

LITTLE S. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE

April 2021: No. 549

NEWSLETTER



This newsletter contains:

Slum Priests & Epidemics; A Very Personal View – “Let him who is without sin ...”; In Praise of Hymns – Venantius Fortunatus; “My Impressions of Easter”; P is for Pyx; Ingrid Jonker – “The Child”; Review of “Perelandra” by C.S. Lewis; Garden News plus the usual Vicar’s letter, daily intentions for prayer and more.

(cover image by Mathilda Brown).

From the Vicar

1st April 2021

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Alleluia! Christ is risen!

If you're very diligent and reading this before Easter Day then please ignore this festal salutation until 4th April! Celebrating Easter at home was what everyone did last year and it was odd; but at least we all had to do it and were in the same boat. This year we have the privilege (and it feels like that) of being able to be in church with other people, albeit in much smaller numbers than usual. Would I like to be in church as normal with everyone? Absolutely, but it is not yet safe to do so and I would feel that we were getting ahead of where the nation (and world) as a whole are and it would give an unreal feel to our liturgies if we did. So we find ourselves in a situation where I will have seen some of you in person over these days and some of you will have seen me on-line but I won't have seen you – not to mention those of you not able to go online or not finding that spiritually nourishing. We are dispersed.

My prayer for us, therefore, is that we find ourselves more and more deeply united in Christ. By our baptism we are already united in Him, of course, but I pray that we may sense this and express this in our lives. One of the ways this is done is through this newsletter and people's contributions to it; I remind you that if you don't like its contents then you can fix that by writing for it! Another way is by our daily prayer at 6pm for members of our church electoral roll. Everyone is prayed for by name approximately once a month. I'm happy to provide a list of names for you to pray with as well.

In a congregation as large and changing as ours (over 200 on the electoral roll, a wider constituency of almost 300 I would guess; half the electoral roll have been worshipping here for under six years) it is inevitable that people get missed, that we only know about those we see regularly and that our visible, practical communion is imperfect at the best of times. After a year of Covid it is a miracle we are as united as we are! One of the many

reasons for looking forward to the restoration of social events in church is not just their jollity but their value as way of getting to know one another and deepening our fellowship.

Easter is a season of joy, and joy is something that has been rather lacking in the last twelve months. If good has come from this pandemic – and presumably God has permitted its continuance for a reason – one of those goods is the realisation that everyone's lives are not always joyful. We've been exposed to the suffering that is out there but in ordinary times is hidden just beneath the surface; it has shown us the sickness of a society that chooses largely to be without God. It has reminded us that prayer and love are not outdated relics but sorely needed in our troubled present. We have work to do, therefore, and I look forward to doing it with you as the confinement of Covid recedes.

We've also, I hope, had our hearts opened to the joy and potential that is there too. I close this letter with two examples of this. The first you can see on our front cover. At the beginning of Lent we welcomed Simon Brown of Ark Voicing to give the church organ its first big clean since the 2007 installation. Simon brought his daughter Mathilda with him to assist, and while she was here she was inspired by her surroundings and painted the picture of the garden and west wall of the church that adorns this newsletter. Secondly, since the reopening of our garden (and my thanks to those who have maintained it over these difficult times) we have had a steady trickle of visitors to it and when I've been able to keep the church open we've had a steady trickle of visitors inside as well. The gratitude and delight they have shown at our space and at our being open and the conversations that have ensued have reminded me of what a blessing we have in our church and churchyard and how much people need places of prayer and silence and beauty in our times. May this April and Eastertide bring you new and renewed joy, and I cannot tell you how much I look forward to seeing and working with you again soon.

With love & prayers, I am, yours
ever in our risen Lord,

Fr Robert.

My impressions of Easter...and beyond

by Emma Lloyd-Jones

As we travel spiritually from the darkness of Lent to the triumphant light of Easter, it seems appropriate to consider some representations and manifestations of those rich and



precious moments. Easter and how it is commemorated in an Anglo-Catholic or Catholic church is familiar to us. However this year, 2021, we are approaching the second consecutive year of being deprived of being able to journey fully through those deeply rich and wonderful times, from Palm Sunday through Holy Week and the four days of the Triduum.

Christ's Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, when his disciples slept while He prayed the night before His Crucifixion, has been particularly beautifully and powerfully painted by Giovanni Bellini c. 1455-1516



(above) and by his brother-in-law Andrea Mantegna 1430-1506 (left). These two pictures, usually hung adjacent to each other in the National Gallery, London, are similar in the sense that Christ is depicted praying barefoot and on a harsh rock. In Bellini's version He looks up at an angel carrying a chalice; and in Mantegna's, angels are carrying a

cross. And the disciples sleep. Christ has to face His fate alone.

