

E.C.N.L.

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The Anglican and Eastern Churches Association

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Eastern Churches News Letter

EDITORIAL

Dom Cuthbert Fearon

Members of the Association will learn with sadness of the passing of our former Assistance Secretary Dom Cuthbert Fearon OSB on 21st January at the age of 76. Dom Cuthbert had been ill for some time, and had not been able to participate actively in the Association's affairs during the past five years. He was last much in evidence at the Durham Pilgrimage of 1983, when he contributed greatly to the success of that event. His funeral took place at Speen Parish Church, our Anglican and Orthodox Presidents being represented by the Pilgrimage Secretary and the Editor respectively. Tributes to Dom Cuthbert from the Chairman and the General Secretary appear elsewhere in this issue of *ECNL*. He was greatly devoted to the objectives of the Association, and this, together with his eagerness to help in every way possible and to make suggestions for activities such as the Pilgrimages, was most stimulating. Associations of the nature of the AECA need such people on its Committee and amongst the membership in order to remain alive and responsive to current events and needs — it is too easy to degenerate into a small closely-knit and inward-looking fraternity having no real impact on ecumenical Christian affairs. We need to be reminded often and forcibly of the high objectives of our Association. The witness of people like Dom Cuthbert ensures that they are not forgotten or taken lightly. May his be an "Eternal memory".

Present opportunities

For the Orthodox Churches in this country there are two present opportunities which should not be ignored. The first of these is an invitation to be represented on the Advisory Committee on Religious Broadcasting. For far too long Orthodoxy has been largely ignored by the broadcasting authorities in this country, and this would seem to be a direct corollary to its having so far had no representative on this important Committee. Apart from two late-night radio broadcasts relayed from the Russian Cathedral at Ennismore Gardens each year in Church Slavonic, there has been no attempt to relay Orthodox worship. There have indeed been one or two special television features, such as the programmes devoted to Mount Athos and to the Russian Millennium, but there has been no attempt whatever to cater *on any regular basis* for Orthodox worship or for the expression of Orthodox views on the many religious and ethical issues of the day. It should be remembered that such views are held by a number of Anglicans and other Christians also, who look to Orthodoxy as their only real public exponent today.

It is not surprising that some Anglicans as well as Orthodox speak of what they suspect to be a conspiracy of the so-called "liberal establishment" to deny time on the air to those who would reflect

views very different from those more usually heard from religious broadcasters. Letters complaining of this neglect tend to receive bland and unhelpful answers, if indeed they are answered at all. The remedy would seem to be a strong presence on the Advisory Committee, reflecting the whole breadth of Orthodoxy in this Country. There is a real case to be made for the regular broadcasting of Orthodox worship, including services partly or wholly in the English language. This is especially true of television broadcasts, where the visual impact of Orthodox worship can be more fully appreciated. Orthodox Vespers should have its occasional place, as does Roman Catholic Vespers, in the twice-weekly 'Evensong' broadcast on radio. Perhaps most important of all, there is a desperate need for the inclusion of Orthodox views on burning questions of the day, such as a proper attitude to the environment and to the challenges of science (and especially medical science). The Orthodox and Patristic view of man and nature provides an alternative to the contemporary dehumanising of creation and is, some at least would believe, the only hope of averting a widespread catastrophe such as can scarcely be envisaged.

The second opportunity is active participation in the present formal restructuring of the ecumenical scene in the British Isles, which is rapidly moving to its completion and which seems, so far, to have had the most minimal of Orthodox input. It is true that the Orthodox overall are divided on the appropriate approach to formal ecumenism. There is a real desire to participate in dialogue with Christians of other Communion, yet at the same time there is a perceived danger that such participation at the formal level will be misinterpreted as acquiescence in a 'branch theory' of the Church — a theory which is incompatible with Orthodox ecclesiology! It can be argued, however, that, so long as the Orthodox Churches participate actively in the WCC, they should participate equally actively in Councils of Churches at the national and local levels. There is a special urgency for an adequate Orthodox participation in the present new ecumenical arrangements in Britain and Ireland, particularly as the Roman Catholic Church will be for the first time a full participant.

Neither of these two opportunities should be allowed to pass without positive Orthodox response.

The crisis of medical experimentation

A recent television programme (in the *Q.E.D.* series) on the work of the American brain surgeon, Dr Robert White, highlights how quickly medical experimentation is progressing beyond the control of Church or society. Most disturbing was the suggestion of the close possibility of 'whole-body' (or 'brain') transplants. It was significant that this was commended by Dr White as particularly appropriate for the preserving of the active life of the brain of a noted *scientist* when the accompanying body was deteriorating through incurable illness. Such a choice of 'appropriate person' indicates the megalomania of some elements of the scientific community today. Projected transplants of the brain of one person into the body of another (and, indeed, possibly *all* transplants — this needs to be theologically explored in depth) are a blasphemy against God's Creation as well as opening a 'Pandora's box' that the spiritual and moral state of development of society today is totally incapable of handling. For

most people, it rightly conjures up the frightening spectacle of the monster of the Frankenstein films, which can still occasionally be seen even today. Such a response, evident in Britain also over the issue of the commercial sale of human organs, is rooted in man's inner spirit and, thank God, seems not to have been entirely eradicated by the spirit of the age in which we live.

What was perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the programme devoted to Dr White was the portrayal of him receiving the Sacrament as a faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church. This surely raises the question of the official Roman Catholic attitude, if any, to the present trends in medical science. If the Church does not positively support the natural inborn repugnance of ordinary human beings to Dr. White's work and that of many other experimenters today, it is surely failing to reflect the Gospel and the witness of the Holy Fathers. This gives added support to the thesis of Philip Sherrard and others that the West has for centuries lost its way in the whole issue of the Christian attitude to scientific activity, and that this a direct result of a departure from Patristic standards particularly evidenced in the Roman Church (see the review of Sherrard's book *The Rape of Man and Nature in ECNL*, Spring 1988, pp 33-4). A Patristic view of man would suggest that the work of which Dr White publicly boasts is incompatible with his status as a Christian communicant. We may well watch to see whether or not the Roman Catholic authorities will be sufficiently alarmed to act accordingly! If it is not clear to Christians that a number of the trends of modern medical science, amongst them the proposals of Dr White, pass beyond the bounds of what can be acceptable to any decent society, then it will not be unreasonable to ask just what is this faith which such 'Christians' purport to accept.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Dom Cuthbert Fearon

The death, on 21st January 1989 at the age of 76, of Dom Cuthbert Fearon OSB has removed from our sight one of our oldest and most active members. For the past five years he had been unable to continue his work on our behalf, as Parkinson's disease increased its grip, and in the last year or two he had even been unable to write — a bitter blow to one of the most prolific correspondents I have ever known.



The late Dom Cuthbert Fearon with the Anglican President at the 1983 Durham Pilgrimage

A more adequate tribute to him and appreciation of his contribution to the Anglican Communion will be published by us in due course: *ad interim* I humbly express my thanks to God for His gift of Cuthbert, and our gratitude for all his indefatigable efforts in our field of Anglican/Orthodox relations. If I were to note any one quality in him it would be his absolute loyalty: this is a great virtue — and humbling to the recipient.

Coupled with his devotion to our cause, his long tenure of the office of Guestmaster in his holy house gave him the opportunity to offer hospitality to a host of distinguished visitors from all the Orthodox Churches, especially bishops and other monks. His departure is felt keenly by his friends all over the world. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends".
Eternal be his memory.

Harold Embleton

THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S NOTES

Armenian Earthquake: A candle has been kept burning in St Dunstan-in-the West as a reminder of the fate of so many thousands of Armenians. £100 has been sent to the disaster fund. Our sympathy goes to the Armenian community in the United Kingdom, many of which were unable to contact families in the stricken areas owing to the breakdown of telecommunications.

Farewell: Deacon Christopher Birchall came to dinner with me just before his departure with his wife and family to Canada. Fr Christopher has served the Russian Orthodox Church-Outside-Russia in London most faithfully and we wish him and his family every blessing in their new country. Fr Christopher is writing the history of the Russian Orthodox community in these Islands and we spent a very interesting evening going through the archives of the Association looking for Russian material. We have a very interesting document—an illuminated letter of thanks from the Synod, then based in Sremsky-Karlovsky, for office equipment paid for by this Association. We look forward to Fr Christopher's book and wish him well on his researches into this subject. Should any member have any photographs or press-cuttings on this subject, I would be pleased to receive them and sent them on to Canada.

The Coptic Church in London: I spotted Bishop Athanasios of the Coptic Church in Kenya walking down Marloes Road one night in mid-January, but I was unable to stop and greet him. He is a member of the Foreign Staff of the Coptic Patriarchate.

