differ. More than once he repeats a phrase from *Lumen Gentium*, a central document of Vatican II, that we are called, each in our own way, to the perfect holiness of the Father, and he gives advice drawn from the Beatitudes. Even so, perfect holiness sounds like a tall order.

He particularly points to "the genius of women" seen in what Francis calls feminine

styles of holiness, “an essential means of reflecting God’s holiness in this world.” He mentions several great female saints but “I think too of all those unknown or forgotten women who, each in her own way, sustained and transformed families and communities by the power of their witness.” Those who have read a biography of the Pope might recognise his grandmother and godmother Rosa amongst them.

Francis calls us all to lead such lives because this is what we are made for, and it is our Baptism which gives us the grace to fulfil our Christian mission. So he is not just referring to Catholics. Quoting John Paul II’s words from the turn of this century, he specifically includes Orthodox, Anglicans and Protestants as among Christ’s followers who are given “signs of the Holy Spirit’s presence” in their lives.

Chapter 2: Enemies of holiness

After setting out his case, Pope Francis cautions us about “two subtle enemies,” or “false forms of holiness,” which are dismissive of his approach. These he identifies as neo-Gnosticism and neo-Pelagianism. He has had a swipe at them before and by using these titles, Francis refers to their long existence in Church history. His description is somewhat oblique but we can acknowledge that they are prevalent today.

Francis sees Gnosticism as an intellectualisation of faith, which stands aloof from Christ’s practical commitment to love and show compassion for his people. He asserts that it is myopic in its belief in “a monolithic body of doctrine...leaving no room for nuance,” and so it disembodies the mystery of the Incarnation, making “a God without Christ, a Christ without the Church, a Church without her people.” Elsewhere he has referred to ‘scholars of the law’ who shrink from doing what Jesus himself did: going in search of the lost sheep, or approaching and touching the leper to bring him into the community.

Pelagianism is not dissimilar but gives pre-eminence to ordering our spiritual lives. Although people with a pelagian mind-set speak of God’s grace, Francis says, “they ultimately trust only in their own powers and feel superior because they observe certain rules or remain intransigently faithful to a particular Catholic style.” This means that, “contrary to the promptings of the Spirit, the life of the Church can become a museum piece, or the possession of a select few.” Yet, Francis points out, Jesus himself cleared a way through “the thicket of precepts and prescriptions” to show us “two faces, that of the Father and that of our brother.” Even better, says Francis, is to see one face alone: “the face of God reflected in so many other faces.” Indeed, he says poetically, “with the scraps of this frail humanity, the Lord will shape his final work of art.”

Francis asks us to consider whether either form of hubris is present in our own lives. Given that elsewhere he has famously described the Church as “a field hospital,” and has called on pastors to be shepherds “living with the smell of the sheep,” he shames our hesitance to recognise where the path to true holiness lies.

Chapter 3: In the light of the Master

At the heart of his Exhortation lie Francis’s reflections on the Beatitudes, which he calls Jesus’s clear and simple explanation of what it means to be holy. “The Beatitudes are like a Christian’s identity card,” he says; they show us what we have to do, each in our own way, but they also give “a portrait of the Master, which we are asked to reflect in our daily lives.” “Let us allow his words to unsettle us,” he says, “to challenge us and to demand a real change in the way we live. Otherwise holiness will remain no more than an empty word.”

Francis then walks us through the Beatitudes (St Matthew, Ch. 5), concluding each reflection by observing: “that is holiness.” So, “Being poor of heart: that is holiness,” “Reacting with meekness and humility: that is holiness,” “Hungering and thirsting for righteousness: that is holiness,” “Seeing and acting with mercy: that is holiness,” and so on. His reflections are certainly worth reading carefully, informed as they are by his experience of the Dirty War in Argentina, the slums of Buenos Aires, the migrant crises in Europe, the Middle East and America, and his deep discernment of God’s unbounded mercy and compassion.

No wonder that Francis has much to say on the Beatitude of the merciful, expanded in what he calls “the one clear criterion on which we will be judged: ‘I was hungry and you gave me food...’” (Mat. 25: 35-36). He quotes John Paul II that this is “not a simple invitation to charity: it is a page of Christology” which reveals “the very heart of Christ, his deepest feelings and choices, which every saint seeks to imitate.”

Figuratively raising his voice and punching the air, Francis writes:

“Given these uncompromising demands of Jesus, it is my duty to ask Christians to acknowledge and accept them in a spirit of genuine openness, *sine glossa*. In other words, without any ‘ifs or buts’ that could lessen their force. Our Lord made it very clear that holiness cannot be understood or lived apart from these demands, for mercy is the beating heart of the Gospel.”

Francis recognises that: “For Christians, this involves a constant and healthy unease. Even if helping one person alone could justify all our efforts, it would not be enough.” He cites the bishops of Canada in asserting that it also means seeking

social change to achieve just social and economic systems.

“We may think that we give glory to God only by our worship and prayer, or simply by following certain ethical norms...But we cannot forget that the ultimate criterion on which we will be judged is what we have done for others...Our worship becomes pleasing to God when we devote ourselves to living generously, and allow God’s gift, granted in prayer, to be shown in our concern for our brothers and sisters...Mercy is the fullness of justice and the most radiant manifestation of God’s truth.”

Chapter 4: Signs of holiness in today’s world

Francis moves on to suggest five ways of expressing love for God and neighbour which he maintains have practical value in this world of “consumerism, individualism and those forms of ersatz spirituality that dominate the current religious marketplace.”

In summary they are:

Maintaining an inner strength of perseverance, patience and humility before God as a means of enduring hostility, betrayal and the failings of others in society:

- “Christians too can be caught up in networks of verbal violence through the internet and digital communication...Here we see how the unguarded tongue, set on fire by hell, sets all things ablaze.”

Remembering that the saints are joyful and full of good humour:

- “Though realistic, they radiate a positive and hopeful spirit...in the certainty that, when everything is said and done, we are infinitely loved.”

Being bold and passionate; having “an impulse to evangelise and leave a mark on this world:

- Jesus’s deep compassion,” says Francis, “reached out to others. It did not make him hesitant, timid or self-conscious, as often happens with us. Quite the opposite.” “We need to open the door of our hearts to Jesus, who stands and knocks. Sometimes I wonder, though, if perhaps Jesus is already inside us and knocking..for us to let him escape our stale self-centredness.” “More than bureaucrats...the Church needs passionate missionaries, enthusiastic about sharing true life. The saints surprise us, they confound us, because by their lives they urge us to abandon dull mediocrity.”

Living in community. “Growth in holiness is a journey in community, side by side with others,” says Francis.

- He refers to several religious communities canonised collectively, and to many marriages, “where each spouse becomes a means used by Christ for the sanctification of the other.” The common life is made up of many little details; those communities that cherish them create (in John Paul II’s words) “a God-enlightened space in which to experience the hidden presence of the risen Lord”.

Having a “habitual openness to the transcendent, expressed in prayer and adoration”:

- “I do not believe in holiness without prayer, even though that prayer need not be lengthy or involve intense emotion.” He suggests moments of silence when we place ourselves quietly in the Lord’s presence and calmly spend time with him. And when we receive Christ in Holy Communion, “we renew our covenant with him so he may transform our lives.”

Chapter 5: Spiritual combat, vigilance and discernment

Finally, Francis points to some of the difficulties of pursuing a path to holiness since “the Christian life is a constant battle.” Arrayed against us are a worldly mentality, the constant struggle against our human weaknesses and, in particular, the malicious “prince of evil” who should be considered “more than a myth.”

In writing of the Devil as a person not just an abstract concept, Francis follows St Matthew who paints a vivid picture of Satan personally and repeatedly testing Jesus in the desert. Matthew’s account immediately precedes the Sermon on the Mount, but in *Gaudete*, Francis’s warning about the Evil One follows his reflections on the Beatitudes.

He advises us to discern prayerfully whether something is from the Holy Spirit or from a malign source. He recommends a daily examination of conscience to recognise the ways of the Lord. “Only if we are prepared to listen do we have freedom to set aside our own partial or insufficient ideas, our habits and ways of seeing things.” “Discernment is about recognising how we can better accomplish the mission entrusted to us at our baptism.” “It is an authentic process of leaving ourselves behind in order to approach the mystery of God...”

Francis ends his Exhortation by invoking Mary, “who lived the Beatitudes of Jesus as none other...She teaches us the way of holiness and she walks ever at our side.”

Who am I to critique anything the Holy Father writes? Francis shows us the path to follow and how we may better live the Beatitudes. Nevertheless, some aspects of *Gaudete* invite further reflection. Here are three.

Holiness or only crumbs of comfort?

A straw poll of acquaintances suggests that few think holiness can be widespread in current society. Many good actions, yes certainly. A number of well-intentioned even sainted people, yes. But holiness...?

Perhaps this word connotes such an utterly rare state of being that we shy away from it, despite recognising that Christians are called to it? Our own lives are full of petty failings, errors of judgement and acts of self-interest that even pursuing holiness may seem beyond us? Contemporary media largely report an unholy world we readily recognise: fallible people, failed relationships, shameful episodes, self-delusion. Can the small gestures and charitable outlook Francis describes help us “leave ourselves behind,” out of our too-human condition, to approach “the mystery of God”?

Yet Francis wants *Gaudete* to “excite and encourage us to give our all and to embrace the unique plan that God willed for each of us from eternity: ‘Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I consecrated you’ (Jer 1:5).” He says we must not be discouraged by all those examples of holiness which appear unattainable. He reminds us that “the faithful...are called by the Lord, each in his or her own way” to discern a path to holiness.

Referring to the lives of Oscar Romero, Paul VI and others recently, Francis held out the highest standards for us to aspire to. “Jesus gives all and he asks all” he said. “He gives a love that is total and asks for an undivided heart. He gives himself to us as living bread; can we give him crumbs in exchange?”

Francis recognises that the path is strewn with obstacles, even for himself. Elsewhere he has readily admitted to having made “hundreds of errors, errors and sins,” for which he has asked forgiveness. When he was appointed bishop, he adopted as his episcopal motto the phrase *miserando atque eligendo*, unworthy yet chosen, because “that was how I felt God saw me...and how he wants me to look upon others: with much compassion and as if I were choosing them for him; not excluding anyone, because everyone is chosen by the love of God.”

So, as we recognise the chasm between what we strive for ourselves and what the saints show us, we sense Jesus’s compassion. “In the end,” writes Francis consolingly, “it is Christ who loves in us,” and he quotes his predecessor, Benedict XVI: “holiness is nothing other than charity lived to the full.”

Holiness is personal but not singular

Gaudete is essentially Francis's appeal to each believer to raise their game. So we are asked to consider how we may go about it personally and what we might do. But is this sufficient?

Francis asserts that we are best able to seek holiness in community: "...no one is saved alone, as an isolated individual. Rather, God draws us to himself, taking into account the complex fabric of interpersonal relationships in a human community." However, he says little further about pursuing holiness in community and only briefly in Chapter 4, citing religious orders and loving families, as we have seen.

This seems a missed opportunity to say more about collective ways in which we might encourage each other to grow in charity, such as through faith-based or even secular organisations with a specific concern for human welfare or social justice, of which there are many. The parish, too, the building block of the Church's structure, is surely worth much more than a single mention in this context? There must be many initiatives at parish, deanery and diocesan level which aim at creating far more vibrant faith communities.

How effective is formal written style in a digitally connected world?

In an age of soundbites and short attention spans, *Gaudete* is written in what seems a rather old-fashioned pedagogical style, among which flash several vivid phrases and examples. Perhaps that is how Latin and Italian texts find expression in English? A pithier version which makes its points more urgently might find a wider lay readership. An example of this is Francis's first homily as Bishop of Rome during his 2013 Chrism Mass. Addressed to his fellow priests, he urged them to take the sacred oils and go out to anoint the poor, marginalised and oppressed faithful, and be "like shepherds living with the smell of the sheep." His language was poetic and moving, and all in ten paragraphs of text. And very widely reported.

This is not to ask for messages in 140 words or characters, but to recognise that more and more people will read a papal document, or someone else's excerpts of it, on screen; probably a mobile device's screen.

The Vatican Press Office already produces a flow of communications in digital formats, so perhaps it is not a big step for the Supreme Pontiff's messages to millions of Catholics and fellow Christians to be structured so that they reach the widest audience possible?

VOLUNTEERING FOR THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

PATRICK DAVEY (E59)

The road to Uganda and Mountains of the Moon University (MMU) began
someway up a waterfall near Ilkley. At the age of 14 I was climbing a water fall
and when high enough that a fall could have been fatal, I slipped and two things
happened simultaneously: I felt a hand in the middle of my back until I had regained
my balance, and, I knew, my life was for a purpose and I would know it when the
time arrived. Over the next 45 years there were many events, good and bad, from my
perspective, but each gave me a skill or knowledge, which I would need when we
arrived in Uganda.

From my teens my understanding had always been that life is for service and,
paraphrasing St Benedict, ‘life is prayer.’

I decided to retire early, at age 61, from my position as Assistant Head of the School
of Biological Sciences in the Dublin Institute of Technology and offer myself as a
volunteer for work overseas. Two people with no connection whatsoever suggested
that I contact Vincent Kenny, who was the CEO of Volunteer Mission Movement
(VMM), and discuss what I might do. I got on well with Vincent, particularly because
he confirmed my belief that aid should focus on skills transfer and, most importantly,
should be based on local commitment and initiative. Anyone interested in this topic
should read *The Aid Triangle*.

When I retired, I expected to leave immediately to be Dean of the Medical School
of Mwanza Hospital in Tanzania, but the project faded out because the hospital was
taken over by Cornell University to be their African campus for AIDS, TB and
Malaria research. At the same time, my father’s prostate cancer took off so I was
available to support my mother until he died at home. Importantly, it meant that
family members could come and stay without it being a burden. In the week
following my father’s burial, Vincent rang to ask if I would go to Uganda to be the
Vice Chancellor of Mountains of the Moon University – long pause – “but you will
have to start it first.” I knew, absolutely, that this was what I was here to do, so I was
able to say yes with complete conviction and the confidence that this was not my
project, but that it belonged to the Holy Spirit who I assumed would see to it that it
worked. Over the next four and a half years He needed reminding of this fact quite
forcibly on several occasions.

My wife (née Kathie Montgomery) was far from convinced that this was her idea of
fun but eventually realised that it would be a life-changing experience and that she

needed to be part of it. In the event, not only did she thrive but ran her own project to build a factory to make intravenous saline for rehydration and the administration of drugs by drip. This was especially important for malaria, but frequently unavailable due to shortage of funds resulting in disruption of the supplies from India.

Shortly after saying yes to Vincent I received a copy of the 'University', sixty pages of academic structures, faculties, courses and curricula, names of people available to take up senior positions and, most importantly, financial information. Obviously a great deal of high quality planning had gone into the book, but the budget felt as if it was entirely aspirational.

Two months later I had the opportunity to meet Fr Albert Byaruhanga in Gouda, so I flew over and was impressed and encouraged by his answers to my 50 or so questions. At the end I asked if the committee would refund me my travel expenses. The answer was entirely reasonable: he would take the request to the committee, but it told me what I wanted to know, that there was no money. This was the only time I was a step ahead of him. Some years later, when I knew Fr Albert much better, I told him this and I had the distinct impression that he was not best pleased.

For the previous year or two, because of family history, I had been having PSA tests for prostate cancer and a biopsy showed some minor signs, but four surgeons were confident that two years in Uganda would carry no risk. We left Dublin in early November after very nearly missing our transfer in London. On arrival in Entebbe we were tired and in no hurry to get off the plane only to discover that our luggage had not arrived. This involved a long delay while the issue was sorted out and only then did we discover that there was a VIP welcome party waiting for us.

Finally we set off on the 50km journey to Kampala and were taken to Makerere University Guest House where we stayed three nights getting used to a city where the traffic seemed to be in permanent gridlock and clearing a path needed noise. Taxis or matatus, calling their routes and beeping for attention, cutting in and out of the traffic and all the time the swirling chaos of borda-bordas, the ubiquitous motorbike taxis, fast across town, if you make it, cheap, carrying everybody and everything except knowledge of the rules of the road.

The road from Entebbe to Kampala was tarmac, full of trucks, Land Cruisers belonging to government and NGOs, often driven as if they were the only inhabitant of the planet. Add in brightly dressed crowds and bicycles, and even on this road, the odd goat and cow, stalls selling by the heap or bowl, tomatoes, beans, aubergines, Irish (potatoes), jack fruit, avocados, oranges, matoke (green cooking bananas), yellow eating bananas and many more all to become so familiar when we set up

house. The overall impression: movement, light and people. As we reach the outskirts of Kampala on its seven hills we see the down town, a few high rise buildings in vivid blue and the road we were on lined with produce, furniture, beds and chairs, iron work security gates, coffins and windows stacked to the sky, bricks, tiles, poles, posts and reeds for fencing and always people, people on the move.

Because our baggage was delayed and the next plane was only in three days time we received compensation which allowed us to buy some clothes and other necessities, the most necessary of all being a hand-wound sewing machine. How at this stage of the project Kathie knew how vital it would be I don't know but for weeks it seemed to be in permanent use.

The few days in Kampala were a blur of meetings and introductions to people who would need to know us the next time we met. The problems with this were the number of people we met and the difficulty non Africans have in recognising and remembering African faces, and vice versa. We had a striking example two years later when bringing a new volunteer to Fort Portal, I told him that soon enough someone would speak to him thinking that they were speaking to me. Within 5 minutes of arriving in Fort Portal exactly as predicted he was in a conversation, but totally confused as he had been mistaken for me. In time I discovered that Africans are very sensitive to shades of colour and this is their primary point of reference, as ours might be hair style or colour.

At the end of the three days of meetings we left Kampala with Fr. Albert for the three hundred km journey to Fort Portal. Although Fr. Albert was always very time conscious, this time we left about three hours late, not a good idea on that road since only about 75km. were reasonably decent tarmac and besides motor vehicles, some lighted, some not, there were large numbers of pedestrians and bicycles with no lights which made driving at night very hazardous. Being more or less on the equator, daylight was from 7.10am to 7.10pm all the year round. Later I learned that the lack of visibility, of pedestrians in particular, was a carryover from the times of civil strife when it was much safer to be invisible. Four years later when we came to leave, lights, torches and reflective clothing were common, but not universal, so night driving was still very stressful and hazardous.

The University, in the person of its Chairman, Justice Seth Manyindo, had contracted with VMM that there would be a house with hard and soft furnishings, a vehicle and driver who would be available for our use at weekends and other free times.

The next day we were taken to see our house. It had only just been completed and was in a stunning position on a ridge looking out to the Rwenzori mountains where we often watched magical sunsets and magnificent storms. The house had a garden

with a lawn and nine trees both fruit and ornamental but none taller than 25cm. For the first time in thirty-five years of married life we had an en suite bathroom. Altogether a gem of a house in a wonderful position. But – no contents, no furnishings, hard or soft, no vehicle and no driver. It was now that the cash from the sale of the car and the compensation from British Airways became so valuable.

Pilar, a Spanish VM and Fr Francis Muhenda, who had a pick-up, took us in hand and to the carpentry workshops. We bought a bed from the side of the road, ordered chairs, bought a mattress, sheets and cushions, borrowed plates, cutlery, a cooker and some pans and moved into our new home. Until the chairs arrived we sat on the floor or on piles of cushions. Once we had a table and chairs the sewing machine was at full stretch as Kathie made curtains, cushion covers and all the rest needed to make an empty house into a home.

The question now arose: would we employ a housekeeper, something we had never done but on reflection the answer had to be yes. It would have been unacceptable to the local community that the Vice-Chancellor of the University, although non-existent at this time, would not have help in the house, the money was needed in the local economy and if we got the right person they would be a great help in the many situations we were bound to meet where guidance would be needed.

Friends advised that Mary was a good worker, pleasant, helpful and most important of all, totally honest. So started, after interview, a friendship that lasted beyond our return to Ireland. Mary did all the work in the house, including some of the market shopping, this only after she had trained Kathie. One of the main jobs Mary had was washing the clothes which in the heat and dust did not stay clean very long. When the electricity was on we had plenty of hot water and we also had a table made for Mary to work at, but all to no avail: washing was always done in cold water with the bowl on the ground with straight legs as is the local way. No washing machine ever got the clothes as clean as Mary did. We learned that every item of clothing washed and dried must be ironed, not for appearance but to kill the eggs of the mango fly which lays in damp clothing and the grubs, when they hatch, burrow below the skin. Not dangerous but very irritating and to be avoided.

After a week of exemplary work and adequate timekeeping, given she had no watch, Mary announced she could not stay. Clearly she was very unhappy about this and Kathie pressed her hard to explain. Thus our first introduction to witchcraft. Mary told us that every day when she arrived for work she was met by a woman claiming that she had taken this woman's job and that she was putting the evil eye on Mary. We assured Mary that this was nonsense, we had given her the job, we most certainly wanted her to stay and that with this behaviour the other woman would not get the job anyway. In the meantime, Kathie had discovered that Mary had worked for Carol

Adams, a most remarkable American woman in Fort Portal running an organisation looking after some hundreds of AIDS orphans in their villages. Carol came over to help Mary: “Mary, you know Jesus, you go to church, you know he is the strongest and will look after you.” “Yes, but this lady has strong magic.” “Yes, but not as strong as Jesus who loves you, she cannot hurt you if you trust Him.” Finally, Mary agreed to stay.

When Mary had gone, doubtful but determined to continue, to our great relief, Carol continued to tell us stories of her experiences of the occult used to terrify and control villagers to the extent of seeing green smoke coming under her door while trying to convince a neighbour that she could not be harmed by spells, the smoke withdrawing at the name of Jesus. Carol was no push-over; she had been a security guard in Chicago, set up a riding school in Hawaii and coached Olympic riders, a very down-to-earth and practical level-headed Christian.

Now we were able to start work on the University. Fortunately Kalyegera Philip, a retired head master, was able to come and work with me. After many visits to buildings, complete or not, we eventually settled on a nearly finished beer warehouse. With ongoing modifications it is still in use fifteen years later.

At this point two major hurdles became clear. First, the National Council for Higher Education which had been newly formed to sort out the chaos in the higher education arena. As it turned out we were their guinea pig and the main problem we presented was the speed at which we were able to work, completing in three weeks work for which they proposed three years. The other major problem was funding, because we had none, other than small money from fundraising and gifts from friends and family. When we had been in Uganda for three months my cancer erupted and I returned immediately to Ireland for surgery. While at home the father-in-law of our third born suggested I meet a friend of his who might be interested in helping. At the end of a half hour meeting the important question was: “Did I believe in the project? The answer was an unequivocal “Yes” because I knew the project was not mine but the Holy Spirit’s. Two weeks later a cheque arrived for €50,000 which was enough to run MMU for eighteen months and just as the money ran out this now good friend, asked if we could do with more, a silly question. He used us as a project in a business development course he was doing and raised another four hundred thousand euro plus a building. This kept us going until we had enough students to keep us solvent and the government, for two years, made a special donation.

The philosophy of the university has been crucial to its development. All other universities in Uganda are owned by the government, or by some interest group such as a tribe, various Christian denominations or Muslim or are business undertakings of very poor quality. But MMU is owned by the community, for the community, so

the courses are chosen because of need. Also all courses run either as full time, evening or weekend to allow those who have jobs, to keep them. Also all courses were structured to recognise the limitations of the local school education system which had been devastated by Idi Amin and Milton Obote. Only 30% of the secondary schools could teach, inadequately, to A-Level where two honours were required for University entrance. We set up a system where those with O-Level could study for a Certificate and if they did well could progress to a Diploma and if they did well could now enter a degree course. Those with inadequate A-Levels could enter at the Diploma stage. This scheme was designed in the recognition that many able students failed to reach university entrance standard because of the limitations of their social conditions or school. It is difficult if you have no electricity to do the necessary study.

The first courses were part time to up-skill Grade 3 primary school teachers to degree standard so when we received our licence on 29th March 2005 we were able to accept the first batch of sixteen students in May. Grade 3 teachers are largely drawn from students who had very weak, even failed O-Levels so when this group of students arrived I had the very strong impression that they were physically frightened to walk in through the gates because a university was a place no grade 3 teacher would dream of venturing. Three weeks later there was a marked change as they realised that they could manage the course. Ten years later I met one of the students, now a head teacher, from the course and I asked if my impressions had been correct. With a great laugh and confidence he said “Yes. But look at me now”. That comment made the entire four years work so worthwhile.

In these first few weeks I decided to add Public Administration as a course. The reason for this was that the government had announced that all those working in the public service must have a qualification appropriate to their level and in the country districts very few if any satisfied the requirements. But being on a course their jobs were safe. Similarly a few months later the government announced that health clinics would be opened in every village but at the same time announced that the country was short of six hundred nurses so we established a course in Public Health to generate the administrators these clinics would need.

These changes came directly from our philosophy as a community-owned university: that we serve the needs of the communities in the country regions. The whole purpose, unlike any other institution, was to serve the weakest and poorest and give them the opportunity to reach their full potential. MMU has been very successful in this approach and has a very good reputation, currently being rated number three in the Country out of over fifty universities. A lot of effort was put into engaging the local authorities and people in the project. Shortly before leaving I had a particularly graphic illustration of how effective we had been. A gang arrived from Kampala and

spent two weeks stealing laptops. These were then channelled to a local fifteen year old who was a genius at breaking passwords. The laptop belonging to one of my staff was stolen, but when he opened it and saw it was the property of MMU, he was so angry at the theft from “My University” that he handed in the laptop and himself to the police. In my view he was harshly treated as he ended up in prison for six months but clearly if a fifteen year old felt so strongly that ‘this is my university’ we had made real progress.

When I took on the job of establishing MMU I realised that, starting from a staff of me alone, relationships would be very personal but that a time would come when that would have to change and become more formal. Finding a replacement was not easy because senior academics with administrative experience retire to their library or lab to do the work they have been unable to do during their management years. There was one person ideally suited and available who was retiring because his institution was hiring professors on the basis of how much money they would bring rather than academic credentials, one of the unfortunate consequences of treating Universities as a business. Douglas ran MMU for two years and then handed over to local management which has now been in place for nearly ten years. This illustrates why I engaged with VMM: we stay involved with the project long enough to ensure it is viable and then hand over to local staff but continue a slowly decreasing level of support where particular skills are still needed.

For me personally it was, and still is, an amazingly rewarding four years, being the culmination of a life lived in expectation of guidance and support from the Holy Spirit at a time of his choosing. Whatever we give we receive so very much more in return and on that basis I would encourage people to consider very seriously the idea of giving time to volunteer after retirement, especially early retirement. By that stage in life we all have skills and knowledge which are valuable merely by having lived in a ‘developed’ country. I put the word developed in inverted commas because although we bring a lot with us we also learn a great deal from the community with whom we have gone to live and share our skills. This is particularly valid for Christians for whom living and prayer should be so closely integrated as to be virtually inseparable. Ultimately it is in reality a true living of the Body of Christ and for me that is what life is for and about.



EVEREST MAY 2018

FERGUS MCDONALD (T82)

For eight hours Chebbi and I had climbed in the darkness with no light save the bright white beams from our head torches. Eight hours to climb 900m, a height gain which at sea level would normally take less than two. I stopped again to capture more breaths and looked up, my torch light picking up the steep sided ridge ahead. A tap on the shoulder and I turned to see a heavily gloved hand pointing up the slope in front of me – “summit.” It was the only English word he had spoken all evening but after several false summits, I hoped he was right. I looked again and thought I could make out some kind of pole up there. I breathed in deeply a few more times, then dropped my eyes to the rope and took another step.

At 4.25am I stepped onto the small snowy summit, gaudily decorated with prayer flags and a bizarrely incongruous golden statue, just as a thin pink light began to mark the Eastern horizon, many miles away. As Chebbi and I, alone on the summit of Everest, faced away from the bitter Northerly wind, the light gradually increased until shortly before 5.00am a blaze of light burst above a layer of cloud 3,000m below and lit up the snowy side of the ridge we had just traversed in a weak orange light. Three climbers appeared from the Chinese side of the mountain and together we surveyed the scene as the light strengthened and added detail to the vast view. The peaks of the great mountains Lhotse, Nuptse and Makalu pushed through the cloud and began to glow, their summits hundreds of metres below us. I took my hands out of my thick down mittens to manage the camera I had kept warm inside my jacket and took photos until my fingers were too cold to continue. After 45 minutes, other climbers were beginning to arrive from the Southern, Nepalese side of the “hill” and Chebbi and I were cold. It was time to descend.

I had arrived in Kathmandu six weeks earlier, but in truth the journey to climb Everest had started many years earlier. It was the culmination of a love of mountains and wild places that began with my first Munros on Sea Scout Easter Camps in the Highlands, led by Richard Gilbert, Gerard Simpson and Fr Richard among others. By the time I left University, I had climbed perhaps 130 Munros, as well as mountains in the Alps, Pyrenees, Norway and Iceland and I was truly hooked. But then I began work in the City and that side of my life suddenly stopped as family and work pressures mounted. I barely climbed another mountain for over 25 years until I stopped full time banking at the age of 48 and found myself in the unusual position of having time on my hands. By then my knees were in a bad way – two operations on one knee had resulted in osteoarthritis. I had not run a step for five years and did no more exercise than some gentle indoor bike sessions. Surely there was no real chance I could start mountaineering again?

There was only one way to find out, so I headed for Lochnagar. Over the next five years I climbed some 150 Munros and took up Scottish winter climbing and ice climbing with a vengeance. I found that the more I pushed myself and the fitter I became, the more resilient my joints became. Then in the summer of 2017 I decided to step it up a level and so I travelled to the Alps and climbed a number of classic routes as well as the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc. That made me think – what about climbing in the Himalayas? Could that be possible?

As a teenager, I had devoured books about climbing the high peaks of the Himalayas. My heroes were the great climbers of the day and where other boys had posters of rock groups on their bedroom walls, I had pictures of climbers and mountains, but the reality of climbing there seemed impossibly distant. Until now. Feeling confident after my recent climbs, I picked a mountain called Baruntse (7,129m), chosen for its height rather than its technical difficulty. I needed to know how I would cope at high altitude having only reached 5,200m before. The ascent was a success, but it proved to be physically tougher than I had been prepared for. The question that began to nag at me was, could I go higher?

