

LITTLE S. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE

May 2023: No. 611

NEWSLETTER



This newsletter contains:

*Coronation Big Lunch; Memories of the Last
Coronation;*

*Hamlin Fistula; Garden News; plus the usual
Vicar's letter,*

daily intentions for prayer and more...

From the Vicar

3rd May 2023

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

You'll see later in this newsletter various reflections on HM The King's Coronation. I'm enormously grateful to the team who have organised our Coronation Big Lunch on Sunday 7th; it is a testament to their advertising, people's love for the King and desire to do something communal and festive after the miseries of recent years that we expect to have our full capacity of 150 at the lunch. If you're reading this after the event you can tell me if I was correct! The only worry is the weather, but given that the 1953 Coronation took place in pouring rain, it doesn't suggest it will bode especially ill for His Majesty if his does too.

Like a priest, a monarch is called to represent people who have not chosen or elected him or her. Precisely because he is *not* elected, in some ways he can be more representative because no-one has voted against him or wanted his competitor and no one group feel they own him. The priest or the monarch represents us not because of their virtues but because of their office, the anointing of the Holy Spirit, at their coronation or ordination. Yet it is much easier to regard them as your representative if they are people of true virtue. A Queen is a Queen regardless of how good she is but it's much easier to show respect and regard her as a representative if the gap between the office and the person is at least diminished a little by her personal goodness. The same is true with a priest. It makes both roles hugely demanding because of what people see in and project on to you and the expectation that you will live up to what you represent; now, there's no point moaning about it because it is just what it is and it is a necessary thing, but it means that clergy and monarchs (in their very different ways!) need our prayers.

The Coronation is a spectacle to be sure and a wonderful pageant, but – as Peter our Pastoral Assistant points out in his article in this newsletter – it is also an act of worship, the crowning and anointing taking place in the context of a celebration of the Eucharist. If one were being critical one might observe that all this gold and pomp is a long way from the crucified Jesus. I wouldn't dispute this but I would say that the monarch is not

intended to represent the crucified Saviour to us but something of the glory and kingship of God, the glory that Jesus had with Father before the world began and does now in His ascended majesty. To be honest, most of us get plenty of crucifixion in our lives one way or another; the Coronation and the monarch remind us too of the glory that is to come and the glory that is already shot through existence if we have the eyes of faith to see. Yet even at the Coronation, it is an anointing to serve rather than be served and at every turn pomp is undercut by a reminder that it is by God's mercy that all this happens, that all power comes from Him and that an earthly monarch is a pale shadow of divine monarchy. Moreover, I am sure that the late Queen as well as His Majesty had and have plenty of experiences of crucifixion in their reigns, albeit often in private.

Two other things to draw to your attention: the first is to invite you to the **May Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary** on Thursday 11th May at 7.30pm. May is Mary's month, a natural consequence of its being a time of blossom, spring and fecundity Our Devotion, which is Evening Prayer, Sermon, Procession and Benediction, is a chance to reflect more on her role in the Christian faith but also simply to spend time with our spiritual mother and to allow her – as she always does – to point us to her Son. Secondly, to draw **Ascension Day** to your attention. The former Bishop of Lynn, the Right Rev'd **Jonathan Meyrick**, will be preaching in his capacity as Chairman of the Papua New Guinea Church Partnership (a long term mission link of ours). He will also be confirming Fiona and Abraham, Ruth and Kieran, who were on holiday when Bishop Dagmar came. After Mass we welcome two members of the Mission Aviation Fellowship, who do important work flying doctors and teachers and clergy into hard-to-reach place around the world – not least Papua New Guinea. So do come on Thursday 18th, to support our four Confirmands, to hear Bishop Jonathan and then the MAF team speak and (of course) to celebrate the Ascension of the Lord to heaven.

With my love and prayers, I am,
yours ever in the risen Lord

Fr Robert.

What makes a Coronation?