In our "Garden of Gethsemane" we are invited to 'watch a while', and it is a wonderful feature of the Christian year that the Church remains open for

private prayer throughout the night of Maundy Thursday to the morning of so called ‘Good’ Friday.

Moving onto the Crucifixion itself, Christ felt the ultimate desertion – of that by His Father. He cries from the Cross, ‘*Eli, Eli, lama sabachtani?*’ ‘My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?’. The prolific Venetian painter Jacopo Robusti Tintoretto painted a deeply impressive and sumptuous series of paintings depicting Christ’s life. This series decorates the Scuola Grande di S. Rocco in Venice (detail below). The normally verbose art critic John Ruskin in his famous *Stones of Venice* (published 1879) said of the depiction of the Crucifixion ‘I must leave this picture to



work its will on the spectator; for it is beyond all analysis and above all praise.’

Moments after Christ died, and the curtain of the Temple was rent in two, there was an earthquake and graves were

opened. The centurion watching Christ said, ‘Truly this was the Son of God.’ Turning to music, those words and the compulsory and compelling pause after them in J.S. Bach’s S. Matthew Passion are more than deeply moving and beautiful – a prayer in themselves.

The extraordinary beauty of the Easter Vigil on ‘this holy night’ of Easter Eve I think speaks for itself. For me, and I am sure many many others, it is quite simply the height of the Liturgical Year. We literally and spiritually move from deep mysterious darkness at the beginning of the service to the wonderful moment when the Gloria is intoned and the bells ring, the organ strikes dramatic chords and the church is triumphantly illuminated. There is so much in this service that speaks so deeply, including the responsibility we take for ourselves participating in the Easter Mystery by the Renewal of

Baptismal Vows, that it is hard to single out individual aspects. However, perhaps one of the most striking is right at the very beginning by the Holy Fire when the Officiating Priest says ‘May the light of Christ, rising gloriously, banish all darkness from our hearts and minds.’ These words have long rung true for me. I am sure that they will ring true for most people as we doubtless pray to be released from the dark and difficult times that have been experienced by us all in many and varying ways during the Covid pandemic. We pray for light as we travel onwards on our spiritual pilgrimage.

There are it seems, strangely, relatively few artistic depictions of the Risen Christ. Artworks abound of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Deposition, the *Pietà* and so on. But Titian’s *Noli Me Tangere* -Touch Me Not – (right) painted in c.1515 is not only highly dramatic but also famous – for several reasons; one particularly fascinating, I find. During World War II, when the National Gallery in London was removing its works of art to secret hideaways in Wales, that picture of



Noli Me Tangere was specifically chosen to be the first to return to London for public viewing. There must be several messages here. Let us rejoice that Christ is Risen ... even if He is untouchable (as e is God and Man) and continue our journey fortified and inspired by this wonderful season, with its myriad of spiritual truths.

I think also that the richness and inspiration of all that is Easter, its significance and symbolism can lead us to feel our lives transformed. Hopefully, we may pray that ‘being rooted and grounded in love, [we] may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth, and length and depth and height: and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that [we] might be filled with all the fullness of God’. S. Paul’s Epistle to the Ephesians, Ch. 3, vv 17 & 18). Deo Gratias!

Slum Priests and Epidemics

by Bill de Quick

Today, in the midst of a world pandemic, we look to the NHS to save us from disease. They are our ‘heroes’ and we say, ‘Thank you, NHS.’ We are comforted in the knowledge that a vaccine will protect us from the virus and that life will return to “normal”.

How different it was in the 19th century! With overcrowded cities and slums, diseases were rife and difficult to contain. It is in such conditions that Anglo-Catholic priests moved into the slums to minister to the poor. To me, they are the ‘heroes’ of their time.

George Rundle Prynne (1818-1903) was vicar of St Peter’s, Plymouth from 1848 to 1903. The parish was inhabited by poor people, and was well-known as one of the most poverty-stricken and degraded in Plymouth. From the moment he arrived, there was trouble. He already had a reputation as a Puseyite, which brought strong and well-organised opposition to him. Charges were brought against him for chanting the psalms, bowing at the name of Jesus, etc., as well as for the substitution of alms bags for plates in the collection! There were also constant riots and disruptions to contend with.

Then, in 1849, cholera struck. ‘No-one can fully realise the horrors and anxieties of the cholera period. Night after night Prynne and his fellow worker, Mr Hetling, came back tired out with their exertions and the terrible scenes they witnessed amongst the sick and dying all around them. They were fortunate to have the assistance of a Miss Sellon and her Sisters of the Society of the Holy Trinity during this visitation, It was during the raging of the cholera that the Sisters asked to be allowed to receive Holy Communion daily to strengthen them for their work. It is believed that this was the first restoration of the Daily Eucharist in the Church of England since the Reformation.’ (A. Clifton Kelway, 1905). There is still a daily Mass held at St Peter’s.