The Annual Festival: Our thanks are due to Metropolitan Anthony of Sourozh for hosting the Millennium Celebrations on the Feast of St Sergius of Radonezh and for inviting the Association to take part in what coincided with our Annual Festival. The preacher at the Pontifical Liturgy was Fr Shamir Gholam of the Antiochene Greek Patriarchate. He spoke movingly of the love of God and our neighbour as lived out in the Beatitudes. The Russian community entertained us to a splendid luncheon, and in the afternoon Metropolitan Anthony spoke to the Annual General Meeting on the "Conversion of Rus".

Russian Ball: At the beginning of the year, the Russian community in London and their friends held a ball to raise money for the Old Peoples' Home in Chiswick. This was given at the Café Royal in the presence of Grand Duke Vladimir and Grand Duchess Leonida, the claimant and consort to the Russian throne.

The Ethiopian Orthodox Church: In November, the Crown Prince of Ethiopia received Archimandrite Gabriel and his assistant priest and the Revd Dr Lawson Nagel, a member of the Association, and myself to discuss Anglican/Ethiopian affairs and the work of the Association. The Ethiopian Community is still without a home of its own, but has received hospitality at the Anglican church of St Matthew through the kindness of Fr Gareth Evans and his people.

The Lambeth Conference: The Anglican President, the Chairman, and I attended the receptions for the foreign observers at the

Lambeth Conference. The highlight of the celebrations was the Solemn Vigil Service of the Russian Church, sung by Metropolitan Anthony in Canterbury Cathedral in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Russian Archbishop representing His Holiness the Patriarch of Moscow. The Cathedral was packed for the Vigil. Members of the Coptic and Ethiopian Churches, together with the Mar Thoma Church and other Oriental Churches, were present and joined in the procession. A reception was held at Slatter's Hotel (where earlier in the week we had helped to entertain the delegates from the Roman Catholic and Old Catholic Churches to dinner). It was good to meet again, after a quarter of a century, Archbishop Davev Sarkissian, the cousin of the Catholicos-Patriarch Karekin (Sarkissian) of Sis in Cilicia (Lebanon). He is now the Archbishop of the Armenians in Los Angeles. The Patriarch of Moscow's representative made a witty speech at the dinner, during which he made the interesting point that when Christians stopped dining together (i.e. when the Agape disappeared) they soon fell into schism from each other and came no longer to share the Eucharist.

Dom Cuthbert Fearon OSB: At an Anglican/Orthodox gathering some years ago, the wife of the then Bishop of Derby had to stand on a chair and show herself as the Orthodox delegates present had never seen a Bishop's wife. They did not understand what such a phenomenon was. Patriarchs, Supreme Catholicos, Metropolitans, Exarchs, and Eparchs all knew what Dom Cuthbert was, a monk like themselves. It was for that reason that he was so widely known and so loved among the Orthodox. They understood him as a monk, not as a bureaucrat or an ecumenist, but simply as a member of the great Order of St Benedict. A brief memoir of him will appear elsewhere in this *ECNL*, but I shall be ever grateful to his often 'bossy' guidance and his knowledge of the figures of Orthodoxy on which one could always draw over a pot of tea and cakes in his parlour at Nashdom. We have lost one who was, in his unique way, one of the great re-unionists of the twentieth century and a good friend and counsellor of this Association.

A.T.J. Salter

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY'S NOTES

As I write we have, in the Western Churches, just celebrated the Epiphany. As we have done so, in accordance with the custom, all the Christmas decorations have been removed by Twelfth Night. Suddenly streets which were glittering with decorations are plain and, apart from the January sales, back to normal. We are left with the memories of the Christmas celebrations until another year.

For me one of the memories of this Christmas, and indeed the last year, has been music. On Christmas Day two families of small children were sitting near me. They were lively and yet well-behaved except for one small boy who was clearly bored. He fidgeted non-stop, distracting all around him. However, when we came to the offertory hymn it was announced as "Away in a Manger — for the children". The little boy's head shot up; he found a hymn book and joined in the singing with a loud voice. He was a beat or two behind everyone else, but in tune! He clearly knew the carol well. The same thing happened later on with another well-known carol. So, from a bored child cut off from the worship he became a member of the congregation through the music.

In the summer I had a similar experience. I was able to attend, for the first time, that most English of institutions—the last night of the summer Promenade Concerts in London. Known as "the Last Night of the Proms", it is the culmination of a series of concerts at which a great deal of serious music is played and listened to very intently. However, on the last night, everyone has a party—musicians and audience together. The evening ends with everyone singing some great British favourites, including the hymn by William Blake—"Jerusalem". It is quite an experience to be part of the audience in the Royal Albert Hall singing:

I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

It is an expression of something deep within the British culture which gives the lie to the statement that we are no longer a Christian nation. The Albert Hall was again the setting for the third experience which I want to share with you. A friend gave me a ticket for the singing of *The Messiah* by Handel, from scratch. On this occasion choirs from all over the country—many of them Church choirs—come together to sing *The Messiah*. Again the Albert Hall was filled to capacity, but this time the audience was a small minority, the rest of the space being filled with singers and musicians. As the performance is given without rehearsal, a musical expert might say that it is far from perfect. However, for me as a member of the audience it was one of those moments of quite extraordinary spiritual uplift. Imagine massed choirs singing the *Hallelujah Chorus* with intense feeling, and you will realise what a spine tingling experience it was!

The final musical experience has been from the set of records of Romanian Church music which I now have at home. (These can be purchased from Fr S-P. Pufulete at St Dunstan-in-the-West—address inside the cover of *ECNL*) As I play these records, I remember and re-live all those occasions when I have heard the

Romanian Liturgy at St Dunstan's. My spine tingles again, not with the exhilaration of the mass musical experiences of the summer or even the joyous carolling of Christmas, but with the remembrance of the simple peace of weekly Eucharists with a regular congregation. You may be wondering what all these musical experiences have to do with our Association. I have shared them with you because they have all combined to make me realise how important music is in drawing human beings closer together. Whether we are bored children in Church or highly qualified musicians, when we sing or make music together we have a unity and peace which can overcome the pain of division and heal the wounds of the past.

The ecumenical movement has indeed come far, but sometimes it seems that the discussions and debates have come to a dead end. Words fail us and we cannot agree. However, when we reach an impasse we can still "make a joyful noise unto the Lord" together. We may not be able to receive the Eucharistic Gifts from one another, but we can acknowledge the supremacy of God over all of us through the singing of Psalms or sharing in the music of the Liturgy. Perhaps it is not insignificant that the angels appeared to the shepherds in the fields *singing* of the Glory of God! So, if there are times, during this year when words fail us, then—

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.

For the Lord is high, and to be feared: he is the great King upon all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us: and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose out an heritage for us: even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.

God is gone up with a merry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.

O sing praises, sing praises unto our God: O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon his holy seat.

The princes of the people are joined unto the people of the God of Abraham: for God, which is very high exalted, doth defend the earth as it were with a shield.

Psalm 47, *Book of Common Prayer* 1662

Vivien Hornby-Northcote

THE AECA PILGRIMAGE TO RUSSIA AND THE UKRAINE—1988

I. An Anglican Account

Our Pilgrimage party assembled at Heathrow on Saturday 27th August at 9.15 a.m., and without much delay we were soon aboard the Japanese aircraft and in three hours and ten minutes were landing in Moscow. I experienced some difficulties at the customs as I had with me, pinned in a book on the Imperial Family, a letter written some thirty years earlier from Archimandrite Nicholas Gibbs, English tutor to the Tzar's children, in which he had described the Russian Revolution as "a catastrophe" whilst at the same time giving me some advice as to what to do in Moscow on my first visit in 1957. This scrap of paper caused a flutter in the customs dovescotes, but after a lengthy and noisy argument I eventually got the letter and the book back and all the other literature which at first I was told would be returned to me only on my leaving the Soviet Union. I have always found it pays to haggle loudly in Iron Curtain countries as it is a phenomenon which their officials seldom encounter, being used to being obeyed!

Laden then with Bibles in Russian and Ukrainian, I struggled to join the rest of the party who had encoached. Within the hour we were lined up outside the Hotel In Tourist, where two young men tried to gate-crash our party and gain entrance to the hotel, which, like many hotels in the USSR, was not open to the natives. This incident got some of our party reminiscing over dinner about the great gate-crashers of history, the first coming to mind being those of the Lambeth Conference of 1958 when two students, to the extreme annoyance of Archbishop Geoffrey Fisher, disguised themselves as a Coptic prelate and an Old Catholic curé and actually gained entrance to the opening session at Lambeth Palace. Dr Fisher then ordered the tightest security for the following session at the White City Stadium. Barbara Moorhouse acted as chauffeuse to Patriarch Alexis's representative, the Metropolitan of Minsk, who unfortunately had left his invitation behind and despite protestations of his authenticity was unable to gain admittance; so he decided to call it off, and drove back to Kensington waving towards the Stadium and calling out "Bye! bye! Church of England". Queen Victoria, like Dr Fisher, was similarly taken in by two students who took tea with her at Windsor disguised as Chinese mandarins. I am afraid lots of reminiscing went on during this Pilgrimage and lots of stories told which would make a veritable second volume of the *Canterbury Tales*!