Peter Banks, our Pastoral Assistant, reflects:

In a little over a week's time, the eyes of the world will be drawn to one of the rarest ceremonies of the western church: a Coronation. His Majesty the King will be officially proclaimed Sovereign of the United Kingdom and of the 57 other nations and territories of which he is Head of State. But what actually *makes* a Coronation? What – and who – is involved? Why do we need a ceremony to affirm a succession of power that occurred seamlessly at the moment of Queen Elizabeth's death seven months ago? While we do not yet know the definitive order of King Charles's Coronation service – there is no definitive liturgy for a Coronation laid out in the Book of Common Prayer or any more recent liturgical texts, as it is a rite older than England itself – we can draw upon previous Coronations to understand more about this event.

The British coronation rite is the last to preserve a physical crowning of the monarch, as all other monarchies have laid their crowns aside, resting on velvet cushions as they swear to uphold the national constitution. It is the fundamental Christian nature of a British coronation, says *The Critic's* Christopher Montgomery, which compels the new Sovereign to don the crown of office, as he takes up the charge of God's regent. Physically to wear the crown is no mean feat, either. The crowning is the only time the monarch will wear St. Edward's Crown, an enormous and unwieldy object made for Charles II after the Restoration. The Archbishop of Canterbury, flanked (if following precedent of previous coronations) by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham, will dramatically thrust the crown heavenward before lowering it slowly onto the monarch's head. At the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, special straps were fastened on the inside of the Archbishop of Canterbury's cope so that the weight of the cloth of gold didn't cause it to slip off his shoulders during the crown's elevation. That this crown is so uncomfortable is not by accident; of course, its glistening rubies and lustrous pearls are an obvious symbol of the majesty and authority of the office of monarch, but the symbolism of its sheer weight as the duress of the accolade which it accompanies is very real.

The most sacred part of the Coronation rite is also the most discreet; intimate, even. Devoid, relatively speaking, of the pomp and show of the crowning and the Eucharist (on which more later), the anointing of the monarch takes place screened from view; the King and his Archbishop shrouded on all sides, His Majesty divested from all symbols of worldly authority, Justin Welby will apply consecrated oil to King Charles's head, chest, and palms. Anointing is present at all moments of Christian life. Infants are anointed at their Baptism; catechumens are anointed at their Confirmation; bishops, priests, and deacons are anointed at Ordination; and the sick and dying receive anointing in their extremity. That the Coronation should have the anointing as its central rite at once elevates, confirming the position of monarch as one of great spiritual significance; and humbles, reasserting a monarch's fundamental earthliness and humanity, and Christ's ultimate kingship over all.

But what of the Eucharist? At the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth in 1953, the Holy Sacrifice formed another central feature of the service – so much so that a new Eucharistic Preface was written and sung for the occasion (“...almighty, everlasting God, who hast at this time consecrated Thy servant Elizabeth to be our Queen, that, by the anointing of Thy Grace, she may be the Defender of Thy Faith, and the protector of Thy Church and people. Therefore with Angels and Archangels...”). Indeed, traditionally, the several elements of the coronation liturgy take place during the Eucharistic liturgy; the crowning, anointing, reception of royal insignia, and oaths of the gentry being “bookended” by the Mass. It is assumed that the Eucharist will be similarly central to the Coronation of her son. It is fitting that, having been crowned and anointed as earthly monarch and *Fidei Defensor*, our attention is immediately turned from the throne of the Sovereign and returned to the throne of the Heavenly Grace, ready to encounter Our Lord in His sacrament at the altar.

It is the interplay between these three distinct and dramatic acts which make the coronation rite such a vivid symbol of the Sovereign's earthly majesty and spiritual charge. It is this spiritual thread, weaving the several ancient ceremonies together, which transforms a coronation from another act of great pageantry into a transcendent act of worship.

May Saturday's ceremony and His Majesty's reign evermore give us cause to sing with heart and voice, God Save the King!