Charles Lowder (1820-1880) lived among the poor in the London docks area and saw at first-hand the suffering and depredation of the people, and ministered to their needs during the outbreak of deadly diseases. Epidemics of scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough coincided with a worsening standard of living. From 1831-1866 cholera recurred with alarming regularity, reaching epidemic proportions in 1832; and 54,000 died in 1849 from the disease. In 1886 it returned, causing a heavy strain on the clergy: ‘But however organised the clergy, Sisters and lay helpers, the virulence of the epidemic – the suddenness of attack and the rapidity with which the disease ran its course – placed a heavy and relentless strain on those who tried to cope with it.’ (L.E. Ellsworth, 1982) The weather could also bring misery. In 1879 the cold weather was so severe that Fr Robert Linklater wrote, ‘Our people have suffered greatly. It is perfectly heart-rending to hear of so many being without fire and food; poor little children coming to school without food, and coming through the slush or snow with broken boots, or no boots at all.’ Like Fr Prynne, Fr Lowder also had to endure the constant protests and riots over what today seems normal Anglo-Catholic practice.

Frs Wainwright, Mackonochie, Joe of Stepney, Dolling of Portsmouth, Ommanney of Sheffield and many, many more, worked tirelessly during epidemics of all kinds. Not only did they bring healing and comfort to the poor, but also gave them beautiful churches to worship in. These loyal and dedicated priests lived through all this and contributed so much to the church we have today.

In praise of hymns – the writers of the words:

Venantius Fortunatus

by Charles Moseley

Writing something for a Newsletter that may be read over the Easter weekend – well, not that many hymn writers of the first rank will have first-class hymns for both the Passion and for Easter. (Cue for someone to correct me...) Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (c.540 – c.600) was one of them. You will know him for *NEH 78 Sing, my tongue the glorious battle*, *79 The Royal banners forward go*, and *109 Hail thee*,

festival day. The first was translated by Percy Dearmer, (whose name an earlier, mildly-dyslexic, myself always read as ‘Dreamer’), the second by last month’s hero J. M. Neale, and the third by ‘Editors.’ He wrote many others equally good which did not make it into *NEH*.

First, something about him. He has been called the last major Latin poet of late Antiquity. I remember once writing an undergraduate essay on him, but it is, thankfully, lost. He was born c.540, at Treviso, just north of Venice, and died just after 600 at Poitiers, where he had become Bishop. He grew up during the turbulence of the [Roman \(Byzantine\) reconquest of Italy](#) by Belisarius, possibly in [Aquileia](#) whither the family, it is suggested, had moved to escape the political situation in Treviso after the death of [King Theodoric](#) - he is the chap who put the great Boethius to death. (Awaiting his execution, in prison Boethius wrote one of the greatest books of the Western world, the *Consolation of Philosophy*. I have had undergraduates sit on my sofa and say, after I had made them read it, ‘That book has changed my life.’) Some time in the 550s or 560s, Fortunatus went to [Ravenna](#) to study, where he got an education in the Roman style, with strong emphasis on rhetoric, that art of using words from which all power grows. He clearly knew the classical Latin poets - [Virgil](#), [Horace](#), [Ovid](#), [Statius](#), and [Martial](#) - well, but also the [Christian](#) poets, including [Arator](#), [Claudian](#), and the Irishman [Coelius Sedulius](#). Moreover, Fortunatus probably knew at least some Greek and, like any educated late Roman, would have some knowledge of Greek literature and philosophy.

Eventually he went north, to the vibrant, somewhat dangerous, courts of those Germanic rulers who only recently had been seen by Romans as barbarian. He arrived at the Merovingian court in [Metz](#) in 566, a young man hoping to become one of those people no self-respecting court that cared about its reputation could do without, a resident poet and PR man. But he did not go direct: he took in what are now Italy, Austria, Germany and France, and later gave two quite different reasons: on the one hand, in the *Life of St Martin* which he wrote later, he says he wanted to worship at the shrine of St Martin at Tours, but elsewhere he also portrays his journey as serendipitous and himself as a wandering minstrel, if not exactly ‘a thing of shreds and patches.’

His arrival in Metz coincided with the marriage of [King Sigibert](#) to Brunhild, and he performed a celebration poem for the entire court. This won him several patrons among the nobles and bishops. About a year later, Fortunatus travelled to Paris to the court of Sigibert's brother Charibert, and stayed there until that king died (567 or 568). Another brother, Chilperic, presented a threat (those Merovingians did family quarrels rather well), and so Fortunatus moved to Tours, which was in Sigibert's lands, and then to Poitiers, where he met [Radegund](#). Yes, that is the Radegund after whom they named the road in Cambridge and whose nunnery was dissolved by Bishop Alcock to make Jesus College. We need a digression on her to indicate the sort of intermittent mayhem in which Fortunatus lived.