The answer, I decided, was yes. I just needed to get fitter, so with Everest now in my sights for the May 2018 season, I was soon running or cycling for up to two hours every day. After letting myself loose on some Scottish winter routes, I felt as ready as I could ever be when I finally departed to Kathmandu at the end of March to join my team.

The following excerpts are from my diary written on the mountain six weeks into the trip after a long and beautiful trek from Lukla. By this point we had completed three “rotations,” climbing from Everest Base Camp (EBC) and back to each of Camps One, Two and Three to help our bodies adapt to the extreme altitude. This part of the journey begins at EBC at the start of the final push to the top. Team members are Tim (leader), Adam, Adrian, Rupert, Mark and George.

Saturday 12th May – EBC to Camp 2

I had diarrhoea the night before plus some painful wind. Adam, Adrian and I start for Camp 2 at 5.00am in torchlight. Adam says - “first steps to the summit” - and promptly trips over a solar heater. Not an auspicious start!

The first half of the route, through the Khumbu Ice Fall, winds over and around great chunks of ice, each the size of a London bus, and over dodgy aluminium ladder bridges that span crevasses over 30m deep. Fixed ropes remove much of the danger but still, this is no place for a fall. The metal tools on my harness clink as I walk. As dawn breaks, the pointed snow-covered peak of Pumori behind us lights up

brightly from the top, like an ice cream cone.

Adrian and I stick together until the ice climb above Camp 1. This is a climb up a 20m vertical face, jumaring up fixed ropes. Hard going with a pack.

Above Camp 1 we enter the Western Cwm surrounded by the horseshoe of mammoth mountains – Everest on the left, Lhotse at the head and Nuptse on my right. I find myself alone for the last couple of hours as strong winds rush down the Nuptse face – at times I have to drop down onto my knees to avoid being blown over.

I'm shattered by the time I arrive at Camp 2 and am quietly thankful when Rupert, who arrived here the day before, carries my sack for the final 50m/

Sunday 13th May – Camp 2

A much needed rest day. Tim and Rupert, a day ahead of us, leave to Camp 3. I wake to hot sunshine and am already feeling better. I spend a lazy day reading.

In the afternoon everyone, including the Sherpas, crowds around radios – it quickly becomes clear there aren't enough oxygen bottles at Camp 4 for our summit bid. Tim, on the radio at Camp 3, suggests we further delay our summit bid by two days. Not what we wanted to hear. There is general confusion about how many bottles are even at Camp 4 with suggestions that some bottles have been stolen by other teams. What we do know is that there are too many bottles still at Camp 2. After 7.00pm we lose Tim on the radio. It's still very uncertain how this will resolve itself but without oxygen, we cannot summit. A couple of Sherpas get ready to carry bottles all the way to Camp 4 – they will set off at 11.00pm. Tough guys!

Monday 14th May - Camp 2

We wake to fresh snow and poor visibility.

Forced to stay at Camp 2 for another day, I go for walk to the bottom of the Lhotse Face and meet Tim as he comes down from Camp 3. He's decided to come down to try and sort out the confusion with the logistics. I continue but eventually lose the track in the mist. With hidden crevasses all around it's foolhardy to go on, so I turn back and return to Camp 2.

Tuesday 15th May - Camp 2 to Camp 3

I leave at 5.00am. The first half part of the walk to the end of the Western Cwm is fine but once I clip my jumar onto the ropes on the steep Lhotse Face, it soon becomes tortuous. Am I still a bit ill? A really tough day. I feel slow and ponderous



and in my down suit I become desperately hot once the sun hits the slope. Very carefully I remove my rucksack, clipping it to the rope, and then my jacket, but as I put my rucksack back on, I flick my sunglasses off my face with my arm. They skitter past a Sherpa 10m below me who tries and fails to catch them, and I can only watch miserably as they fall hundreds of metres down the icy slope until I can no longer see them. Feeling furious with myself, and with extreme care, I take off my rucksack one more time, and retrieve my goggles – lose them and my expedition is over.

The rest of the climb is very hard going - four breaths for each step. I count steps all the way, allowing myself a longer break after every twenty or thirty steps, adopting the classic exhausted-climber pose, bending forward with elbow resting on knee of front leg and head drooping. The views, however, are magnificent!

At 7,000m I reach the tents of Camp 3, perched at an angle a third of the way up the Lhotse Face. I'm exhausted, but after removing my crampons and harness, I have to begin melting ice with my tent-mate, Adrian. Dehydration is literally a killer at this altitude and we must drink constantly.

Wednesday 16th May – Camp 3 to Camp 4

After a surprisingly good sleep, I feel much better in the morning.

Adam, Adrian and Rupert leave the tent at 6.00am. I would have done too but someone knocks my melted water over, so I spend another 20 minutes melting more ice.

I walk like a robot with pneumatic legs – it's awkward and there's no real connection between one step and the next and yet maintaining a rhythm is vital. Looking ahead at the line of climbers in front, it's as though there is a long chain of people who are barely moving and yet they all are, just very slowly, all locked into their own small concentrated world. There is a crunch and squeak of boots in the snow as my crampons first connect, then compress, then release from the snow.

I tuck in behind a large group who are moving well and soon catch Adrian at a rare stopping point. Together, we make our way to the rocky Yellow Band. It's very steep with lots of old, probably frayed, ropes – have to be careful here. We then begin a seemingly endless traverse to the black rocky hump of the Geneva spur before following a short but painful climb to its ridge. With the sun up, I am now roasting. I cannot afford to lose fluid through sweat and so take my jacket off, worried in case I drop something again. Feeling fresher, I follow an easy flatter rocky section to Camp 4 at the South Col at 8,000m.

The tent is technically a 4-man tent but when I arrive at 3.00pm, Adam, Rupert and Adrian are already there and there is no room for all of us plus our kit and bottles of oxygen. There are empty food bags and bits of food everywhere. I scrunch myself into a corner feeling very tired. We melt snow on the Jetboil constantly so every now and then someone has to put their boots on and go out with an ice axe to fill up a bag with new snow. It takes half an hour to melt enough for a litre of water and we have to drink throughout the day, as well as make the two litres we each need to take on the summit bid. Kit is everywhere – all around the sides of the tent and in the vestibule areas between the inner and outer tents. Inner boots and socks hang from the strings around our heads and voluminous high altitude down sleeping bags take up the bulk of the space inside the tent itself.

Tim, on the radio, says we all have to go for the summit tonight, as originally planned. While Adam and Rupert feel ready, Adrian and I say we cannot do this; we're just too tired after arriving from Camp 3. Tim eventually relents, which is good except that we have not bought food for an additional 24 hours, just some sweets and snacks. Adam and Rupert depart at 9.00pm wearing head torches and oxygen masks. I hug them and wish them a safe climb.

Thursday 17th May – Summit bid and return to Camp 3

I wake feeling good and emerge from the tent to fetch a bag of snow to be greeted by an astonishingly beautiful view across to Lhotse and Everest South Summit above us.

I spend the day heating water. Very little food – just some mashed potato and Alpen bars!

Adam arrives back from the summit at 8.30am having passed some slow people in front early on during his ascent. Rupert arrives close to midday, exhausted, and promptly falls asleep in our tent with all his gear on.

As I rest, ahead of my summit bid, I nervously listen to the wind, which seems to be rising. There are clouds in the sky as well. The forecast is still good but is it accurate? The fabric of the tent flaps loudly.

Adrian and I depart from Camp 4 at 8.30pm – stuck behind a really slow group. Eventually I overtake. Adrian seems to be finding it hard going so I overtake him plus others. Feeling great for once. The stars are incredible, the sky is now cloudless, and the wind has dropped. I wonder if my renewed energy is because the oxygen flow rate is set too high and don't want to risk running out. Chebbi checks and after some linguistic challenges it turns out to be at the correct level of 2.5 litres a minute.

I walk slowly but steadily and without stops – enjoying myself. I arrive at a flatter section, the Balcony, at 12.10am (ahead of most, bar two people whose bright torches I can see ahead). Change oxygen bottle for a fresh one.

At 2.45am I make it to the South summit, ahead of everyone now, and have the mountain to myself. The only disadvantage is that I have to make trail and dig out buried ropes. There are lots of false summits and some tricky rocky sections which are tiring. I cannot see the steep falls on the ridge to either side in the darkness – just as well perhaps given how long the drop is!

I arrive at the main summit at 4.25am – before dawn. There's just an orange glow on the horizon. As the light brightens, incredible views are revealed all around, of mountains poking up through a blanket of cloud. It's extraordinary being the highest person on the planet! Bitterly cold – get frostbite trying to sort out camera exposures. See triangular Everest shadow stretching towards the west. Three climbers from north side arrive on summit. I stay for 45 minutes before more climbers arrive from Nepalese side.

The descent is tiring and it's tough to get safely past people on the ridge who are coming up (I can see the drop clearly now!). Chebbi leaves me to myself to be with his brother who is coming up with Adrian – it is his first ascent too. Eventually I get off the ridge and begin descending the big snow slope to Camp 4, arriving there at 9.25am, 13 hours after leaving it.

Friday 18th May - Camp 4 to Camp 3

Adrian and I crash in the tent for a few hours, melting water again and regretting we had nothing much to eat. Adrian insists on staying another night at Camp 4 but it's dangerous to spend so long above 8,000m, even with oxygen. Leaving him, I begin to descend with Gian Sherpa at 3.00pm. We're both very tired. Gian is, in fact, in a much worse state than me – he has a bad cough and has completely lost his voice. We stop frequently. After negotiating the yellow band, I call Tim on the radio and tell him we won't make it safely to Camp 2 as planned but will have to stop at Camp 3 – a safe haven but again, there are no supplies there. By now I fear Gian may be slightly hypoxic since he is walking like a drunk man at times – a fall here could be fatal. With relief, we reach the tent. There is, at least, a stove so we can make water and we discover a packet of mash potato. The altitude and exertion have stolen my appetite, so I just make enough for a badly sick Gian.

Saturday 19th May - Camp 3 to Camp 2

Gian and I wake after an uncomfortable night. I melt plenty of water and I force



down the remains of the mashed potato. We set off at 5.00am, both feeling wretched and tired, and free-hand or abseil down the rest of the Lhotse face. I meet Tim, coming up, at the bottom of the Lhotse Face. Since this will be the last time I see him before I leave the mountain we shake hands and I wince as my frost-bitten fingers are squeezed. Later I pass George and Mark just above Camp 2. Big smiles and hugs all round and I wish them lots of good luck for their attempt.

Sunday 20th May - Camp 2 to Kathmandu

Adrian and I leave Camp 2 at 5.00am. The first section of the Cwm is lovely with good views as the sun lights up Pumori.

Negotiating the Ice Fall is horrendous. The warmth of the last few days has widened the crevasses so that there are big jumps required in places. I nearly get lost a couple of times where old ropes have confusingly been left in place. Fortunately, a passing Sherpa warns me off one treacherous route and as I turn a corner, I can see the ladder at the end of it just hanging down a huge crevasse. Later I reach two perilous looking ladders and am so sure I've taken another wrong turn that I waste 20 minutes trying to find a better route.

Eventually I cross the ladders on my hands and knees, thankful that there was no one to see me, and happily find myself back on track. At one point I hear a loud crack and instinctively duck expecting to see ice fall, but nothing. Then my foot drops through a hole to my knee. Too much excitement!

The bottom section by base camp is almost as bad – impossible to see a path and it's slippery after removing my crampons.

Back in EBC, I quickly pack up my kit, eat a couple of fried eggs that our cook has made for me and jump on a helicopter bound for Kathmandu, with several large bags piled up in front of my face. After seven weeks of walking and climbing I find myself back in my hotel within two hours of leaving the mountain. An hour later, I hear that George, whom I had seen yesterday with a huge smile on his face, has just died climbing to Camp 4. He had a heart attack somewhere below the yellow band. Desperately sad.

Final Thoughts

Did I enjoy it? I don't think anyone truly enjoys climbing Everest. I asked an American on the way home the same question – he'd only made it to Camp 4 then had to give up for lack of oxygen bottles and was later evacuated from Camp 2 with snow-blindness after losing his goggles - "Are you kidding? You're cold all the time,

it's uncomfortable, it's brutal on your body, the food's awful and makes you sick and you're in danger all the time. What's there to enjoy?" For my part, I lost more than 10% of my body weight and have some mild frostbite in two finger tips.

Still, there is something truly special about the "hill" and the awesome beauty of the mountain wilderness that stretches across vast distances. I developed a strong bond with my teammates and the tough and courageous Nepalese people were a constant inspiration. At the end though, what my American friend did not have, but I did, was the extraordinary experience of standing, almost alone, on top of the world while the sun came up. Looking around through perfectly clear air, from the height of a commercial airliner, at a horizon more than a hundred miles away in all directions and surrounded by the grandest landscape on the planet is like – well, there are no words or pictures that can adequately capture the feeling.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT

FR MICHAEL PHILLIPS OSB

The Diocese of Arundel & Brighton is planning for a time when they are reduced to 20 priests working on the Parishes. A circular has been sent out to all the Parishes asking the Clergy and Laity where these would best be placed. At present, there are approximately 100 Parishes in the Diocese. This means that four out of five Parishes will not have a resident priest, when the time comes for this prediction to be fulfilled. There will be similar effects on all the other Dioceses. In large towns the problem may not be so bad, as the churches are closer together but in the country the effect on the laity is likely to be greater because the churches are further apart.

How has the Church responded to this impending crisis? Some Bishops were urged to call for women priests but Rome said, "No." Bishops have tried introducing priests from India or Africa. Sometimes this has worked, but the language is often a problem and the adaptation to a different culture can also pose difficulties.

Another reaction has been to close Parishes. If a Bishop did not have enough priests, it was easy to say that a small Parish should be closed, the Church sold and the faithful attend a neighbouring Parish. Bishops very soon found out that the laity wanted a say in the matter. Not everyone has a car, and the buses do not run on Sundays. And in any Parish there is a network of relationships which has built up over the years between all ages of the laity, which would be immediately destroyed especially in rural areas.

The laity must now be encouraged to take responsibility. It can be done but it takes time. The laity are often reluctant to take on roles previously held by the priest.

I remember asking the Choir Master to recommend one of his choir members to sing the Exultet at Easter, because I did not have a good singing voice. When told, as on so many other occasions, that "Father always does this," I said that I would ask one of the female members of the choir to do it. This so affronted the Choir Master that he offered to do it himself. He did and very tuneful and prayerful it was too.

The process must start because it takes time to train the laity, and this can best be done by existing priests or nuns working in the Parish. Once they are gone, all their experience in preparing people for the Sacraments will be lost.

Working as a parish priest in two of our Benedictine Parishes at a time of ever decreasing number of priests in both the Dioceses and the Monastery, I had to decide where my priorities lay. Although I was trained as an accountant, I decided that I

would not touch the account books but leave this to the parish secretary. I provided a system for the computer and taught her how to use it. She was also able to handle the Newsletter after I had provided the Mass Intentions. I had never been a cook and decided that I was not going to spend time learning to do this. I asked that the Parish provide me with a midday meal, and do the shopping. This freed up my day and enabled me to get to know the parishioners by visiting them and getting to know the children in the schools by spending time with them. A computer programme which had a database for parishioners enabled me to build up a record of parishioners with their addresses and the family members, dates of birth and reception of the sacraments. When I left to go to a larger parish, I felt that I had left behind a solid base for my successor.

In the larger parish I was able to make the same basic provision for food and finances but discovered that Father had to make all the decisions. The first question I was asked on my arrival was “what colour flowers would Father like for Christmas?” There was nothing wrong with that, but it showed me where I had to begin. I inherited a Parish Council that was very good at saying, “Yes, Father.” I needed to know what they felt on a number of issues and decided that I had to provoke a response. Since Easter was coming up, I suggested that the Archbishop had spoken about the possibility of having the Vigil readings read from an armchair on the altar. It was true: that is what he had said but it produced a flood of outrage from the whole Parish Council and thereafter I could not say anything without provoking a discussion. It was good to get the honest opinions of a representative group of the Parish.

Chaplaincy in Secondary Schools was a problem. I was not able to spend time in the day at School. I was able to say Mass on a regular basis and attend Penance services arranged by the RE teachers. I suggested that the Governors employ a lay chaplain but this met with a frosty reception. It was only when I proposed paying half the salary of a lay chaplain for a trial period of two years that the idea was accepted. It worked and the school picked up the full salary after the trial period. The other attempt I made was to establish a Youth Club. Two good ladies ran it for me and I collected out of date fruit from Tesco and made smoothies for the youngsters. We were not open every night of the week but it became a gathering point for the young and was very popular but sadly not developed when I retired.

In training the laity to take responsibility for preparation for the Sacraments, I started with the easy one, First Confession and First Holy Communion. I was looking for a lead-Catechist who was a good organiser and would get things ready before the children arrived. For the other Catechists, the parents of the children involved were obvious choices and I was not afraid of involving parents who had given up the practice of the faith. Good catechists from one year were encouraged to do another.

Choosing Catechists for Confirmation was more difficult, but I found that a practising adult, coupled with a practising teenager who had recently been confirmed, made a good combination for each small group of youngsters.

Finding Catechists for those wanting to get married was much more difficult. I chose about ten couples who were regular Church goers to come and listen to a man sent by the Diocese. He was used to talking with an overhead projector to about ten couples at once. I saw that this did not fit with couples thinking about doing this in a working-class Parish. I lost that group, and had to leave it a while before gathering together another group who might be prepared to speak with the young couples in their own home where they would be comfortable. This worked and it was a delight to see the bonds it forged between the young couples and the Catechists. This helped the young couples return to Sunday Mass and get involved in other Parish activities. Time is needed to allow for experiments that fail and find solutions that work.

This is the spade work, which must be followed up by choosing leaders who will carry on the work once the Priest has disappeared. These leaders will appear from among the catechists. But unless the spadework is done now, when the priest and nuns are available, the life of the parish will collapse as soon as the priest disappears. Some parishioners will go to a neighbouring parish for the Sacraments but others will not have the means or the determination to do so. The opportunity of preventing this happening is in the hands of the clerical Church and the work must begin before it is too late.

The decline in the number of priests is not a disaster scenario but is a great opportunity for the laity to be involved in the growth of the Church. They have many gifts and skills which the priest does not have. The hidden assumption that a priest, by virtue of his training, has all the social skills needed to connect with people in the modern world is a fallacy.

Now that I am retired I have time to reflect on what the next step should be as the number of priests diminishes further. Perhaps, just as in some Missionary countries, the priest will go round from one community to another distributing the sacraments, while in each local community there will be lay catechists who will prepare the faithful and lead the prayers in Church on Sunday. These leaders, men and women, will grow out of the community but will have to be trained. There are too many people out there, clerical and lay, who prophesy doom for the church. I can see no doom but we need to cast off the shackles of a system which is no longer fit for purpose.

People worry about the diminishing number of Catholics attending Church. They have not lost the Faith but they feel that going to Church does little to put them in

touch with God or keep them in touch with Him.

Is it because Mass is said so fast, or because they cannot hear the prayers that are being said, or simply that they have not been instructed in all the mysteries hidden in the Mass? I think the clergy should be blamed, because they have been instructed and they believe that the congregation have a similar understanding. I ask myself now, how often did I preach about the mysteries hidden in the Mass? I regret to say that it was rare.

The other area that the Church has neglected, I believe, is prayer. Again I accuse myself about how often I preached about prayer?

Fortunately, there are groups forming today using 'Lectio Divina,' a way of using Scripture prayerfully, alone or with other people. A chosen passage is read slowly and perhaps repeated, before individuals come forward with their own prayerful thoughts about it. It is popular with young people and appeals to older people too.

In Japan, in 1620, the Christianity that had been brought to the country over 70 years previously by St Francis Xavier was banned and the missionaries expelled. But before they left they had formed the people into secret cells and sodalities, each with a leader (who had the liturgical calendar), a baptiser, a catechist and a convener. 20,000 Christians survived without the Eucharist for over two centuries. The Scriptures were passed down orally through seven generations. Shusaku Endo's book 'Silence' and the Scorsese film made at the beginning of 2016 deal with the beginning of this period.

The Laity baptised and instructed the faithful so that the Church remained alive. At least we have the time now to train members of the laity, men and women, to do some of the preparatory instruction for the reception of the Sacraments, and to establish the Eucharistic Ministers so that they could lead non-Eucharistic Services in the absence of a Priest. This will take time; and time is running out.



WHAT IS THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN IN A LARGE CORPORATION

OLIVIER WAMBERSIE

Here is a question: “What is the life of a Christian in a large corporation?” Or, expressed in a more challenging way: “Is it possible to live truly as a Christian and simultaneously pursue a successful career in a large multinational corporation?” The two lifestyles and values seem conflicting, even incompatible at first sight. Some would argue that it requires an acute sense of cynicism or even dis-ingenuity to marry both. Indeed, how can one reconcile the “giving and sharing your wealth and possessions, and helping and loving your neighbour” with moving up the ranks, playing hard and making profits as the bottom line first objective, even with some caveats like if done sustainably and in a socially responsible way, respectful of the laws, regulation and treaties? Jesus said: “I tell you the truth, it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. Again I tell you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.” Some may know that simple joke that describes eager ladder-climbing young wolves in corporations: they indeed believe in “God,” but only as an acronym for “gold-oil-dollars.” This does not help in answering the question!

Personally, this is putting me in serious trouble regarding my long term “post-Corporate” life! I spent the best of the last 30 years climbing the ladders and reaching executive positions in large oil and gas corporations. And during those years, and more forcefully recently as time has passed, I kept asking myself those same questions: have I sold my soul to “God” and betrayed God and his commandments? Last August, I met Fr Richard, who was celebrating a wedding in Rio de Janeiro where I live with my wife. We had a long and very pleasant discussion. The subject turned around the questions stated above. At the end, he asked me if I could write an article for the Ampleforth Journal. So here I am, sharing some reflections, and illustrating the difficult but possible proposition that living as a Christian is very much compatible with a successful and fulfilling career. And also, interestingly and quite provocatively maybe, that bringing Christian values, ethics and behaviours provides an edge in leadership style and in performance. It impacts the way you listen and help colleagues or staff in difficult situations, professionally and in their personal life; it helps during conflicts and tense moments, where listening and understanding the other side is the solution; it does well in confrontational stand-offs, where finding a truly win-win outcome is the right way forward.

Big corporations are complex structures, nearly always evolving and adjusting, as well as being demanding and controlling too. It is literally alive, reacting to changes from societal requests and demands, new environmental conscience, fast

development of new technologies, and also anticipating and creating the future, by being itself the initiator of the changes, the progress and new ways of living and thinking, in fact shaping the society of the future. Today, it is widely expected that Big Corporations play an increasingly large and influential role in our Civil Society, that they are a change agent and factor of progress, as much as what Governments or NGOs will do.

To navigate those uncharted waters is much more difficult than to calculate the bottom line of a P&L account. To prepare for those new challenges, Corporations have to construct their own internal framework, rules and regulations, with their dos and don'ts. They must define, construct and put in place governance models, control processes, sets of core values and expected behaviours. The latter are, typically, honesty, integrity, and respect for people. Although labelled as corporate values, it is obvious that these are universal values. Interestingly, they are very similar from one corporation to another. And more evidently, there is nothing new here; those values have been around for the last 2,000 years and more. For a Christian, there is no effort or training required: this is part of our Christian DNA because we genuinely believe those are the right values (Exodus 20). And why is there so much emphasis in stating those universal values in corporations today? Simply because it works. Because this is the way you need to see your colleagues, i.e. like your neighbour with whom you work, rather than as a competitor or an enemy.

Diversity is an interesting subject. It is part of our civil society, and is present everywhere. Corporations are making a huge effort to become more diverse, striving to have teams made up of staff from different backgrounds, nationality, ethnicity, gender etc. But this relative diversity is defined within a very homogeneous corporate environment, where levels of education, pay, career progression, aspirations, personal development and values are clearly defined and established. You just need to look at the difference between the people walking on the street and those coming out of large corporation headquarters in business districts, and you know where the diversity resides.

Career progression, promotion and competition are part of the daily work environment. For some, it is the focus of their job. This leads to interesting situations about interaction between staff, colleagues or management. This environment drives or influences some behaviours, e.g. sharing or not sharing critical information, timing and ways of presenting news, access to senior management, selection of high potential staff etc. In that context, to master the art of interaction is a real tool, but it may also become so twisted that the natural way of interacting becomes flawed and non-spontaneous, and at the end, the words do not mean anything, the substance is removed from the message. Optimism is a must, the “politically correct” governs the form, problems are called challenges, and always an opportunity to build on. In that

context, giving genuine feedback or talking about the unpleasant naked truth can become pretty difficult, as anything you do or say may be used against you and impair your future. The remedy: workshops, rigorous processes and mock exercises are set up to train managers to excel in giving feedback and interacting professionally with one another.

What does all this have to do with Christianity? Recently, at a leadership meeting with general managers from around the world, the question of staff engagement and staff interaction was raised, especially with newly hired personnel belonging to “diversity” groups. Should there be on-line training more adapted to specific situations, should there be a coaching programme, how to measure improvement in the quality of interactions etc...? I couldn’t resist remarking: “In earlier days, when people used to go to church, they also used to come across a very diverse crowd, a real cross-section of society, the farmers, workers, handicapped, rich, poorly educated, sad or happy goers etc. The church was a fantastic school of life, to experience, grow and enjoy the variety of human interactions, engaging, listening, learning, understanding, and helping. However, the majority of those in Corporation do not go to church these days. They never attended this school of life. Instead, they need processes.” Silence in the room, with a touch of embarrassment. I had used the word “church” in a business meeting. Until a young “high potential” chap broke the silence and commented: “There might be some truth in there, I think indeed we have lost something. I have been asking the same question myself.” There was some relief in the room, as I am sure there were a few who wanted to comment but were afraid to start a “politically incorrect” discussion.

And let’s touch briefly on another aspect of a successful career: it usually comes with a good monetary package. How to use it depends on your priorities and values, in what you believe is better to do. You have more options to give back, more generously but quietly and without ostentation. You can help the Church and contribute financially to their charities and activities; you can sponsor NGOs, participate in their leadership, give them more visibility by inviting them to talk at some corporate events; you can help friends who pass through difficult moments.

Being a Christian does not mean to become an Evangelist and voice the kingdom of God in the workplace with a Bible on the desk. There are rules in corporations that must be followed. This is part of the deal. But depending on your position and the reputation you have built inside the organisation, you can have an impact on designing some corporate rules and processes. You can comment and speak, always respectfully, and behave in certain ways, leading by example. You can spend the time with low-performing staff and address the issue not so much from a business delivery angle, but from a human and compassionate one. You can show more patience in face of adversity, you can be more understanding and give staff a second

chance, or more time to relax if under stress during a meeting. You can show care and compassion genuinely. You can live those universal values of honesty, integrity, and respect for people truly, and in the name of God.



THE BRITISH OFFICER AND THE BENEDICTINE TRADITION

DUNCAN ANDERSON

HEAD OF THE WAR STUDIES DEPARTMENT

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SANDHURST

Ooriginally written for the CCF Centenary brochure in 2011 but worthy of a wider readership.

The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst takes many cadets from Ampleforth. They adapt more rapidly to the demands of the Academy than many others. Their education has already prepared them for a life of service, When they read the 'Queens Commission' and 'Serve to Lead,' for 50 years the 'bible' of the British officer, they find a concept of duty outlined with which they are deeply familiar. This familiarity is not perhaps strange. Much of the work done recently on the values and standards of the British Army has been directed by an Ampleforth old-boy, Major General Sir Sebastian Roberts (J72), who consciously modelled his approach on that of St Benedict.

But the parallels between Sandhurst and Ampleforth College go deeper than that. Like Sandhurst, Ampleforth was born out of the chaos which engulfed Europe in the 1790s. The same historical process which led the British army to begin the systematic education of its cavalry and infantry officers at a new college led the Benedictine monks to return from their long exile in France to a valley in North Yorkshire, the ancestral lands of one of England's greatest soldiers, Sir Thomas Fairfax. The ethos of the Benedictines had been created 1,300 years earlier in a time of even greater chaos and confusion. If Ampleforth and Sandhurst were, respectively, a spiritual and martial response to the French Revolution, the values which underpinned Ampleforth were a response to the natural and manmade catastrophes which overwhelmed the remnants of what had been the Western Roman Empire in the first decades of the 6th century.

From his mountain fastness atop Monte Cassino Benedict surveyed a world in which life was nasty, brutish and short. Only three years before he led his followers to the mountaintop, the city of Antioch, one of the largest in the still surviving Eastern Empire, had been destroyed by a catastrophic earthquake, killing more than 300,000. Ten years later, in 536AD, the entire Mediterranean basin had been shrouded in a mysterious 'dry fog,' which blotted out the sun, and was the prelude to a series of Arctic winters, and cold wet summers. Crops failed, entire populations starved, and by the early 540s a virulent plague was killing an already weakened population in its millions. In 543 things got worse – the Apennines were shaken by violent earthquakes. Travellers from Rome reported that the city which had once had a

population of more than a million now had fewer than 500 inhabitants, huddled in a few miserable fortified buildings amidst a vast area of ruins, which were rapidly becoming overgrown.

To Benedict, it must have seemed like the end of human civilization - mankind was being punished for its transgressions. It was on the ruins of this civilization that he proceeded to create a new ethic – a way of living which would ensure the survival of all that was best in a much reduced human race, The monstrous vanity which had manifested itself in the creation of Rome had to be tamed, and this could only be done by the individual understanding himself – his real motivations. The futility of human endeavour was all too apparent in the ruins of Rome and Antioch, and in the abandoned estates rapidly returning to nature. The key was to strive to lead a life which pursued spiritual rather than material goals – only then could the individual become closer to God. But the endeavour was not to be that of the atomised individual, but of the individual within a community. The rules Benedict devised, to help his followers lead a worthwhile life in a world apparently in the grip of an existential crisis, leap to us across the intervening centuries. They are as relevant to a platoon holding an isolated Forward Operating Base (or FOB) in Helmand at the beginning of the 21st Century as they were to Benedict and his community atop Monte Cassino in the 6th Century. It is all there – the emphasis on team work, respect for others and the necessity of placing others first, the sharing of burdens and the sharing rations - all the behaviours that help create the glue that is the basis of all human relationships - trust. Benedict didn't actually use the phrase 'serve to lead,' but his conduct was the very embodiment of that famous paradox.