After a pleasant dinner we wandered into Red Square and viewed the unforgettable panorama of the Kremlin by moonlight, and then climbed on the coach which would take us to the Leningradskaya Station for the midnight express to Leningrad. Our train was two hours late, and this was probably due to the fact that there had been a serious derailment the previous week on the Moscow-Leningrad line. A scene ensued which resembled *Murder on the Orient Express* as we struggled to find our places on the huge train, much wider than the gauge in Western Europe. Soon we were settled down in our four-berth sleepers for the night, wondering who would play the role of Monsieur Poirot as we were rocked to sleep with the rat-a-tat-tat,

which has not yet vanished from the Russian railroads as it has elsewhere. Within eight hours we were in the 'Venice of the North'. We left the train at 10 a.m. and boarded our coach, which had become trapped amidst other vehicles in the railway car park. Having disentangled the coach, we made for the Divine Liturgy at the *Troitze-Sobor* (Trinity Cathedral) in the Alexander Nevsky Lavra. The cathedral was flamboyantly impressive in the French style, and every time the Royal Doors were opened it was as though the whole East End had fallen away. A mitred Archpriest sang the Liturgy, and the rich voices of the deacons rather outshone the rather ready choir in the West Gallery, who sang a Liturgy which bore strong resemblances to the works of Gilbert and Sullivan.

I spotted a very impressive woman of enormous size and tremendous presence—a sort of Mrs Bloomsbury-Barton type—who shoved her daughter up for Communion. This sugar merchant's wife, as I thought she must be, was dressed entirely in white, topped with a toque and was bowed to by the aged peasant women in the congregation. She seemed a throwback to a pre-revolutionary age, or she may have been the wife of a Party boss, who happened to be a Christian. She was followed by a small boy pushing his younger brother up for Communion. The smaller one had the greatest difficulty making the sign of the cross, until an old priest helped him by pointing to his forehead, his breast and his right and left shoulders. After the Liturgy I realized where I had seen the celebrant before—at Lambeth Palace. He was the Dean of the Faculty of Theology of Leningrad, which is housed in the campus.

We drove back along what is one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in the world—the *Nevsky Prospekt*—to the Hotel Puluska. From here we did a tour of the Winter Palace and the Fortress of SS Peter and Paul, where Dostoevsky, Maxim Gorky, and many more writers were imprisoned and in which the Tzarevitch Alexis met his death on the orders of his father Peter the Great. Six of us returned for dinner to a restaurant in the Fortress, and as people at other tables were singing folk-songs we gave them a rendering of *The Vicar of Bray*, which was probably the first time that ditty had been sung in the Petropavlosk Kremlin.

The next day we breakfasted early on 'Archdeacon's leg'—a species of Russian brawn—and left for a day trip to Novgorod. The drizzly, dismal morning was cheered by the brightly painted homesteads which seemed to stretch all the way from Petrograd to Novgorod. On arrival we made for the working church of St Philip, where we were welcomed by a young priest Father Ambrosy with the words: "What on earth are the Anglican Bishops thinking of at Lambeth—women bishops?!" He conducted us to the Church, where we met Michael, the Rector, who, assisted by Bishop Kallistos, Fr Ephrem and Fr Milun Kostic, sang a Molièben to St Nikita, who died 818 years ago and whose tomb is highly venerated. It was here that I made the *faux-pas* of giving one of my pious cards to an ancient babushka without vetting it first. It was a *kitsch Caravaggio* of the Sacred Heart. She thought it was the *Bogoroditza* (Mother of God) until Fr Ephrem explained to her that it was the Christ. It became immediately obvious that the old lady did not accept the hypostatic union in the form revealed to St Margaret Mary Alacoque in Paray Monial, as

she peered suspiciously at the card for some minutes before putting it in her pinny pocket!

Novgorod has, like Norwich, a church at every street corner, but only one is functioning, although it is now hoped that the Cemetery Church will be re-opened as a monastery. Beyond it lies the large Monastery of St George, but this is not 'working'. There are but two working monasteries in the whole of Russia—Zagorsk and Danielov Monastery in Moscow, recently restored to the Church. The following morning we were up very early and it was my turn to celebrate Mass, which was of the Beheading of St John the Baptist (transferred). We then paid another visit to the Alexander Nevski compound, where we attended the Liturgy and were warmly welcomed by the young celebrant. We visited the cemetery, which must vie with Westminster Abbey for the number of famous buried there: the Tolstoys, Borodin, Puskin, Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Mousorsky, Dostoevsky, etc.. After lunch we visited Pavlovsk, travelling via Tzarskoye Selo, now Pushkin.

On the last day of August, the Anglican pilgrims had a Mass of St Aidan for which I had provided a paper icon brought from the Russian Brotherhood of St Edward at Brookwood. After breakfast a group of us made for the Hermitage landing stage, and caught the hydrofoil to the Gulf of Finland, to the baroque and rococo splendours of the Peterhof, all exquisitely restored after the barbarities of the German Occupation. From the landing stage we thought we could see the Island of Kronstadt, made famous in the reign of Tzar Nicholas II because of Fr John, who lived there and gave spiritual counsel to so many. He was recently canonized by the Russian Church-Outside-Russia. A great feature of the palace grounds here was the joke fountain, a favourite pastime with the local children.

On returning to the Hermitage, we had our surfeit of French Impressionists and then looked at the golden room, where Catherine the Great, who fancied herself as a hermitess, closetted herself with her art treasures—an exhausting tour! Back to the hotel for a quick dinner, and then to the theatre where the *Petit Ballet* of Leningrad put on a sort of "Your Hundred Best Ballets".

On 1st September we flew to Kiev, the cradle of Russian Christianity. Kiev, lying further south, of course, was much warmer than Leningrad and the people were much more interested in us, as they see less foreign visitors than Moscow or Leningrad. On the second day in the Ukranian capital we drove to Chernigov, where our first port of call was the church of the Spassky Sobor—Cathedral of the Saviour—where quite atrocious frescoes adorned the walls. The iconostasis had, however, interesting Old Testament typology balanced by New. This church had been sympathetic to the Old Believer movement and had been founded by Prince Mtislav. In the same churchyard was the church of St Andrew, which for some time had been quasi-uniate as it was in the hands of the Dominicans. It housed a collection of what Patriarch Alexis used to describe as "Chocolate-box icons", pretty-pretty icons embroidered in seed pearls and very colourful. We walked to the top of a hill and saw several other churches with their silver and gold domes glittering in the sunshine, one of these we were told would be restored to the Church. One church we found was 'working'—that of the Resurrection, which



Bishop Michael, Bishop Kallistos, and pilgrims with the Abbot of the Pochaev Caves Monastery, Kiev



Monks of the Pochaev Monastery

contains the body of St Theodosios of Chernigov, a bishop who was canonized in 1896. His mummified hands were covered with silver lamé oven-glove style mittens, one of which was given as a secondary relic to Bishop Michael of Basingstoke and the other to Fr Ephrem. On our way out of town on the Kiev motorway, we stopped to buy some fruit from a group of peasant women. In the middle of our purchasing I was accosted by a large lady and was immediately made aware of babushka power before which even the tyrant Stalin quavered—all those long-distance 'phone-calls from Tblisi to the Kremlin from Mother demanding to know why her local church was closed—My Lady wanting to know why they had no church open in the village and why they had to walk for miles to get their children christened. “I am *Pravoslavnie* [Orthodox]”, she roared, groping down the front of her blouse to hitch up her pectoral cross. “You must write to Mikhail Sergeivitch Gorbachov about it. Why is the Bogoroditza Sobor still closed?” I promised I would write. I then gave some of her companions Ukrainian Bibles and was at once mobbed. Fellow pilgrims came to my aid with further copies of the Scriptures, and, everyone on the roadside having received one, we parted happily.

That evening some of us made contact with the dissidents, or rather they made contact with us. We met three young men who thought Mrs Thatcher was absolutely wonderful, just as young English students thought Chairman Mao was in the sixties! They told us that Stalin was a monster, but that Breshnev was a ganster—which in their heirarchy was much worse—and so were his whole family. They then proceeded to tell us a joke doing the rounds among the student population:

Breshnev's mother came to Moscow to see her son. He showed her his Winter Palace—she said nothing. He showed her the cadillacs, the Rolls-Royces, the Porsches—mum still mum. He showed her his wife's minks, fox furs, the diamonds, the emeralds—the old girl remained silent. He took her to his many country dachas and his seaside villas on the Crimea—not a word. In desperation he asked her, “Mother aren't you impressed with what I have?”—“Oh! Yes! son I am impressed: but what happens if the Reds return?”

On the way back to the Metro I was accosted, as I was wearing a clerical collar, by some youths, who told me they were Catholics and could I tell them what had happened to Cardinal Slypy, the Major-Archbishop of the Ukranian Catholic Uniate Church, who died recently in exile in the Vatican.