Radegund was a princess of Thuringia, and had been carried off (aged about 11) by Clotaire 1, who had killed both her father and her uncle. When she was about 20 Clotaire made her one of his six wives, or concubines. Ten years later he killed her last remaining brother and she fled to Noyon, where she was made a deaconess. Ten years after that she founded the Abbey of Ste-Croix at Poitiers to house the relic of the True Cross that she had somehow obtained from the Byzantine Emperor Justin II. And - returning to Fortunatus – it was for its installation in Radegund's Ste-Croix that he wrote a series of hymns, including the famous

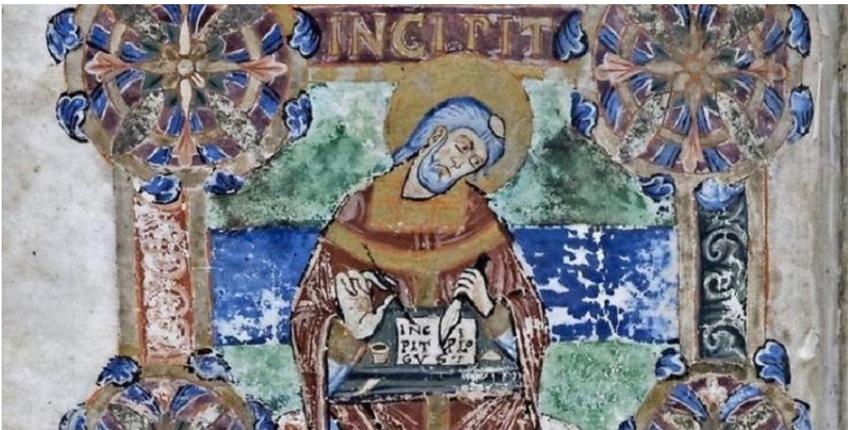


Image: Fortunatus in MS250 (*saec.*XI), Bibliotheca Augustana, Augsburg)

[Vexilla Regis prodeunt](#) ('The Royal banners forward go') one of the most significant Christian hymns ever written, still sung on [Good Friday, Palm](#)

Sunday, and for the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. He became firm friends with the pious Radegund. It may be she who persuaded him to become a priest, and after her death he wrote a verse *Life* which is a main source for our knowledge of her. He wrote many poems in her honour and support. In Tours and Poitiers he also made another great friendship with Gregory (Bishop of Tours in 573) – and more of Gregory in another Newsletter. Near the end of his life Fortunatus was elected bishop of Poitiers, and after he died was revered as a saint. Eleven books of poetry survive. He wrote in several genres, each demanding a different rhetoric and set of conventions: epitaph, panegyric (praise poem), Georgic, consolation, and religious poems. Paul the Deacon, who died in the 790s, says, in his *History of the Lombards* (II. 13) *nulli poetarum secundus, suavi et disserto sermone composuit* – ‘he wrote in a sweet, elegant style, second to no other poet.’ The *Life of St Martin* is a long verse epic, which uses many of the tropes of Classical epic poetry. He wrote panegyrics to four Merovingian kings: Sigibert and Brunhild his queen, Charibert (father of Bertha, queen of Aethelraed of Kent, who welcomed Augustine to Canterbury in 597), Chilperic, and Childebert II and wife Brunhild. (The first of these was the one written for that marriage in Metz.) The third, addressed to Chilperic, demonstrates the tactful ambiguity panegyric can deploy: Chilperic was headstrong and hot-tempered, and the poem was written when Fortunatus’ friend Gregory of Tours was on trial for treason. But Fortunatus depicts Chilperic as gracious, compassionate, merciful, never hasty in judgement, and even praises the king’s poetry. Some argue, cynically, that Fortunatus was simply trying to ingratiate himself with the new patron whom he might need if things went against Gregory. But nobody but fools believe palpably untrue flattery, and it is far more likely that, as in much panegyric, Fortunatus was reminding Chilperic of how the ideal king *should* rule: a public rebuke, yet nobody could possibly take offence. The poem thus becomes a plea for his friend.