Benedict's rules lie at the heart of Ampleforth's ethos, an ethos most clearly expressed in the values of the school's cadet corps, and exemplified in the behaviour of old boys when they are on active service. The influence of Ampleforth's Benedictine traditions can be seen in their performance, whether this is as platoon commanders or as generals. There is a strong sense of duty, that service which one owes to one's superiors, but equally to one's men - but also to the dead and to those who are yet to be born. And there is the subjection of the ego to the collective good. What is important is to live well. The influence of these traditions can be demonstrated by looking, first, at the careers of two Old Amplefordians during the Second World War, who served at extreme ends of the military hierarchy, Lieutenant (acting Captain) Michael Allmand VC and Major General Sir Freddie de Guingand KBE, CB, DSO.

Michael Allmand (E41) left Ampleforth in 1941 at the age of 18. Less than three years later, now an acting captain, and commanding a platoon of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, Michael Allmand had his 'serve to lead' moment at the height of the Battle of Imphal-Kohima. Pinned down by heavily entrenched Japanese positions, and taking heavy casualties, Allmand knew that a frontal attack was his only option, but it was also

near suicidal. Training and the manual said he should order his men forward, but he also knew that this violated a deep sense of honour – he could not ask his men to do something he knew was almost certain death. And so he did it himself, and he succeeded. Two days later he did it again, and this time fell mortally wounded. His VC citation praised his 'superb gallantry, outstanding leadership, and protracted heroism', which were all manifestations of a deeply held ethical code - his behaviour was the embodiment of 'serve to lead.'

Michael Allmand's service is that most commonly associated with young officers, but there is another type of military service, equally important. Freddie de Guingand left Ampleforth in 1918, and was commissioned into the Middlesex Regiment from Sandhurst in 1919. Promotion in the inter-war army was slow – in 1939 he was still a major – but by 1942 a series of staff appointments in the Middle East had seen him rise to the rank of acting brigadier. In August 1942 Montgomery arrived in Egypt, and having been impressed with de Guingand's organisational skills at Staff College, appointed him his Chief of Staff. Montgomery was a difficult master: egotistical, incapable of taking criticism, prickly, short tempered and vain – to the extent that service with him required self-control of an extraordinary nature. Montgomery's feuds have become the stuff of legend. Few men possessed the qualities necessary to stick with Montgomery for more than a few months, but Freddie de Guingand stuck with him for three years.

The importance of De Guingand's service received hardly a mention in Montgomery's memoirs, and de Guingand is suitably self-deprecating in his own autobiography, but it is clear that at certain critical junctures, for example, the crisis at the height of El Alamein, that de Guingand told a mentally exhausted Montgomery how to outfox Rommel. Once Eighth Army had linked up with the Americans in Tunisia, de Guingand took on a crucial diplomatic function, smoothing ruffled American feathers after Montgomery had patronised generals like Patton and Eisenhower. The strain was enormous. Although de Guingand was promoted to major general he deserved to go higher, but was abandoned by Montgomery in 1945 when he was of no further use to the new field marshal. De Guingand's autobiography is a monument to self-control. He was happy to sublimate his own ambitions to those of an egotistical master, because he knew that Montgomery possessed qualities which would lead the British army to victory. His life, too, exemplified the paradox at the heart of 'Serve to Lead'.

Allmand and de Guingand both served with distinction, and both lived up to the demands of the Benedictine tradition which so obviously influenced their approach to human relationships, whether these were with Gurkha soldiers or with an egotistical general. But there is another aspect to this tradition which shines forth in the careers of too many Old Amplefordians for it to be mere coincidence. It cannot

be chance that Ampleforth has produced so many famous Knights-errant, those warriors who do much more than their duty, who break the bounds of formal military organisations, who take impossible risks, who are distinctly unconventional in their approach.

In the summer of 1940 Britain faced invasion. Two cousins who had overlapped by a year at Ampleforth in the early 1930s, Simon Fraser (C29) and David Stirling (O34), both volunteered for the new Commando units which were then being formed in Scotland. The initial purpose of the Commandos was to carry on a guerrilla campaign in Britain, should the Germans invade and Britain's conventional forces suffer defeat. When Britain survived the summer of 1940, the Commandos were the first to take the war to the enemy. Simon Fraser, by now Lord Lovat, led raids against German positions on French and Norwegian coasts, culminating in the assault on Dieppe, in which Lovat's Commando was one of the few units to achieve all its objectives. On 5th June, Lovat led his force, now brigade strength, onto Sword Beach, and marching inland to the sound of Bill Millin's pipes, relieved the beleaguered glider-borne forces at Pegasus Bridge just as their ammunition was running out. Badly wounded six days later, and evacuated back to Britain, Lovat had fought his last battle, but his exemplary leadership had created an aura around the Commandos which ensured their survival in the post war world.

While Lovat was raiding the coasts of North West Europe, David Stirling was descending upon Axis forces along the Mediterranean littoral. It was obvious to Stirling that the deserts of North Africa were seas of sand - they offered vehicle-borne raiding parties the same opportunities as the Mediterranean offered the landing craft of the Commandos. In an interview with the commander of Eighth Army, General Neil Ritchie, Stirling convinced him to authorise the creation of a vehicle-borne force designed to penetrate deep behind Axis lines, the Special Air Service. Ritchie was won over, in part by the force of Stirling's argument, in part by the fact that Stirling, who had not gone through official channels, had literally ambushed him as he walked down a corridor at GHQ in Cairo. Any officer with the audacity to do that, Ritchie thought, could probably pull off such a madcap and dangerous enterprise. And he did. In the summer of 1942 the SAS raided deep behind Rommel's lines, attacking airfields, reducing the Axis air forces by some 400 front-line machines, and assuring British and Commonwealth forces of aerial superiority. When his luck ran out in Tunisia in the Spring of 1943, Stirling proved to be a most difficult prisoner, making life hell for the Germans who guarded him in Colditz Castle. Like Lovat and his Commandos, after the war Stirling worked assiduously for the revival of the SAS, and saw a new force deployed to the jungles of Malaya in 1952.

The long campaign in Northern Ireland produced many heroes, but few who were

proclaimed as such by both sides. One exception was Robert Nairac (E66). After leaving Ampleforth in 1966, Nairac studied history at Oxford and Dublin universities, before entering Sandhurst in 1971, and being commissioned the next year into the Grenadier Guards. The 'troubles' were in their most violent phase – 1973 was the bloodiest year for the British armed forces in the second half of the twentieth century – and Nairac was in the midst of it. Most young officers needed a long rest after a tour but Nairac was different, volunteering for successive tours. His study of history, his Irish connections and understanding of Irish culture led him inevitably into covert intelligence, a desperately dangerous role, in which discovery meant a certain and unpleasant death. Nairac did this for four years, much longer than was advisable, with each passing month bringing exposure ever closer. On the evening of 14th May 1977 the inevitable happened. Kidnapped and tortured by PIRA operatives, Nairac refused to talk, displaying a resolution and courage which impressed his captors. Following a manhunt which led to the arrest of some of the PIRA, one of his assassins said of Nairac: 'He never told us anything - he was incredibly brave – he was a real soldier.'

In the early afternoon of 18 May 1982 another Ampleforth product, 23 year old Lieutenant Jonathan (Jacko) Page (B77) of D Company 2 Para crept along the base of a low cliff on the west coast of East Falkland Island. To his right was the sea - to his left, about one thousand metres distant, Darwin Hill. A Company was pinned down at the base of the hill, with many dead and wounded, including the battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel H Jones. C Company had attempted to move forward but it too had been forced to go to ground. Page was the direct fire controller for D Company. He and the company commander, Major Phil Neame, were on the extreme left flank of the Argentine positions covering the settlements of Darwin and Goose Green. Jones' attempt to break the Argentine line by frontal attack had proved suicidal – now Page, followed by nine men, each festooned with ammunition belts, and each carrying a GPMG, was spearheading D Company's move to go around the flank. At about 14.00 all nine guns opened up on Argentine positions at Boca House, a small settlement some 500 metres inland, a weight of fire which induced the Argentines to display white flags. D Company moved forward rapidly to take the surrender, followed by B Company. The Argentine line, hitherto so formidable, had been broken.

Twenty five years later, on 27th June 2007, Major General 'Jacko' Page, the commander of NATO forces in south east Afghanistan, flew into the heavily fortified district centre of Sangin in the north east of the Helmand Valley. The men of A Company I Royal Anglian Regiment gathered in a dusty square in the front of the Headquarters building, anxious to hear the general's words. By now Page had become something of a legend. He had fought with 2 Para in the Falklands, distinguishing himself at both Darwin-Goose Green and Wireless Ridge and he had

commanded 16 Air Assault Brigade in the invasion of Iraq in 2003. Sangin was then considered the most dangerous place in the world; generals are usually not expected to expose themselves to such danger, but Page wanted to talk to the men before they launched Operation Ghartse Ghar, an offensive sweep to the north designed to drive the Taliban from the valley. Page's talk was like a tonic to these tired and apprehensive soldiers. He told them that the thousands who were supporting them from Camp Bastion and Kandahar envied them, that they were the spearhead of the effort to bring Afghanistan out of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, that their enemy was not the Pashtun people of the valley but the fanatics of the madrassas of Pakistan who had perverted the true meaning of a great religion. It was clear the general would have given his eye-teeth to have been going with these men, but he had his own duty to perform in his headquarters in Kandahar. He would not have been helping the young officers if he had stayed – indeed, his presence would have inhibited them. At times the hardest thing for a senior officer to do is to stand aside and let the young officer take the lead. Major General 'Jacko' Page's tour was one of the most successful of the early phase of the Helmand campaign. His reward was to be selected to a position of considerable influence over the men and women who currently work in David Stirling's creation, the SAS.

The earliest account of military operations we have is the Iliad, the history of the siege of Troy, which was written down in the seventh century BC, some 400 years after the events it describes. This work has bequeathed to us military archetypes, the brave but rather dim Ajax, the competent but emotionally unstable Achilles, and the cunning and highly intelligent Odysseus. In a passage which resonates across the millennia, Achilles, who has refused to obey an order from King Agamemnon, and is sulking in his tent, is visited by Odysseus, who says that someday he too will understand 'that in order to lead you must also serve.' Seven hundred years later a young Jewish teacher, Jeshua bar Joseph, uttered the same sentiments to his followers; and 500 years after that Benedict led a life which exemplified the truth inherent in that paradox. The lives of these old boys of Ampleforth, Freddie de Guingand, Michael Allmand, Simon Fraser, David Stirling, Robert Nairac and Jacko Page, bear testimony to the power of this Benedictine tradition. Like Benedict, they served, and in the performance of their service they became exemplary leaders. Allmand sacrificed himself for his men, de Guingand sublimated his own ambition to the service of an impossibly egotistical but brilliant superior officer, Lovat (Fraser) and Stirling, refusing to remain on the defensive, risked their lives time and again to take the war to the enemy. Nairac, knowing he possessed skills others did not have, volunteered for desperately dangerous duty, and Page, having placed himself in harm's way by flying into Sangin, nevertheless stood aside to let the young officers take the lead.

Until about 15 years ago, Sandhurst assumed that all its cadets shared a common

ethical code, but the growing secularisation of society, manifested in the disappearance of traditional Christian worship from many schools, meant that cadets were arriving who had only the vaguest notion of the Christian tradition. In addition, there was growing evidence that a generation was emerging in which the idea of service was looked on as something foolish, with a career of army officer being viewed as just another profession in which one's liabilities were limited, rather than as a vocation in which service might lead to one's death. The task of stopping the rot was given to a team under the direction of the then Brigadier Sebastian Roberts, who, as was mentioned in the introduction, drew heavily on the Benedictine traditions of his school days, to spell out to an increasingly secular, self-centred society the true meaning of 'Serve to Lead.' Thanks in large part to Roberts' work, the great majority of the young officers fighting in Helmand today are displaying all the qualities of their forebears.

A CHRONICLE OF THE McCANN FAMILY ESTABLISHMENT OF REHABILITATION FACILITIES

Peter McCann (A58) was the eldest of four brothers at Ampleforth. He studied psychology and economics at Trinity College Dublin and embarked on a stockbroking career. This was short lived due to his developing alcoholism, but his recovery was to become the bedrock for his activities, establishing three institutions to provide detoxification and rehabilitation for a world-wide catchment of patients. He was given assistance by many Old Amplefordians in these endeavours.

His own recovery involved him with Alcoholics Anonymous and it was in these groups that he was influenced by other AA members who had attended a renowned centre called Hazelden and it was this organisation in Minnesota who provided essential advice and support when Peter and his wife-to-be, Dr Margaret Ann, decided to form a charity and establish a UK version. The charity was called The Life-Anew Trust. They used the principles known as the Minnesota Model.

He looked to OAs to join a board of trustees for the fledgling charity and these included Tim Firth (A57) and Julian Smyth FRCS (E49) also Richard Sewell father of two OAs. Professor Tim Cullinan (C50), a specialist in preventive and environmental medicine at Barts hospital, was very supportive and invited Peter to lecture to final year medical students, apparently the only information they received in what was and is a major healthcare problem!

By now Peter had married Margaret Ann, an anaesthetist from Northern Ireland, and they both embarked on a search to find suitable premises. Renting a property was the only option with the very limited resources and by great fortune a country house called Clouds in East Knoyle, Wiltshire was advertised in the Times looking for a charity as tenants. Clouds was a listed grade 2* building designed by Arts and Crafts architect Philip Webb, his grandest design. It was owned by Percy Wyndham and had been a centre of social activity for the intellectual group known as the Souls who included Arthur Balfour. Latterly it had been a C of E home for waifs and strays so planning permission for this change of use was welcomed by the locals.

In 1983, gifts and donations helped furnish and equip this massive mansion, a room at a time, and a small team of nurses and therapists and support staff was gradually built up. The Salisbury Health Authority regulated us as a nursing home and this was followed by BUPA and PPP recognising Margaret Ann as an addiction specialist. This secured a source of stable income. Gradually a reputation built up helped by a

Cabinet Minister and his wife, Cecil and Ann Parkinson, who were very supportive. Their daughter Mary was in recovery. This political support provided much needed official recognition. Our reputation was firmly cemented by a TV documentary portraying the clinic and starring Sir Anthony Hopkins, Barry Humphries and Betty Ford, which achieved a world-wide distribution. Our pride was the small chapel we created, with the Blessed Sacrament reserved, and blessed by the Bishop of Clifton. Patients were admitted from all walks of life, from pop stars to public figures and included many very sad cases, their lives in tatters. There were 2,000 admissions in the five years we ran Clouds. Much later we were delighted when the Duchess of Cambridge adopted Clouds as one of her first official charities.

After five years running Clouds we felt we had achieved all we could with the limited facilities and decided to seek a property in Scotland where no treatment facilities existed along the lines that we had developed, even though addiction problems were more severe. It was also the birthplace of my father who was born and had also trained as a Surgeon in Glasgow. He was a very proud member of the Ampleforth Society as a parent.

In 1988 we made a successful bid as a private company, for the Castle Craig Estate in Peebleshire, a former seat of the Earl of Hyndford. It was also a listed grade B building and contained in the grounds a ruined chapel, first mentioned in 1170 when it was confirmed to Bishop Engelram of Glasgow by Pope Alexander III.

Just as before, we furnished and equipped the Georgian property which had the added advantage of 50 acres and extensive estate buildings suitable for expansion. We have now been established for 30 years and Castle Craig is the largest facility in this specialty in the UK. Again we have created a beautiful chapel, this time with Mouseman furniture, and were delighted when two Ampleforth Monks, Fr Matthew Burns OSB and the late Fr Francis Dobson OSB visited and celebrated Mass. Another visitor was Abbot Ambrose, as the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, who visited us to see a priest who was in treatment. Cardinal Winning was also a visitor, visiting his clergy.

At Castle Craig we have had enormous help with financial management from Chris Burn FCA (D59) followed by John McCann (A63) as a Finance Director and Christopher McCann (A69) with property management. Dr Michael McCann MD MFOM (A66) is a non-Executive Director. Dominic McCann (O01) is now Director of Marketing and Development and also runs the London office and Dr Peter McCann (O06) MbBS MSc has worked with us as a Resident Medical Officer but is now working as a medical/psychiatric resident in Dukes University Medical School in the US with a view to returning to us as a Consultant Psychiatrist.

Highlights have been the appointment of the current Medical Director, succeeding Dr Margaret Ann, of Professor Jonathan Chick a world authority addiction researcher. Following the reduction in NHS referrals due to austerity cutbacks we have obtained Dutch Medical Insurance contracts and US Ministry of Defence referrals amongst others.

In 2014 with the prospects of Brexit looming we decided to open a Clinic in the Republic of Ireland and, with the then weak property market, were able to purchase Smarmore Castle in Co Louth. Such an EU outpost would still enable patients from Europe to access treatment using the EU Cross Border Directive. Smarmore Castle was the seat of the Taaffe family for hundreds of years. The ancient central tower was built in 1320 with two Georgian wings added and a stable yard with assorted outhouses. Remarkably, the buildings have converted into an efficient addiction clinic. We were delighted when the Grandmaster of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, Fra Matthew Festing (C69) formally opened the clinic. His aunt was one of the last Taaffe's to reside there. He was joined by the Archbishop of Armagh who blessed the house and its work. Smarmore is already enjoying success with an excellent team of Doctors, nurses and therapists and is supervised from Castle Craig.

In the space of 35 years our work in the field has seen an enormous increase in the volume and complexity of addictive disease. The internet and social media have transformed our ability to reach out to those suffering and their families as well as enabling therapy using video conferencing. Undoubtedly the Benedictine ethos can be identified in all three centres, in the values of hospitality and supporting the very vulnerable and sick. The patients themselves, once settled into their own treatment, absorb this ethos and they support, in turn, the new patients.

The Soho Recovery Centre

Meanwhile Joe Townley (T96) with some friends has started a charity called The Soho Recovery Centre, which provides a dedicated space in Central London for 12 Step Fellowship meetings including Alcoholics Anonymous, Narcotics Anonymous, Overeaters Anonymous and many other groups. The space is available all year around to the groups and, by making rents proportional to their size, allows smaller meetings to establish themselves. Since opening on 1st October 2017, the space has created a strong foothold for recovery in Central London and now hosts 43 meetings a week with over 4200 attendees at meetings each month. There are 11 different fellowships represented, along with Women's, LGBTQ+, Spanish Speaking and Black and Minority Ethnic groups. Joe recently put skills learnt running Senior A Cross-Country route to good use and ran the Royal Parks Half Marathon with a team from the SRC and together they raised over £7,500. For more information or to find out how you can help, please visit www.sohorecoverycentre.org.

THE SILENT SENTENCE

STEPHEN POTTER

Several Old Amplefordians are involved in prison visiting. Here, a prisoner reflects on how others are affected.

Alone, upon the number 93,
A bag of value shopping on her knee,
And deep inside, where no-one else can see,
The heavy load she carries constantly.

Alone, she stands outside the schoolyard gate,
Where all the other parents congregate,
Her ears attuned to gossip, lies and hate;
She listens as the bad news circulates.

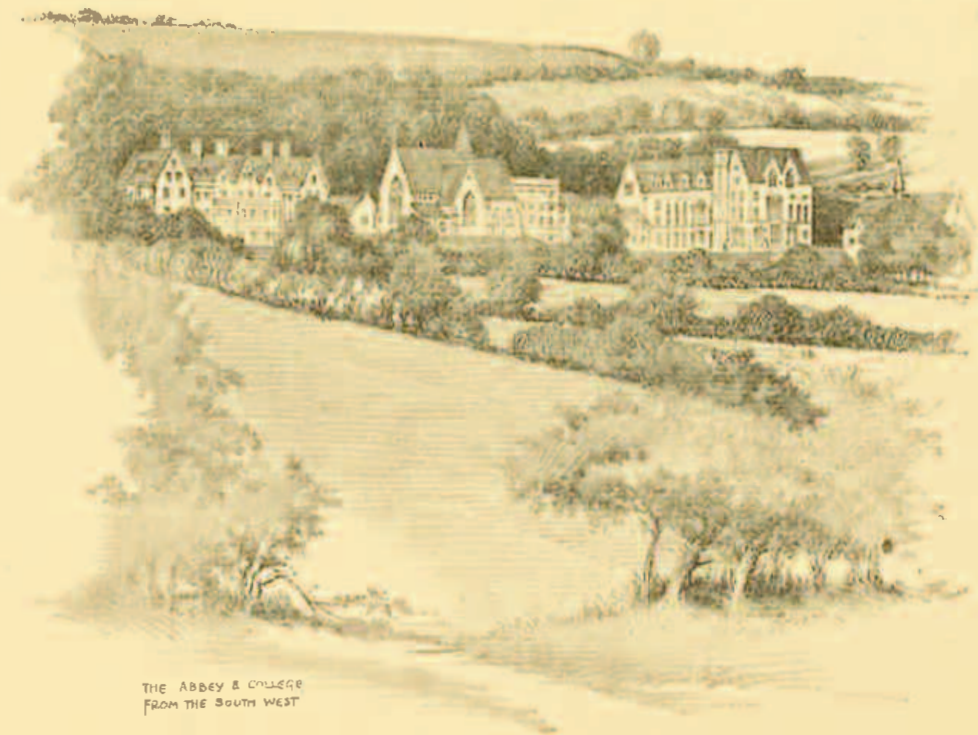
Alone, as bills come flooding through the door,
When money's tight and cost of basics soar,
And friends and family can do no more;
These things were so much easier before.

Alone, she sits outside the visits hall,
With dozens just like her, awaits the call
From prison staff who make her feel so small,
Then spends the hour not saying much at all.

Alone, at night when all the chores are done,
The kids in bed, the tedious errands run,
The crap TV, the soulless meals for one,
The loneliness that goes on and on.

Alone, she thinks of leaving him tonight.
She's tired and has no energy to fight,
But, like the saint she is, she holds on tight,
And serves her silent sentence out of sight.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE



THE ABBEY & COLLEGE
FROM THE SOUTH WEST

A SKETCH-BOOK
BY JOSEPH PIKE

A. & C. BLACKIE & CO.
LONDON • W. 1

JAMES DOWNS: THE HAPPY CATHOLIC ARTIST

REVIEW BY STEPHEN G BIRD

Many of us are familiar with Joseph Pike's illustrations from the booklet, *Ampleforth College: a Sketch Book*, published in 1921. The drawings were made 20 years after the artist had left the College. The pictures record an Ampleforth we can recognise, engage and reflect upon with melancholic nostalgia or an array of emotions as we remember formative years lived in the neo-gothic architectural setting stranded on the edge of the North York Moors.

James Downs enables us to put a face behind the drawings and understand something more of the history of Ampleforth Abbey and College during the continuing Catholic Revival, and development of English Benedictine schools and communities in the first decades of the twentieth century.

The biographical study also suggests that Joseph Pike has been unjustly ignored and his contribution to British art deserves further recognition. As interesting as the story is, and as engaging as some of the images are, a case for an elevation of Joseph Pike's artistic significance is not fully sustained by the argument. Of course this remains a matter of subjective opinion but comparative analysis of other artists who engaged in similar pictorial genres is largely absent from the study.

Joseph Pike, born in 1883, developed his interest in art whilst a pupil at Ampleforth College. Later, after a period as a Benedictine novice and the disruption of war service, he developed further his career as commercial illustrator and draughtsman. This biography gives a detailed account of Joseph's admirable and dogged determination to forge a career and a living from what he enjoyed doing most, which was topographical and architectural drawing from life or photographs.

The author has thoroughly researched his subject and provides a detailed account of the connections, through family, Catholic clerisy and clergy, which enabled Joseph Pike to find commissions and patrons. No doubt this web of contacts and connections will be of interest to many associated with the world of Benedictine public schools and a selective Catholic social strata. It also provides evidence of how an artist navigates between the world of his own creative interests and requirements of the patrons. However this does seem to distract from analysis of the drawings themselves. The subject matter of the drawings is discussed; the structures of drawing, the form, content and meaning receive less attention but perhaps this is not of interest to the target audience or the intention of the book.



THE CHURCH FROM THE SQUARE

Joseph Pike lived his faith, which included a brief period exploring his possible vocation as a novice, at Belmont Abbey (which was then the common novitiate for the EBC), before fully embracing the secular world of career and marriage.

The study clearly establishes Joseph Pike's commitment to his faith and his art. His subject matter included many ecclesiastical buildings and sites of spiritual pilgrimage and devotion. He did not paint or draw overtly religious or biblical scenes but focused on recording the visible material world. Like many artists of the modern Catholic cultural renaissance we sense that he believed that all subject matter is religious; this goes back to Cézanne, who influenced so many artists of the first half of the twentieth century; Catholic conservative and revolutionary, Cézanne drew and painted the quotidian with thunderous religiosity. But in terms of innovations and exploration of new structures in form, space and ways of representing, reimagining and visualising the physical world, Joseph Pike showed little interest; he worked within the traditions and conventions of academic pictorial representation. As to his contribution to British Art, it does not seem clear that he added anything to the well-established genre of British topographical art, which developed and flourished in the previous two centuries.

The author notes that in some of the drawings of street scenes and urban churches, elements of modern life and contemporary culture are included, such as motor vehicles and fashionable garments and clothes worn by passing pedestrians. But are these details anything more than merely incidental? And a question mark hovers over what the artist has chosen to leave out in any pictorial reference to the contemporary world. For example, in a tinted drawing of the Brompton Oratory of 1949, is Joseph Pike making a point by excluding any reference to the political social economic cataclysmic events of his times? Is he trying to express the vision of a world without discord, a visionary flight from strife, or is he not thinking and considering the meaning of his pictures at all, beyond making a cursory image of the moment, of what he sees and records with his pencil. But, perhaps, what some might interpret as an icon of urban middle class complacency, is actually an expression of a profound commitment to the value of life as the acceptance and celebration of the good in respectable ordinariness. The author touches on these ideas but they are not explored further.

Elsewhere in the book the author argues that Joseph Pike's drawing can be understood in the context of the Catholic artistic and cultural movement of the time. The movement included artists Eric Gill and David Jones. This context is not explored in depth. The author leaves us with the invitation to extend our knowledge of this context through our own research. On James Downs' own website he has included a number of reproductions of drawings by Joseph Pike of Caldey Island. For myself these are the artist's most evocative creations; not mere visual recording but



THE CLOCK TOWER,

perhaps something closer to an expression of what his contemporary Paul Nash would describe as the 'genius loci'. These studies by Joseph Pike can be meaningfully compared to the astonishing watercolour drawings of Caldey Island by David Jones, who sought inspiration and solace on the island twelve years later.

James Downs makes a valiant attempt to raise the status and significance of Joseph Pike's art by making reference to articles which praise his skill with the pencil. We read 'that an advert in the Times referred to 'Joseph Pike, the well-known hotel artist'.

So we have approbation from an advertisement in the Times, and resounding praise for his drawing in a review in the Ampleforth Journal of 1920. There are other endorsements of his ability by his friends and supporters who clearly loved the man and appreciated his drawing.

Joseph Pike was an artist who specialised in topographical architectural illustration. That is how he made his living, a living that enabled him to commit to what I can only describe as the great lifetime adventure of drawing. His commitment to drawing cannot be questioned. Beyond the inclusion of motorcars and pencil skirts he was not interested in modernity; he appears to have certainly refused to engage in artistic modernism. He was satisfying his patrons, making a living, some of the commissions may have presented uninspiring tedious subjects, but he understood and engaged in the transformative experience of drawing.

We do learn from the book that he found great delight in drawing ecclesiastical buildings sketching on location boats and seascapes, which relates him to a profoundly rich tradition of British art. His best drawings of the interiors of chapels, and places of pilgrimage and sanctuary convincingly express the practice of drawing as an act of prayer. His writings for art magazines for the amateur artist in the appendix, extolling the virtues of drawing and sketching, show a generosity of spirit; he believed in and encouraged the endeavour of making art through drawing.

I certainly feel we need to see more of his work. James Downs has made the case for further attention. But does Joseph Pike deserve greater recognition? Was he a great artist? Has his work been unjustly ignored by dominant cliques of an art world which dictate the tastes of the wider public?

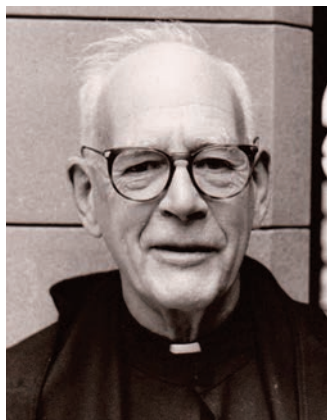
A Happy Catholic Artist? Whether a fool or a sage, we all seek happiness; if through art or faith happiness is found then that is truly a great achievement.

Stephen retired in 2016 after over 30 years of teaching in the Art Department, latterly as Head of Art. Many will remember his article on drawing in a previous Journal.

FR THEODORE YOUNG

1921 - 2017

FR JONATHAN COTTON OSB



Fr Theodore Young OSB was a remarkable human being, a remarkable monk and a remarkable priest. He managed to overcome a sense of personal inadequacy to achieve his human, monastic and priestly maturity. He is a classic of somebody who faced the demons in his own life and with the help of God and others. He went through the pain of self-knowledge and achieved what he did. As the scriptures state in various places: we need testing by fire to be genuine disciples of the Lord.

He was proud to have been born on the Wirral, a place he felt that it was good to be associated with. He was the second child of Herbert and Theodora Young (née Alsop), born on 9th November 1921; they baptised him Richard. His elder sister Thora (nick-named Puckie) was born the year before in 1920. Theodora Alsop was the daughter of the Reverend Arthur Alsop and Dora, and he was the Anglican rector of Bendall and Acton Trussel in Staffordshire for over 50 years. Arthur's father had been the rector before him. The work of his father took the family to Ilkley and that is where he felt he was from. It was not a happy relationship that he had with his father: his mother meant much more to him.