Memories of the 1953 Coronation

from our Congregation

John Knight

The Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II on 2nd June 1953 provided me with an unexpected but welcome opportunity. I was due to be demobbed in June 1953 after two years' National Service in the army, having been conscripted in June 1951.

When the date of the Coronation was announced, there appeared the prospect of several weeks of preparation involving planning, ceremonial, drill and parades. Our surprise and gratitude was all the greater, therefore, when it was announced that demobilisation for June would be brought forward to the last few days of May and those concerned would not be involved in any of the preparatory arrangements for the Coronation. With much excitement we left Intelligence Corps in Maresfield, Sussex a week early.

On Coronation Day I travelled by train from Reading, where we lived then, and stood in the crowd and the wet drizzle in, I believe, Park Lane to watch the procession. It was long and colourful, but my interest was tinged with gratitude that my own uniform was now safely packed away.

Margaret Waring

The early 1950s were full of excitement for me. I started secondary school at the beginning and during that first year the whole school traipsed up George Street in Croydon (like a stream of brown beetles, according to the local paper). We were off to catch the London train to visit the Festival of Britain.



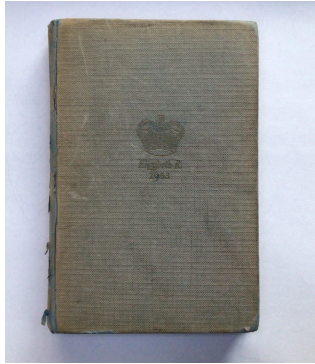
Then in the February of my second year the school gathered in the Banqueting Hall/Great Hall to hear a solemn announcement about George VI's death and we were promptly sent home. It seemed as if the whole country was sad: no smiles, no lively music on the wireless and all the newspapers were edged in black.

However, in 1953 in the lead-up to the Coronation in June each classroom was decorated in red, white and blue. We made models of the regalia and my task was the crown, which was made of paper, card, glue and silver paper and sweet wrappers with purple fabric in the centre. I remember that it looked quite good and helped our class to win a prize.



No school on that Tuesday; all the pupils were sent home with a small New Testament embossed with the crown, either to listen to the service or to see it on the television. My father had bought a cabinet-style television in wood with a very small screen; about 10 inches (13cm) square; it had a square magnifying glass covering the screen. On the day, our family of five sat around the television for what seemed like hours peering at the screen, getting in one another's way, eating sandwiches while looking at black and white fuzzy images, trying to spot the golden coach and the Queen of Tonga. We all stood for the National Anthem which was sung with gusto - as Girl Guides my sister and I knew the words to all verses.

Coloured pictures were only in special magazines or at the cinema on the Pathé Pictorial newsreel many days later. But the other great event was that Edmund Hillary had reached the top of Everest with Sherpa Tensing. Looking back some seventy years later I am not sure whether bits of my imagination have crept into the factual account.



Charles Moseley

I was quite small at the time. And the significance of it really didn't seem to matter terribly to me – except that I knew that we were entering what people called a “New Elizabethan Age”. And I thought this was rather a good idea, with the return of trunk hose, rapiers, seadogs, galleons and so on (even then, I was an incurable romantic, and already Royalist).

Anyway: nobody in our large village had a television at the beginning of 1953. It was the sort of thing you didn't have - and then quite suddenly we began to notice that the chimneys were sprouting tall aerials, usually in the shape of a large H. Indeed, people were getting excited about the Coronation, which would be televised. So my parents decided they would rent a television for the occasion. I remember it arriving, and men climbing over our steep roof to fit the aerial. It was a brown Bakelite 8-inch (20cm) screen Bush. Not a very beautiful object, looking back on it. And when we tested it with the card that allowed you to tune it, it emitted a sort of flickering, bluish-grey light. But I was terribly excited because this was the nearest thing to being in the cinema that I'd experienced apart from a couple of visits with my father and the children's cinema on the Saturday morning for which I paid a 12-sided threepenny piece, where we could watch Laurel and Hardy and Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger with his dog Bullet, and so on.