The next day being the feast of St Gregory of Rome, Fr Beal celebrated the Mass for Anglican pilgrims, after which we made our way to the non-working Cathedral of St Sophia and to the famous Pochaevsky Monastery of the Caves. We spent a long time underground venerating an enormous number of saints, whose relics had been very well preserved and did not appear to have suffered any disturbance since the day in 1961 when Kruschev closed the Monastery. (It is not generally known that he closed as many, if not more churches and religious houses than Stalin.) On emerging again into the sunlight, we were greeted by a young abbot with twinkling, humorous eyes, who gave us commemorative medals of the Millennium and pointed out that they were worshipping on the



*The Monastery of
the Caves, Kiev*



*The Imperial
Chapel, Kiev*

Monastery's verandah, while the main church was undergoing restoration. A number of young monks are now back in occupation and there were several pilgrims at the shrines, who were eager to acquire religious pictures; so my supply of paper icons from St Edward's, Brookwood came in very useful, and it was moving to see pilgrims of all ages clutching to their breasts icons, not of St Seraphim or St Sergius, but rather those of St Columba, St Aidan, St Piran, and a dozen others who were part of that once Universal and Undivided Church which stretched from Cornwall to Kiev.

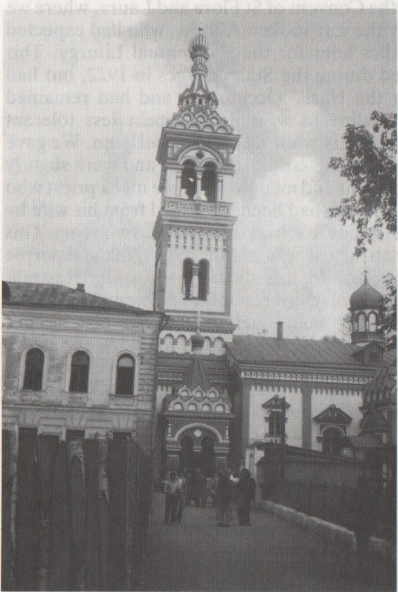
We said farewell to the Igumen and his brethren and then made for the great working Cathedral of St Vladimir, where with the Bishop of Basingstoke we were given places of honour before the iconostasis. The choirs were in the best operatic tradition and the church packed. An archimandrite, visiting the cathedral from the Patriarchate of Antioch, was invited to do the censuring. The Antiochene Church has had close links with the Church of Russia over many centuries, when Russia acted as the protector of the Orthodox Churches under Turkish control.

The following day being Sunday, the Bishop of Basingstoke celebrated the Eucharist in Room 716 and we then returned to the Cathedral of St Vladimir for the Solemn Liturgy, and again the Bishop and Anglican clergy were given seats of honour at the iconostasis. After the Liturgy the celebrant took us on a tour of the cathedral gallery, while a bride waited patiently on the ground floor to be married. Here again we were mobbed by the faithful wanting some religious object, and again we distributed some British pre-Great Schism Saints' icons.

After lunch we went to the Convent of St Flora and Laura, where we were warmly greeted by the soft-spoken Abbess, who had expected us to go at a much earlier hour for the Conventual Liturgy. This convent had been closed during the Stalin purges in 1922, but had been re-opened during the Nazis' Occupation and had remained open from the 1940s, Stalin not wishing to appear less tolerant towards the Church than his erstwhile ally Hitler had been. We gave the Abbess and sisters some tea, coffee and soap, and were slightly mobbed by old ladies for icons and medals. Here we met a priest who had studied at Oxford, but who had been separated from his wife by the regime on his return to Kiev, a separation of some two years. This convent houses, in very attractive cells smothered in pink and purple asters, about fifty-five nuns. In this district stands the Rastrelli Imperial chapel, the interior of which resembles a Bavarian Catholic church complete with a three dimensional rood-screen. This was not the first Orthodox church with carved images we had seen, as the cathedral in Petrograd even had a statue of Moses! This church was not a working one. Young soldiers visiting the Convent Church and this one behaved very reverently and took off their hats on entering. After dinner we took the night sleeper from Kiev to Moscow, a journey of some twelve hours. We arrived at 9.20 a.m., which I was interested to note was exactly the same time that I had arrived in Moscow from London in 1957. We took the coach to the Hotel Salut, passing the famous Novo-Devichy Convent on the way. In 1957 this convent had several nuns still in residence, but, sadly, there is only one old nun left there now. After a late 'brunch', we finally persisted with the tour operator that we go to the Troitse-Sergievo Monastery



The General Secretary at the entrance to the United Old Believers Chapel, Rogozhskoye Cemetery, Moscow



St Nicolas United Old Believers Church, Rogozhskoye Cemetery

at Zagorsk and not to the Exhibition of Soviet Achievements (Communists do tend to swank!). We eventually won the day by refusing to take "no" for an answer. As we had to wait for the air party to arrive, I suggested that we make our way to the Patriarchal Cathedral of the Epiphany. We travelled on the very grand Metro, and were received by a young monk who took us to venerate the relics of St Alexis of Moscow and the famous Kazanskaya Icon of the Mother of God. From the Cathedral we made our way the the Baumanskaya Metro and to the Kursk station, and on to Taganskaya Metro, and from there to the No 16 'bus, which should, according to my reckoning, have taken us to the Rogozhskoye Cemetery, where is to be found every sect of the Old Believers. Unfortunately we got off about ten stops too soon and had to walk a considerable distance before discovering the campus. We came first to the Palace of the Archbishop Alimpye of Moscow, the head of the main-stream Old Believers, then to the tower of Uspensky which houses the headquarters of the Priestless Believers. Across the lawns is the almost edible church (all green, yellow and red) which houses the Orthodox of the Moscow Patriarchate, but which has on its south side a chapel, occupying a whole aisle of the main building, of the Yedinorie Old Believers, i.e. those who submitted to the Moscow Patriarchate but were allowed to retain their old ceremonial and pre-Nikon traditions. We had hoped to attend the Vigil advertised as taking place at 4 p.m., but no one came, so we made our way to the largest building on the compound—the Cathedral of the Byelokrinitza Concord, the seat of the Archbishop Alimpye. Here a very helpful secretary to the Cathedral Council met us and took us into what looked like the front of a large country dacha. Inside was the Church of Old Russia, all housed in this the Pokrovsky Sobor. Oil-filled lamps and real wax candles flickered on the candelabra, casting a yellow glow on the ancient icons (nothing chocolate-box here!). From behind the screen of the South Chapel came very reedy singing, lacking the rich harmonies familiar in the Russian Orthodox Church. Apart from the Secretary, the group of Old Believers who gathered around us were very cool, and this gave us an inkling as to what was to follow, for, as we looked around the Cathedral of the Intercession, Bishop Michael was suddenly 'granny-handled' by two old crones who fled with (if not exactly *on*) broomsticks from the far corner of the church, because they had spotted him going to venerate an icon. Then another old girl, equally fanatic in her sectarianism, went for Fr Anthony Welling, who strayed too near the collection of relics in the North Aisle. Fr Philip Warner was similarly set upon. A young priest tried to intervene and calmed the ruffled babushkas, but not before we had had an interesting trip down memory lane and to the century when Nikonites fought Old Believers to the death over the number of fingers used to make the sign of the cross and the number of syllables in the Name of Jesus.

I managed to distribute some tea and coffee to the Old Believer laity, whilst members of the party took photographs of the huge tower of the Priestless Believers, which had been built in 1912 by F.I. Gornostayev to commemorate the liberalization of the Tzar's Edict of 1905 and the re-opening of Old Believer churches throughout the Empire.

The Rogozhskoye cemetery is thick with graves and was opened in



The Pilgrimage Leaders, together with Fr Ephrem and members of the Pilgrimage with the Abbess at the Convent of SS Flora and Laura, Kiev



Zagorsk

1771 to provide a resting place for the thousands of dead who perished in the plague of that year.

The next day found the pilgrims rolling though the flat countryside to Zagorsk to the famous Monastery of the Holy Trinity and St Sergius, founded by St Sergius of Radonezh (the original name of that town until the Soviets named it after a revolutionary). St Sergius lived *circa* 1321–1391 and established the first foundation at Radonezh in 1345. Alas, early in the following century the Monastery was laid waste by the Tartars, but the body of the Saint survived and many miracles were performed at his tomb, so that the place became the main centre of pilgrimage in Russia and was given the status of a *lavra* (abbey) in 1749 when, in the same year, a theological seminary was established in the grounds, which still exists today as one of three seminaries in the Soviet Union, the others being at Leningrad and Odessa. From its establishment in the middle of the 14th century, the monastery has played a leading role in the life of Holy Russia, beginning with the blessing by St Sergius of the armies of Dmitri Donskoi, which defeated the hordes of the Tartars at Kulikovo. In the years 1608–10 the Monastery withstood the Polish siege, and in the 1680s sheltered the young Tsars Peter and Paul during the uprising of the Strelsky in Moscow. The compound is dominated by the cathedral of the Uspensky, which was inspired by the Uspensky Sobor in the Kremlin and was built between 1559 and 1585 on the orders of Ivan the Terrible after his victory over Kazan and Astrakhan. To the South-West of the Uspensky lies the exquisite white Chapel of the Holy Spirit built in 1476 by craftsmen from Pskov. The oldest cathedral, however, is that of the Holy Trinity (1422) and is the work of St Andrei Rublev and Danil Chorny. Until the years immediately after the Revolution it housed the most famous icon within Orthodoxy—the *Trinity* by Rublev, but his now rests in the Tretyakov gallery in Moscow.