Theo was probably quite like his father by temperament, with strong views about things which he expressed, as he had the gift of being clear and articulate. As a newly ordained priest on his ordination holiday, he stood up to his father in a robust manner. His father was not pleased! As regards his mother, a convert, he loved the way she went out to serve the poor in Ilkley. Theo used to accompany her on these visits. His mother had a very strong relationship with Theo and his sister Thora.

Theo's cousin Gill Hutchinson Smith was the daughter of Theodora Alsop's Br Maurice and his wife Jessica. Theo's mother Theodora and Jessica Alsop became great friends. Gill Hutchinson Smith's grandchildren – James, Christopher and Howard Douglas – were happily educated at Ampleforth. Gill was very fond of Theo and welcomed him often into her home.

Theodora (Theo's mother) joined the Catholic Church on her marriage in 1918. Her journey to become a Catholic included somehow meeting Pope Pius XI in Rome and was the only one in the audience who did not make some gesture of respect: she was

from evangelical Anglican stock. The Pope stopped to talk to her personally and that had an immense impact on her. She took instructions and became a Catholic.

Theo's relationship with his father afflicted his life, and he felt a special empathy with any child who did not have a dad or could not get on with his or her dad. In the Liverpool Catholic school where he served as a Chaplain, 95% of the children came from single parent families, the majority living with the mother.

Theo was educated at Ampleforth. The student, Richard Young, completely failed to build a good relationship with his monastic Housemaster and he thoroughly disliked him. It seems the feelings were mutual. Theo confessed to me that he was not exactly the model compliant school boy and he blamed the lack of a relationship on himself, as well as the monk. He was a failure academically. He discovered later in life that he was dyslexic in numbers, and he could never do parish accounts. Sometimes his teachers ridiculed him. Theo recalls that one day at school at Ampleforth the maths' teacher said to him; "Young, your future in life is going to be standing outside a post office with your tongue out so that people can wet the stamps they have bought." That remark really riled Theo all his life, and he spoke bitterly to me in his old age that such a remark to a young boy was extremely damaging as it had been to him. Richard Young did not like school!

In his priestly life Theo was a genius with the young who confided in him and whom he treated with the greatest respect. He had a special affinity with those who had low self-esteem, or who had problems and might be in serious trouble with the authorities as he had been. He would never treat them as he had been treated by others. He knew hundreds of such students, especially as he was the Chaplain in St Mary's High School Leyland and in St Benedict's in Garston, Liverpool.

With this start to life, why did the young Richard Young decide to enter the monastery and try his vocation? He had been helped by a very fine Ampleforth monk called Fr Stephen Marwood who understood and listened to the troubled boy. That was one factor. The new youngish Abbot he went to see about being a monk was Abbot Herbert Byrne. Later they were to be together in Leyland on the parish, and they became adult friends for life. He understood Theo, and perhaps Abbot Herbert was influenced by those few years he considered the happiest in his own life, when he was at St Peter's in Seel Street. It was as a "mission father" that Abbot Herbert was brought back to the Abbey to be the long and successful Abbot whom many of the present older brethren still remember with esteem and often affection. Abbot Herbert clothed Br Theodore, aged 18, as a monk in September 1940.

The novitiate was not easy in the middle of the 2nd World War. He had one companion to begin with: Br Martin Haigh, and later in the early part of 1941, Br

Edmund Hatton arrived. Br Martin and Br Theodore did not find each other easy. The former was a handsome, intelligent, self-assured and sporting young man who also was a budding artist. He found Theodore irritating and once again the feeling was mutual. In choir he would whisper loudly to Theo; “you’re singing out of tune!” It was true that Martin had a fine singing voice. The arrival of Br Edmund was a godsend because without him both Martin and Theo might have inflicted a serious injury to the other. Br Edmund kept the peace!

Theo could not follow the Latin of the hymns or the psalms with ease, or the Latin of the liturgy. To help him Abbot Herbert used to teach him the meaning of the hymns, and these particular lessons took place after manual labour in the afternoon. Theo found it very hard to focus on what was a meaningless exercise for him and anyway he was tired after the manual work; one afternoon session he confessed to the Abbot that everything he was being told went in one ear and came out the other. Abbot Byrne made a very interesting reply: “Yes, my dear Brother, but I think what we are doing does us both good!”

Somehow Theo persevered. He went through to solemn profession in September 1944 together with Br Martin. Three years later he was ordained a priest. He remained in the monastery not teaching but working in the bookshop and as a typing secretary for the Headmaster Fr Paul Nevill. He was popular in the bookshop, which was a bit of a refuge for the boys in the school, and he began to make an impact on the boys as he was to do all his life. As typing secretary to the Headmaster he also held his own. One story he told was of refusing to type out the report to which Fr Paul Nevill had written the standard remark – ‘Very Satisfactory’. The report was from his own former Housemaster about a boy in the same House as he had been in and was very critical of the boy. Theo could see himself in that boy’s report as the same had happened to him, and his school reports used to cause bad feelings between him and his father. He showed this later report that Fr Paul had hardly looked at to the famous Headmaster and told him; “If you want this report to go home to this boy’s parents, somebody else will have to type it!” Fr Paul re-read the report, changed the Housemaster’s negative comments into positive ones, and all was fine.

Theo was one of the very few monks who did not go to St Benet’s Hall in Oxford and this set him largely apart from his contemporaries. He had masses of common sense and was able to understand, empathise with and love others. Some other monks with degrees might not have had those gifts.

In 1951 he was sent onto the missions, as going to an Ampleforth parish is called. He went to St Peter’s, Seel Street right in the heart of Liverpool city centre and soon got to know the people and made an impact. There was one young man who had very delicate health and it was suggested that Fr Theo should take him to Lourdes on

pilgrimage. The doctor counselled that he was so ill he would probably die on the journey. Theo asked the doctor, who was a good man and could see no hope for the boy, "If you were the father of this boy, would you take him to Lourdes?" Realising that there was no possibility of any cure from the hands of doctors and surgeons the doctor said he would take him. Theo took him and that boy lived and had a long life. It was in Seel Street that he learned about the British bobby. One Catholic policeman warned him of the realities of life. Theo never forgot it: "Father you should understand that policemen are not only sometimes liars, they are trained liars!" This saying may not apply to the modern policeman.

Theo was in St Peter's, Seel Street for the first six years of his pastoral ministry as a monk on the parishes and then he went to St Mary's in Leyland where he stayed 26 years, from 1957 to 1983. Once again he made an enormous impact on the people, especially the young. He would cycle round the town, later he had a small van. He was outspoken and not everyone found him easy to work with. The majority however were taken by his compassion and human qualities. If somebody was in trouble he would help them if he could. There were many stories of people who did not see him as a priest but as a friend. When he died I collected the Facebook references that were made about him from the Leyland town website, and some others wrote to me about him. I have 12 pages of A4 tributes about him. One after another present day respectable adults wrote that Theo helped them to move from being a young disruptive teenager to grow to be a mature man or woman integrated into life as best they might be.

A personal example of Theo's impact on others happened to me during a baptism I was conducting soon after Theo's final return to Leyland in June 2012. There was one young man at the ceremony who had a massive mop of black curly hair and who seemed to be bored by the ceremony. At the end of it he came up to me and said: "I hear Fr Theo is in the house. Could I visit him?" I said "Of course" and as we walked down the corridor he said: "I have not seen Fr Theo for 40 years but in all that time I have never met another man as nice as he was!"

His work was pioneering also because he did not confine himself to Catholics but to anyone. He worked with the Methodist minister in visiting homes. He would help any young person and anyone else if he could.

While he was in Leyland Theo did all the things assistant priests do: weddings, baptisms, funerals, visiting, dealing with parishioners and their many diverse needs and worries. He was in Leyland with another famed Ampleforth monk, Fr Edmund Fitzsimons. It was Fr Edmund who built the magnificent Church, recognised by an architecture award in 2013. Theo witnessed the magnificent Church being built and masses of other buildings connected with the Church, like schools, the parish centre

and the new Priory House and remained wedded to the pastoral side of monastic priestly life, not really too interested in the building programme that went on around him. He was quite different to Fr Edmund and found companionship with his former teacher Abbot Herbert who ended his life in Leyland after being Abbot of Ampleforth in 1963. They used to say Vespers together over a cup of tea.

He also had another great friend, a Salford diocesan priest, Fr Vincent Whelan, the Parish Priest of Chipping, a small village north west of Preston on the edge of the Trough of Bowland. They hit it off with each other and Theo was heartbroken when Fr Vincent died in the late 1970's. Abbot Herbert, Fr Theo and Fr Vincent were a trio of friends.

This friendship with Fr Vincent Whelan may have been the catalyst for his support and help of priests. At his funeral, Fr Terence said: "While Fr Theo's work with parishioners, and especially with the young is well-known to most of us, what is perhaps less obvious is Fr Theo's work with priests as a confessor and guide. He was committed to supporting and helping his brother monks or diocesan priests or from other religious orders that he got to know. He was valued as a confessor, spiritual advisor, supporter and friend. Many priests have contacted me to say how much they were encouraged by him, how they would go on walks with him, how they enjoyed his hospitality, and how much they learned from him. He was a warm-hearted man.

"Fr Theodore was moved to Knaresborough as Parish Priest of a thriving parish. He spent 15 very happy years back in Yorkshire, again heavily involved with the youth of the parish: drum-kits in the basement and so on! He had a knack of looking helpless whenever some financial or administrative demand arrived, and generally the parishioners rallied round to help. He loved it there, and apart from all his pastoral work in the parish he made new friends with many of the diocesan priests of the Leeds diocese. When he was told he would be leaving Knaresborough to return to Liverpool at the age of 77, he heard that the parishioners thought of writing to the Abbot to petition that he should stay. He advised them not to do it, because he said it would make no difference anyway, and it would save a lot of unnecessary work, as well as saving him some embarrassment."

He went to our parish in South Liverpool called St Austin's in Grassendale. There he stayed for almost 14 years from 1998 to 2012. Again he was much loved by the people and particularly by the young in the High School in Garston, which was first called St John Almond, and then St Benedict's. Theo was the Catholic Chaplain and continued in that role until he was almost 90. He was said to be the oldest Catholic Priest Chaplain in the world! He worked in the parish but the school was his main area of activity and he once again had a huge impact. At the end of his time at St

Austin's the school had changed to become a joint Catholic and Anglican School called the Enterprise South Liverpool Academy. There was no place for him to work as a Chaplain in this new school. This was a very painful moment in his life as he and his fellow monks in St Austin's at the time could not see the point of a Catholic school losing its Catholic life and ethos. He found it very hard to come to terms with what happened, but in the end allowed his sadness and sense of loss disappear as a stream can diminish and disappear into the sand.

In Liverpool he suffered two heart attacks and a stroke, which left him increasingly incapacitated. It was hard for him to climb the stairs to his room in the Priory house at St Austin's. Theo had a love for Liverpool and particularly for Liverpool football club that was intense. He could see nothing but goodness and generosity in the Liverpudlian. He used to compare his experiences there in contrast to other places he had been. His example was that once, when lost in his car a friendly Liverpudlian taxi man drove in front of him to his destination. When Theo offered him a fare for his trouble the taxi man replied: "No Father, it is free."

For the last five years of his life from 2012 to 2017 he lived in Leyland. He arrived as an invalid and throughout those five years he never set foot in the Church. Carers came in four times a day to get him out of bed and look after his bodily needs. District nurses and doctors were on hand. He had a room downstairs and many visitors came to see him. He always lit up when a visitor entered his room. His mind did not lose the ability to make judgements and the ability to engage in conversation, but he did lose his memory of the names of people and where they had fitted into his long and busy life. This really did not seem to be an obstacle, and many people found him still a tonic in their lives.

The staff in the house loved him: and we brethren also chipped in to help him especially at night. He became a friend of Fr Jonathan and Fr Paul and he taught both of us a great deal. Fr Stephen also helped him faithfully every morning getting him his first cup of tea. We used to take it in turns to make his evening meal, and in the end it was always the same: scrambled eggs and not even on toast! I found him also a very wise and good confessor in this period of time and in some ways he got to know my heart and mind very well, as I did his.

In the end his health deteriorated and on 10th July 2017 he left Leyland leaving an empty hole for us in the community. But it was necessary, as he needed 24-hour nursing care, which we could not provide. What he found at Ampleforth in the infirmary was the greatest kindness and professional help, even though he did miss Leyland. But he realised it was God's will that led him there.

Theo never made a decision about himself. He was simply asked to leave one place

and go to another and he obeyed. He saw this obedience at the heart of the monastic life. He obeyed when he was told he could no longer drive, though it was hard for him. But there was much more to his monastic life than that. He was faithful to the Divine Office all his life until he was unable to do it. But that worried him and he was always sad that he could no longer say the psalms. Monastic life on the parishes developed and changed in his life time. Right up to leaving Leyland the monks would not say Divine Office together. But in the 1970's and 1980's other parish communities would do so. At Knaresborough after Leyland he was alone: but at Liverpool the brethren said the divine office together and the same at Bamber Bridge, Workington and Leyland. It is now simply taken for granted that we do this. Also that we eat together, as much as is practical, and try to live a community life. Theo joined in all these developments quite naturally, and took it in his stride.

He had what has been present in our community for centuries: a kind of instinct for the monastic life that has expressed itself in different ways even in the last four decades. Sometimes in the last five years of his life in Leyland he and I used to say Compline together (we did not do this in community at that time), and he was always grateful. He used to pray and say the rosary as a priority, especially even when he could do not much else.

It was a special joy to be told by one of the Ampleforth carers, Nick, that Fr Theo was very ill on Saturday 28th October 2017 at about 5.45pm, just as I was getting ready to celebrate the Sunday Vigil Mass in Leyland, almost 100 miles away from Ampleforth. Furthermore, Nick said Theo was agitated and he was asking for Fr Jonathan. I was able to drive over that evening to Ampleforth and spend an hour with him and come back again to Leyland in the early hours of Sunday. When I entered his room Fr Theo's face lit up as usual, despite his frailty and the weakness of his voice. It was one of those unforgettable moments of communion with a dying friend. He died peacefully in the monastery infirmary on Monday 30th October 2017 ten days before his 96th birthday.

He wrote this in 2010: "My experience over the last 70 years has been a very happy one – like everyone else, in whatever career they choose, there have been bad days, but the happy ones far exceed the bad ones – largely because of the support of my Abbots, and my Community, and the kindness and concern of so many people I have come across. I have found this in the Parishes I have served, not only from Catholics, but from people of all denominations, and none. I would like to thank all those who have been involved in my life, during the past 70 years, and assure them that they are all in my daily prayers."

He will be praying for us all from heaven still as we remain in communion with him as we journey onwards day by day until the good Lord calls us also to himself.

FR FRANCIS DOBSON OSB 1939-2018



Fr Francis Dobson died on 9th January 2018 aged 78. He was born in Newark, Nottinghamshire on 31st May 1939. Timothy Dobson came to Gilling in 1947 at the age of eight, and went on to St Dunstan's House. After leaving school, he worked in the family textile business before qualifying as a Chartered Accountant, going on to work for Price Waterhouse in London (1963-66) and Johannesburg (1966-67), where he found apartheid hard to live with and was relieved to come back to the UK.

He joined the monastery, aged 27, in 1967 with Fr Christopher and two others, who did not persevere.

He was clothed in the monastic habit by Abbot Basil Hume and given the name Francis, taking solemn vows in 1971. From 1970 to 1972, he studied at St Benet's Hall and at Plater College, Oxford, taking a diploma in Social Studies.

After ordination in 1976, he worked on two of our parishes, Knaresborough and Leyland, before returning to teach Politics and Religious Studies for the next 30 years, besides running the stationery shop and helping with Junior House Scouts. He was Chaplain to St Aidan's House for over ten years – and then to St Cuthbert's from 2003-2016 and often used to stand in for Housemasters who were away for a day or two.

Fr Francis managed to combine teaching and chaplaincy work with a bewildering array of other jobs: Assistant Novice Master, Business Manager of the Ampleforth Journal, promotor and organiser of students going to Lourdes, Assistant leader and Chaplain to the Duke of Edinburgh Award activities. He was also responsible for preparing candidates for Confirmation, was Chaplain to the School Infirmary, Assistant Head of the Religious Studies department, Vice President of the staff Common Room, Second Guest Master, Honorary Secretary of the Ampleforth Society, coach to the 3rd XI cricket and, of course, coordinator of the essentially school-run, school-based fundraising enterprise at Ampleforth known as FACE-FAW (Friendship and Aid to Central & Eastern Europe and Friendship and Aid to the World).

For many years he was a brilliant organiser of Headmaster's Lectures. Ex-Prime Ministers, politicians, Foreign Ambassadors, Foreign Correspondents, etc were

telephoned and almost invariably agreed to come. In fact they mirrored Fr Francis because he would always say ‘Yes’ when asked for help. That is why he collected a plethora of jobs. But you would be well advised not to ask him to drive you anywhere!

He was both interested and hugely knowledgeable in politics and taught it to great effect. However, if you telephoned him when he was teaching in his small room in the Clock Tower you were quite likely to be greeted with the score in the Test Match, and the class might equally be discussing cricket as the complexities of American politics or the forthcoming General Election. He was passionately interested in cricket, and in particular Nottinghamshire County Cricket. As a child, watching them at Trent Bridge, he would always insist on staying till the last over. His classroom in the new JCB building was recognisable from its three icons: his crucifix, the TV for watching the news (or cricket) and a shelf full of Wisden. Right up to the end of his life he was watching cricket on the TV in the monastery infirmary, while England were being hammered by the Australians in the Ashes.

His memory for cricketing facts and figures was incredible. His family never received conventional birthday cards from him: he would always send a letter giving some random facts that had happened many years earlier on the birthday: Larwood bowling someone out or someone hitting a century. As an Uncle he never seemed to tire of bowling to the children or teaching the skills of table cricket if it was raining! It seems that he was also keen on fishing, sailing and skiing, though this was never apparent to his monastic brethren. What we do remember is his insatiable appetite for ice-cream: going out in his pyjamas to buy it at 11.00pm in Lourdes, third and fourth helpings in the monastic refectory and extra supplies during family holidays to the delight of the children. It may be a relief to some of those who celebrated Mass with him in St Aidan’s or St Cuthbert’s or other houses where he often supplied, and on expeditions or in the Infirmary, that Masses with his family often ended in giggles as well. But they too were humbled by his faith and spirituality; it shone through everything he did.

His was a life sustained by a deep, uncluttered faith. This did not have to be articulated, it was so obvious, for he taught not so much by words as by example. Conversations with him on occasions could be perplexing, especially if one met him in a passage, because he would begin talking to you about twenty yards away so that when you met you had little idea of what he was talking about, so you had to ask him to start at the beginning.

Fr Alexander McCabe, a contemporary of Fr Francis in the monastery, writes:

“Francis was an exceptional character. There was a huge, uncomplicated openness

about him, which was the fruit of an inviolable innocence on the one hand, and a deep-seated reluctance to assert himself or to impose a definitive view on any issue, on the other. He had a truly humble self-doubt in him.

“Francis did not, I think, spend much time trying to understand himself. He was simply too busy for that. He was a combination of strong and straightforward impulses inspired by faith and buttressed by an extraordinary capacity for hard work, complex, large-scale organisation, and prayer. In all this, he seemed to be driven. And in all this he was utterly non-judgemental of others.

“Yet it is not easy to rid oneself of the conviction that Francis was a blithe spirit, a person of exceptional holiness who exhibited outstanding chastity in a world wallowing in depravity, exceptional humility of life in a world ever seeking its own glory, and who displayed, with unstinting integrity, the qualities that made of him an exemplary Benedictine monk and priest.

“You would normally find him ensconced in his tiny office, just off the main hall, biro between his teeth, typing away, organising students in daily meetings of house reps, eliciting ideas from them for raising ever more money for FACE-FAW, the school’s official charity. He liked to put up notices of blank A4 paper round the school with a single word printed in the middle of the page in a seriously tiny font which forced you to look at it really closely. It might read just ‘10.59,’ nothing else. Yet everyone knew this meant the time of the meeting – i.e. railway time, not approximate time. This was when you were expected to be there – not 11.00. In this way, Francis tried to make his notices mean something to the standard unthinking teenager and his mind was ever active in finding new opportunities to engage students in some worthwhile charitable cause. His office became a sort of tiny hub of the Ampleforth universe, at the heart of which was a highly efficient and tireless brain at one level, and a deeply mischievous, unpredictable spirit at another.”

Francis’ last major work was to write the history of FACE-FAW, published in the last issue of the Ampleforth Journal. It was meticulously researched, careful to give credit to all the students who had contributed. Over the years, countless students were inspired to do something helpful in their gap year by working with FACE-FAW partners. Helping Mary’s Meals feed school children in the poorest countries was one of the on-going commitments that inspired Fr Francis, and his enthusiasm was infectious. The messages of thanks and support after his death from many organisations helped by FACE-FAW, including those in Romania, Ethiopia, Mozambique and Zimbabwe suggest that this may be his most lasting memorial.

One such project was the building of a school in Mozambique and a French businessman with four children at Ampleforth involved himself with this. When his

eldest son became a monk of Fontgombault in Northern France, Francis went to his Simple Profession. At the end of the celebrations, Francis was given – and carried back with him all the way from France – the gift of a large and very heavy stone statue of Our Lady, ‘Patron of a Good Death.’ In fact, it was so heavy that it almost killed him getting it here and might well have served its purpose there and then. The statue remained in the monastery infirmary where it was not far from Francis’ bed in the final months of his life.

In his later years, at the invitation of the local bishop, Francis went to Ethiopia to find out how he could further the work of Mary’s Meals there and be of service to the indigent local community. It was to be his last foray into the world of large-scale starvation and it was to bring him to the brink of physical and mental exhaustion. His preaching could be opaque, mystifying; some suspected he quite enjoyed mystifying people. The great St Cyprian of Carthage talking about prayer once said: ‘God listens not to the voice, but to the heart.’ It could be said of congregations listening to Francis that his words were often unintelligible but his heart was so transparently good.

Fr Alexander continues:

“Over the years that I knew him, there were a number of significant figures that caught his attention and to whom he would return time and again in his homilies and retreats. A saying of one of them, Charles de Foucauld, succinctly expresses Francis’ whole approach (though he would never have put it into these words himself): “It is not necessary to teach others, to cure them or to improve them; it is only necessary to live among them, sharing the human condition and being present to them in love.” “Indeed, one of Francis’ favourite words was ‘sharing.’ I noticed how it came into practically everything he would say either in a homily or a talk or Bidding Prayers. Life was about sharing one’s gifts with others, sharing resources, sharing our surplus with the deprived and the disadvantaged.

“Francis loved anything to do with the lives of the saints and in 2005, we decided to go to Rome together to visit the great (‘minor’) basilica of St Lawrence-Outside-the-Walls on the feast day of our monastic patron, 10th August. Hosted by his lifelong friend John Morris (D55, RIP 2017) who lived and worked in Rome for virtually his entire career, we went somewhat awed to the very place of St Lawrence’s martyrdom, a small spot 3m square inside the basilica, which was opened only once a year, on the saint’s feast day.

“The climax of our trip was evening Mass in the church at Amaseno, the little medieval village up in the Abruzzi where the people had all gathered before the tall-standing and surprisingly substantial relic of the blood of St Lawrence, which had

begun to liquefy on 9th August and would slowly coagulate again on the evening of 10th. Francis and I witnessed it in all its glowing, fiery beauty – the experience of which left him in tears throughout the entire Mass.

“Rome also saw him bring his own solution to the problem of crossing a road heaving with traffic from every direction. As he made his way to the middle of the road, he would wave his stick high in the air and stop dead. He would then face the traffic, arms and legs in the form of an X, which would be forced to come to a screeching halt, after which he would, with visible effort, slowly hobble to the other side, drivers gazing in disbelief at his mad daring.”

From 1979, he began coordinating the work of Ampleforth College students on the annual pilgrimage to Lourdes, an endeavour that was to have a profound impact on his life. Over the years, he would make more than 80 pilgrimages to Lourdes and 20 to Medjugorje. His annual visit to Lourdes was the highlight of his year when not only did he take part in the Ampleforth Pilgrimage, which he had done since 1957, but he usually took a *stage* group in the weeks before. In 1989, he was made a titular member of the Hospitalité de Notre Dame de Lourdes and in July 2009 the Bishop of Lourdes appointed him an Honorary Chaplain of the Grotto.

When illness prevented him going on pilgrimage he would watch on television, in his room in the monastery infirmary, the live-screening of Mass in the Grotto at Lourdes, or in St James’s Church in Medjugorje. Thus it was that in 2016, the first year he had not come on the Ampleforth pilgrimage, he saw the entire pilgrimage turn round, at the Sign of Peace in their Mass at the Grotto, and wave at him.

One of the things that stood out was the fact that he had energy in an extraordinary degree. Despite only ever getting a minimal amount of sleep, he was perfectly happy to be contacted by anyone at any time of the night as he simply never shut down. He was generous to a fault with his time and concern for others, nothing was too much trouble. Links with students were kept alive after they left with Fr Francis’ work on the Ampleforth Journal (1973-1989), as Honorary Secretary of the Ampleforth Society (1994-2009) and as founding editor of *The Diary* (1999-2009) and continued during his illness. Many remember receiving unexpected telephone calls or emails, for he had a genius for keeping in touch, and indeed everyone who came in touch with him was moved by his kindness and interest in their lives. He had a sort of itch for communication and an insatiable hunger for information. “What’s happening?” he would ask breathlessly, always assuming that something was, and terrified to be missing out. He was a stickler for accuracy and had the slightly unsettling habit – even in his final months of illness – of resorting to the computer on the spot to check a fact, a sports result or a story that was in dispute. This was not to put one in the wrong, but because he knew how unreliable personal memory could be and preferred

to put the record straight if need be.

When Fr Francis received the diagnosis that his prostate cancer had spread and was attacking his bones and that there was no cure, his reaction was that it was a great grace because he saw that he had been given the time to prepare himself for death. He wrote at the end of an account of his vocation: “On June 14th 2016 I learnt of my illness. I had a stunning uncertainty, fear and beautiful grace. Actually it is to try and stand on one’s head, no longer to seek to be important, to have nothing but the gifts of the Lord.”

Francis was a man at peace; at peace with himself, at peace with others and at peace with God. It was a peace that could not be taken away. It was not an absence of pain, because in spite of medication he suffered much. His peace was founded on his love and concern for others and an acceptance that he was loved by God. That peace was founded on a humble life. If humility is distilled Christianity, Francis had it in spades.

He was always cheerful, never complained and was always welcoming and grateful to anyone who visited him. And that never changed, even at the very end of his life. The nurses loved looking after him.

He continued to attend Sunday Mass in the Abbey Church and to join with the monks in choir for the Divine Office for as long as he could. Right up to the end, he continued to promote the work of FACE-FAW. His life mirrored the rhythm of Jesus’s life, one of great activity followed by one of great passivity, of passion, of suffering. He died peacefully in the monastery infirmary at Ampleforth on 9th January 2018, at the age of 78.

FR FRANCIS DAVIDSON OSB

1939-2018

FR BERNARD MCINULTY OSB



George Davidson was born in Edinburgh on 10th February 1939 to an Edinburgh family. He was one of two children, the other being his sister Amelia. George was sent to the preparatory school at Carlekemp, North Berwick, and later to the Abbey school, Fort Augustus, which was run by the Benedictine monks. He was a very able student and a good cricketer, a bowler of deadly accuracy. He was Head Boy at both schools. He was one of the first Scottish schoolboy Hockey Internationals from Fort Augustus School. Fort Augustus Abbey is situated at the south end of Loch Ness, commanding a magnificent view. In a setting of outstanding natural beauty the Abbey is surrounded by mountains and forestry on the shores of Loch Ness. Founded in 1876, the monastery incorporated Lamspringe Abbey and the ancient Scots Abbey Schottenkloster at Ratisbon, Germany. St Benedict's Abbey was the first post-Reformation Benedictine Abbey in Scotland and an important centre in its early history and a seat of learning. It was to this community of monks that the 18 year old George Davidson joined straight from school being clothed in the habit by Abbot Oswald Eaves in 1956. He took the monastic name Francis after the famous St Francis of Assisi, the man of peace.

On completing his noviciate and making his simple profession, Brother Francis was sent to Fribourg, Switzerland, to study Philosophy with the Dominicans and to St Benet's, Oxford for Theology. Francis proved to be a good student – he was conscientious and a voracious reader. He gained a licence in Theology STL. Br Francis became fluent in German and French, and could get by in Italian. He was also a good Latinist. Among other talents he was quite an accomplished pianist. Francis was ordained Priest in the Abbey Church at Fort Augustus in 1965.

Fr Francis was a very determined and capable man. So it was no surprise that he was appointed Headmaster of the Abbey school. He was also to teach Philosophy to generations of young monks, including the Pluscarden brethren and Dom Hugh Gilbert now the Bishop of Aberdeen with whom he formed a friendship. The sudden death of his long time school friend and fellow monk Fr Vincent Pirie-Watson OSB at only 49, just after Easter 1983, was a particular blow.

For much of his time as Headmaster, the Abbey school did well but towards the late 1980s numbers declined. Fr Francis, after consulting the Abbot, proposed to Chapter that the school should close. This motion was opposed and Fr Francis left to live at Ampleforth where he taught in the College for a time. There was a vacancy for a Headmaster at the Abbey School in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, USA, a post to which Fr Francis was appointed. This was a particularly fruitful and happy period in his monastic life. Under his headmastership the Abbey school became co-educational. It flourished and was successful. Fr Francis liked America.

Earlier in his life he contributed to a major study on the theology of the Monastic life – to a book entitled *Consider your Call* by Fr Daniel Rees and other EBC Monastics. For a brief period Fr Francis served as Chaplain to the Tyburn Benedictine sisters at their convent in Largs, Ayrshire. At a Sunday Mass in Fort Augustus he once gave a very eloquent commentary on the meaning of the Mass. At another time he gave an excellent series of lectures to junior monks on John Cassian and the Rule of the Master.