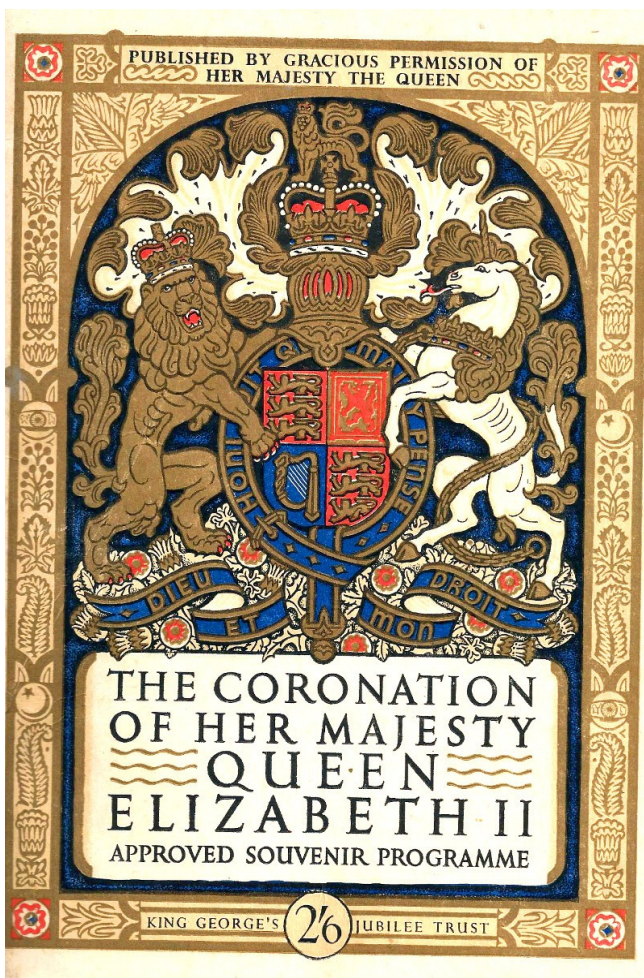
The great day came. The village had bunting all over the place, and my father bought a large Union Flag which he fixed to the gable of the garage (that flag had an interesting end, in Spitsbergen, twenty odd years later). For the occasion my maiden aunt came over on the Ribble bus from Manchester. My great aunt Florence came over from St Anne's-on-Sea (it

isn't really, for the tide goes out about half a mile). She remembered the 1897 Jubilee of Queen Victoria (when she was 30), the Coronations of Edward VII, George V, the non-Coronation of Edward VIII and the Coronation of George VI (and had given me as a great treat the special edition of the *Illustrated London News* published for that occasion).

And we sat round waiting for the ceremony to begin, watching the outside broadcast cameras catching the procession down The Mall. It all seemed rather remote to me, and I wasn't really sure quite what was going on. I remember a very large, smiling Queen Salote of Tonga (later, I taught her grandsons) with a very small wet page – for it was raining. I remember a very small figure under a very large crown, holding what looked like a very large magic wand; and I do remember the homage. What seemed an awful lot of people in turn knelt before her. I remember the aplomb with which Geoffrey Fisher, the former Headmaster of Repton and then Archbishop of Canterbury, placed this large object on this young woman's head, and I wondered how she would balance it.

And most of all it is the unctuous, reverential, almost liturgical tones of Richard Dimbleby, the great commentator, that have stayed with me. He was a man with a great sense of occasion, of awe, of the mysteriousness of ceremony (I could not have articulated that then, but it worked). He, more than anybody perhaps, conveyed the awe of the whole proceeding. I remember I was very hungry because it went on for a very long time and we hadn't had the forethought to prepare sandwiches.