- If I were being literary-historical, much could be said about his prosody, lexis and other technical things. But far more important to me: I think he was a great liturgical poet, whose verse moves me to a fuller engagement with and understanding of that which is celebrated. Three poems I love have remained part of the liturgy of the Catholic Church: *Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis* (*Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle*) for

Good Friday (which later inspired Aquinas' [*Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis mysterium*](#) for Corpus Christi.). Then, [*Vexilla Regis prodeunt*](#) (*The Royal banners forward go*), used for centuries as a sequence for [Vespers](#) during [Holy Week](#). Both manage in a few verses to summarise the whole narrative and typology of salvation, and the latter, with its focus on the 'Tree of beauty, tree of light/ Tree with royal purple dight', has for me more than just a hint of the meditative intensity of the wonderful Old English poem *The Dream of the Rood*. Its structure is that of a marching song in trochaic tetrameter, ideal for a procession, but more subtly, because of the play on the word *hostia* (= victim/Host) in line 20 it is also a meditation on the Mass itself. There is also (lines 20-24) an extraordinary conceit of the Cross as a sort of steelyard in which the Sacrifice is weighed against our sins, and the witty paradox of the last lines - which did not make it into the translation - where life pushes away death and gives life back by death. (I could go on...) The one we don't sing as often as I would like is the great Easter (adapted later for Ascension) *Salve festa dies* (109: *Hail thee, festival day*, which decades ago was the processional LSM always used at Ascension. Actually, it is only a part of a much longer poem, *Tempora florifero rutilant distincta sereno* (*Venanti Fortunati Carmina*, III. No. 9), celebrating the coming of spring and addressed to Bishop Felix of Nantes to honour the newly baptized. The translation is a bit clumsy but does adhere closely to the pattern of the original elegiacs – and Fortunatus was writing just when accentual metre, such as our ears are used to, begins to influence the older quantitative prosody of high Latin poetry. Be all that as it geekily may, Vaughan Williams' tune is a corker – it will fit both the English version and the Latin original - and I wish we sang it more often. Indeed, Fortunatus' poems have inspired more than a few composers of the first rank: Palestrina, William Byrd, Praetorius, Puccini for example. *O Crux splendidior* ('O Cross, shining brighter than all the stars' – not in NEH) has been set many times e.g. by Peter Philips in the sixteenth century (fine recording from Winchester Cathedral on the web) and Orlando di Lasso, and more recently by [Knut Nystedt](#). Perhaps when we can have our own dear choir back Simon could do [Anton Bruckner's motet](#) based on *Vexilla Regis* as an anthem?

Calendar for April

THU 1st MAUNDY THURSDAY

FRI 2nd GOOD FRIDAY

SAT 3rd HOLY SATURDAY

SUN 4th EASTER DAY

MON 5th in Easter Week

TUE 6th in Easter Week

WED 7th in Easter Week

THU 8th in Easter Week

FRI 9th in Easter Week

SAT 10th in Easter Week

SUN 11th SECOND SUNDAY of EASTER

MON 12th

TUE 13th

WED 14th

THU 15th

FRI 16th

SAT 17th of the Blessed Virgin Mary

SUN 18th THIRD SUNDAY of EASTER

MON 19th S. Alphege, bishop & martyr

TUE 20th

WED 21st S. Anselm, bishop & doctor

THU 22nd

FRI 23rd S. George martyr, Patron of England

SAT 24th S. Mellitus, bishop

SUN 25th FOURTH SUNDAY of EASTER

MON 26th S. Mark, evangelist

TUE 27th

WED 28th Peter Chanel, missionary & martyr

THU 29th S. Catherine of Siena, doctor

FRI 30th

Daily Intentions & Anniversaries of death in April

Thanksgiving for Christ's gift	<i>Arthur Murrell, Michael Farmer</i>	1 st
No Mass today		2 nd
No Mass today		3 rd

Our Parish & People	<i>Ruth Daniel, Owen Balls</i>	4 th
The joy of Easter		5 th
Those not able to share in Easter joy	<i>David Hand, bp.</i>	6 th
A sense of Christ risen in our hearts	<i>Elsie Duncan-Jones</i>	7 th
Peace		8 th
Gratitude		9 th
Hope	<i>Eva Camps</i>	10 th

Our Parish & People	<i>Mary Linsey</i>	11 th
Children returning to school		12 th
Shops & businesses reopening		13 th
The sick	<i>Patricia Morris</i>	14 th
The unemployed		15 th
CamTrust	<i>Sidney Cade, pr.</i>	16 th
Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham	<i>Iris Bushell, Mary Rayner</i>	17 th

Our Parish & People	<i>Lucy Barlow-Poole, Edna Shipp</i>	18 th
Persecuted Christians		19 th
CCHP	<i>Philip Pare, pr., Trevor Huddleston, bp., Lydia Siddall</i>	20 th
Theologians	<i>Angela Waddington, Elizabeth Bagley</i>	21 st
Papua New Guinea		22 nd
England	<i>Arthur Michael Ramsey, bp., Charles Roper</i>	23 rd
Ordinands	<i>Ruth Mott, Scilla Hall</i>	24 th