Fr Francis returned to the UK after his sojourn in America to work as Parish Priest on Ampleforth parishes. But back at Fort Augustus the community was experiencing difficulties and an uncertain future. The Abbot resigned to live at Laureston in Edinburgh and Fr Francis was appointed Prior Administrator in 1997 by the Abbot President. He seemed set to close the Monastery in the face of financial and community difficulties. But all this was discussed over a period of several months with the monastic community. Eventually, in the autumn of 1998 the majority of the community voted to close the Monastery. This was met with further difficulties and conflict. Fr Francis had the very difficult and painful task of overseeing the closure of Fort Augustus Abbey. This involved considerable work. It could be said he made history, but a long-standing Abbey was closed. It was not an easy time for the brethren and perhaps especially for the last Abbot, Dom Mark Dilworth. The resident community eventually dispersed to other communities or to a diocese in January 1999.

In 2000, along with four other monks of Fort Augustus – Fr Gregory Brusey, Fr Edward Delepine, Fr Antony Hain, and Fr Bernard McInulty – Fr Francis transferred his monastic stability to the Monastery of St Laurence at Ampleforth Abbey. Again he proved to be a very capable member of the community and his gifts were recognised. He served from 2001-06 as Parish Priest of St Mary's Bamber Bridge, Preston, where he was liked among the Parishioners. He became a councillor to the Abbot of Ampleforth and later Prior of St Benets, Oxford, a post which he much enjoyed and in which the Hall benefitted. The historical sexual abuse allegations, which were to afflict the Church did not escape Fort Augustus and he came into the firing line. As a result, he stepped down from his Oxford post – something which

was a disappointment to him. On his return to Ampleforth, his last years became gradually more difficult with health problems. He had a heart condition which together with other health difficulties became increasingly hard. Fr Francis found his last months, spent in the Monastery infirmary, a real trial. It was a time of suffering, and he found his situation frustrating. Shortly before the end he did become reconciled to his fate. Like an angel of mercy his sister Amelia (Lady Dunbar) told him firmly to accept his condition and the will of God. He died peacefully on 9th April having completed 60 years of monastic life and 50 years of Priesthood. He was not a demonstrative person but rather more cerebral. A very intelligent man, a teacher, a thinker, a philosopher, something of him eluded us. He could seem to appear at times distant and detached, pre-occupied in thought. He was a man of principle; fair, just and hardworking. An old Abbey guide book to Fort Augustus ends with the exhortation to the reader: "The monks try to give the visitor to the Abbey what they seek to impart to their pupils: the vision of Christ." We pray that Fr Francis, who sought Christ for many years in the monastic life both in good times and in bad, who did much as Headmaster of Benedictine schools, as adviser to Abbots, as Parish Priest and Administrator is now with the Lord whom he so earnestly sought and served so ably. May he now rest in peace and share in the Lord's Resurrection.



This portrait of Abbot Timothy was given to the Manquehue Association and hangs in their retreat house in Patagonia

ABBOT TIMOTHY WRIGHT OSB 1942-2018



Dom Timothy Wright, former Abbot of Ampleforth Abbey, died on 14 May 2018. He was 76 years old. Martin Wright (Timothy was his monastic name) was born in New Ollerton in Nottinghamshire on 13th April 1942 and, along with his three brothers – Fr Stephen, Fr Ralph (now a monk of St Louis) and Miles (died 2012) was educated at Ampleforth, all in St Thomas' House. The family business was the Midlands coal and steel firm of Butterley. A plaque on the wall at St Pancras station notes their involvement in the building of the roof.

After leaving school he joined the White Fathers with Henry Scrope (C60) with the idea of becoming a missionary to Africa but both decided it was not for them. Martin went to Fribourg in Switzerland to study French and Philosophy for a year before joining the Ampleforth Novitiate at the age of 20. His novice master was Fr Bruno Donovan who, in the middle of a class on the Rule of Benedict, came out with this limerick: "There was a young novice called Wright, who argued from morning to night; rebuked one day he was heard to say, even if wrong I'm (w)right!" This was often recalled in later years.

At St Benet's Hall, he read Geography and, after Ordination, he taught full time in the school, was responsible for Adventure Training in the CCF, gained an external degree in Theology from London University, was appointed Head of Religious Studies, developed a new A level in Catholic Theology, led expeditions along the Pennine Way, the Western Highlands Way, the Pyrenees and the Italian Alps. He organised voluntary social works for the Sixth Form at weekends, visiting a Cheshire Home, a Hospital and helping elderly people. He spent his holidays variously in Belfast, with camps for local children, in parish work in Alaska, giving retreats in Texas and Cape Town and elsewhere.

This was the time after Vatican II. When he joined the Community, all the Office was in Latin. He was one of the committee of four monks appointed by Abbot Basil Hume to produce an English Office for us. Timothy brought his limitless energy to this project, typing 12 lever-arch files of draft himself (before word processors) and the product has been in daily use for forty years.

Timothy's relationship with God was the priority in his life. This was testified to by those who had rooms under his Housemaster's bedroom in St John's in which was the exercise bike with a built-in rosary which he used each morning before going to 6.00am Matins in the Abbey (unusual for Housemasters during term). It was spoken of by those who went on holiday and expeditions with him, who remember coming in with him from an exhausting day on the hill, wet through and longing for a bath, and finding that the first priority was Mass. In his Lectio, he developed a scheme whereby he would read and ponder and make notes on what the Lord was saying to him in short passages from nine different books of Scripture each day.

In 1980 he was appointed Housemaster of St John's House. One of his students remembers that "he ran St John's with the skills that would have made him an effective leader in industry, with the ability to distil information and set objectives, so everyone had absolute clarity of what was required by both an individual and the team. You recognised that Fr Timothy simply wanted the best from you; he'd push and challenge you. In hindsight, you would recognise that mediocrity wasn't in his manual. He was clear and had drive, with a sense of purpose; you always knew where you stood with him." However, his frequent exclaiming of the word 'unbelievable' could equally heap praise, or the very opposite. While still Housemaster, he was appointed as Second Master and acted as Deputy Head when Fr Dominic was on sabbatical or away as Chairman of HMC.

It was while he was Housemaster that Timothy came in contact with José Manuel Eguiguren. This led to what he termed 'the most important development' in his life: his engagement with the Manquehue Apostolic Movement in Chile. He grasped straight away that the Manquehue Movement's way of life and prayer and lectio resonated with the Benedictine tradition. Later, he was involved in the setting up of San Lorenzo, their school in the slums of Santiago in Chile and the sending out of Ampleforth Gap year students to work there. Even in the midst of his chemotherapy he went to celebrate the Holy Week liturgies with Manquehue in Santiago.

But the big change in Timothy's life came in March 1997, when he was elected seventh Abbot of this community. As he himself wrote: "One difficulty for me was that I lacked any period of formation. I moved from Housemaster to Deputy Headmaster to being Abbot in a matter of minutes. This meant a 'dramatic change' in lifestyle. There was no 'formation.' The brethren of course were sympathetic and helpful, but with a community of 90, not all would be pleased."

His abbacy, from 1997 to 2005, came at the beginning of what Pope Francis has described as 'not so much an era of change as a change of era,' the birth pangs of a new age, which has been experienced as a great challenge, if also as an opportunity, for Ampleforth.

At his funeral, Fr Gabriel spoke of this: “In his years as Abbot, and for all his successors as Superior here, there has been the need to face the sins and crimes regarding the safeguarding of children and adults at risk. Abbot Timothy’s emails remained anguished about this right up to his death, though I think he shared the view of his successors, best described in Fr Terence’s first conference as acting superior in the autumn of 2016, that we must view this as a purification not as a persecution.

“But the ‘change of era’ extends far beyond this and has affected every aspect of a monastic vocation in the 21st century. I doubt there is Abbot, Bishop or even Pope in his ordinary teaching office, who would suggest that his judgement in the midst of such turbulence and uncertainty has never faltered. Abbot Timothy did not shy away from confrontations, he called them his tin hat moments, with a passing hint at his famous nickname.”

“These could be with whole groups, as with the whole neighbourhood over a scheme for Park House Farm, or with the monastic community, in which close votes, indeed a majority of one, were held to be evidence of a big green light from the Holy Spirit; they could also be individual and some of the brethren found Timothy all too much of a bull in the very precious china shop of their monastic lives.”

He recalled Abbot Timothy, after a fiery difference of opinion with him in the Abbot’s Council, saying, revealingly, ‘You know, Gabriel, you must always tell the truth’. “The revealing thing” continued Fr Gabriel in his funeral homily, “is that he did not say what I, rather more mealy mouthed and mean spirited, might have said namely ‘You must say what you think is right’, but I suspect without changing his view in the slightest, ‘You must always tell the truth’. He was reminding me, I think, that we are not about convenience or calculation, but about the truth, even in collision.”

“Abbot Timothy always walked St Benedict’s path of humility, which Benedict says God raises up to become a ladder. I think he probably walked it more instinctively than by plan, certainly not by any calculation, and in my self-determining arrogance I probably mistook it more often than not. But I realize his looking less than ever like a bull, has maybe some connection, with that final step on the ladder of humility: ‘The twelfth step of humility is that a monk always manifests humility in his bearing no less than in his heart, so that it is evident at the work of God, in the oratory, the monastery or the garden, on a journey or in the field, or anywhere else’. We are brought by this step according to St Benedict, to say with the tax collector at the back of the Temple ‘Lord I am a sinner, not worthy to look up to heaven.’”

Another manifestation of his humility was his readiness to recognize the efforts and initiatives of others, often with the encouraging word ‘Brilliant!’

A ruling abbot who resigns has the right to assume, if he so wishes, the title of abbot of an ancient abbey. Abbot Timothy was Titular Abbot of Westminster Abbey, and his funeral was attended by the Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend Dr John Hall who remembered being invited in 2011 to a Mass on St Benedict's day at the abbey of Monte Cassino and finding incongruous the sight of Abbot Timothy in lace, as one of the abbatial assistants to the Cardinal celebrant. He thought it less odd when his mitred head nodded during an interminable sermon. He remembers Timothy's occasional visits at Westminster Abbey and loved his energy and impatience, his commitment to ecumenical and inter-faith relations and his bubbling enthusiasm.

It is difficult for any abbot who finds himself not re-elected. Timothy was no exception, though he rarely referred to it. It was unimaginable for him not to find other outlets for his energy.

As Abbot, he had invited a friend of Fr Jonathan, a young Iranian theologian, Mohammad Ali Shomali, studying for his doctorate at Manchester University to come to give three talks to the Ampleforth Community. He had initiated a series of Benedictine-Shi'a Muslim Conferences at one of which he had listened as the two surviving monks from the Cistercian community of Tibhirine, Algeria, spoke about their experiences of living among Muslims, which had led to the murder of most of their brethren and he had been inspired by the posthumously published writings of their Prior, Christian de Chergé.

Now, the Abbot Primate, Notker Wolf, invited him to work on developing monastic inter-religious dialogue and find common ground between Benedictines and Islam. To use Timothy's own words: "That challenge took me to many Benedictine communities in India, Sri Lanka, Philippines, Indonesia and in Africa to Algeria, Morocco, Ghana, Central Africa Republic, Nigeria, Cameroon, Ethiopia, Kenya, Burundi, Tanzania, South Africa, then to Australia, Brazil, USA, Canada. In Europe I visited Benedictine Houses in Belgium, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Holland. In the Middle East I visited Monastic houses in Israel, Egypt, Turkey, Syria, Jordan. As a geographer it was a 'dream come true'!"

The common ground that he found lay in *Lectio*, the prayerful reading of the Bible and the Qur'an alongside each other. This was the theme of the book that he later published, in 2013 called *No Peace without Prayer, Encouraging Muslims and Christians to Pray Together*, which was based on the thesis he had written for his Doctorate in 2008. This led to his teaching a course in 2013 at Benedictine University, Lisle, Illinois (living with the community of St Procopius Monastery) and then establishing an on-line course, 'The Challenge of Two Inspired Texts: the Holy Bible and the Holy Qur'an: a Journey into Similarities and Differences.'

In February, 2017 the President of Iran awarded him and Dr Mohammad al Shomali a Special Prize, among Iran's annual Literary Prizes, for their contribution to Interreligious Dialogue between Catholics and Shi'a Muslims.

Fr Gabriel had proposed to Timothy that, after his last operation, he become a senior research fellow at St Benet's, pursuing the in-depth comparison of Benedictine Lectio with the Islamic, especially the Shi'a Islamic, approach to their Scriptures, maybe with Dr Mohammad as an honorary fellow. Fr Gabriel told us that he "had replied 'my goodness Gabriel, that would be a dream come true' but then his face fell and suddenly I realized he had never looked less bull-like. 'I am not clever enough for Oxford, why I have not even managed to learn Arabic'."

In September 2006, Monsignor Roderick Strange, the then rector, invited Timothy to be spiritual director at the Pontifical Beda College in Rome, the seminary for English speaking late vocations. He had come to know them during a year spent in Rome with the Pontifical Council for Interreligious Dialogue, living in the monastery of St Paul's Outside the Walls, across the road from the Beda, where he continued to go each morning for 5.00am Matins. He was a robust presence in the House, with a cheery, 'good-to-see-you' greeting, and met regularly with his directees. He was a staunch supporter of the Sant' Egidio Community and their work as well as being a vociferous champion of the Beda and a keen proponent of Benedictine students living in College.

A friend had given him a juicing machine and most evenings he enjoyed meeting after supper with the staff and providing them with the juice of his garnered apples and carrots. Fr John Breen wrote: "Maybe this was Timothy the 'monk', being drawn into a new manifestation of monasticism by friends and companions. The only other time you would find him in our upstairs common room was to watch international rugby on television, pulling an armchair closer to the monitor and churning up the carpet under his feet as he mimed every movement, his youthful sporting accomplishments, both as student and housemaster, coming to the fore.

"He was also known for his 12-point homilies, which often resulted in breakfast banter that failed to change his ways. He was appreciated not only as a friend and for his energy and positivity but as a man of anvil-will, capable of setting a course and staying with it, most evidently in his life's project as a monk. He could occasionally become quite emotional, especially if someone was being unjustly treated, but normally he shied away from expressing his feelings. On his last 'zero' birthday he vanished from the house, finding the prospect of being the recipient of affection rather overwhelming."

From 2013 to 2016 he was teaching in Catholic Universities in America, at Illinois and in Seattle. Then, in December 2016 he was diagnosed with cancer of the colon. While receiving chemotherapy treatment in London he was made very welcome by the community of Ealing Abbey. It was there that he died suddenly while recovering from his last operation. On the morning of 14th May he was found dead at his desk, with reading glasses on and a seraphic smile on his lips.

Timothy was ready for the thief in the night, who comes to lift us up and to bring us to himself. We need not be sad about this: holding death in mind is part of St Benedict's Rule, and Timothy always reckoned it was a time for rejoicing.

PRIOR TIMOTHY HORNER OSB

1920-2018

FR LAURENCE KRIEGSHAUSER OSB



John Michael Stuart Horner was born on 24th August, 1920, in Quetta, India (later part of Pakistan). The only son of Bernard Stuart Horner and Isabel Margaret O'Brien, he was to be the last surviving male heir of "Little Jack Horner" who had helped Henry VIII in the dissolution of Glastonbury Abbey and in turn purchased the Manor of Mells in Somerset. Before the age of two, Michael was sent to England to live with his paternal grandmother and some aunts. His favourite Aunt Olivia married Sir Ernest Barker, and their son Nicholas and his wife Joanna, sister of Fr Jonathan, became frequent

visitors when Fr Timothy was in America.

From his aunts he developed a great love of reading. Through a recommendation of his uncle who had tutored two monks of Ampleforth, Paul Nevill and Sebastian Lambert, Michael was sent in 1933 to school at Ampleforth. A member of St Cuthbert's House he revered the Housemaster, Fr Sebastian, had a fondness for his Latin teacher, Fr Felix Hardy, and generally found the monks humane and exhibiting "spiritual commonsense." He became head of house, a school monitor, Under-Officer in the Officers' Training Corps, and captain of cricket, a sport he would always regard as superior to American baseball even while developing an interest in the latter.

In 1938 at the end of his time at Ampleforth, Michael was awarded an exhibition to his father's Oxford college, Christ Church, where he studied Mods for a year. At the outbreak of World War II he enlisted in the army but was not called up immediately and so was able to complete a second year at Oxford. He entered army service in October 1940, and began training in England as an artillery officer. In 1943 he was sent to Burma, where he learned jungle fighting and rose to the rank of Major. At the end of the War he was awarded an MBE, an honour of which he never spoke.

On returning to England he knew that he wanted to do something with his life which would be continually fulfilling and meaningful. He was accepted in the novitiate at Ampleforth in September 1946 and given the name Timothy. As a junior monk at Ampleforth he began theological studies and taught classics in the school. In school year 1949-1950 he completed his degree in Greats at Oxford, making solemn

profession as a monk in 1950. He began the study of theology at Blackfriars but, needed in the school, he was called back to Ampleforth after one year and finished his theological studies in the monastery. Ordained in 1953 he continued teaching classics, coached three sports, worked in the monastic library, and served as pastor of Oswaldkirk. When in 1955 the Conventual Chapter of Ampleforth decided to make a foundation of a monastery and school in St Louis, Missouri, Abbot Herbert Byrne asked Fr Timothy if he would like to join the new foundation as Headmaster of the school, to which Fr Timothy replied, “No.” Asked whether he would go if sent, he replied, “Of course,” whereupon he was sent.

The St Louis community was founded at the request of local Catholic men who wished to create a school, which would prepare their sons for the best universities of the country, in particular those of the Ivy League. Fr Timothy arrived in St Louis on 19th October 1955, with the founding Prior, Fr Columba Cary-Elwes, and the procurator, Fr Luke Rigby. A property of 150 acres had been acquired by the St Louis lay group and the school was opened in the fall of 1956 in houses and barns and other outbuildings on the property, located in a farming area west of the city. In the first years of the foundation Fr Timothy made several trips to colleges and universities throughout the country to acquaint them with the new school and to learn what they were looking for in candidates for their schools.

The new community was small and the personalities of the Prior and the headmaster were strong and diverse. As Abbot Basil Hume observed after a visit to the community in the 1960s, the community “made great demands on charity.” But the monastic community worked harmoniously with the lay supporters and lay faculty, all three groups complementing each other in the work of creating an excellent monastery and school. Friends were also made among the local Jesuit community and diocesan priests. By the time of Fr Timothy’s retirement as headmaster in 1975, the school had erected a science building, a gym, a monastery, junior school and high school buildings, and had established a firm reputation as a premier Catholic college-preparatory school.

In 1973 under Prior Luke Rigby, the St Louis Priory requested independence from the Ampleforth community, the normal status of a growing monastery. The English monks were asked whether they wished to return to Ampleforth or transfer stability to the new community. Fr Timothy’s letter to the Abbot was brief and revealing: he wrote that he was leaving the Ampleforth community “with great sorrow” but that his request for transfer was made “entirely freely.”

After retiring from the headmastership, Fr Timothy collaborated with a team of monks who were preparing a new translation of the Rule of St. Benedict to commemorate the sesquimillennial of St. Benedict’s birth in 1980. Fr Timothy

headed the committee producing the translation, and the result was a volume that has become a standard version of the Rule in English-speaking countries. At the same time Fr Timothy began writing his account of the first decades of the Priory and School, a volume later published as *In Good Soil*. At about this time, the General Chapter of the Congregation named him Titular Prior of Ely in recognition of his work as monastery founder and founder of the Priory School.

A diocesan parish had been established in the region around the monastery in 1967, and the monks were happy for the parish to use their church as the parish church. In 1981 the position of pastor became vacant and the Archbishop of St Louis asked Prior Luke if a monk would be available to occupy the position. Fr Luke immediately suggested Fr Timothy, whereupon Fr Timothy entered into a new phase of his monastic life. As pastor of St Anselm parish at the Abbey, he won the hearts of parishioners with his ready wit and compassion for the sick and dying. He eventually published a book of “Homilettes,” two-line homilies delivered at weekday Masses. (“Little children know they cannot go it alone. We so easily think we can. The children are right.”) At his retirement from the pastorate in 1995 four volumes of notes of gratitude from parishioners were presented to him.

Toward the end of his headmastership Fr Timothy developed a taste for travel. On a sabbatical in summer of 1971 he drove with friends across Europe into Iraq and Iran to visit the cultural sites of antiquity. A workshop took him to Japan in 1976, and from that year into the 2000s he conducted foreign tours every other year. Timothy Tours visited Israel, Greece, Italy, England, Scotland, France, Spain, Central Europe, Egypt, Thailand, Cambodia, Chile, Argentina, and the California Missions and wineries. But “the tour to end all tours” was the journey along the “Old Silk Road” from Beijing to Moscow in 2000. Fr. Timothy always photographed the major cultural sites and would present slide shows to the St Louis community. His other hobby during this period was woodworking, and he produced a number of chalices and bowls for use by the community and as gifts for friends. He also became an expert oenophile.

His final years were spent in the monastery, writing his memoirs, published as *Learning All the Time*, along with a short book about his wartime experiences, *There’s a Bulldog on My Gas Tank*. He retained contact with many friends and welcomed all those who found in him a ready ear and wise counsel. He was a good story-teller, often asking, “Have I ever told you...?” The phrase showed his joy in telling a story, his desire to be close to the person addressed, and his shyness at possibly repeating himself. To the monks who visited him he often spoke of how the image of Christ crowned with thorns hanging next to his door would evoke from him the simple prayer, “I love you, Jesus.” He died suddenly in the monastery on 27th April 2018, at the age of 97, and was buried in the monastery cemetery.

Mourners from all periods of his time in St Louis filled the Abbey Church. Tall of stature with a flaming shock of red hair and a caustic wit, Fr Timothy was not one to suffer fools gladly, but over the years his brethren were aware of a gradual mellowing, the work of divine grace and his cooperation. He was a man utterly committed to the truth. The St Louis community was blessed to have its great founding headmaster among them for over 60 years. His legacy will not die.

MAIRE CHANNER 1938-2018

Maire was precious to Ampleforth in so many roles: as an Ampleforth wife, mother and grandmother, as one of the Lourdes pilgrimage organisers and as a House Matron and perhaps most lastingly, the initiator of the worldwide Ampleforth Lourdes Pilgrimage Prayer Network. Her husband, Frank, in 1953, his last year in St Dunstan's House, was part of the first Ampleforth Lourdes Pilgrimage with Fr Basil Hume and Fr Martin Haigh. The next time he came was in 1980 when his son, Aidan, came on the pilgrimage in his last year in school and brought his parents. Maire and Frank kept coming until Frank died five years later aged only 50.

For 11 years Maire was the Chief Lady Helper on the Ampleforth Lourdes Pilgrimage. She was described as: "hard headed and soft hearted, with exceptional gifts as an organiser, a clear head for detail, a zestful, intuitive skill in encouraging others to take part, reassuring the vulnerable and the shy, inspiring the outgoing and, occasionally, calming down the over-confident."

She was one of the first of our pilgrimage to become a member of the Lourdes *Hospitalité*, committing herself to spend a week once a year, apart from our own pilgrimage, and play a part in work for sick pilgrims from all over the world. This helped form strong links between the pilgrimage and the Sisters in the hospital where our sick were accommodated most years. She instituted, and continued to produce single handed, the Red Book which, it was said, did more to generate calm in the pilgrimage than any other change before or since.

After her husband's death Maire came to Ampleforth as Matron in Bolton House. Here she acquired many more honorary members of her family, not only by selflessly allowing her sitting room to double as an unofficial television room. After retiring from Bolton House, she lived in Gilling and was a regular visitor to her Parish Priest Fr Geoffrey Lynch (D44, died 2013), as he recovered from losing his left leg.

Perhaps Maire's most lasting legacy is the Lourdes Prayer Network, with its subscribers all over the world, praying for all manner of intentions but primarily for the people who have come on the Pilgrimage and who are in need of prayer. Maire started it before everyone had email addresses and she spread the word by post cards and telephone calls. It is fitting that through this network, she herself benefited in her last months from the prayers of so many and, so many learnt of her illness and death and were able to come to the Requiem Mass that the Community celebrated for her in the Abbey Church before her ashes were interred at Teddington next to those of her beloved Frank.

REPORT FROM THE TRUSTEES OF THE AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY

DAVID O'KELLY (C81)

HON TREASURER & TRUSTEE OF THE AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY

The objectives of the Ampleforth Society are to promote the Catholic faith and to advance education by fostering relationships between members and associate members and other persons associated with Ampleforth Abbey and Ampleforth College and engaging in activities which support the abbey and advance the education of the pupils attending the college. In setting our objectives and planning our activities the trustees have given careful consideration to the Charity Commission's general guidance on public benefit.

There were no changes to the Objectives of the Society this year however there was a slight increase in the number and type of activities. In setting the objects and activities the Trustees have had due regard for public benefit.

Achievement and Performance

At the Trustees meeting in April, reports were received from the President, Vice-President, Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary and several issues were discussed. The business plan for the Society was implemented in FY 17/18.

The valuation of the Society's portfolio as at 31st August 2018 shows a rise in capital terms of just over 3.5% during the year in question to £698,722. However, the Portfolio Return on a Total Return Basis for the Managed Portfolio was 1.64%. This (modest) positive return is something of an achievement given the extremely uncomfortable nature of the first quarter of the year.

It is still too early to tell what impact Brexit will have upon the UK economy in the medium term, but this is something that the Investment Committee will monitor.

The Investment sub-committee met once during the year, on 13 June 2018. The outcomes of the meeting were:

- There was no requirement to alter the composition of the Investment sub-Committee, in terms of either number or personnel
- The Investment Policy Statement (IPS) was sound
- Smith & Williamson were continuing to provide a first class service to the Society and that we were well served by the Investment Manager in this regard. There was no requirement therefore to change

- The Investment allocations were in line with the IPS and Equities remained under the threshold of 65% (61% - UK 25%, Overseas 36%)
- Growth was on track to meet the Total Return target.

The Society has benefited once more from unexpected, but welcome, donations.

The Society continues to meet its objectives by supporting its members through the provision of grants, and the School through the funding of Bursaries. In this financial year it will have achieved a level of support equivalent to 2.5 full bursaries (value £85,980) which represents a 3% increase in cash terms on the previous year but matching a commensurate rise in school fees. We note that the increase in school fees and the reduction in the number of students paying them still causes there to be a funding gap with regard to Bursaries; this continues to limit the ability to increase funding support for the time being but it nevertheless remains an aim of the Trustees.

The Society continues to provide grants to a number of Clubs within the Society and to some specific events. These change from year to year and, as part of an on-going initiative to provide wider support, they will continue to be supported.

Structure, Governance and Management

The charity is controlled by its governing document, a deed of trust and constitutes an unincorporated charity.

The management of the charity is the responsibility of the Trustees who are elected and co-opted under the terms of the Trust Deed.

The Trustees took the decision in-year to invest in Trustee Indemnity Insurance.

The Trustees have a duty to identify and review the risks to which the charity is exposed and to ensure appropriate controls are in place to provide reasonable assurance against fraud and error.

SUMMARY OF ACCOUNTS FOR YEAR ENDING 31ST AUGUST 2018

INCOME	£
Donations and Legacies	79,481
Investments	12,022
Other income	496
Total:	91,999
EXPENDITURE	
Raising funds	5,775
Charitable Activities	91,757
Total:	97,532
Net incoming/(outgoing) resources	(5,775)
Gains on Investment Assets	39,243
Net movement in funds	33,710
Balance B/F at 1 Sep 2016	674,962
Balance of funds carried forward	708,672

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

THOMAS BARRINGTON CUBITT (W47) 6th September 1929 – 19th January 2017. Barry, as he was always known, was one of five brothers who were at Ampleforth. Michael (C38), Victor (C40), Desmond (C41) and Gerald (W57). The surviving brother, Gerald, is a wildlife photographer and photographic author of 30 books. Victor was killed in World War II at Anzio serving with the Grenadiers. By a strange coincidence Desmond was flying to Rome for his honeymoon after the war when the plane was accidentally hit by an Italian fighter and crashed at Anzio killing all on board.

Before Ampleforth, Barry was at Wellbury prep school. At school Barry was best remembered for his fishing and interesting others in the sport. He wrote the chapter on fishing in “The Ampleforth Country” published 1949.

He served with the Grenadier Guards from 1948-55 in Tripoli, Germany and England. He relates how, when Officer of the Guard at Windsor Castle, sitting between the two Princesses at lunch, Princess Margaret asked him to pass the salt which was beyond Princess Elizabeth. Not wanting to disturb her he kept quiet. Margaret then said in a loud voice: “I asked you to pass the salt, Mr Cubitt.” By that time Princess Elizabeth, trying not to laugh, handed him the salt.

Barry was married to Jennifer Chaytor and they had five daughters. Later they split up and he married Sue Fairley. Both wives and the daughters, Gerald and nine of his ten grandchildren and lots of his old friends were at his funeral in the Catholic church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Hungerford. There were few dry eyes when his daughter Natasha sang a Solo of the first verse of “Amazing Grace.”

Barry was a wine merchant of real knowledge and appreciation. After working with Harveys of Bristol he ran his own wine business from his home in Kintbury. His style was personal and characteristically idiosyncratic. Invitations to his periodic tastings, which were famous in the neighbourhood, were hammered out on his ancient typewriter and bills were carefully written by hand. The business made him many friends and grateful customers. He was a great traveller and was delighted to get to Petra - the “rose red city half as old as time.”

He had a small yacht and sailed in the Solent and sometimes to France. His daughters

found sailing with their eccentric father a bit intimidating! Many of his friends who sailed with him had some harrowing stories to tell. He was full of prankish humour and will be greatly missed by many.

MICHAEL ERIC CHARLES TAYLOR (D66) 11th March 1948 - 29th September 2017 died at the Royal Surrey Hospital in Guildford, after a short and tough battle with cancer.

Michael was born in Yorkshire, where he spent the first few years of his life with his mother Elaine, father Peter and his sister Hilary.

He attended Ampleforth in the years that followed and would speak fondly of his memories there. He went on to study History at Manchester University, and become the first member of his family to gain a university degree and in a subject that would interest him for the rest of his life.