By a strange chance, years later, when I had my first permanent paid job, at the University Printing House behind the Pitt Press building, I “found” in the printed paper warehouse a bound copy of the Order of Service for the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. It is a beautiful object. I still have it. It's probably now quite rare, for not many copies were printed. But it is a monument to the times when the University Printing House, Cambridge University Press indeed, took very seriously the art of letterpress printing. I keep it, and shall pass it on to my children. But perhaps they won't be interested.



Tim Wheatley

My recollections of the 1952 Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II are vivid. I was in the Royal Navy at the time, doing my National Service – the spell of two years in the armed forces we all had to do then. I was not a part of the official proceedings, but we in the Navy were allocated a limited number of seats in the stands in The Mall along the Royal Procession route for spectators. There was a ballot for tickets, and I was lucky enough to win one.



I travelled up to London from Leicester, where I was living at the time, to spend the night preceding the Coronation with an uncle. He had been in the Navy during the war serving in the Royal Naval Reserve. On the day itself I travelled very early to my seat in The Mall, and there was a long wait before anything happened. I missed the ceremony in The Abbey: Television was in its early stages, and there were no big screens as there would have been today.

The actual Royal Procession passed very quickly, and I remember very little of it, except standing to attention in my naval uniform and saluting. What I do recall were some of the other participants. First there was Queen Salote of Tonga, a very popular figure of the time. Also there was Winston Churchill giving his very distinctive V sign to the watching crowds. I remember nothing of the rest of the day. I must have travelled back to Leicester to my family, but it was a very memorable day.



Christine Tipple

My mother and I had just been to Nixon's, the post office. As we came out, we met Mrs Stewart, a neighbour. "Isn't it awful, the King has died" she said. I looked up at the church about 100 yards away and a St. George's flag was flying at half mast.

On the day of the Coronation the weather in Surrey was cold and dull. I remember making a point of wearing not my favourite socks but ones with a red and blue strip round the top. Clad in my gabardine school mac I went out with my father to visit an uncle, but we were home to see it all on the telly. I thought it was long, all black and white and rather dull like the weather. I did get a small thin silver teaspoon from the Borough, like an apostle spoon but with the Queen's head on it. It has long since disappeared. But I do have one from the 1937 Coronation. Summer arrived the following week.

Calendar for May

MON 1st Ss Philip & James, apostles
TUE 2nd S. Athanasius, bishop & doctor
WED 3rd
THU 4th English Saints & Martyrs of the Reformation
FRI 5th
SAT 6th Coronation of HM King Charles III

SUN 7th FIFTH SUNDAY of EASTER

MON 8th Julian of Norwich
TUE 9th
WED 10th
THU 11th
FRI 12th
SAT 13th

SUN 14th SIXTH SUNDAY of EASTER (Rogation)

MON 15th S. Matthias, apostle (transferred)
TUE 16th Rogation Day
WED 17th Rogation Day
THU 18th ASCENSION DAY
FRI 19th S. Dunstan, bishop
SAT 20th Alcuin of York, deacon & Abbot

SUN 21st SEVENTH SUNDAY of EASTER

MON 22nd
TUE 23rd
WED 24th John & Charles Wesley, priests
THU 25th The Venerable Bede, religious & doctor
FRI 26th S. Augustine of Canterbury
SAT 27th

SUN 28th PENTECOST

MON 29th
TUE 30th Josephine Butler, social reformer
WED 31st The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to Elizabeth

Daily Intentions & Anniversaries of death

The freshness of the faith of the Apostles	<i>Cicely Gibson</i> 1 st
Teachers of the Faith	<i>Richard Masheder, pr.</i> 2 nd
Whitworth Trust	3 rd
Christian Unity	<i>Margaret Spencer</i> 4 th
Patience	<i>Barbara Chamier</i> 5 th
HM The King	6 th