The main entrance to the monastery-fortress or *kremlin*, which is the word for fortress, consists of a gate reminiscent of the Gate of the Redeemer in the Moscow Kremlin's walls. It is a splendid red tower with a gatechurch dedicated to St John the Baptist (*Nadvratnaya Tserkov Ioanno Predtechî*) built between 1693 and 1699 and paid for by the Stroganov family. No Russian monastery is complete without its Refectory Church, and the one at Zagorsk is very impressive and was, again, built in the 17th century (1695–1692). It is barbaric in its decoration, and is known in Russian as *Trapeznaya*. The centre of devotion is the shrine of St Sergius, whose relics are housed in a solid silver tomb, the gift of the Empress Anna. Here lines of the faithful wait patiently to venerate the Saint's body, whilst a monk is in constant attendance. It was here that we met an aged monk in a wheel-chair who was clothed in the Greater Habit or Schema. He had a relic of St Sergius with him and blessed individually pilgrims who approached him.

Amongst other churches and architectural features in the grounds were the Micheyevskaya Tserkov or St Mikhey Church (1734), the Church of St Sergius with its single golden dome and the *Tsarskiye Chertogi* or Tsars' Chambers of late 17th-century baroque work and now the home of the Seminary and Theological Academy. The tower, which rises from the middle of the enclosure and which many assume to be the work of Rastrelli, is in fact the combined effort, in



*At the Holy Well,
Zagorsk*



*The General
Secretary with a
theological student
at Zagorsk*

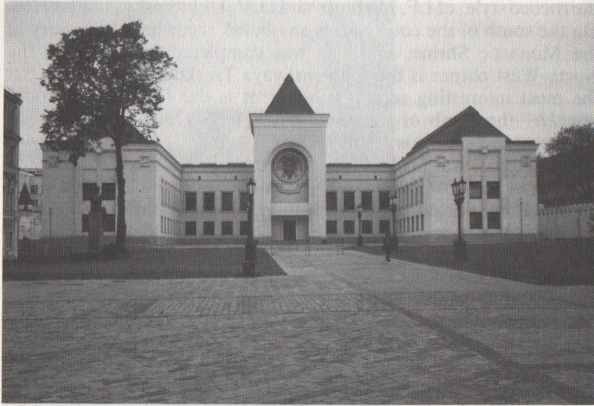
the rococo style, of I.F. Michurin and D.V. Ukhtomsky (1740–1770). On the south of the courtyard is an obelisk recording the history of the Monastic Shrine, and this was completed in 1792. On the North-West corner is the Smolenskyaya Tserkov (1745–1748), but the most interesting secular monument is the *Usypal'nitsa Godunovykh*—the tomb of the Godunovs (1605–1780)—in which rests Boris and several of his relatives.

The Cathedral was packed for the Liturgy, and it was interesting to note, as in Moscow and Kiev, that the Deacon (who had the face of an angel) conducted the congregation in the singing of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. The children particularly enjoyed this part of the Liturgy.

Beneath the sumptuousness of the Liturgy and the churches we soon discovered the suffering Church in the person of a doctor who had twice been imprisoned and tortured for the Faith, and who warned us that all was certainly not what it seemed. The atmosphere, despite evident signs of devotion and deep piety, was somewhat frigid. We were not invited to see the Seminary (although I managed to give one student a Russian New Testament) and some of the monks had a rather artificial air about them. This certain frigidity was also evident the next day when we visited the Danielov Monastery. Here everything is brand new. It is a curious place, and we were told that we would be received by the Abbot in the afternoon. This was cancelled without any reason being given, but may have been caused by one of the Anglican priests asking how many Christians were imprisoned for the Faith in the Soviet Union. We were told, "This is not the 1930s". The Danielov is a mystery. This is what a priest of the Moscow Patriarchate, now safely out of the Soviet Union, has said of it:

When the decision was made to open the Danielov Monastery and to start raising funds we were told: "A spiritual center! The heart of Moscow—a monastery! It's a miracle!" Money began to pour in, bagsful of money. People went round collecting it. When most of the project was completed, an announcement was made: this is to be the Administrative Centre of the Moscow Patriarchate.

As the time arrived for the altar in the Danielov Monastery to be consecrated, all of a sudden it turned out that the agreement between the Moscow Patriarchate and the Soviet Government contained not a word about celebrating the Divine Liturgy in this Monastery. As a result, the Council for Religious Affairs forbade the consecration of the altar. The Patriarchate began writing petitions: "Permit us to consecrate the altar". Time was passing by. The C.R.A. declared, "We keep receiving heaps of letters: how is it possible that at the time when we have almost completed building Communism, a monastery is opened in the heart of Moscow? For this reason we cannot allow you to consecrate the altar; you can go to the active church in the Donskoi Monastery, and celebrate your Liturgy there. Here will be your residence and the Administrative Centre, no monastery". Finally, three years ago, on the Sunday commemorating All Saints, the Council permitted quietly the consecration of the altar; but don't don't make it public, please! ...Money was being raised, heaps of money; for the restoration...I am afraid that, in the end, the Danielov Monastery... will be rarely open to pilgrims, to those



Danielov Monastery, Moscow



The General Secretary and Fr. Ephrem at the Danielov Monastery

who will want to worship God there. Outside the Monastery territory a church is being constructed where people will be admitted, while the Monastery itself will be open for official receptions.

This is not an independent monastery, but rather a branch of the Holy Trinity-St Sergius Lavra. The number of monks will always vary. I am inclined to look upon them as service personnel taking care of the various departments of the Patriarchate: Foreign Relations, Pensions, Economic Management. I think that the Patriarchal residence will be moved there from Chisty Lane.

Thus, the Danielov Monastery is not a monastery, but an establishment.

On leaving the Danielov we ran into the Bishop of Edinburgh and the Dean of Perth and a small group of pilgrims from Scotland. We returned later in the day to hear Vespers and discovered that there were forty monks attached to the Danielov and that most of them were between the ages of twenty and thirty.

The next day was, in the Western Calendar, the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. Bishop Michael celebrated the Eucharist and Bishop Kallistos preached on the uniqueness of the individual: "There is no one like us before and there will be no one like us after we have gone, and God needs each one of us and cannot do without us".

The air party not having visited the Old Believers, I volunteered to brave the grannies and lead another group to see them. We took Bishop Kallistos and Fr Ephrem with us, and I was a little apprehensive as to how these adherents of Nikon would fare. I need not have worried as we were warmly received and the little community seemed pleased that prelates of the Ecumenical Patriarchate had taken the trouble to visit them. The Secretary reminded us that it was from the Greek Church that the Old Believers had received their first Bishop from Byelokrinitsa, hence the description of the mainline Old Believers as those of the Byelokrinitsa Concord. When we arrived at the Old Believers' Cathedral, the Liturgy of the Feast of Our Lady of Vladimir had just finished, as the lamps were being extinguished by an old woman with a huge metal fan on a pole, which looked for all the world like a long shovel used for stoking steam trains. We had more time to look at the Cathedral on this second visit, and we noticed that the icons on which one had to turn one's back when facing the Sanctuary were painted not on wood but on canvas, that is to say, they were not truly icons and therefore one could turn one's back on them! In a side chapel a bearded old gentleman with centuries of in-breeding showing on his face demonstrated to me how the sign of the cross should be made, and pointed out that in all the icons Christ gave the blessing with the Old Believer number of fingers. A young Old Believer called Sergei Durusov pointed out to me an icon of the Beast which he said looked remarkably like a television set. I thought he was on to something! He expressed a great interest in the Celtic Church and, as I had with me a large coffee-table book profusely illustrated for Archbishop Alimpye of Moscow and All the Russias on Celtic Christianity, I said I hoped the Archbishop might let him borrow it. I gave him a Russian Bible and Nicholas Zernov's book on the Russian Church, and some more Celtic Saints' icons which Fr Nectarinos of Brookwood had kindly sent me. From the Secretary we learned that the Old Believers under the

jurisdiction of Archbishop Alimpye have eight churches open in the City of Moscow, a Metropolitan in Romania (where there seem to be colonies of Old Believer refugees), and a Bishop in Australia with a congregation in Melbourne and another in Sydney. These latter Old Believers are the descendants of those who fled to China and Manchuria after the Revolution. Whilst on this second visit we learned that the reason the Church looked as though it was jelled in time was because it had been sealed by the Tzars for fifty years before its re-opening in 1905. I asked Sergei if he would take me to the United Old Believers to act as an interpreter, but he politely refused to have any contact with those who had submitted to the once Established Church. Incidentally, there are two groups of 'Uniates', those who were reconciled not very long after the schism of *circa* 1675 and who are known as the Transfiguration Believers after a monastery of that name, and those who were reconciled in the years immediately following World War II. There is also an Orthodox church in Moscow in which the old chants are used and where the worship or sound of worship approximates to that of the Old Believers.