Our Parish & People		25 th
A deeper reading of Holy Scripture		26 th
Orthodox Christians in their Holy Week	<i>Patrick Morris</i>	27 th
USPG & CMS	<i>Richard Love</i>	28 th
Pope Francis & the Roman Catholic Church		29 th
Mental health	<i>Frederick Thorling</i>	30 th

An A-Z of Interesting Things P is for Pyx



A pyx (or pix) – from the Latin *pyxis* (from the Greek, meaning a receptacle made out of box wood), is a small round container used to carry the consecrated host to those unable to attend church to receive Holy Communion. Although the word applies to any covered container, a pyx in current times is often a metal container of similar size to an old-fashioned pocket watch, carried in a pouch known as a burse that can be securely closed to keep the consecrated host safe during transport.

A Very Personal View -

“Let him who is without sin ... ”

by Clive Brown

I grew up in Apartheid South Africa. Johannesburg, in the 1950s, still had many characteristics of the small mining town it had recently been. Also, once white was separated from black, English from Afrikaner and the poor from the well-to-do, and additionally you had taken into account separate cultural groups (such as Jews, Greeks, Portuguese and Germans) society was pretty fragmented. The social sector in which I spent my boyhood was therefore quite small. It was also wealthy and hedonistic, and of course everyone had servants.

While the divisions in white society were by choice, the separation of white from black – or more precisely “European” and “non-European” - was legally imposed. It was also all-pervading, so that by living in the system you were inevitably compromised by it. Every time you caught a bus, went to a restaurant, sat on a public bench, visited the post office, a hospital, or your doctor, went to the cinema, and in myriad other ways, you were enjoying a privilege only available to those with white skins. If you went

on holiday, the hotel you stayed in was restricted to white people, and the beach you visited was segregated. The house you lived in was in an area restricted to white people, and “non-Europeans” were allowed there in their capacity as servants. They had to carry a “Pass” which permitted them to do so. Schools were strictly segregated. Public buildings were constructed to enforce separation. When I was a newly-qualified young lawyer, I found that if I was representing an African client in a magistrates’ court, in order to meet him I either had to walk round outside to the back of the building, or walk through the well of the court in front of the magistrates' bench.

If you grow up in a system, and know no other, it takes an imaginative leap to question it, particularly if it is generally accepted by those you know, including by the adults closest to you. Of course there were some who did question it, and who stood up for what they knew to be right. Numbers of them paid for doing so with their freedom, and sometimes their lives. But, generally, the daily imposition of Apartheid, in its small all-pervading ways, went unnoticed by the majority of people. It was really not until I got to university that I found my acquiescence challenged, but even then one lived a life of white privilege, because there was no other. I recently joined a group of Jesus College alumni who are opposing the removal of the Grinling Gibbons memorial to Tobias Rustat from its position at the west end of the Chapel. For those who do not know about him, Rustat was a generous benefactor not just to the College, but to the University and many other causes. He was a loyal servant of King Charles II, both when the latter was in exile and after the Restoration, and his wealth came from his position as a courtier. By all accounts, Rustat was a good, honourable and generous man. The reason the College wishes to remove the memorial is because of his investment in the Royal African Company which was heavily involved in the slave trade in Africa. There is a lengthy debate about the extent to which Rustat was involved with the Royal African Company, and how much he knew, but my objection to the removal of the memorial goes deeper than that. The trade in slavery was abhorrent, and apartheid was abhorrent. Both involved injustice and cruelty on a major scale. But I cannot associate myself with an *ad hominem* attack on someone long dead, or sit in judgement on a man who was acting in accordance with the beliefs and mores of his time, any more than I feel fit to condemn any of the people I knew in South Africa at the time of my

upbringing. We all look back on parts of our lives, and incidents in the past, which we regret, and of which we repent. I know I do. And the list gets longer as you get older. It is part of the human condition. It is why the General Confession is such an essential and integral part of our celebration of Mass.

So perhaps we can look back more kindly on Tobias Rustat and others from the past on whom a critical light is being shone, and pray for them affectionately and humbly, rather than condemning them, and casting them into outer darkness. I do not believe it is our task to do so.

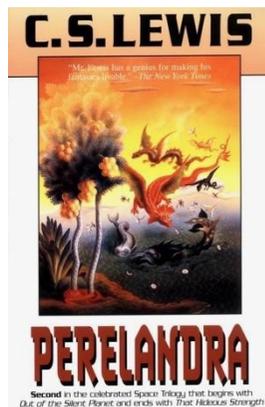
I grew up in Johannesburg, studied law at Stellenbosch University, then came up to Jesus College, Cambridge, to read international law. Claire and I met in Cambridge, where she had just founded Heffers' Children's Bookshop. We were married in Great St Mary's. We lived in Johannesburg, where I joined a law firm and Claire ran a successful children's' book department. After returning to England and settling in Cambridge, I qualified as a solicitor, and became a partner in a London City law firm. We are retired and live in Chesterton beside the river.