After university Michael was honoured to receive an invitation to work for Price Waterhouse in Kenya. He spent over 20 years there and was a key member as the merger occurred between Price Waterhouse and Coopers, resulting in PricewaterhouseCoopers. PwC ranks as the second largest professional services firm in the world behind Deloitte, and is one of the Big Four auditors along with Deloitte, EY and KPMG.

It was in Kenya that he met his wife Stephanie and went on to have two daughters; Claire born in 1986 and Lucy born in 1988. Michael and Stephanie raised the family in Kenya for a number of years before they came back to England. They moved to Guildford, where the family still live now.

As Michael reached retirement he was heavily involved in a number of local charities, ranging from those that help disadvantaged children to the elderly, as well as a number of small scale projects that the local community appointed him for, and was well respected by all of them. He was treasurer to the majority of them, as well as being called upon a number of times by friends, family and small businesses for help with their tax returns.

Michael was also a keen singer. This began in his school days at Ampleforth, when at the age of nine he sang in front of over 5,000 people. He took this hobby with him to the other side of the world and was a member of the Nairobi national choir. This continued in the later years of Michael's life as he was a treasurer to the Guildford Vivace Chorus as well as a member, and they will be giving a concert in memory of Michael in May 2019.

In addition to this Michael was also a spiritual man, and was involved in a number of activities within the Catholic Church and would sing and read during services. Michael's friends and family paid this tribute to him: "Michael was one of the most generous, kind and gentle people you could ever meet. No matter how big or small a task he was asked to do he would always put in 110%. He was a great father, a brilliant husband and a loyal friend, and will be sorely missed by all who were lucky enough to have met him."

FREDERICK DONALD BENNETTS (B53) 19th September 1935 – 4th October 2017 was born in Oporto, Portugal. His mother was Basque and his father a mining engineer from Cornwall. He had three sisters and a younger brother. His childhood was spent in Portugal in the mining area of Tras-os-Montes before going to Ampleforth.

Fred took a degree in Modern History at Wadham College, Oxford. He worked for an oil company in Brazil, where he met his wife, Patricia, and then returned to Europe. They were married in London in 1962. Having survived a very cold winter, a job in Spain lured him back to Iberia where they settled in Madrid. Fred's work as a consultant enabled him to travel to Pakistan, Angola, Mozambique, USA, Peru, Brazil, Portugal, on development projects with teams of international organisations. Home was in the Sierra de Guadarrama, northwest of the capital.

Fred was very keen on outdoor life: walking, skiing, dogs. Although he enjoyed reading and films, his real passion was music.

A milestone in the couple's lives was the 1973 military coup in Chile, where his brother-in-law Michael Woodward, a worker priest among the poor in Valparaiso, was detained, tortured to death by the Chilean Navy, and made to disappear. This led both of them to travel to Chile to find out what had happened to Michael and to file a lawsuit against the navy. Fred became a staunch supporter of human rights.

These trips of up to six months at a time were very intense, and finally affected Fred's health. After many ailments, he died in Madrid of pneumonia and heart failure, on 4th October 2017. In a very sincere ceremony, among friends, his ashes were spread across a field where they used to walk, surrounded by holm oaks and views of the mountains.

SIMON CHARLES CAVE (W56) 24th February 1938 – 22nd October 2017. After leaving Ampleforth in 1956 Simon opted to go straight into National Service rather than take up a place at Cambridge. He joined what was then the Rifle Brigade, passing the army medical despite severe back pain which he brushed off as 'a nuisance.' He had hoped to enter the Intelligence Corps and get on to a Russian

course, but was assessed as unfit for study but fit for kitchen duties – an absurdity that always made him laugh. The medics eventually diagnosed a congenital fault in his spine and discharged him after a year.

His parents gave him an eyebrow-raising, one-way passage to New Zealand where an uncle's family had settled years before. After briefly trying to sell encyclopaedias door to door and some rather more successful farm work, he moved on to Australia to discover that Melbourne University was introducing a new Russian course. He promptly signed up for the daytime course and started night work for a large Melbourne printing company to earn his living.

Returning to the UK overland with a cousin was an adventure he always remembered. Later, and by now married, he worked in London for the Institute of Linguists and then for a translation agency. With his by then fluent Russian he went to the Soviet bloc as short-term interpreter for a National Trust tour, then to Moscow for a stint of the same for one of the British independent television providers. The Russians were puzzled by this young Englishman's use of their language which he apparently spoke with a distinctly non-English twang. At that time Australia did not feature on Russian maps, making explanations complicated.

In 1974 Simon set up a small company Cave Translations Ltd with his wife Frances. There was more time now for family life with his two children, his stepson and assorted grandchildren growing up fast. His work taught him the essential importance of clarity in language with the company motto taken from the Roman scholar Quintilian: "One should aim not at being possible to understand, but at being impossible to misunderstand."

He retired in 1995 and stayed busy volunteering for the MS Society founded by his father. He chaired the local branch for a while and produced the newsletters. In 2003 he decided to fund-raise for them with his A Million Steps, a walk on his own from Edinburgh to London. On the second day of all those steps, he broke a toe. He kept quiet about that, but it was a long way to limp.

Simon was very private about his deep Catholic faith, but it was steady as a rock. He helped people and never let them down. He had offered to organise the church Mass readers' rota and in hospital was distressed at leaving it unfinished. His angst would not pass until he was assured that the neatly computerised documents had been handed over to another able parishioner. Simon's cheerful stoicism in the face of pain never really left him.

HENRY FRANCIS ARNOLD ENGLEHEART (C48) 18th March 1930 – 19th November 2017 was the second of four children to Francis and Filumena Engleheart,

of Stoke by Nayland in Suffolk.

The outbreak of war when he was nine years old did not prevent a happy childhood, and if anything fuelled a passion for history which was nurtured at Ampleforth.

He studied Estate Management, at Downing College, Cambridge, and after a few years in Hampshire as a land agent, he returned to Suffolk to run the family farm. A profession which suited his deep love for the countryside.

Upon the death of his father in 1963, when he was 33 years old, he began what became a long period of extensive public service. He sat on Babergh District Council for 37 years and, whilst on honeymoon, learned that he'd been elected Chairman. He was High Sheriff and a Deputy Lieutenant of Suffolk. He was Chairman of the Stoke by Nayland Parish Council on which he sat for 43 years, the Suffolk branch of the CLA, the Hadleigh Catholic Parish Council, the Recreation Ground Committee and the Suffolk Preservation Society and Building Preservation Trust. He sat on the Polstead Parish Council, was a Trustee of Gainsborough's House and a School Manager of the middle school in Stoke by Nayland. He was the representative of the RC Church on the Archbishops Commission on rural areas which was set up by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in 1988.

He was a very generous man of the highest principle, who would only ever do what he thought was right, and he also had a high sense of responsibility: hosting hundreds of charity events at his home over his lifetime.

Religion played a huge role in his life. He was a devout Catholic, and his faith was a constant source of guidance and comfort in his life.

In 1979 he married Victoria Pelham Burn, of Colgate in Sussex, and together they had three children: Lucy (b.1980), John (b.1981) and Mary (b.1985). Having left it very late, having a family gave huge pleasure to him, and he played an active role. He possessed many characteristics perfect for a marriage and parenthood: a wonderful temperament, kindness and devotion; he was a rock of stability in many people's lives.

He died on 19th November 2017, aged 87, after a very short illness and is survived by his wife, children and grandchildren.

DAVID FRANCIS SWIFT (O54) 14th September 1936 – 22nd November 2017 excelled at all sports during his time at Ampleforth, including 1st XI cricket as a fast bowler, 1st XV rugby, Athletics Team and won the senior tennis final in 1954.

After Ampleforth, David studied Accountancy and then got into the IT boom just as it was taking off and consequently worked for Burroughs then IBM and later other US companies and travelled extensively in the America.

He became a very accomplished golfer and played in various clubs including Bramall Park (Cheshire), Formby (a top Lancashire club) and played at County level for Cheshire and was Captain of Bramall Park during the 1970s. He later became a member of Delamere (Cheshire). During intervening years he was Captain of the Ampleforth team playing in the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal in Kent for several years.

In 1960 he married Jennifer Marsden and had three children. He died on 22nd November 2017 aged 81 having suffered in both hospital and a care home for 18 months after getting an infection during his hip replacement operation.

PETER IAN LAUGHTON (C41) 14th November 1923 – 5th December 2017

was the elder son of Col Francis Laughton MC, TD who commanded the 4th Bn The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders TA. After Ampleforth College he was commissioned in the Cameron Highlanders on 2nd April 1943. Having joined the 2nd Camerons in Egypt, he took part in the Italian campaign, being wounded at Monte Cassino in March 1944. He served with the battalion for the final stages of the Italian campaign and then in Greece and Salonika. After the war he served with the 1st Camerons, of which he was Adjutant in Tripoli in 1950-51. He then became Adjutant of the 4th/5th Camerons TA in Inverness in 1951-53. He was later Brigade Major of 152 Highland Brigade and having commanded a company at the HBTC, Fort George he retired in 1957. Having been granted a TA Commission in the 4th/5th Camerons, he commanded HQ Company in 1957-60 and then D (Nairn) Company. He retired from the TA in 1966 and worked for many years for Schweppes Ltd, making his home at Petworth, Sussex. He and his wife Joanna, who died in 2016, celebrated their diamond wedding in 2012. Their son Hugh Laughton served as an officer in the Queen's Own Highlanders in 1980-83.

DAVID THORNTON PEERS (O42) 24th June 1924 – 19th December 2017 was born in Kensington, the only child of Victor and Sybil Peers.

He arrived at Gilling in 1935 and moved across the valley to St Oswald's. He became a house monitor, and being athletic made it into the rugby 1st XV as a nippy winger. It was at the time that Fr Paul Nevill was Headmaster and those formative years were to leave an indelible mark on him for the rest of his life. He remained a great supporter of the school sending his two sons Nicholas and Simon there in 1965 and 1967, and staying in touch with friends, both monks and contemporaries throughout his life.

For those like him, leaving school at the age of 18 in 1942 meant he was plunged into the catastrophic events of the Second World War, and the contrast between the tranquil valley and what was to follow could not have been more dramatic. After some cursory training he was attached to the King's Royal Rifle Corps as a second lieutenant and found himself sent to North Africa. He wrote to his parents: "One thing I have no doubt in my mind. And that is that I shall return sometime – most emphatically!" Little did he know that he was on his way to fight at Anzio, a disastrous campaign where he was captured. In March 1944 he was writing from the German POW camp Staamlager V111A where he spent the rest of the war, being freed by the American Ninth Army on the 12th April 1945.

Like so many others of his age and generation these traumatic years were etched forever in his memory, though it was only much later in life that he spoke of them, and then rarely expressing the true extent of the grief, regrets and traumas of those youthful years.

At the age of 24, his father Victor who worked with Alfred Hitchcock and helped found Granada TV, steered him towards Rank films. This was to be the start of a career in film and TV that was to last up to his retirement at the age of 72.

Starting as Assistant Director he quickly moved to Ealing Studios working on many of the great films produced during the 1950s. Passport to Pimlico, Man in a White Suit, The Titfield Thunderbolt and The Ladykillers, to name but a few. He subsequently moved to ATV under Lew Grade where he met and joined with Jim Garrett who was just starting his eponymous James Garrett and Partners, which was to grow into one of the most successful TV production companies of its day, particularly in the world of advertising. Jim was to be a friend and colleague for the rest of his life.

In 1955 he married Elizabeth Webster at St Mary's Cadogan Street. There followed four children, Nicholas (T74), Simon (B76), Kate and Emma. Of all the things that he cherished, the bonds that united the family took precedence. Perhaps having been an only child it gave him more happiness and joy than anything else to organise family gatherings, and he always warmly encouraged his children and grandchildren to continue the family traditions he held so close to his heart. He also loved good wines and writing and the garden. From 1979 they lived in East Marden in the Sussex Downs contributing to village life and in later years quietly assisting good causes.

Elizabeth died in 2014 and David in 2017 after a long, full and happy life with many loyal friends and a large and close family. Of his grandchildren, Oliver Peers (O17) recently left Ampleforth, and David his namesake is currently following in his

grandfather's footsteps in St Oswald's.

DAVID JAMES ALLEN (O49) 4th July 1931 – 4th January 2018. Quote... “A quiet, considerate gentleman; always ready with good advice, wisdom and encouragement; a lovely smile, a twinkle in his eye and a belief in God; he was totally suited to Company Secretary – absolute integrity, total reliability and great attention to detail; he didn't do small talk but when he spoke people listened because what he said was worth listening to; he was such a good Catholic gentleman who wore his learning lightly.” This was a tribute given at David's funeral.

David started at Ampleforth in 1945 in St Oswald's House. The Housemaster was Fr Stephen Marwood and the Headmaster was Fr Paul Nevill. The fees were £50 per term.

In 1949 he studied Law at the L.S.E. On graduating he studied for the Bar, joining the Middle Temple. He never intended to be a barrister but planned to work in industry. In 1953-55 he joined the Royal Artillery for his National Service, opting for an overseas posting and was sent to Northern Ireland. After leaving the army he joined the Territorial Army.

He joined ICI in 1955 where his career included time in Salt Division, Lime Division, at Head Office, Alkali Division, HOC division, Agricultural Division and finally back at Head Office, where he completed his career as Company Secretary after 36 years with the Company.

Whilst on Teesside he met and subsequently married Frances who was a teacher at Newlands Convent FCJ in Middlesbrough. They bought a house in the village of Kirby-in-Cleveland at the foot of the Cleveland hills where they brought up five children - Jane, Philip, Clare, Katie and Lizzie. When the appointment to Head Office took them back to the South they bought a house in Guildford. After school the “children” went to university, married and produced ten grandchildren.

As a keen historian, David spent a lot of time on historical research. He traced his family tree back to Alfred the Great on his father's side and his mother's included Rev William Carey - a famous Baptist missionary minister who spent many years in India translating the Bible into 50 languages. David also researched and wrote the history of the Parish of St Joseph's, Stokesley. Whilst in Guildford he researched the war service of the names on the Merrow War Memorial.

Both during his working life and his retirement he was involved as a volunteer in the Education Office of the Dioceses of Middlesbrough and Arundel and Brighton.

David was a keen golfer and enjoyed walking in the countryside with his dog, Ebony. When living in the North East there were many holidays climbing the Lake District fells with the books by Wainwright as his guide.

A much loved husband, father and grandfather, brother and friend, may he rest in peace.

DAVID BINGHAM (B50) 7th April 1931 – 27th January 2018 was born in Nakuru, Kenya to Francis Dennis and Mary Bingham (née Kilkelly). The family was later blessed with one more son. David's father served as an engineer in the Royal Navy, but after the Second World War, having become redundant, the family settled in Kenya where they took up farming. David followed secondary education with the Benedictines at Ampleforth. He then did compulsory military service after which he went to study in Cambridge from 1951 to 1956 where he obtained a BA degree in History.

He then got a job with a shipping line in Singapore. His main task was to liaise between ship and shore. It was there that he made his first contacts with people from Malaysia who were among the personnel. In his memoirs about that time David wrote that through his contacts with the Church in Singapore his Catholic faith had been strengthened and the first stirrings of a vocation to the priesthood made themselves felt. Eventually David applied for admittance to the formation programme of the Mill Hill Missionaries. After a bridge-year in Osterley he entered the Mill Hill formation programme in Roosendaal for studies in Philosophy. In 1961 he entered St Joseph's College, Mill Hill, for the study of Theology. On 1st May 1964 he took the Perpetual Oath and the following year, on 10th July, he was ordained priest in Westminster Cathedral by Cardinal Heenan.

He received an appointment to Malaysia, where he taught for two years in Sarikei followed by two years of mission work in Kanowit. He was transferred to Simangang in 1971 and served there for some five years. Subsequently David worked in the missions of Binatang, Julau, Sibul and Song. Altogether David spent 46 years working in the mission of Sarawak. He learnt the Iban language, reportedly with a pronounced English accent, as well as a little Hokkien (Chinese). In May 2005 David was appointed to the British Region where he took up APF work. In October 2014 he took up residence in a retirement home in Freshfield.

David's great missionary zeal is reflected in reports from General Council members who had visited him in his various missions. In July 2001 he was awarded an OBE for more than 45 years of mission work in Malaysia. On the occasion of his golden jubilee as a priest in 2015 the General Superior wrote with much appreciation in his letter of congratulations: "The Lord gave you great energy, an enquiring mind and a

good sense of humour. Your ability to move among people of all religions and cultures has surely enriched your life and promoted the Reign of God.”

Jesting and joking, often about himself, was typically part of a conversation with David. In a short autobiography he quotes a person who told him that all Mill Hill Missionaries were either bad or mad and some were both. David added: “I leave it to you (the reader) to decide into which category I fall!” We believe that the Lord of the Harvest will have a more uplifting verdict and grant his faithful servant the beatific vision.

MICHAEL JOHN TAAFFE O’CONNOR (C46) 26th August 1928 – 23rd February 2018 was born in Trinidad in 1928 to Patrick and Mimie. He was sent to Ampleforth and entered St Cuthbert’s House in 1942 leaving Ampleforth in 1946.

After Ampleforth he carried out his national service with the Royal Corps of Signals. In 1953 he attended the School of Signals and in 1960 went to Staff College at Camberley.

He served with the regiment in Cyprus and Aden, and was one of the last men out of Aden when the forces were withdrawn in 1967. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and would have achieved a more senior rank had he not retired from the army.

Having retired after a successful career in the army, Mike embarked on a second career. He joined a local barristers chambers and was called to the Bar in 1976. Once qualified he served as clerk to the Magistrates Court sitting in courts at Lowestoft, Felixstowe and Bury St Edmunds. He was much respected as a knowledgeable and capable clerk, being viewed as pragmatic, and helpful to all who appeared before him.

Mike married Chips, his first wife, in 1950 and they had one son, Jim, who also went to Ampleforth. Chips and Mike were renowned for their generous hospitality both during his military service and subsequently with Chips being an accomplished cook. Mike was a tremendous raconteur, relying on his exploits both in the army and in his capacity as clerk to the court, telling stories with great humour and vivacity.

Mike was a keen gardener and enjoyed a garden which was more a “managed wilderness” than one of orderliness and straight lines! He was also a keen sailor, launching his Enterprise from nearby Waldringfield, and also sailing from Orford and Aldeburgh.

Following the death of Chips in 2008, Mike married Liz whom he had known for 30

years having met at the art classes that he attended. Liz was also a keen dinghy sailor and their mutual interests drew them together.

Mike was a devout Catholic throughout his life, and the church played an important part of his daily routine. He was very much involved with the church of St Thomas of Canterbury, Woodbridge and latterly Our Lady and St Peter in Aldeburgh. He was a committed and valued member of the church community in both parishes. His interest in justice and the law led him to work as a prison visitor at Hollesley Bay Prison. He was also a SSAFA volunteer for 30 years.

Latterly Mike had a hip replacement which was successful, but following a fall, the other hip broke and was not repairable. Whilst remaining cheerful at all times his health slowly deteriorated culminating in his dying peacefully at home.

IAN ALEXANDER PETRIE (W50) 10th February 1932 – 26th February 2018 died just 16 days after his 86th birthday. His son, Aidan (W79), writes: “As I consider a few words that recognise his life, I think that consistency was central to his character. Consistent to his family, consistent to his faith and consistent to his country.

“While born in Sumatra, and widely travelled for business and leisure, his country was Scotland. Not as separate from the United Kingdom as a whole, but as a deep love of the highlands where he now rests, high on a grassy knoll, overlooking the little hill loch where he loved to fish and impart occasional advice. He was never happier than strolling the moor with his stick in one hand, gun in the other and his dog of the moment running this way and that. It was there that he brought the family together every year of our lives and in turn where we continue to bring our families together.

“He spent his married life with Margaret Jane Petrie (Wade), in roles that were the norm of the time. Jane is a natural home maker, creating comfort and warmth wherever we lived, a great cook and avid gardener to this day. Ian went to work. The family business was cookies; shortbreads, digestives, jaffa cakes and more, and he was the last of the Crawfords to be on staff. His final tour of duty was as managing director of Wimpy, a high street burger chain. One of his first actions was to don a uniform and work flipping burgers for a week, he wanted to experience the business he was running from the perspective of the employees and the customer. He enjoyed his work and people he worked with.

“My sisters, Caroline, Alison, Sarah and I benefited from an upbringing that while privileged in many ways, was grounded by our father’s egalitarian, quiet and principled foundation.

“Finally, my father was consistent in his faith; every Sunday, always, we would be driven, usually fast, to church. Later in life he never faltered, he believed ‘a little God regularly’ was a cornerstone of a worthy and balanced life. Pluscarden, Ampleforth and the local church were integral to his life and his thinking. He was a good man, strong and steady and is missed by all.”

NICHOLAS RICHARD BISHOP (W59) 28th May 1941 – 27th February 2018

was brought up Shropshire on a farm at Shipton in the Corvedale, which had been in the family since 1890. A eight years old he went to Gilling Castle then on to the College where he played rugby, cricket and enjoyed beagling. He loved his time there and was delighted when his son Ben (E98) went there as it was an excuse to return. On one occasion, having had a few days’ riding holiday on the North York Moors, he could not resist showing the school to his riding companions, so turned up and parked in front of the Abbey Church with horses and trailers.

He left Ampleforth in 1959 when he joined the Rootes Group in Coventry and London to train to take up his role in Wolverhampton Motor Services, the family firm, which he ran until it was sold in the early 1990s. He then started Bishop Vehicles from an office at home supplying cars to friends and acquaintances, which he continued until 2011 when Alzheimer’s was diagnosed. On his father’s death he also ran the family arable and livestock farm.

He was a keen skier and ran a chalet in Zermatt for a year or two which ensured he has to go out there to check all was running smoothly and ski as much as possible. Hang gliding (before his marriage!) was another of his sports. He ran a small shoot on the farm to entertain friends and hunted with the Wheatland Hunt for many seasons. His pipe came out at any opportunity and he was caught once or twice with a smouldering pocket when hounds started running. He was a very competent sailor having been taught by his father on the family boats and on which friends were often co-opted to come and help crew at the weekends. He crewed for an American in the Trans Atlantic Race in 1966. He was High Sherriff of Shropshire in 2002 and a Deputy Lieutenant of the county from 2004-16. He was a Trustee of the Lord Rootes Memorial Fund for many years, as well as sitting on other trusts in the County.

His faith was very important to him and even when his Alzheimer’s was acute, George Morley (E56) was immensely kind and collected him and took him to Mass every Saturday evening. His funeral was in March 2018 when Fr Edward Corbould celebrated a Requiem Mass in the Church of England Church in Much Wenlock, which was thought to probably be the first time since the Reformation! John FitzGerald (T59) gave a wonderful eulogy.

SIR CHARLES GARNET RICHARD MARK WOLSELEY (C62) 16th June 1944 – 5th March 2018. The following obituary has been written by Hugh Stafford Northcote (W57).

In 1966, the 900th anniversary of the battle of Hastings, various newspapers looked around to see if there were any families who could say, without doubt, that they were here before the conquest. After an exhaustive search they came up with two families whose claim could be justified. Both families lived in Staffordshire – one was the Cliffords, the other one was the Wolseleys.

In 1944, Charles' father, Stephen, met one of his oldest friends in the officers' bath house in Caen. He had just heard from his wife that they had a son. He told Jack Evans, his friend that he was sure that he would never see him. Jack told him he was being silly. Stephen asked him to look after the family and the estate. Little did either realise how accurate Stephen was in his fears. Stephen was a forward spotter for the artillery. He was doing his job and returning to his regiment when he was shot – alas by what is now described as friendly fire. He was carried by a heroic companion back to the dressing station. Poor Stephen died leaving a widow, Pamela and two children, Patricia and Charles.

In 1954, when his grandfather Edric died, Charles became the 11th Baronet aged ten. He was at my family's prep school, St Bede's Bishton and my father, the Headmaster, discovered that Charles was incapable of telling a lie – thus he never asked Charles if he had done something because he felt it was unfair. At 13 he moved to Ampleforth and joined Fr Walter in St Cuthbert's House, where he made many lifelong friends.

From Ampleforth he went to Cirencester Agricultural College and earned a Fellowship of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. He had a far too good time at Cirencester but nevertheless left well qualified for the job he wanted to do.

In 1974 he became an Associate Partner at Smiths Gore having joined them at Lichfield. It was at this point that he left Staffordshire to become Lord Egremont's agent at Petworth. He not only had to manage the estate at Petworth, but also the estate in Carlisle.

There were occasional forays into Staffordshire. During the shooting season Charles would drive up to attend the fortnightly shoot meets at Wolseley. Jack Evans, George Riley and Maurice Field ran the shoot. There was seldom anything shot; it did not matter. It was undoubtedly the best shoot probably anywhere. The reason was the company – just wonderful. The lunches, teas and drinks were renowned all over the county, the regular guns being joined by people from other shoots joining in the fun.

Charles joined the Staffordshire Yeomanry in the late 1960s. He was a member for five years and called himself the ‘armchair lieutenant’ featured in a contemporary painting.

In 1987 he took a very bold step. Jack Evans, who had run the estate until Charles reached his majority and my own father acknowledged that he was taking a great risk. Charles could not see why what had happened in the south with great success should not work in Staffordshire. He decided to leave Petworth and return to his own estate and turn it into a famous garden. He had to leave behind his wife, Anita, from whom he had parted, and his lovely children, Annabelle, Emily, Lucy and Stephen. Charles married Jeannie, an American authoress and together they moved up north.

The garden was opened by Lord Rothschild in 1990. Why it all went wrong is not for this moment and I couldn’t possibly comment. Charles was declared bankrupt and the estate which had been in the family for about a thousand years passed out of the family.

The people of Rugeley were wonderfully kind and supported them in many ways. Frequently they discovered gifts of food, money and even a car delivered to the house. They needed support and got it from the ordinary people of Rugeley who did not want a thousand years of local history to end so appallingly.

So, what was Charles like? Well I confess I was somewhat in awe of him. He talked about my weak attempts at gardening and gave the Latin names of all the plants. He was never wrong, at least that is what I and several others felt. I continued to do so until Charles came up against my own children. Uncle Charles, for that is what they called him, was a man of whom they were incredibly fond. All of them, when he pontificated about some subject, would tease him without mercy, and he loved it. He would grin from ear to ear, take another sip from his pink gin and tonic and launch on another tack. They will miss him, as will we all. Underneath all the bluster lay a heart of gold.

He was kind, considerate, loving and a great friend and in spite of all the knocks, which would have downed a lesser man, he never changed. He is no more – safe journey – you deserve a place in the best of mansions.

ALAIN HUGH ST MAUR JACKSON (B49) 13th March 1931 – 8th March 2018, known as Hugh, was born in West Hartlepool. He was briefly at Gilling Castle before joining Ampleforth College in 1942. He was assigned to St Bede’s House under the care of Housemaster Fr Paulinus Massey. Hugh always remembered his time at Ampleforth with great affection and had a very high regard for his teachers and the Benedictine community at the school. He held fast to his Catholic faith for

the rest of his life.

On leaving Ampleforth, Hugh spent two years doing National Service before going up to Clare College Cambridge where he took a split tripos in History and Law. He considered a career at the Bar, but decided instead to join Consolidated Goldfields, where he spent the rest of his career.

Hugh died on 8th March 2018, having suffered complications from a fall at his home in Tunbridge Wells. He is survived by his wife, Margaret, and three daughters, Rosamund, Marguerite and Claire.

CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER JAMES WARD RN (E53) 1936 – 10th March 2018.

After an unsettled family childhood, as a teenager Chris found happiness and home in the Benedictine School of Ampleforth. He developed particular affection for the late Cardinal Basil Hume, who taught him rugby which he loved and served as a guide whom Chris faithfully followed for the rest of his life. Chris often spoke of the deep gratitude he felt to the monks of Ampleforth for the solid foundation they gave his faith, preparing him for his future out in the world.

Perhaps the greatest passion in Chris' life was the Royal Navy, and at the age of 17 he embarked on a career of 33 years as a naval officer, soon to become submariner. His service on many submarines, including as Captain of nuclear-powered HMS Conqueror in the early 1970s, took him to several foreign postings, including Singapore and Halifax, Nova Scotia. Combined with a strong sense of duty to protect his country, Chris had a brilliant mind, capable of meticulous detail, evident in achieving the Admiral Max Horton submariner's award, and also in his naval thesis, 'How to Deal with National Disasters,' King's College, London.

Chris' attraction to secret life below the sea led rather naturally onto his work in Naval Intelligence, taking up the challenge to learn Russian to interpreter-level for a post of Moscow Naval Attache in the eventful Cold War years of 1979-1981, during the Soviet Invasion of Afghanistan. As with so much in his life, Chris went deep into his Soviet experience with intensity, keen to penetrate to the heart of the Russian people as well as of submarine intelligence in far-flung corners of the USSR!

Following a final post as Head of Naval Intelligence during the Falklands War, Chris finally left the Royal Navy, returning to the Benedictine setting he had grown up in and loved: working for 13 years until retirement as School Bursar at Downside Abbey, Bath.

Despite Chris' love for the Navy, he was clearly most himself on walks or holidays

with his beloved family – his wife, Liz, and three children, Juliet, Melanie and Michael – in the peace of countryside. He detested noisy cities, and was his happiest striding up mountains in Snowdonia with his family, drinking a thermos of strong Indian tea with Penguin biscuits, surrounded by sheep and waterfalls. Chris’ peace-loving character also emerged in his favourite hobby: he would go off for hours with binoculars and his Scottish Terrier dogs onto the Great Ridge above his Wiltshire home, bird-watching.

For the last three years of Chris’ life, he was finally diagnosed with the Parkinson’s disease he had already been struggling with for a long time. Because of his acutely sharp mind – often speaking extremely eloquently even at the very end – Parkinson’s had a cruel impact on his mobility. But Chris’ devotion to his Lord and to his family helped him to accept his suffering with moving simplicity and humility. As he lay dying, Chris’ family recited his favourite Benedictine prayers and helped him prepare to die. On 10th March 2018, the day after his 82nd birthday, Chris passed peacefully on to his Final Home.

CANON DIGBY JOHN SAMUELS (D66) 8th May 1948 – 17th March 2018.
The following is reprinted with kind permission of its author, Mgr Martin Hayes.