Having bought records of Old Believer liturgical music, made to commemorate the Millennium of Rus, we made our way to St Nicholas' Orthodox Church, where a funeral was in progress. We were thus able to see the chapel of those who were reconciled in the reign of Tzar Paul I. After some photographs had been taken, we hurried back to the metro as we were to leave Moscow for London that afternoon. We were soon all packed up and ready to leave. A smooth passage through the customs and a very pleasant flight back to London on the Tokyo to Heathrow flight of Japanese airlines ended our Pilgrimage. We had seen so much and met so many that most of us had spiritual indigestion for a day or two! Thanks to Fr Philip Warner there were no mishaps and everyone was in good humour and already booking up for Ireland before we had landed, proof enough that the pilgrims had been spiritually refreshed, despite all the anomalies and mysteries, by their contact with the great Church of Russia and her sister the Old Orthodox Church—as Solhenitsyn calls the Old Believers.

A.T.J. Salter

II. An Orthodox Account

Despite numerous problems, including the possibility that the Pilgrimage might not take place at all, over forty members of the Association, among them bishops, archimandrites, clergyman, and ordinary human beings, gathered at Heathrow on August the 27th (N.S.) for the Japan Air Lines flight to Moscow. Fr Philip Warner, the organiser, still looking remarkably young and cheerful, arrived with a number of large cardboard boxes filled with Russian and Ukrainian Bibles, prayerbooks and catechisms, which he distributed among the pilgrims to stow away in odd corners of their luggage among the toothbrushes and dusted down birettas. Had the Pilgrimage included Armenia and Georgia, as originally intended, we might have had serious weight problems.

August 27th by the Gregorian calendar is the Eve of the Feast of the Dormition of the Mother of God by Julian, and many of us hoped

that we should be able to attend at least part of the Vigil Service in Moscow. The plane however took off half an hour late and our passage through customs at Moscow took about two hours, so that we did not finally leave the airport until after nine o'clock. Bishop Kallistos had some trouble in persuading the authorities that his *panaghia* was not a priceless Byzantine antique and Fr John Salter had a worrying moment when from one of his books an autograph letter from Fr Nicholas Gibbs, tutor to the imperial family in 1917, fluttered gently to the ground. Fr Ephrem, who was wearing his monastic *skoufo*, found himself whisked by an official through the special gate marked "Diplomatic Passports".

All hope of attending a Vigil having vanished, we had to be content with dinner in a hotel near Red Square before leaving for the station and the night train to St Petersburg, or Leningrad, depending on one's politics. There was, though, time for a walk to Red Square and so our first sight of Russia on this Pilgrimage was that of the domes and crosses of St Basil's Cathedral silhouetted against the full moon. Our bus got us to the station in good time for the midnight train, and Bishop Kallistos hoped that we would at least be able to attend the Liturgy at the Alexander Nevsky Lavra the next morning. But, for reasons that were never quite clear, we were not finally put on a train until after 2 a.m. The sleepers were very comfortable and the steward did a side-line in black market roubles with the early morning tea. We reached Leningrad in the rain at half past ten and were taken to our Intourist bus by the guide. Bishop Kallistos arranged that the coach should go straight to the Cathedral, before the hotel, so that those who wished could attend at least part of the Liturgy. The station car park however was arranged as a practical demonstration of the meaning of 'higgledy piggledy', and our bus was entirely hemmed in by randomly parked cars. No attendants or traffic police were visible and Bishop Kallistos' expression became increasingly wistful. Finally a powerfully built bystander came to the rescue by summoning his friends and physically manhandling a few of the obstructing vehicles from our path.

We reached the Cathedral at the moment of Communion. The Metropolitan was not there and the Liturgy was being celebrated for a crowded congregation by seven priests and five deacons. No less than five priests were needed for the distribution of Communion. At the end of the Liturgy a short *Moleben*, or Service of Intercession, was celebrated around the Icon of the Dormition. In all the churches we saw, except, significantly, that of the Old Believers, this took the form of an embroidered cloth, similar in size and material to the Winding Sheet used on Good Friday.

From the Cathedral we were taken to our hotel, a large modern building designed by Finnish architects on the south side of the city. After lunch we toured the city by bus, the main stop being made at the Peter and Paul Fortress. But we were in Russia on pilgrimage, not simply as tourists, though because of our physical circumstances it was often difficult to remember this, and in the evening Bishop Michael arranged for the first series of celebrations of the Anglican Eucharist in one of the rooms belonging to our party.

The next day, Monday, we travelled by bus to Novgorod with a driver named Oleg, but who seemed to have had lessons from Jehu. After coffee at a new Intourist hotel on the outskirts of the city, we went for

a drive round the old 'market'. We had made it clear that we wanted particularly to see the 'working' church, and became somewhat restive at the length of the lectures to which our guide submitted us. Finally we reached the Church and Fr Ephrem realised that in an adjoining street lived a young priest who spoke English. While he went to look for him the others went over to the Church. When he got back with the Priest the church had still not been opened, and the Priest had some difficulty at first in persuading the old ladies inside to open up. This was not due to any sinister fear of ecumenism or the KGB, simply to the fact that it was Monday morning, and the day after a great feast, and they were in the middle of cleaning the church. But they very soon opened up and in a truly Christian spirit allowed us to trample all over their newly scrubbed and still wet floor. On being presented to Bishop Michael the young Priest wagged his finger and said: "And what have you all been up to at Lambeth?" In the meantime our guide had been to fetch the Priest in charge of the Church, Fr Michael, who welcomed us most warmly and invited Bishop Kallistos to celebrate a short *Moleben* at the Tomb of St Nikita, an early Bishop of Novgorod, whose relics are enshrined in the Church. Before leaving we gave the old ladies some Bibles and holy pictures—some of which were icons, but some were not. One old lady stared uncomprehendingly for some moments at a particularly sentimental 'Sacred Heart' and then asked "Is this the Mother of God?" She did not seem much reassured when told it was her Son. After lunch we visited the Kremlin, with its fine icon museum, and the Monastery of St George just outside the city.

Early on Tuesday morning Bishop Kallistos, with Fr Ephrem and Fr Milun, took the metro to the Alexander Nevsky Lavra for the Liturgy. We venerated the relics of St Alexander and were invited into the Altar. The Cathedral is a large building in the Italian manner, whose acoustic even managed to make the powerful voice of the Protodeacon sound almost unimpressive. The Holy Doors are enormous gates in heavy ornamented bronze, over twenty feet high, and need two servers to swing them open. This, coupled with the great area of the solea, which is raised by a number of steps above the floor of the church, gives to the celebration of the Liturgy something of the atmosphere of grand opera.

During the Liturgy, which lasted about an hour and a half, the rest of the pilgrims arrived by bus. The Anglican clergy were invited into the Altar and at the end of the Liturgy onto the solea, where the Priest of the Cathedral welcomed the Pilgrimage and invited Bishop Kallistos to address the congregation, with Fr Milun as interpreter, and to give his blessing. After a photo-call on the cathedral steps were went to the cemetery to celebrate a short *Panikhida* at the tomb of Dostoevsky, and to say a prayer at the tombs of Tchaikovsky, Glinka, Mussoursky, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Gretchaninov among others. In the afternoon we made an expedition to the Pavlovsk Palace.

Wednesday morning was devoted to a visit to the Winter Palace and the Hermitage Museum. Through personal contacts about half the pilgrims had the privilege of being shown round the Byzantine collections, which are not normally open to the public, by their Curator, Sventana Savina. She had asked a friend, Sergei, to take the day off work to help her as interpreter. We also met her daughter,

Olga, who had recently joined the staff of the Hermitage on completing her degree. It was perhaps a sign of the comparative relaxation with regard to religion that all three were not afraid to ask for blessings of the Orthodox clergy in the middle of the crowds thronging the Museum. Svetlana herself was the best of guides, and explained in detail how the painters had tried to convey in paint the hesychast doctrine of the 'uncreated light'. For her the theology of iconography was more important than the mere technical question of 'schools and periods'. When a few of us remarked that we were going on to look at the icons in the nearby Russian Museum, both she and Sergei insisted on accompanying us. Sergei remarked that some Christians objected to hanging icons in galleries, but that he believed that the icons exercised their power on even the casual spectator, and especially on the children who were brought by their teachers. It was interesting to note the little crowd that gathered round us each time to listen to Svetlana's commentary. We were profoundly grateful to Svetlana and Sergei for giving up so much of their time to us.