Disclaimer: This above article is a personal reflection.

***Perelandra* by C.S. Lewis**

A review by Edmund Racher

Perelandra (also published in an abridged form as *Voyage to Venus*) is a 1943 work of science fiction by C.S. Lewis, the second book of his *Cosmic Trilogy*. The Cambridge philologist Ransom, having been brought on one extraterrestrial voyage in *Out of the Silent Planet*, undertakes another to the world of *Perelandra*, known to humanity as (surprise!) Venus.



The term trilogy here should not be taken to mean that each book follows seamlessly on from the last. There is a gap between *Planet* and *Perelandra*, and while I would advise reading both in order, it is not quite vital.

Perelandra starts rather *in medias res*, from the point of view of a narrator, one of Ransom's confidantes - and going by the name Lewis. The book begins with an exposition of previous events and several words from a fictional language (Old Solar) - a sometime feature of the genre that can provoke irritation or disdain ('The *Mekon* and his *treens*...') - but the whole account is told by narrator-Lewis, not the spacefaring Ransom.

Thus, even if the narrator's voice does not often intrude, the events of *Perelandra* are slightly veiled. This is quite deliberate on Lewis's part: he had some resistance to writing from the point of view of an angel (as in his 1960 preface to *The Screwtape Letters*). It is no surprise that he might extend this to the saintly or Prelapsarian: both (in their way) will appear as part of the narrative.

Ransom is dispatched by the planetary intelligences known as *eldila* to *Perelandra*. The first few chapters of his stay are of a portion with other works of science fiction: the physical challenges of an alien environment, the wonder, joy, and novelty of a new planet. In this, they are of a piece with *Planet*, drawing to some degree both on H.G. Wells and on David Lindsay's surreal 1920 *Voyage to Arcturus* (though excluding the latter's fictional colours and third sex). The creativity and interest of these chapters (quite surpassing any Californian waste or BBC Quarry) goes to set up the main plot.

Where *Planet* told the story of an old, inhabited world, *Perelandra* tells the story of a young one. Ransom has come to a planet in a literally Edenic state, with only two sentient beings, a King and Queen. The Queen, who is innocent though not childlike, befriends Ransom. However, *Perelandra* is not a report of a Utopia, but as the mention of Eden would suggest, the story of a temptation - this last taking the form of Weston, a scientist and astronaut introduced in *Planet*. Ransom and Weston act as guardian and tempter respectively for the Queen, and the centre of the plot revolves around their debate and conflict.

This is explicitly not an allegory or a counterfactual. Lewis delivered the lectures that made up his *Preface to Paradise Lost* in 1941 and so was conscious of the errors that might occur in depicting Paradise (Ransom

brings to mind Milton in his time on Perelandra). It is a younger world, and the events of the Incarnation and Crucifixion have had a universal rather than a purely terrestrial impact: both King and Queen are humanoid and refer, however distantly, to the events of the Bible.

Perelandra is, other than a tale of the trials and revelations of Dr Elwin Ransom, an arresting work in its premise and execution: there are both moments of notable beauty and startling malice. It is wholeheartedly recommended.

The LSM Zoom Reading Group will be discussing Perelandra at 8pm on Saturday 10th April – contact the Editor if you'd like to join in.

Ingrid Jonker *The Child*

by Mary Ward

Introduction

By the beach at Gordon's Bay, near Cape Town, stands a small granite obelisk, a memorial to the poet Ingrid Jonker. On top is a metal globe, encircling a child's small tricycle, with one metal flip-flop hung from a spoke. The texts on each side of the memorial read:

The child is not dead

The child just wanted to play in the sun

The child peers through the windows of houses and into the hearts of mothers

The child grown into a giant journeys through the whole world



A plaque gives information about the poet Ingrid Jonker, who had spent much of her childhood in Gordon's Bay. Tragically, she took her own life in 1965 aged 31. She became famous through the poem *The Child*, and this is the poem I read at the recent LSM fundraising event for St Cyprian's Church, Sharpeville.