Very soon after the sad news of the death of Canon Digby Samuels was sent to the priests and parishes across the Diocese a response was received from a priest: “The Diocese has lost a saint.” Canon Digby will be remembered with gratitude by many priests, religious and lay people for helping them to grow in holiness, in sanctity. To be holy is to be close to God, the source of holiness, and Digby was close to God throughout his life. Canon Digby was ready to go to God as he endured physical frailty in his final weeks, cared for in St Anne’s Home by the sisters and staff and the friends who visited him and sent him messages of encouragement and assurances of prayer.

Born on 8 May 1948 in Bovington, Dorset, the son of Major Frederick and Anna Maria Samuels, Canon Digby wrote, ‘My mother was Catholic, my father nominal Church of England. Not surprisingly it was my mother who taught me my prayers and introduced me to Mass, sharing her own faith with me’. The young Digby was educated at Ampleforth College. Known as ‘Dig’, he enjoyed his school years while also experiencing what he described as ‘the turbulent years of early teens and the transition from one boarding school to another’. He had a sense of the closeness of God and a one-to-one relationship with Jesus in prayer. The influence of the Benedictine monks, and their way of life, made a deep and lasting impression. Dig wrote home regularly, giving details of his studies, sporting and social activities. In 1967 he left Ampleforth to undertake studies in law at Aberdeen University and was awarded LLB in 1970. He applied for, and was accepted as, a student for the

priesthood for the Diocese of Westminster. He studied at Allen Hall in Ware and at the Venerable English College, Rome. As a student he was popular and very much liked. On 17 July 1976 Digby was ordained as a priest by Bishop Gerald Mahon MHM at the church of Our Most Holy Redeemer and St Thomas More, Chelsea.

Fr Digby served as Assistant Priest at Muswell Hill from 1976 to 1978 when he was appointed to Hertford. In 1980 he moved to the parish of St Francis of Assisi, Notting Hill as Assistant Priest and then on to More House as Chaplain from 1983 to 1989. This was followed by a time of sabbatical leave until he went to the Shrine at Walsingham to serve as Chaplain to Pilgrims from 1990 to 1993. He then spent two years at Potters Bar, doing retreat work, before returning to Ampleforth Abbey to explore the possibility of a monastic vocation. It was discerned that this was not to be. In 1997 Fr Digby was appointed Assistant Priest at St Charles Square where he served until 1999. He was then appointed Parish Priest at St Patrick's church, Wapping. At Wapping Fr Digby found stability and purpose. He grew in his knowledge and love of the East End and the people there. He appreciated their faith and spirit. He was appointed Dean of Tower Hamlets in 2001 and in January 2006 he was appointed as a Canon of the Chapter of the Metropolitan Cathedral, Westminster. He was to become the Canon Penitentiary. In 2012 Canon Digby moved from Wapping to have a few months sabbatical leave, spent with Carmelites and then Jesuits, until January 2013 when he took up his appointment as resident Chaplain at St Anne's Home in Stoke Newington. Failing health meant retirement from that role last year. He remained in residence, continuing his ministry of spiritual direction and accompaniment and as a confessor to priests, religious, seminarians and lay people.

Canon Digby was a man and priest committed to prayer. He described prayer as a deep listening to God, to discern God's purposes. He talked openly about the spiritual life, and helped others to deepen their relationship with God. He did so with sensitivity and wisdom. While characteristically gentle, Canon Digby was able to quietly challenge others, with his sincerity and goodness helping others to grow closer to God and responsive to God's will for them. His outwardly cheerful and breezy disposition allowed him access to the hearts and minds of many people, as he was able to endear himself to the strong and weak alike through the immediately imparted sensation that he was in touch with the inner self of the other. He remained a 'spiritual seeker' himself, at times intensely so, and sometimes experiencing periods of darkness and desolation but remaining faithful, trusting that the light of God would continue to shine on him. Through his ministry, marked by empathy and compassion, the light of God shone into the lives of others. His friends appreciated his loyalty and his kindness, and helped him to take himself less seriously than he might have been inclined, and moments of joy and laughter will remain memorable. To his family – his sister Jacqueline and her children – Digby was an uncle first and

a priest second, sharing times of recreation including playing golf and tennis and watching sport, especially rugby, and country walks. For Digby, trekking for long distances could constitute 'some of life's best experiences', he wrote. Gifts at Christmas would come from the CAFOD catalogues, helping poor people and bringing joy to the recipients. His family were proud of him and were inspired by Digby's generosity and his ability to relate to people young and old, rich and poor, seeing the person before anything else, and seeing something of God in them. Canon Digby was a priest through and through, and rather ascetic, but never 'clerical'. A close priest-friend described Canon Digby as having 'the heart of a child', a person of joy and innocence. He saw everyone as a child of a loving father, the God in whom he had profound and transparent trust. May he rest in peace in the presence of the God he knew, loved and served.

JAMES MACMILLAN (D58) 27th July 1940 – 26th March 2018 was a war baby, born in a large semi-detached house in Liverpool to James and Flo in 1940. He was the youngest of five children - Mary, John, Richard and Charles. As he grew up he found himself playing mostly with Richard and Charles and they were affectionately known in the family as the Three Musketeers.

They moved away from Liverpool after the war with father getting a teaching job at Ampleforth. They relocated to the nearby village of Gilling where the boys continued their care-free idyllic life in the glorious Yorkshire countryside swimming in nearby lakes, cycling, walking over the moors and indeed discovering potholing, all completely unsupervised as it was in those days.

James went on to be educated at Ampleforth where he excelled at anything academic, enjoyed all things sporty and took to music.

In 1958 he went to Sandhurst and after two years there joined The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment in Tidworth. Having excelled at Sandhurst he was sent by the Army to Balliol College Oxford where he read Classics with Russian. Returning to the Regiment in Malta in 1964 he was posted to Warminster with further deployments to Minden, Cyprus, N Africa; his final posting was with the MOD in '68 working on the Russian desk; finally he left the Army in 1970.

He married Caroline Fisher in October 1960 and they settled in Heybridge Basin on a delightful ex German harbour patrol boat. James got a job at the Times for which he was hardly suited. He left and went into partnership with Arthur Holt becoming the proud owners of a small boatbuilding and chandlery business at the Basin.

He used his latent skills to great effect converting his parents in law's old coach house and stables into a delightful cottage where, having sold the business, he and

Caroline finally settled for a life of semi-retirement. James developed a hobby in metalwork and created some of the finest garden architecture, trelliswork, fencing, gates and steel arbours. All these Caroline competently planted with a delightful compliment of plants, shrubs and trees.

They moved to Bures (Suffolk) where he and Caroline devoted their skills once more to convert two distinctly uninteresting cottages into the perfect dwelling of Kingsmoor. Kingsmoor was possibly at its horticultural zenith when Caroline was tragically taken from him by the dreadful cancer, mesothelioma, some four years ago.

He had many interests and diversions serving as a magistrate on the North Essex bench; he loved horse riding; a keen 'rough' shooter; was a proficient trumpeter and he tootled the post horn at local country fairs and agricultural shows. Music though featured in all corners of his life and home, singing in the choir in Bures church or relaxing to Classic FM.

Sadly they never had a family but he and Caroline leave a string of devoted close family and friends.

RICHARD GUCEWICZ BAILLIE (H62) 26th December 1943 – 4th April 2018 was the son of Alexander Gucewicz, a regular officer in a regiment of Polish lancers and Frederica (Fanny) Baillie. Richard attended prep school at Welbury Hall before he went to Ampleforth.

Richard took up beagling (with the Ampleforth Beagles), a sport for which he had a lifelong enthusiasm. He enjoyed his years at Ampleforth, and always remained a loyal former pupil.

Leaving Ampleforth, he went to the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, planning to become a Chartered Surveyor. He obtained a diploma in Estate Management, however, changing his mind on his career choice, in 1966, he took up a short service commission in the Life Guards.

He enjoyed his time as a soldier: he was posted to Singapore, which gave him the opportunities to travel throughout the Far East. At the time of the completion of his short service commission, an uncle bequeathed him a farm in the Lammermuirs in the Scottish borders.

Richard left the army to take up sheep farming on the remote farm in the hills. He farmed for several decades, combining his work with his many interests and sports – including hunting with the Buccleuch.

In 1978 he married Margaret Hope, with whom he had two sons. Richard, when he retired from farming, was fully involved with many equestrian activities throughout the borders. Every summer he could be found, in all weathers, with his two sons, constructing horse trial fences within the policies of various farms and stately homes. He also became the expert in health and safety for horse trials and point-to-points throughout the region...which he did with great enthusiasm and competence, never asking for any financial compensation. He did it for his love of the sports.

At the same time he was involved with a wide range of charitable activities within his local communities. These included the Multiple Sclerosis Society, Save the Children, the RNLI, the Royal Voluntary Service at the Borders General Hospital and many others.

He was an active supporter of the councils of the parishes in which he had lived. These included St Mary's, Kelso, St Palladius Deanery Council, St Cuthbert's Deanery Council and Our Lady Immaculate, Duns. He also took an active participation in the Scottish Order of Christian Unity and the Scottish Council of Human Bioethics.

He was a religious man, with detailed and extensive knowledge of church liturgy and all matters relating to altar serving and sacristies. He joined the Companions of the Order of Malta in 2014: he became closely involved with the arranging of the religious and ceremonial services organised by the Knights of Malta in Scotland. Unstintingly providing his time and expertise, he contributed greatly to the success of these events. He was an active supporter of the Knights of Malta and went three times on their annual pilgrimage to Lourdes. He became a Knight of Magistral Grace in 2016.

Richard was a charming man...active, busy, very efficient and often generous with his time and knowledge. He was also a humble man, and always modest about his contribution to any event. The Knights of Malta have been fortunate to have numbered Richard amongst their ranks.

EDWARD JAMES MASSEY (B51) 16th September 1933 – 13th April 2018, known as Ted, passed away peacefully surrounded by his loving family. Finally diagnosed with progressive supra-nuclear palsy (PSP), a rare illness that rendered Ted very weak and debilitated. Never once did he lose his tremendous sense of humour, passion for life and endless empathy for friends and family. The weekly results discussion of his team Manchester United with his son James (T82) – a Liverpool supporter! – were obligatory. With his beloved daughter Debs, his constant enquiry as to the level of heating oil, knowing his wife Barbs' love of tropical house heating in his absence were hilarious!

During his school days at Gilling Castle and Ampleforth, Ted forged friendships that were to last for life. Meeting up with them at the 'Manchester Hotpot' and 'The Old Amplefordian Golf Society' on a yearly basis was top of his calendar and anticipated with such joy!

At school his flair for art and all things architectural, very much encouraged by the late Father Martin, lead Ted to study Architecture at Manchester University. Following National Service Ted returned to his home town of Warrington and set up a successful architectural practice with fellow Amplefordian Pat Garrett (D60). Their specialism was commercial buildings. Schools, offices and sports centres... there are still a few a relics of that era round today.

Always a very active member of his community, Ted became chairman of the Warrington Rotary Club and raised countless funds for local charities. He was always up for lending a hand and giving time and advice so freely. The renovation/extension of his local church St Monica's was something he was most proud of.

During this time Ted married Barbara, became a father, first to Deborah and then to James (T82).

Barbara was the lynch pin to his world, both professionally and personally. Together they were famed for their love of entertaining, holidaying, demon bridge playing and monster petunia growing!

Ted finally retired, his art and golf became his perfect all weather pastimes. The latter regularly ending up on the 19th with good friends. The 9th hole though, was his claim to fame, designed by his grandfather. It was there, whilst playing with his grandson Ben, that he witnessed Ben's hole in one! The Warrington Guardian recorded the event for posterity!

Painting was Ted's form of relaxation. He had a tiny backroom studio at home. The walls were full of sketches, acrylics, portraits and wonderful water colour landscapes. In the middle of it all was the poem written by his granddaughter Rosie, "Groovey Grandparents!" He loved it!!!

Ted was a husband, father and grandfather. He was gentle, kind, warm and very loved...he is missed.

CHRISTOPHER NORRES LESLIE IRVEN (B53) 11th February 1935 – 21st April 2018 was selfless and brave, sensitive and inquiring – a man of humility and integrity. Throughout his life, he was always ready, happy even, to suffer with and

for those who suffer, as well as those he loved: he really tried to imitate Christ.

He was born in Ramsgate, second of four children – Peter (C61) was youngest – of Margaret née Bowen from Lancashire, and Norres Irven, a staff officer with the intriguing distinction of having organised the flawless rail movement of the British Expeditionary Force to the Franco-Belgian border as early as mid-October 1939.

A joyous sense of humour, fun and adventure came from his father. His mother showed him a profound and prayerful love of Our Lord, and reverence for his Blessed Mother. But the early years were hard: he almost never saw his overworked father until the war had ended, his mother having to raise the children alone; and later at prep school, near Hitchin, the headmaster brought him misery. But all changed when the family followed his father to Nairobi for a long posting to East Africa Command. At St Mary's School for Boys, he remembered 'boxing in the quarry', singing Aquinas' *Adoro te devote*, and listening to a gentle priest who 'always spoke of the love of God.' This was an idyllic period of healing, and intensely formative, for when he would have a family of his own.

At Ampleforth, Fr Martin taught him to express his awe for nature in drawing and watercolour. A keen interest in natural sciences (evident in home-made firework displays around the ball place...) led to dreams of a career in physics or cosmology. Indeed, his tutor, Fr Bernard Boyan, recommended him for Cambridge, but there was no more money. He left school with a lively and well-informed faith, a compulsion to work out the meaning of things, and a fierce desire for justice.

With university ruled out, he joined the army, commissioned into the Royal Artillery, his father's regiment. He later gained an MSc-level diploma in ramjet technology from the Royal Military College of Science. Most of his career was in technical roles, working with guided weapons or trialling them for MoD Procurement (where his integrity was often exercised). He saw active service in the 1965-66 Borneo Confrontation; and he delayed retirement to provide crucial in-theatre support to air defence units in the 1990-91 Gulf War, adapting their guided weapons equipment to unfamiliar operational conditions.

Thereafter, he returned to theoretical physics, cosmology and theology (which he found complementary). He tutored maths and physics to A-level, and catechetics within the parish. He had long been struggling to develop a consistent prayer life that would engage his heart and mind. Encouraged by old friend and theologian Dom Sebastian Moore of Downside, he wrote two books, on the Stations of the Cross (drawing on René Girard's writings), and the Rosary, intended to bring these meditative prayer forms alive for today (available in the Abbey Shop).

Then he suffered two serious accidents, with remarkable outcomes. One resulted in a truly miraculous cure after he drank a phial of water that came from the shrine at Arles-sur-Tech in the Pyrenees; so he cycled there and back on a pilgrimage of thanks. The other led to intensive rehabilitation in veteran facilities...and a round-Britain cycle ride to recover. He always loved mountaineering, and now he felt emboldened to resume: traversing l'Aiguille du Chardonnet with his sons at 65, and climbing Mont Blanc and Mt Kenya in his early 70s. Finally, at 75, after watching a documentary about wounded servicemen, he cycled round Britain again – solo as ever – to raise £23,000 for 'Help for Heroes.'

In 1961, he married Mary (or Molly), sister of much-loved Dom Laurence Kelly of Downside. Their children are Paul (B80), Andrew (Downside), Fiona, Catherine, Madeleine, Annabel and Victoria (St Mary's Shaftesbury). Their 23 grandchildren include Thomas (T08), Emma (M10), William (C12), George (C13), Edward (C15), Phoebe (M16), and Hugh (St Oswald's Y10). Molly ran the household on a shoestring, drawing on budgeting skills learnt from her father, a banker who served in British India; how else were seven children to be properly educated on army pay? Drawing breath a generation on, she counted 34 house moves in 34 years. In the 2000s, her health declined, and his love was obvious during the seven years he cared for her until she died in 2011. He took great pride in his family which he 'presented to the Lord' every day in prayer.

He died of leukaemia just days after attending the Easter Triduum at Ampleforth.

LORD JOHN ANDREW KERR (O44) 4th July 1927 – 3rd May 2018 was born in London, the second son of Captain Andrew Kerr RN and Marie Kerr, of Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire. He was educated at Ampleforth, leaving in 1944, and joined the Scots Guards. An accident during training prevented him from seeing active service, but immediately after the end of the war he served as aide-de-camp to Lord Killearn, Special Commissioner for South East Asia, based in Singapore. Demobbed, he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, where he read English.

While at the University he married, in 1949, Isabel Gurney; their first child William arrived in 1950 and was blamed as the reason for distraction from the path to a first class degree. They had two subsequent sons and two daughters, the boys all being educated at Ampleforth.

With the exception of what proved to be a false start in insurance, whose only legacy was a lifetime habit of taking tobacco in the form of snuff, he spent all of his working life with antiquarian books. Learning the trade with Jacques Vellekoop at EP Goldschmidt, he subsequently acquired Sanders of Oxford, then was invited to join Sothebys, of whose book department he was in charge for 18 years, taking sales with

benevolent efficiency and well-mannered dictatorship.

Sothebys went through a number of changes with which he was uncomfortable and in 1983 he and two colleagues founded Bloomsbury Book Auctions, which identified and took advantage of the strong and understated market for works of lower values, in monetary terms. It was the first book auction house to be established in London for 150 years and one of its strengths was the sales of authors' working papers and libraries of an academic or specialist nature.

The business was sold in 1998 and in 2002 he retired to the home in Oxfordshire where he and his family had lived since 1959. On his retirement his son Andrew organised the compilation of an impressive album amicorum which demonstrated the great affection and respect with which he was regarded.

He was a quiet man to whom his faith as a Catholic was central throughout his life and who was happiest above all when in the company of all the generations of his family.

HUBERT ALBERT BAILLIE (C63) 18th August 1945 – 1st June 2018 was an all-round gentleman in the true meaning of the word; amusing, kind, a devout Catholic, an achiever, immaculate, honourable and a devoted family man. Hubert's brother, Richard (H62), died earlier in the year on 4th April (obituary page 111).

His parents bred racehorses in Ireland before the family moved to Frogs Hall in Hertfordshire when Hubert was at prep school. It was at Frogs Hall that Hubert's passion for riding developed and his father, a fine horseman, taught him to ride. His father has been an instructor at the Polish Cavalry School – show jumping was his forte but he had also taken part and miraculously survived the last battle with the Polish Cavalry charge against German tanks. Sadly, Hubert's father died when he was only 15 and at Ampleforth. From then on, all Hubert's mother wanted for him and his brother Richard was racehorses. So Hubert started point to pointing aged 16.

And so Hubert's racing history makes wonderful reading with Half a Sixpence being the favourite trusty steed, winning countless races but also much success on other racehorses. He was also a keen flyer and owned a number of aeroplanes over the years.

Hubert was commissioned into the 2nd Battalion and initially his name was hyphenated Gucewicz-Baillie, but when he reported to the Adjutant, he was promptly informed that his name was now Baillie and thus it remained. After many years with the 2nd Battalion, Hubert was posted home to London where he met his wife Sarah with whom he had two children Charlotte and James. After working in London in a

job which found employment for Guardsmen and NCOs who had left the Army, he spent his latter years in Wiltshire and Dorset working at Warminster for the Director of Infantry both as a serving officer and until very recently as a retired officer.

Hubert was diagnosed with cancer five years ago and so followed the long race during which he displayed uncomplainingly the same great courage and resolution that he displayed during his racing career.

MICHAEL WILFRID HADCOCK (O48) 6th October 1930 – 7th June 2018

was born in Hexham in Northumberland, one of four children, Josephine, Richard and twin brother, George of Neville and Jeanne (née Le Pajolec) Hadcock. At the age of eight, just before the outbreak of the Second World War he was sent to Wellbury Park prep school where his Uncle, Bernard Kenworthy-Browne was Headmaster.

In 1944, as the war raged on, Michael, accompanied by his twin brother, George went on to Ampleforth College. On a foraging mission in the woods above the school - known as Monks Wood - he discovered an orphaned tawny owl and adopted it. Imagine for a second travelling on the school train, at the age of 13, back home for the summer holidays with a pet owl in tow. He made quite an impression on his mother. Michael was always good at that. He was never conventional. He may also possibly and unwittingly have become the model for a certain Harry Potter. At Ampleforth he and his brother excelled at their studies and Michael boxed and shot for the school. His many trophies indicate that he shot straight and true, a bit like the way he led his life.

After leaving Ampleforth in 1948 the call of the sea led him into the Navy and engineering at Dartmouth. But the life of a fish head, as the Fleet Air Arm referred to the sailors working with them, wasn't for Michael. Not enough excitement. Too conventional. He wanted the adrenaline buzz of flying.

Michael commenced his naval Flying Training at RAF Syerston in November 1954 learning to fly at the controls of the Percival Provost. After 20 years' service, Michael left the Navy and once again took an unconventional path, this time into the world of Palm Oil or red oil. After inductions in Cameroon and Nigeria he was appointed by Unilever as Chief Engineer in charge of industrial mills on two vast trailblazing plantations in Malaya and Sabah.

The oil palm is indigenous to West Africa and palm oil a staple of the diet. Through his work there he realised that vast plantations and huge industrial mills - the mantra of the industry to this day - were not the answer to optimising production. He took the side of the small guys - he thought that smallholder farmers were the key but

they needed more efficient processing machinery. The UN Food and Agricultural Organisation funded a project for him to design affordable, small scale efficient machinery. He did what was asked of him. The message didn't get through to the decision makers then but it is now slowly getting through. He was 30 years ahead of his time. He also later worked in Ghana. In Nigeria he was appointed a chief - the Iwaloye of Igbodigo - in recognition of his work in the community.

Michael married Rosemary in 1958 and they celebrated their 60th Wedding Anniversary among the whole family and friends in May this year. He was a keen fisherman and loved Llyn Llywenan, the lake at Presaddfed, spending many early evenings in his boat trying to outwit the trout that were once in abundance there. He was an occasional golfer, a highly proficient handyman, a keen and knowledgeable gardener and in his later years he became a self-taught and accomplished watercolour artist. His profound knowledge of classical music was also admirable and he has a passion for horse riding and polo, which he had learned to play in the Navy.

Family meant everything to him. Michael was a loving, warm hearted and very talented man who was driven by a strong sense of humanity and compassion and his catholic faith. There is no doubt that he died in God's hands and that he is now reunited with his sister, Josephine, his elder brother Richard and his twin, George, and of course Neville and Jeanne, his parents, and that is something to celebrate.

ROBERT JOHN CHARLES BATY (E46) 30th April 1928 – 16th June 2018 was born in Bedford where his father, Charles, was a Classics Master at Bedford School. He was educated at Gilling and at Ampleforth. Over 70 years later he was still reading the school magazine and would vividly describe Cross Country through the drizzly Yorkshire hills, a far more capable runner than he would admit. In 1946 he joined his father for a few weeks in Vienna, where the latter was helping to rebuild the Austrian education system. It was there that he introduced the film director Carol Reed to the music of Anton Karas, the zither-player, who played the famous theme music in *The Third Man* – this was a story told many years later with a certain relish but a great deal of very deliberate understatement.

In 1947 Robert followed his father and uncle and went up to Christ Church, deviating only in reading Politics, Philosophy and Economics rather than Classics. He was mischievously guarded about his academic career. In spite of being tutored by Sir Roy Harrod, a friend of his father, he seems not to have spent much time revising economics. When asked how he occupied himself his answer usually included mention of the Christ Church beagles and what transpired was a carefully worded euphemism for partying. He came down with a Fourth and both thumbs dislocated by opening champagne bottles. It was at Oxford that he had his only brush with the law. It seems that he was walking home one evening in high spirits after the Boat

Race when he spotted a man in a bit of bother removing the top of a Belisha beacon. Being a tall man, he kindly offered his assistance, only to feel moments later the grip of a policeman on his shoulder as he was taken into custody. The other man had seemingly evaporated.

In the early 1950s Robert worked in the family wine shippers, Thomas Baty and Sons, in Liverpool. He then spent time with the London advertising company Ogilvy, Benson and Mather. Despite being cautious by nature he acted decisively when he met Diana Kelly in the Challoner Club and they were married at St Etheldreda's in 1955. He died just one month short of his 63rd wedding anniversary and considered himself very lucky to have enjoyed so many years of wonderful companionship.

During the next few years their children, Patrick and Sophie, were born. Much of what was familiar to his grandchildren was in evidence there too, specifically his love of certain entertainments incongruent with his outward demeanour. In the 1960s and 70s this centred on the Saturday afternoon wrestling on the television that he watched religiously and with great enthusiasm. He was also a lifelong devotee of Tom & Jerry. This again is testament to the two complimentary sides of his character: erudite, urbane and dignified but with an infectious love of the frivolous and the ridiculous.

In 1960, at the start of the 'Do-it-Yourself' boom, he opened Papers and Paints, a small shop in a then scruffy area of Chelsea, with a university friend. The friend left to pursue a political career after a short time and for the next 20 years he ran the business single-handed. During that time, he built up a reputation as someone who could mix any colour and provide advice on all aspects of decoration. He passed on these skills to his son and, retiring in the early 1990s, went off to live in Wilton, near Salisbury. Here he devoted himself to his gardening and became a well-known figure in local charity and voluntary work: collecting large sums for the RNLI and organising meals on wheels, trips to the library and to the nearby Waitrose for those not really any older than he was.

Robert was both completely unassuming but also brilliantly captivating for very different audiences. He held young children enraptured at the dinner table and was never more at ease than when carving a roast animal of any variety, at one point announcing that his favourite Greek word was "sparagmos" – an abstract noun meaning the rending of flesh. From the carcass he could make servings appear of seemingly biblical proportions, still leaving enough to be eaten cold for lunch for perhaps the next fortnight. Time at the dinner table was memorable for far more than the food. When amongst family and with a glass of red wine, he was at his most jovial. Alongside many classical references he would also produce his favourite

rhymes.

He was a true gentleman, always unfailingly polite and mixed happily with everyone he met. He once charmed the King of Belgium with impeccable French during a chance encounter in an art gallery, having no idea who he was talking to.

RUPERT TIMOTHY IRVING STRINGER (B68) 2nd February 1950 – 22nd June 2018, known as Robin, was born in Norfolk but moved at a very young age to a farm near Tiverton. He was in St Bede's House at Ampleforth with Fr Martin as Housemaster. After Ampleforth he held a short service commission with the 16th/5th Lancers. He was a member of the MCC and had a cricket team in Devonshire and rode hounds there too. He was a fly-fisherman and for many years fished salmon on the Helmsdale and was a keen rough shooter.

Robin was a Stockbroker and spent his career with Flemings and JP Morgan and was a member of White's. Twenty years ago he contracted MS, which eventually badly affected his eyesight and latterly he was diagnosed with cancer. Robin never complained of his illnesses and deteriorating condition. He was a jolly, witty, clever and happy man who lived life to the full and was loved by many, as could be seen by the huge turnout at his funeral. He is dearly missed.

ANTONY WILLIAM O'NEILL (B48) 17th January 1933 – 14th September 2018 was born in London to Group Captain Christopher O'Neill OBE, who hailed from County Cork, and Dorothy, a Scott.

Like his elder brothers Michael and Patrick, Antony was schooled at Ampleforth College from the age of six. He vividly remembered the school bells ringing for a day to mark the end of World War II, and all the pupils being treated with two whole days off.

"They were the only two days we ever had off, other than the so called Exhibition in the summer," he told his daughter Helen with a laugh recently before his death. "That was a big deal. We never got any time off."

Antony remembered Ampleforth fondly, despite once being caned for keeping grasshoppers in his desk. His father was an eminent physician whose heroics as a RAF officer culminated in him becoming Physician to the King. Unlike his two older brothers, who said he was shy but by far the cleverest in the family, Antony did not follow his father into the medical profession, instead leaving Ampleforth having won an open scholarship to read chemistry at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Antony wanted to go straight to Oxford but young men of his age had to do two

years of national service, so he found himself billeted as an RAF Fighter Command junior pilot officer in Germany, part of the army of occupation, just as the Cold War began.

His first post was as a radar fighter controller at an airfield near Cologne, watching the Iron Curtain for Soviet planes. From here he moved to an airfield on the Dutch border where his commanding officer was Group Captain James Edgar “Johnnie” Johnson, a flamboyant character renowned for being the Allies' highest-scoring fighter ace, with more victories against the German Luftwaffe than any other aerial fighter. The Germans had left gliders at this airfield, and Antony became obsessed with the aerial pursuit, making about 200 launches, earning his glider's licence describing the activity as: “Like sailing in three dimensions.”

During this time Antony also realised that one of Germany's chief mathematicians was giving language lessons. From him, Antony learnt the German he knew he was going to need at Oxford University. Back then, chemistry undergraduates had to pass a final exam in German because, as Antony recalled, “all the best chemists were German.”

At university, Antony became captain of his college tennis team and proved to be a natural scientist. Oxford University offered him a research position but he decided instead to go into the petrochemical industry and joined Esso, as Exxon was known. He stayed here for 26 years in a series of senior management positions that included running the company's European Research Centre and becoming Esso's Manager and Company Secretary. He also served as Vice President of the UK Institute of Petroleum.

In 1985, Antony joined the Health Education Council as Assistant Director General, becoming Director of the NHS's Health Education Authority several years later. In 1990, he retired to concentrate on golf. He proved good at that too, once even scoring a hole in one during a medal round.

Antony met his wife-to-be, Judith Rowe, in the early 1960s. Judith, a physiotherapist and talented artist, was the only woman for him. She died as spring was beginning in 2017. He died just as autumn started in 2018. Their ashes are scattered together at the Berkshire home they both adored.

GEOFFREY HUGH MORRIS (B54) 7th April 1936 – 20th October 2018 came from a prominent Catholic family in St Helens and throughout his life he retained a strong religious faith and stayed loyal to his Lancashire roots. After prep school he joined St Bede's House in 1949. His school career was very successful. A talented athlete, he excelled particularly at rugby as a powerful, speedy centre in the 1st XV.

While still at Ampleforth he was taken on by Waterloo, in those days one of the country's leading clubs. He studied History under Tom Charles Edwards, who gave him a permanent interest in the subject. In later years he built up a serious collection of Peninsular War Literature, his favourite subject.