Our Parish & People	7 th
Julian Shrine	8 th
Calcutta Cathedral Relief Service	<i>Lois Rayner, deaconess</i> 9 th
The sick	10 th
S. Bene't's Church	<i>Arthur Mickle</i> 11 th
Refugees	<i>Jeremy Bunting, pr.</i> 12 th
Candidates for Confirmation	<i>Charles Perrin</i> 13 th

Our Parish & People	14 th
Forgiveness of betrayal	15 th
Farmers & all who work in agriculture	<i>Sarah White</i> 16 th
CamTrust	<i>Constance Rosedale, Gwendolen Plumley, Catherine Beesley</i> 17 th
Heavenly-mindedness	<i>Arthur Cuff, Laila Antoun</i> 18 th
Holiness among the clergy	<i>Helen Paton, Catherine Head</i> 19 th
Vocations to the Religious Life	20 th

Our Parish & People	<i>Ethel Gibbons</i> 21 st
The Unemployed & the enslaved	<i>Herbert Burrell, pr.</i> 22 nd
Those preparing for examinations	23 rd
Anglican-Methodist unity	24 th
Theologians & historians	<i>Francis Maycock, pr.</i> 25 th
Cambridge City Council	<i>Margaret Verney, Brian Findlay, pr.</i> 26 th
Friends of Fulbourn Hospital	<i>Elizabeth Lloyd-Jones</i> 27 th

Our Parish & People	<i>Eileen Cope, Frank Hollick, John Bagley, pr.</i> 28 th
S. Cyprian's, Sharpeville SA	<i>William Dempsey, Roy Abraham</i> 29 th
Our parish Social & Global Group	30 th
An increase in joy	<i>Inge Fretten</i> 31 st

New Director of Music



We're delighted to announce the appointment of Mr **Andrew Reid** as Director of Music in succession to Dr Simon Jackson. He is expected to take up the post in June. Simon's last Sunday with us will be Pentecost, 28th May. Before turning to Andrew, let me first express once more my deep appreciation of Simon's work here over the last 13 years: he has developed the life of the choir and choristers, led a number of choir tours, produced several CDs, and – above all – shown a great devotion to the life and liturgy of our parish. We owe him a great debt and I'm delighted that he will not be going far, continuing his work at Peterhouse and, I'm sure, assisting Andrew here on occasion. In the meantime, we offer him our thanks and are delighted for him that he will have a little more time to spend with Simone and Freja!

Turning to Andrew: born in Sevenoaks, Kent, he developed a love of music as a chorister in his parish church choir. Following a gap year at St Matthew's, Northampton, he held an organ scholarship and read music at St Catharine's College, Cambridge, moving to Robinson College while undertaking an MPhil. He studied the organ with David Sanger and Peter

Hurford, and in 1994 performed the complete organ works of J.S. Bach in one 25-hour recital!

Andrew has since served as Assistant Master of Music at Westminster Cathedral, Sub-Organist of Westminster Abbey, Director of Music at Peterborough Cathedral, Director of the Royal School of Church Music, and Managing Director of Harrison & Harrison Organ Builders. He has led courses and played organ recitals in four continents, and has had compositions published and broadcast. Since 2017 he has been Director of Music at St George's, Cullercoats, in North Tyneside, where it has been his privilege each week to play the tonally unaltered 1885 T.C. Lewis organ.

Hamlin Fistula

Christine Tipple cstipple@gmail.com

Each patient who comes to a Hamlin Fistula hospital is given a blanket on arrival. They have come to symbolise the love, care and comfort that each patient receives there.



Last year England sent 1,757 blankets to Ethiopia, each made up of squares knitted and sown together. Next year the Hamlin Fistula hospitals are planning to operate on three thousand women, a big increase, and for each of the patients to receive a blanket more knitters are urgently needed. An appeal for more knitters appears on the Hamlin Fistula Facebook page. At LSM we have only three dedicated knitters, and if anyone else is interested in contributing - or even learning to knit - please tell me!