The Child

*The child is not dead
the child lifts his fists against his mother
who shouts Afrika!
The child is not dead not
at Langa not at Nyanga
nor at Orlando nor at Sharpeville
nor at the police post at Philippi
where he lies with a bullet through his brain
the child is present at all assemblies and law-
givings
the child peers through the windows of houses and
into the hearts of mothers
this child who only wanted to play in the sun at
Nyanga is everywhere the child
grown to a man
treks on through all of Africa
the child grown into a giant
journeys over the whole world
Without a pass*

Nelson Mandela read this translation, his own remembered and shortened version of the poem *The Child who was shot dead by soldiers at Nyanga* by Ingrid Jonker, at the opening of the first democratic Parliament on 24th May 1994. The poem was originally in Afrikaans.

Ingrid Jonker had written the poem in 1960 after the shooting of a black baby in his mother's arms by white soldiers in the township of Nyanga in Cape Town. Appalled and outraged, she visited the police station at Philippi where she saw the body of the child. It happened in the aftermath of the massacre of 69 people in Sharpeville, south of Johannesburg, in March 1960. They were marching to the police station to protest against having to carry the notorious passbooks.

Ingrid Jonker wrote, 'I saw the mother as every mother in the world. I saw her as myself. I saw my own child, Simone as the baby. I could not sleep. I thought of

what the child might have been had he been allowed to live. I thought what could be, what could be gained by death? The child wanted no part in the circumstances in which our country is grasped. He only wanted to play in the sun at Nyanga. The poem grew out of my own sense of bereavement. (*Drum* magazine)

Nelson Mandela stated, 'In the midst of despair, she celebrated hope. Confronted with death, she asserted the beauty of life. In the dark days, when all seemed hopeless in our country, when many refused to hear her resonant voice, she took her own life. To her, and others like her, we owe a debt to life itself. To her, and others like her, we owe a commitment to the poor, the oppressed, the wretched and the despised. She was both an Afrikaner and an African. Her name is Ingrid Jonker.'

Reflections

Father David Mahlonko writes from St Cyprian's, Sharpeville:

As I write to you, we are looking forward to host the Diocesan Bishop on Sunday the 21st March to commemorate the 61st anniversary of Sharpeville Massacre (21st March 1960) within the context of a Eucharist Service. This is one special day for the community of Sharpeville and the entire country and it brings a whole lot of mixed emotions. We have few survivors of this Massacre in the Parish, of which Mary had the opportunity to encourage with one of them on her visit last, Mr Isaac Boloang (88 years). We are looking forward to the full rollout of the vaccine; at the moment it is on stage one, where it is being ministered to essential workers only. Social media has inspired a lot of fear to our people about these vaccines and many of our people are still undecided about it. But as Archbishop Thabo Makgoba has said, "as the Church, we need to teach the truth and encourage our people not to take everything from social media platforms." Politically in the country, there's lot of tension, perhaps because it is the year of the local government elections and we are not sure if they will continue because of Covid-19. Today, March 21st, Human Rights Day in South Africa, the massacre at Sharpeville was remembered in prayers across churches in South Africa and here at Little St Mary's. Archbishop Thabo Makgobo reminded us that 'As we observe and commemorate Human Rights Day in South Africa, let us continue to denounce



Vaccine Apartheid and make vaccination a Global Human Right for the common good and for Humanity.’

And what of South Africa’s children today?

Amnesty International states that ‘A child’s experience of education in South Africa is still dependent on where they are born, how wealthy they are, and the colour of their skin’.

Crain Soudien, outgoing CEO of South Africa Human Sciences Research Council corroborates this:

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‘The experience of poor children here is starkly presented by the findings of a survey from the biggest teachers’ union in the country, SADTU. One finding was that about 60% of the teachers reported that they had, for the lockdown, lost touch with 46% of their learners. I think that privileged children came out of this relatively well, some even prospered (the regime of school does not suit all children) but poor children have suffered.’

God Bless Africa

Guard her children

Guide her leaders

And give her peace

Fr Trevor Huddleston

Update on Sponsored Poetry Reading for St Cyprian's, 28th January 2021, by Jeremy Musson (following the report in February's Newsletter)

The monies are collected, and the PCC Treasurer has kindly processed the donations, Gift Aid, and CAF vouchers. The total raised including Gift Aid

claimed is a little over **£5,190**.

Many audience members wrote emails to say how much they had enjoyed the event, both hearing familiar and loved poems, and also less well-known poems, such as the Edgar Guest and Anne Ridler. It all goes to show, LSM can get things done - even under lockdown!

Garden News



The garden is looking even more spring-like as daffodils and Lenten roses continue to flower. Violets, forsythia and primroses are coming into bloom, as is the magnolia tree. Now that more people are able to come into the church for services they will have a chance to see these signs of spring in our garden.

Lots of work has been done on the paths and it is easier now to walk round the garden. Creating a paved area just outside the Parish Centre is slowly progressing. Being able to sit outside in the summer for coffee or wine after Mass is something we can look forward to, when we can all 'meet again'.

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