Our departure the next day for Kiev was delayed for some time because of fog at Kiev airport, which we eventually reached at midday. Here we were taken in charge for the remainder of the pilgrimage by the Trade Union Tourist Organisation and our guide, Alexander, a lecturer in linguistics at Kiev University. Once again our hotel was far from the centre, on the left bank of the Dneiper, but fortunately next the metro, and from many of the rooms there was a magnificent view of the skyline of the old city with the newly gilded domes of the Cathedral of the Holy Wisdom and the Monastery of the Caves. The view was somewhat marred by the enormous (62 metres on a 40-metre base) metal statue of a woman, dressed somewhat oddly in an ancient Greek *peplum*, symbolising the Motherland. As one priest remarked to us: 'We too have our iron lady'.

We were welcomed by some of the local trade union leaders and shown a film of Kiev, which seemed to consist chiefly of views of the 'iron lady' from every possible angle. It was clear that the precise nature of our party had not been made clear to our hosts. The message began to get across to our guide Sasha during the ritual bus-tour of the city, when we started to explain why we were in Russia and that, with great respect, our principal interest was not in the events of 1917 but rather in those of 988. Sasha quickly got the point and from then on he could not have been more helpful and co-operative. He managed to arrange for us to spend the next day at the nearby ancient city of Chernigov.

We were welcomed to the City with the traditional freshly baked bread and salt and then visited the Kremlin, with the 11th-century Cathedral of the Saviour and the Icon Museum. This contained icons of every period, including some of the most decadent and westernised, and also a number covered with *rizas* made of tiny beads rather than metal. We also saw part of the disused Monastery of the Caves, but were told that the Monastery of the Holy Trinity is to be returned to the Church. On the way back to Kiev, we stopped to look at the church at Kozeletz, which, so we were told, is being restored. There did not seem to be much sign of this. Nearby, along the main road, the women from the village were selling fruit and vegetables at the roadside. We stopped to buy some fruit and give away some icon

prints. When they realised that we were a religious party they urged us to "write to comrade Mikhail and tell him we want our church opened again. At present we are 70 kilometres from the nearest working church".

Saturday was one of the high points of the Pilgrimage. In the morning we visited one of the holiest shrines in all Russia, the Monastery of the Caves. The 'Further Caves' have recently been restored to the Church and Sasha had arranged for us to meet the Abbot and some of the monks. After admiring the ornate main gateway and the great bell-tower we visited the Refectory Church, now used as a concert hall, and the site of the main Cathedral of the Dormition, which was blown up in a deliberate act of vandalism by the Germans in 1941. In the West we tend to forget, if indeed we ever knew, the enormous destruction and astronomical loss of human lives that Russia sustained during the war against Hitler, and one of the by-products of our Pilgrimage was to be frequently reminded of this. From the ruins of the Cathedral we descended the hill to the 'Nearer Caves'. These are still a state museum, but it is perfectly possible to venerate the many bodies of the Saints whose tombs line the long winding underground passages.

From the terrace outside the Nearer Caves a long covered way leads down across the valley and up the opposite slope to the Monastery of the Further Caves, recently revived as a monastery. We were greeted by Abbot Jonathan and some of his monks. He apologised for not being able to receive us in style, but the monks had been in the monastery scarcely two months and the place was, as we could see, a building site. The church is not yet ready and a temporary church has been set up on the verandah of one of the buildings. The English Orthodox among us felt quite at home with such makeshift arrangements. There are at present twelve monks, including eight priests, and ten novices. The aim is a community of about fifty. Some of the old monks from the community which was dispersed when the Monastery was suppressed in the sixties are still living in Kiev. He then told one of the younger monks to escort us to the caves. These are very similar to the Nearer Caves, except that there is no electricity, and the tombs of the Saints have their oil lamps burning in front of them. Near the entrance is the tomb of St Theodosy, and Bishop Kallistos was invited to anoint the pilgrims with the *myron* from his skull. It is in this chapel that the monks make their monastic profession. There is no space to list all the Saints whose tombs we were privileged to venerate in the two sets of caves, but they included St Anthony, St Theodosy, St Nestor (author of the Russian primary chronical), St Alimpy the icon-painter, and St Onuphry (whom the English language guide books have anglicised as St Humphrey). As we left the caves the monk said that the interest and pressure from Western Christians was very important, and that much of the present relaxation in official attitudes was the result of that pressure. We found the Abbot waiting for us with a group of his monks all dressed in the *mandyas*. As he distributed medals commemorating the Millennium, and accepted a gift of books from Bishop Michael, two of the monks rang the traditional *trezvon* to welcome Bishop Kallistos. As they came forward to receive the Bishop's blessing they were given an enthusiastic round of applause by the pilgrims.

In the afternoon we visited the Cathedral of the Holy Wisdom, now a

museum, which contains some of the most ancient mosaics in Russia, including the magnificent Mother of God in the apse. The contrast with the nineteenth-century attempt at the same thing in the present Cathedral of St Vladimir, to which, after a somewhat protracted visit to a tourist shop, we went for part of the Vigil, could not have been more marked. St Vladimir's is not a masterpiece of architecture and its heavy iconostasis is not improved by the neon lights around the central cross and along the top of the screen. Our late arrival and the demands of St Martha—dinner at the hotel—meant that we were only able to stay for a short time, from the closing Litanies of Vespers to the Polyeleos at Matins. As everywhere else we went, the Church was packed with worshippers.

On Sunday morning we returned to St Vladimir's for the Liturgy. We had expected the Assistant Bishop to be there, but in the event the Liturgy was celebrated by three archpriests and two deacons. The Anglican clergy were invited to take their stand on the solea in front of the iconostasis, while the Orthodox were able to discover that the comfort of the armchairs in a Russian alter rivals that in a Greek one, or indeed the smoking room of a London club! The Apostle and Gospel were read in Russian after they had been chanted in Church Slavonic. As is common in Russian churches there were two choirs, a 'volunteer' one in the body of the church, near the solea, which sings the simpler melodies, and the 'professional', directed by the 'Maestro', a woman, in the gallery over the west door, which sings the big set pieces, including what is called the 'concert' in the Russian Typikon during Communion. On this occasion it took the form of an extremely elaborate piece, complete with florid passages for solo soprano. Opinions differ about this sort of thing: the present writer finds it in poor taste and quite unliturgical.

After the Liturgy the senior Priest, Father Ivan, took us on a tour of the Cathedral, including the Chapels of the Resurrection and of St Olga in the galleries above the aisles, which were decorated by some of the well-known Russian artists of the nineteenth century, such as Vasnetsov and Nesterov. After he had shown us the Church, Fr Ivan told one of the sub-deacons, Anastasy, who hopes one day to be a priest, to bring the visitors' book for Bishop Michael and Bishop Kallistos to sign on behalf of the Pilgrimage.

Later in the day some of the pilgrims visited, among other places, the Florovsky Monastery. This is one of the two women's monasteries in Kiev that is still functioning. Bishop Kallistos, with a small party, also visited it the same day, escorted by Fr Boris, who had once been the Priest of the Russian parish in Oxford and later chaplain to the Florovsky Monastery. Abbess Antonia was in her working dress—a somewhat scruffy mackintosh over her habit—but on the Bishop's arrival she told one of the nuns to show us the Church, while she went to prepare a proper reception. She told us that there were some 60 nuns in the Monastery, of whom none was younger than thirty or forty. The nuns' daily routine began with the individual *pravila*, or 'rule', at 4 a.m., followed by the Liturgy at 7 a.m. This finished around 11 and was followed by the main meal. After this the nuns do their different monastic 'services' until the Evening Office at 4.30 p.m.. This consists of Vespers, Compline and Matins and lasts about four-and-a-half hours. In addition the nuns keep the tradition of the continuous reading of the Psalter in a special room, each nun taking a

'shift' of two hours. The nuns keep the traditional monastic custom of three fast days in the week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The monastery supports itself from the offerings of the faithful and from the work of the nuns, making investments and so on. It receives no financial support from either the Diocese or the State, and has to pay for all restoration work on the buildings itself.

From the Florovsky Bishop Kallistos' party went on to the other 'working' nunnery, the Pokrovsky, not far away. Having left the former at the end of Vespers we reached the latter during the Akathist of Compline. This is a much larger monastery than the Florovsky and Abbess Margarita told us that there are 89 nuns, of whom 15 have the Great Schema. The life is much the same as in the other nunnery, including the continuous recitation of the Psalter. There are six acres of garden and the nuns also look after old people. There are four priests and a deacon to serve the community. The upper church, where the office was being sung, is very large and spacious, with the two choirs widely separated. This enhanced the antiphonal effect of the singing of the traditional monastic chant, which was very good. The overall effect, with the white hair of the Priest falling over the collar of his vestments—blue for the Mother of God—and the crouched figures of the *babushki* dotted here and there on the polished floor, but mostly crowded round the clergy and the central icon of the Dormition, was not unlike a painting from pre-revolutionary days.