In 1954 Geoff was awarded an Exhibition by Jesus College, Cambridge. He then studied for a teaching certificate at Liverpool University, followed by a year working at a Lycee in Bordeaux. As late as in his 60s he learned Spanish and became very proficient at it. He taught for two years in one of the early comprehensives near Liverpool before changing direction and beginning a distinguished career in educational administration. There were spells in London, West Hartlepool and Cambridge City, until in 1966 he made a short move to the Cambridgeshire Authority, where his work flourished. From 1976-91 he held the post of Chief Education Officer. Among several innovations, he pioneered local management of schools, whereby greater autonomy and budget control was given to head teachers, though Geoff was disappointed when central government adopted his scheme and introduced features with which he was less happy. He left local government aged 55 to join Sanders and Sidney, the careers consultants.

In 1962 he married Janet Duggins, whom he had met in a Cambridge jazz club. Jan died in 2015 and they are survived by their four children, Hannah, Dan, Laura and Tom. Geoff and Jan will be remembered not least for their splendid hospitality over many years in Huntingdon Road.

Geoff died peacefully at the Arthur Rank Hospice in Cambridge, attended by family and friends. He was a person of many interests including jazz, long distance walking, ornithology, industrial folk songs and French wine. Aged 80 he completed an adventurous solo trip to Argentina and Chile.

He had a long association with the Dominican community at Blackfriars in Cambridge, where his Requiem was held followed by a woodland burial.

IAN MICHAEL GUIVER (A44) 6th September 1926 – 9th November 2018 was born in the house he was to spend most of his life in. The house, 'Crossways' in Ardleigh near Colchester, had been completed earlier that year to serve both as a residence and a doctor's surgery for his parents Frank and Vera. Frank had gone into partnership with his father-in-law, a GP in a neighbouring town which served a wide rural area.

Ian was at Ampleforth during the war years, a difficult period in which the roll of honour of old boys recently killed in action were a regular and sombre feature of

morning prayers. During those years, the Valley had been ploughed up and given over to farming to provide food for the school, and Ian recalled both working on the school farm and eating its produce, which fostered an intense dislike of root vegetables for the rest of his life. One of his great friends throughout his time at the school was Aidan Gilman who recently celebrated 60 years of Priesthood and spent many years as a hermit on the North York moors.

After leaving Ampleforth, he studied at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge and then the London Hospital, qualifying as a Medical Doctor in 1951. After qualifying, he continued his postgraduate and clinical studies at The London and elsewhere. After the hospital posts, and accompanied by his Italian bride Maria, he spent three years as Medical officer to RAF Wunstorf in Germany as part of the British Army of the Rhine. At the base, he was often one of the first people on hand when a plane came in for an emergency landing, and he lost at least one good friend in an air accident. His time in Germany saw the birth of his two sons Michael (T71) and John (B72).

In 1957, Ian became an assistant and later a partner in the Ardleigh practice, and moved into 'Crossways' the home of his birth where he was to live until 2017. At the time, the surgery was in the house, and home visits and night calls were routine. Ian, who was the third-generation of his family to be part of the practice in the local area gained a reputation as a first-class diagnostician, and there were many patients who felt that they owed him their lives. 1970 saw the construction of a dedicated surgery adjacent to the house, to support the ever-expanding needs of the community, and to accommodate new partners and other practice staff.

Ian and Maria loved to travel, including many trips to Italy, a trip behind the Iron Curtain, the Middle East, Kenya, and also Canada and the US where his sons moved after graduating from university.

Ian retired in 1991, and dedicated himself to his real passion – history, and particularly family history. He used his keen logical mind to trace the Guivers back to 1475 in Saffron Walden by diligent study of church and legal records and manorial rolls. He also spent time investigating Maria's side of the family, in particular Maria's uncle, Vittorio Suster, a famous Italian pilot, who had been shot down near Malta in World War II.

The end of the millennium brought a tragedy, as Ian and Maria's daughter, Catherine, was diagnosed with a brain tumour. She died in 2004, and the years in between were dedicated to caring for her through many operations.

In the summer of 2017, Ian broke his hip. Despite a successful operation, he was never to get out of bed again, and spent most of the next few months in hospital until

his death on 9th November 2017.

He leaves behind his wife Maria, his two sons Michael and John, and five grandchildren, the oldest of whom, Julie, followed the family tradition, and qualified as a doctor in 2009.





THE COLLEGE PORCH

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE

HEADMASTER'S EXHIBITION SPEECH

FR WULSTAN PETERBURS OSB
HEADMASTER OF AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE

GOOD MORNING AND WELCOME TO EXHIBITION. It is good that we have this annual celebration of the many achievements of our young people and of the life of the College; and it is very good to have you with us.

It is now almost a year that I have had the privilege of serving as Headmaster of Ampleforth College. Thank you for your support, which along with that of the monastic community, the trustees and my colleagues, especially Deirdre Rowe and Hannah Pomroy, has been of great assistance and encouragement to me.

Ampleforth College is, of course, a Catholic Benedictine school, its values being those of the Christian Gospel and the Rule of St Benedict. The education offered here is, I think, in many ways a very traditional education, but I don't think that it is one that is stuck in the past. As I have said to the students at the House Pitches this year, tradition is important in the life of any community, in the life of any school: it gives us a sense of who we are and of what our values are; but tradition cannot simply be a canonisation of the past, of views or attitudes or of particular or preferred ways of doing things; tradition, rather, must be dynamic and must be life-giving. Specifically, the traditional values of an Ampleforth education must equip our young people for life in the modern world, a world that offers so many opportunities, but at the same time can present challenges and even threats. At the end of their schooldays, when they leave the valley, we want our young people to be confident; to be capable of, and to have formed, good and lasting friendships; to be equipped with the right qualifications and skills that will stand them in good stead for university and beyond; and, of course, to have explored and to continue to live a life of faith. The school, then, must take its cue from what St Benedict says to the Abbot as teacher of the community, namely that he must be ready to draw out from his storeroom things both old and new, so that our young people are prepared for the future.

It is also St Benedict's advice to the Abbot that in the monastery he should arrange all things, so that the strong have something to strive for and the weak nothing to run from. Whilst this might sound a little like the separating of the sheep from the goats, it is clear from his Rule that Benedict was sympathetic to human nature and its needs, and that he had a profound concern for the welfare of individuals, as well as the whole community. In the College, then, we recognise that each and every student - much like ourselves - has both strengths and weaknesses, and that it is our

responsibility to see that they receive the support they need, whilst at the same time being appropriately stretched and challenged. Our concern is the flourishing of the individual in all aspects of his or her life - spiritually, socially, academically, on the sports field, in music, culture and the arts - the flourishing of the whole person; but, this of course takes place in the context of a genuine community from which its members benefit and to which they owe responsibilities.

To my mind, a defining feature of Amplefordians is the quality of the friendships that they make, a reflection, I would hope, of the emphasis on community that comes from the Rule and the life of the monks here at Ampleforth. Over the years, I have been fortunate to see the development and growth of these friendships here in the College, and then further afield in families and among groups of families here in the UK, across Europe and stretching from Asia to the Americas. The Ampleforth family is certainly widely spread, but many choose to stay in touch, including with us here in the valley; and I have much enjoyed meeting many of you, along with former students (including some from my time as Housemaster in St John's), as well as hopeful future applicants at various events.

Academic life, including academic achievement, is clearly vital to a school. Monasteries are places of learning, communities in which study and scholarship are valued; and the desire to learn - and to succeed academically - is something that we encourage in our students, whatever their level of academic ability. To foster this, we have created a new senior post in the College, namely that of Assistant Head for Academic Development, which will be taken up in September by Harriet Thomson who joins us from Truro School, where she is currently Director of Learning Progression. Reporting to the Director of Studies, Harriet will oversee the various academic pathways that students follow through the College, ensuring that the necessary support through excellent teaching, appropriate intervention and challenge is there for all students. It is our aim that each and every student must be enabled to fulfil their academic potential and thus achieve the best possible public examination results of which he or she is capable. In today's world, they need these results, and it is our responsibility to help them achieve them.

As I am sure many, if not all of you, know, last summer's GCSE results were the best ever achieved at the College with 64% of all grades achieved being A* & A and 86% A* - B. At A level, 45% of all grades were A* & A and 72% A* - B, the average points score per student being equivalent to three A grades. If we were to consider the grades achieved by those in the A and B streams, so those who would gain entry to schools much more narrowly selective than Ampleforth, then at GCSE 86% of all grades were A* & A and at A level 71% of all grades were A* & A. These results bear good comparison with more narrowly selective schools; and in terms of value-added, for all qualifications, Ampleforth was ranked in the top 8% of schools nationally and

in the top 12% of independent schools. To my mind, these are good results, but we cannot rest there - there is no room for complacency.

A second senior post that we have established is that of Assistant Head for Benedictine Development, which Gaelle McGovern will take up in September. In recent years, we have done much to articulate Ampleforth's Benedictine character, and to share this with both staff and students; and for the past 18 months we have had the considerable benefit of the St Columba Community (members of the Manquehue Apostolic Movement from Chile) living and working with us. Gaelle's task, working with Fr Chad our Senior Chaplain, will be to ensure that in our next phase of development we expand our work in this area with staff, so that the students will be provided with varied opportunities to contribute to this aspect of the life of our school community. An interesting, and encouraging sign of the success of this in the College this year is that just over half of the students in the school have been involved with voluntary lectio divina groups.

In the final paragraph of the Prologue to his Rule, St Benedict describes the monastery as 'a school for the Lord's service.' As well as learning to serve the Lord, learning to serve others is part of learning to live well in any community, and is very much one of those things that we think should characterise an Ampleforth education, and therefore Old Amplefordians. Our annual celebration of St Benedict's Day in March not only allows us to commemorate our Patron Saint, but affords our students the opportunity to learn for themselves at first-hand what so many others do for them on a regular basis; and, of course, the Alban Roe Projects, the upcoming Friendship Holiday and daily life in the school present all sorts of ways and opportunities to serve.

Sport, music, art, drama and activities of all kind provide important means of self-expression, personal development and working with others, and so also help to develop friendships and the strength of our community. Some of us will already have seen this year's Exhibition Play, *The Railway Children*, and I invite you to visit the Art Exhibition in the Sunley Centre. We heard some of our musicians at Mass last night and more this morning, just two of the many occasions each year when they perform - the St Cecilia Concert, *The Messiah* and the Girls' Schola's rendition of Britten's *Ceremony of Carols* spring particularly to mind. Just recently in sport, our senior girls came first in the HMC Athletic competition in Gateshead, our senior boys coming second. From the games fields to the recital room, from the art studio to the theatre, from the valley to Lourdes, from our community to the service of others, the successes and contributions of our students in all of these areas are manifold, and many of these are celebrated in today's Prize Giving.

Ampleforth, then, is not a school in which only the academic is valued - a 'hothouse,'

an 'exam factory' - but, rather, a vibrant community in a beautiful location that lends itself to a proper holistic education in which young people are supported, challenged and enabled to give of their best, certainly academically, but also in all aspects of their lives. It is a community in which monks work with lay people, and in which teachers work with parents, to ensure the flourishing and thriving of every young person committed to our care.

And so, in conclusion, I would like to thank staff and students, and also you the parents, for all that you contribute to Ampleforth, making it the place it is today and will be in the future.

INTO THE WOODS

REVIEW BY BETHANY SEYMOUR

In January, the Theatre and Music Departments presented a joint production of *Into the Woods* by Stephen Sondheim and the result was nothing short of outstanding. This incredibly challenging musical depicts a series of interwoven fairytale narratives, contorting them into a new and complex storyline. The baker and his wife, performed to a professional standard by final year students Louis de Satgé and Rebekah Lally, would like a child, but the witch (Georgia Ofiaeli) has put a curse on them. They must enter the woods to retrieve four items, each from a different fairytale character and, in return, the witch will reverse the curse. Needless to say, all does not go to plan.

Act 1 sees the well-known fairytales of Rapunzel (Therese von Riedemann), Little Red Riding Hood (Maria Toone), Jack and the Beanstalk (Will Gibson) and Cinderella (Tatiana Szapary) unfold through some powerful and, at times, hysterical, individual performances. Cinderella's step-mother and step-sisters were performed by Lily Langford, Octavia Howard and Isabelle Mayer with side splitting comic improvisation and flair. The prince and his brother, played by Luis-Paul Gray and James Barber, were brilliantly arrogant and their duet, *Agony*, never failed to produce raucous laughs from the audience. Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf (Patricio Troop) were well suited and both showed their exceptional acting skills in joint scenes. Ruslan Tuavev's casting as Grandma, complete with full beard and deep, sonorous voice was a marvellous directorial decision! Will Gibson's challenging solo, *Giants in the Sky*, was performed with great enthusiasm and showed his considerable vocal promise. By the end of the first act they have all achieved their happily ever-afters...or so we think.

Act 2 explores the unexpected consequences of our characters' familiar stories and we discover that all is not as it appears. Jack's greed leads to the giant descending into the woods and chaos ensues. Tatiana Szapary's portrayal of Cinderella, as she realises money cannot buy happiness, is performed with exceptional talent in both singing and acting. Rapunzel's death at the hand of the giant leads the witch to sing a lament which allows Georgia Ofiaeli's show stopping voice to shine through. As the characters begin to turn on each other through their various losses, Jack, the Baker, Little Red Riding Hood and the Witch enter in to one of the hardest musical numbers in the performance: *Your Fault*, this was acted and sung with precision timing and showed just how strong the students' talents are. As the musical comes to a close, the remaining characters come together to accept the consequences of their choices with the witch singing the closing message, *Careful the things you say, Children will listen*.

The performance was given life throughout by all parts of the Theatre Department. Group numbers and Miss Walsh's exceptional choreography provided energy and entertainment throughout and Mr Ramsden's set, lighting and sound team created an atmosphere fitting of any West End stage. Special mention should, of course, go to Miss Griffin and her outstanding direction. Without her clear vision and calm leadership, the show would not have been the success it was.

With all of this remarkable acting happening out front, it was easy to forget that they were being accompanied by a live orchestra, made up of both students and staff. Madeline Hamilton led the orchestra with a commanding presence while Chris Too supported wonderfully from the piano. This was a demanding musical score and they performed it with exceptional skill and talent, thanks to the tireless efforts of Mr Hardie to prepare the orchestra and soloists.

This production showcased the considerable talents of the Theatre and Music Departments and is a wonderful example of the School coming together to create a truly awe-inspiring achievement. We wait with bated breath for this young cast's next musical performance - the show must go on...

ST MARTIN'S AMPLEFORTH

PRIZE GIVING SPEECH

DAVID MOSES

ST MARTIN'S AMPLEFORTH

The Psalm at Mass, 120, is important to me. I know it is a favourite of many. I found out recently that Mrs Wood knows it by heart: it was her father's favourite psalm, and was read at his funeral. In that way we become attached to words, poems, and prayers, which gather personal memories and meanings beyond the mere literal and which become spiritual reference points in our lives. Sometimes the words we say are immediately important; sometimes we take them for granted. Sometimes they reassure us. I adore mountains, and the notion of lifting my eyes unto the hills from whence comes my saving help is deeply significant to me. More so the final lines at the end of the Psalm: God will be with us at our going out..and at our coming in, and for all time. It is important that we keep our heads up, our eyes upwards, and fixed on Him, even though His intentions for us may be beyond the angle of our vision.

Speaking of hills, there we were in Italy. Me, Mrs Wood, Mrs Barson Miss Langstreth, and Year 8. We had done a trek in the morning: beautiful. We walked to the foot of the Gavia Pass, where we had lunch: beautiful. A glass of wine with that lunch: beautiful. And then off we went to the High Wires which were in the trees below our base in the town of Ponti di Legno.

We had been there for about an hour, when Sebastien, Johnny and me found ourselves getting the extra instruction we needed for "The Purple Route." Johnny and Sebastien said they were reticent – there was a sort of bungee Jump at the end of it. 'Let's do it together' I said. So we all clipped our harnesses into the fixed wire. Once clipped in you cannot go backwards. We went along high wires, zip wires, and eventually came to the bungee. 'What have you done, Dr Moses,' I thought. 'I don't even like heights,' I thought! 'I cannot go back,' I thought! "Go on sir, if you do it, we can!!" said a voice from behind me. (Seb) 'Ok,' I said. 'Help,' I thought! 'That looks like a very big drop,' I thought. '(Later they will make a model of me, looking scared, on a zip wire, and put it in the Main Hall, I thought!')

What I should have done was to let the harness I was wearing take my weight. But no, I gripped onto the rope, suddenly, painfully aware that I weigh a bit more than I did the last time I climbed a rope over thirty years ago. Towards the edge, and..no, I stumbled. Another voice from behind: "DocMo is doing it from sitting down." No Sebastien, it just looked like that.

And then it was easy, stepping out into nothing, floating effortlessly through the air to land on the cushioned mat many meters below. And then less easy, to start to prize my fingers from the rope...they are still bruised. I did not let the harness take my weight. I could not let go, but I should have put my faith in the voice of the instructor which came from somewhere far below. I could not see his face, but he was definitely there waiting for me.

Johnny next. Then Sebastien...we did it! We had to make that leap of faith together into the unknown, and it was only so brilliant because we did so together.

A real achievement. The purpose of Prize Giving is to celebrate our achievements. We have had a good year in many ways. Our Common Entrance results are excellent. Our LAMDA results were superb and remain unusually high for a school of our size and make up. Year 3 and their Model Making win first prizes, there have been superb sporting performances, and some excellent wins. The Girls' Tennis results were to be very proud of, as was all of our Hockey, Louis and Noah's athletics achievements have a national profile, Seamus' outstanding results in the high jump give him a national profile too. Great days and moments include Juan's win at the Red House Cross Country, the senior boys winning the St Martin's Cross Country Tournament, and the hosting of The Worsley Cup.

There were some superb social evenings: the Murder Mystery Night is the stuff of legend.

Sophie Blake-James and Lysander Duree have been excellent Head boy and Girl, and I wanted publically to express to them my gratitude for their work, and I thank their team of prefects for all they have done. I announced on Friday that there will be a number of prefects in EW next year. I have asked George Birkett and Esther Namuyanja to lead that group, and they have accepted.

I want to say thank you to the staff here at St Martin's Ampleforth. I encourage our children to say thank you to them once more before they leave today. Staff have never relaxed in their endeavour to do their best and to deliver the best possible education that they could, right until this last day of the school's life.

In my draft of these words which I speak today my thank you list ran into many pages. I have had to revise that to be brief, and so I say thank you to all of the staff at St Martin's Ampleforth, for all they do and have done for our children, and will do. Over the last two years I have worked very closely with Lynn Harrison and Julian Godwin. They have been the most remarkable colleagues; they both have a rare integrity, and have been pillars of strength and professionalism. I cannot thank them enough for their support. I cannot thank them enough for the manner in which

they have cared for the welfare of the young people in our care. Your lightest touch has demanded the greatest respect.

Alongside them Clare Moses has had a significant impact on the educational lives of our children, and especially those who have sought learning support. She has of course been the most loyal and dependable support.

I thank Fr Wulstan for his unswerving friendship, support and guidance.

My final thank you is to the monastic community, without which there would be no Ampleforth at all. And in particular I want – though he may feel uncomfortable with it – to thank Fr Gabriel Everett, for being here today as superior, but also for all he has done for me. It was Fr Gabriel who employed me in the May of 2005 and thus presented me with the honour of living and working in and for this remarkable place which remains – even on difficult days – the most precious educational jewel.

Working in the Valley continues to be the greatest privilege.

I wish well to children who are leaving. I wish well to those going across the valley. You are the light of our lives and where ever you go now, and whatever you do, you will always be a part of this family.

ST MARTIN'S AMPLEFORTH

HOMILY FOR MASS AT PRIZE GIVING

FR GABRIEL EVERITT OSB

The first reading at Mass today is from the book of Proverbs, which is very familiarly associated with St Benedict, and it makes a lot of mention of the gift of wisdom. We might at first think that this is about cleverness, particularly as we are celebrating a prize giving today and prizes often go to people who are clever – by the way I have to admit I am a slow developer and I did not win many prizes myself at school – actually I am still trying!

But I think when the book of Proverbs and also St Benedict think about wisdom, they are not just thinking about cleverness – the reading in fact also mentions understanding and insight and this gives a clue because clever people, useful as a gift though it is, are not always guaranteed to make good choices and to walk a path that is good and holy. It is this path, a path of goodness and holiness, of understanding and insight which is thought to be important in the book of Proverbs and in St Benedict. In fact the author of Proverbs describes this sort of wisdom as being like hidden treasure.

Finding hidden treasure – I am sure that that is something which appeals to all of us. This brings in the idea of a reward for wisdom and Jesus in today's Gospel passage also has something interesting to say about reward. It is in answer to Peter's question: 'We have left everything to follow you! What then will there be for us?' Jesus accepts the question and in response he makes a very big promise indeed. He says to his disciples you will sit on thrones and for anything you have given up to follow me, you will receive a hundred times as much and will inherit eternal life'. This is the prize awarded at God's prize giving for us using well his gift of wisdom. Wisdom is in a way its own reward but it also leads to the prize of eternal life. God is never outdone in generosity.

I would like to ask you girls and boys here to put up your hands in answer to a question please. I am interested to know how many of you have heard of Tolkein's set of three books called 'The Lord of the Rings'. Then, a rather different question, how many of you have read it all the way through? Then how many of you enjoyed it? My younger brother is a great Lord of the Rings fan and for a long time I have to admit he was a bit of a bore about it and so I deliberately did not read it. But then when the films came out some years ago now, I did eventually read it and I hate to admit it I am in a quiet sort of way a bit of fan now myself. Sometimes in life one has to consider that one might be wrong and so change one's mind.

Well towards the end, two hobbits one called Frodo Baggins and the other his helper and servant called Samwise Gamgee have completed a huge adventure and a mammoth task and have seen the ring of power, which is so dangerous, fall into the fires of Mount Doom (now please note so as not to make this more of a spoiler than it already is I am not telling you how this actually happens) and there is a huge eruption of fire and it seems to them both as if the world must be ending. Frodo then says this to Samwise, expecting they are both about to die: 'I am glad that you are here with me, here at the end of all things, Sam'. And Samwise Gamgee replies 'Yes, I am with you, Master,' said Sam, laying Frodo's wounded hand gently to his breast, 'And the journey's finished'.

So they both think it is all over, it is the end of the journey, but in fact it is not all over. However, this is not my main point. They think it is, and in that moment of thinking it is all over, they are given a gift and the gift they are given is the gift of one another, of their companionship, of friendship. This is always a great gift, a great treasure, a great reward. Yes I am with you Master said Sam. And as Frodo says 'I am glad that you are here with me, here at the end of all things'.

My point is that however bad things get in life, and often they do get very bad, and however much things seem to be coming to a sad end, and often they do, death of a loved one being a very painful example, still for someone who walks the path of St Benedict's wisdom, for someone who walks the path of Christian discipleship, there is always someone with us and he is Christ the Lord and he says to us 'Yes I am with you'. God has a promise, a prize, a reward, a gift for us who follow him and it is himself.

ST MARTIN'S AMPLEFORTH

HOMILY FOR MASS AT PRIZE GIVING

FR GABRIEL EVERITT OSB

Oh dear, I do apologise to those who were at Mass; it is me again. I am reminded of *The Wind in the Willows*. When Mr Toad retakes Toad Hall from the villainous stouts, weasels and ferrets, a chapter entitled 'The return of Ulysses' he plans a victory banquet and the programme he devises has something to the effect of speech by Toad, address by Toad, songs by Toad, loyal address by Toad. You get the point.

So I think I owe it to you to be as brief as possible. I want to say thank you.

I say thank you firstly to you girls and boys of St Martin's Ampleforth. Of course you have had your successes and failures in your time in this school, this is always the way in life – successes and failures, but you have been you and please always go on trying to be true to yourself. In my eleven years as Headmaster of the College I was so frequently very grateful to boys and girls from St Martin's Ampleforth who came across the valley, for the knowledge and skills they had learnt in this school, for their gift for friendship, and yes for their faith.

I say thank you to all parents of children in this school and for the huge sacrifices that have been made, not least in an education which we know is somewhere wildly beyond expensive. A mother of three daughters at the end of a half hour meeting with me as Headmaster said to me: 'Well Fr Gabriel I need you to know that I am very impressed with your school and with what you have said to me and I want my daughters to come here, but please be aware that this has just been the most expensive half hour of my life'. It was a chastening thought for me. I thank you too, parents of St Martin's Ampleforth, for your loyalty; I think the loyalty of parents can often be put to the test in any school, but this has been particularly true of this school in this year. I know this.

I say thank you to all the staff of this school, in whatever capacity you work, Dr Moses and all of you too many to mention by name. And again I know that this is a work that calls for and requires loyalty and I know that the loyalty of staff can often be put to the test in any school, but this has been particularly true of this school in this year. I know this. I apologize to you for the times St Martin's Ampleforth may seem to have occupied the shadow side of the valley compared to the other side, even when we feel we may have tried our best. I think no salary for a teaching job ever says it all, because teaching essentially, as well as being a spiritual work of mercy, is above all and has to be if it is to be truly fulfilling a work of love.

In my homily earlier I mentioned JRR Tolkien and now I mention another of the group of Inklings – who used to meet in a famous Oxford pub, a few steps away from where I have been living for four years up to January of this year, namely CS Lewis. In the last volume of his famous Narnia stories, *The Last Battle*, the heroes of his stories find themselves at the end of all things and in heaven. It is very hard to describe heaven, the place none of us have been to yet, though it is our true home. Trying to find an image for it, Lewis says it is like the first day of the summer holidays. Oh my goodness, well that it is today – a day of sadness to be sure because it is the end of a school in its present form where it has been for a very long time, a day of partings and some ‘might have beens’ I am sure, but also a day of promise, the first day of the summer holidays, which in youth – and we are all young at heart – seem to stretch out for ever in front of us.

There is something, the goal for which we strive, and yes suffer at times, and at times suffer very grievously and indeed tragically, but which does in fact stretch out for ever in front of us. This something is the love of God, and it is ultimately for the love of God that this school has always stood. This love, to adapt a phrase, goes on and always will. Right at the end of his Rule, St Benedict says journey on and then he says in great faith and confidence ‘and you will arrive’. It is true, you will arrive. God bless you all.

ST MARTIN'S AMPLEFORTH STAFF

SEPTEMBER 2017 - JULY 2018

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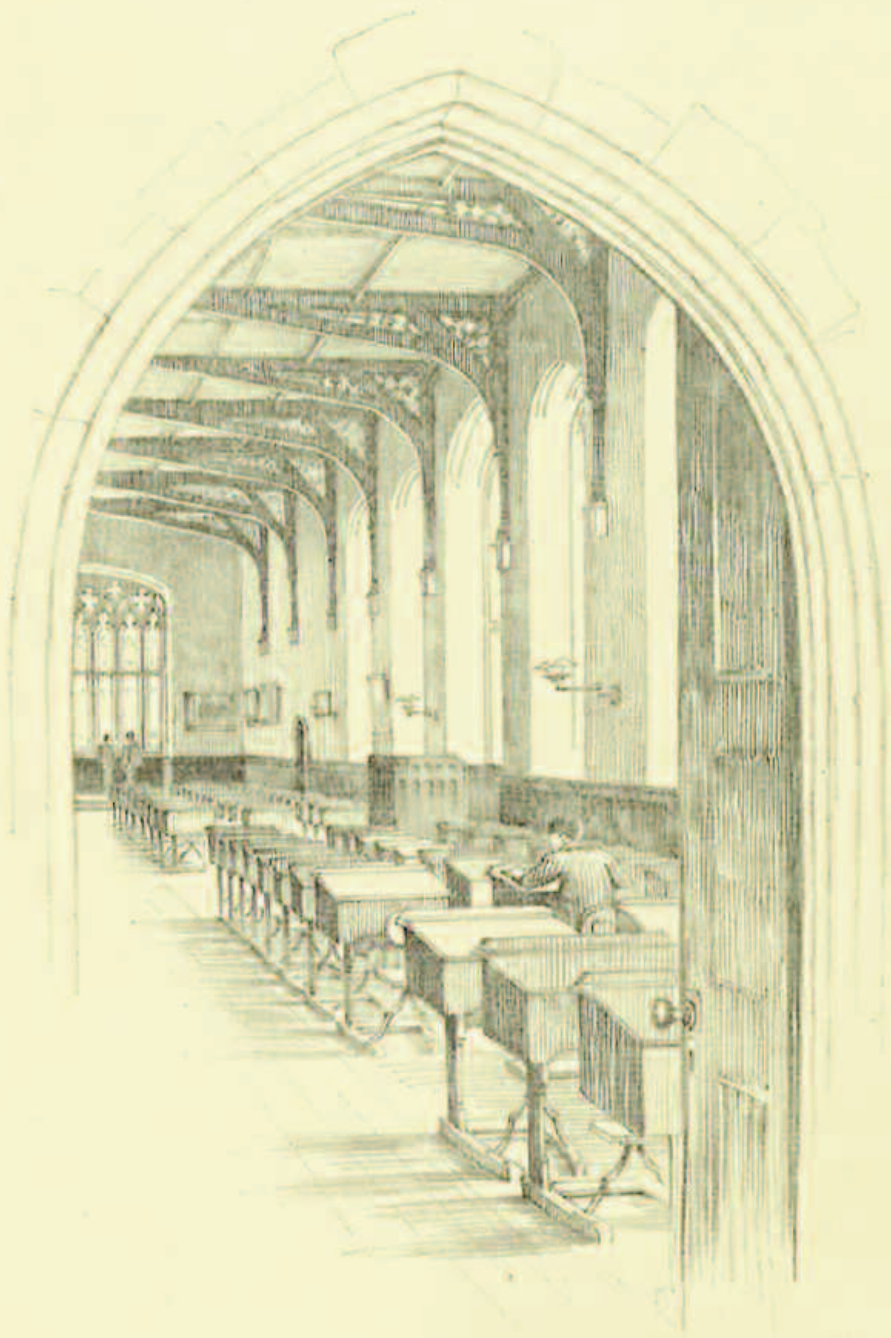
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