Our departure for Moscow, the final stage of our Pilgrimage, was complicated by the fact that there was not room for the whole party on the night train on Sunday, and some of us had to stay on in Kiev and to take the aeroplane the next day. So on Monday morning Bishop Kallistos and Fr Ephrem decided to attend the Liturgy at the Pokrovsky Monastery. After some difficulties in finding our way, we eventually arrived just before the Liturgy started. In accordance with usual monastic practice it was celebrated in one of the side altars by a single priest. We had just tucked ourselves discreetly, as we hoped, into a corner of the sanctuary when a young nun appeared staggering under the weight of a fine Turkish carpet, which she proceeded to unroll at our astonished feet. Although it was a week-day there was a large congregation, including a number of men, and, as elsewhere, a large number of communicants. By the time the Liturgy ended the rest of the 'air' party, fortified by breakfast, had arrived and were introduced to the Abbess and shown the Church. We then visited the Repin Museum, which has a fine collection of icons.

We reached the airport after lunch, but, for some reason never made clear, the plane did not leave until after dinner and we eventually reached Moscow at around 11 p.m. Once again our hotel was on the very edge of the city, with green fields stretching away into the distance. We learnt that Fr John Salter had taken a party to visit the church of the Old Believers and that Bishop Michael had had to be rescued by the church warden from the assault of the *babushki* enraged at some obscure infringement of their typikon.

We had hoped to attend the Liturgy the next day at Zagorsk, but St Martha again intervened, this time because breakfast could not be laid on as early as we would have liked, and because breakfast was by some considered essential, we did not finally reach the Dormition Cathedral at Zagorsk until after the Great Entrance of the Liturgy.

Nevertheless we were able to have the unforgettable experience of standing among the dense throng of pilgrims and to join with them in the "Our Father" and the familiar Communion chant sung time and again as the many communicants approached the Chalice. At the end of the Liturgy there was the usual *Moleben*. By the time we emerged we had lost part of the group in the throng and so we were taken to the office of the Moscow Patriarchate to wait while we tried to round up the scattered sheep. Bishop Michael took the opportunity to hand over a personal letter of greeting to the Patriarch from Archbishop Runcie to a portly and somewhat disgruntled ecclesiastical bureaucrat. We were rescued by a most hospitable young Archpriest who showed us the refectory church, where the meetings of the recent Council of the Russian Church had taken place. On returning to the office he asked Fr Bumble if he might take us to see the Academy, to be told, succinctly, "Akademiya nyet". By now most of the pilgrims had been reassembled and we went to the old Cathedral of the Holy Trinity to venerate the relics of St Sergius, and the other relics and icons kept in a chapel beside the main church. As we came out we had to step aside to make way for an elderly monk of the Great Habit, who was driving at speed towards the church in a motorised bath chair. We then went and drank from the miraculous spring by the Cathedral of the Dormition and visited the museum that has been installed in one wing of the old monastery.

Wednesday was our last full day in Moscow and it began with a visit to the Danilov Monastery, which had recently been restored to the Church—there are at present 40 monks—and which will also house the Headquarters of the Moscow Patriarchate. Once again we arrived just as the Liturgy was ending, but after it a senior monk was asked to show us round. There are two large churches in the centre of the enclosure, the older of which is to be the monastic church and the more modern, in rococo grand-opera style, will become the parish church and be used for weddings and baptisms and will include, interestingly, a baptistery for adult baptisms. The monastic church consists of an upper and lower church. The upper has not yet been completely restored and most of the walls are still without frescoes, but the lower has been decorated by one of the finest of the younger generation of monastic painters. At the western end of the enclosure there is a large, ugly building in a post-Stalinist style which will house the offices of the Patriarchate. At the end of our visit Sacha told us that we were invited back for Vespers and to a reception by the Abbot.

From the Danilov we went to the Moscow Kremlin for a guided tour. This began with a long lecture as we stood in a chill wind beneath the Kremlin walls from the lady assigned to guide us. Our annoyance was tempered by the fact that it gave a young man, who had seen a group of foreigners which included a number of clergy, the chance to approach Bishop Michael and ask if we had any Bibles. Bishop Michael told him to come back in an hour and a half to where our coach would be waiting for us, and he would be able to help him. When we at last reached Cathedral Square in the heart of the Kremlin, the real object of our visit, we were told that our application for tickets (made in London before we even left England) had only stated that we wanted to see "the Kremlin", it had said nothing about "cathedrals". Helpful as ever Sacha managed to get us all tickets for

the cathedrals, and so narrowly averted the outbreak of the August Revolution. On returning to the coach Bishop Michael found the young man waiting and was able to let him have a Bible. As he thanked the Bishop he added that we should not believe everything we read about *glasnost*. He was a school-master who had quite recently lost his job and had all his books taken from him because he was a believer.

The main party returned to the hotel for lunch, after which there would be a visit to the Novodievichy Monastery. Bishop Kallistos, with Wendy Robinson and Fr Ephrem, decided to skip lunch in order to visit St Basil's Cathedral and, if possible, the Martha-Mary Church built by the Grand Duchess Elisabeth after the assassination of her husband. The church is now a centre for the restoration of works of art and is not officially open to the public, but when one of the workers saw us peering through the railings like hopeful school children he very kindly arranged to have us let in and shown round by the Director. Apart from the interest of the church itself, which has frescoes by Nesterov, it was fascinating to be able to see some of the work on restoring ancient icons actually in progress. We then took the metro and joined the others at the Novodievichy, where, sadly, the principal church was closed for repairs, but the refectory church, which is still a working one, was open. From there we returned to the Danilov for Vespers and the reception, only to be told that most unfortunately the Bursar, whom the Abbot had arranged to receive us, had been called to a sudden urgent meeting, and there would be no reception. We stayed for Vespers, which was sung without any great enthusiasm by a group of monks and students. I was reminded of the reply of Ronald Knox when asked if he had ever visited Rome: "When travelling by liner it is usually better not to visit the engine room".

Thursday was the last day of our Pilgrimage and Bishop Kallistos preached at the Anglican Eucharist. There was no official programme, some went shopping, others returned to the Kremlin and Red Square, while Fr John Salter took those who had not already been to visit the Old Believers. We behaved with great discretion, as we wished to avoid the fate of Bishop Michael. The Liturgy was already over when we arrived and the church was practically empty and our reception was most friendly. The Chairman of the Church Council showed us round, with a young reader as interpreter. Among the many interesting things we were shown were some of the neum manuscripts, which are still used for the (unharmonised) chant. As the young reader said, with heavy emphasis; "We have preserved the eight tones". There was no need to ask who had not. We then visited another working church, just behind the Old Believers' Cathedral, which also includes a chapel belonging to the Old Believers who have been reconciled to the Moscow Patriarchate.

And so the moment finally came for us to leave. Speeches and presentations were made to our patient and friendly guide Alexander, who had never seen a group like ours before and probably never will again, and to Fr Phillip, who probably vowed never to organise another pilgrimage, but who almost certainly will. Our two leaders, Bishop Michael and Bishop Kallistos, deserve a special word of thanks, for they had the most difficult task of keeping before us the fact that our journey was above all a pilgrimage; difficult because the

physical conditions meant that we were only able to attend two Orthodox services in full, and there was no other way for the Anglicans to celebrate the Eucharist except in hotel bedrooms. Moreover, for reasons which we never discovered our Pilgrimage was totally ignored by the Russian Church at the official level, despite the assurances of Metropolitan Philaret both in the Newsletter and by telex. Disappointing though this neglect was from some points of view, it did have the advantage that we were able to join the ordinary people in church, to stand shoulder to shoulder with the descendants of the Kievans whom St Vladimir had ordered into the Dneiper a thousand years before, with the *babushki*, with the old men, the children and the young, who have kept and are keeping the Faith alive and without whom hierarchs would soon be out of a job. To them we say, with thanks: "Many Years!"

Archimandrite Ephrem

A DECLARATION OF THE BISHOPS OF THE SERBIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

This declaration is issued against the genocide inflicted by the Albanians on the indigenous Serbian population, together with the sacrilege of their cultural monuments in their own country.

In Yugoslavia, ever since the end of the Second World War and up to the present day, persecution of the Serbian population and of their religion continues in Kosovo and Metohija, regions of their ten centuries' old homeland. This persecution is being administered by the Albanians, who, after the Second World War, were given Home Rule as an ethnic minority by some of the highest policy-makers in Yugoslavia. In this way, the pre-conditions for the furtherance of the persecution of the Serbian population, and of the Serbian Orthodox Church, were created.

During the war, the Albanians were the allies of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany. They committed untold atrocities against the Serbian population. Mussolini, in the framework of his plan to create a "Great Albania", transferred 60,000 people from Albania into the regions of Kosovo and Metohija while expelling at the same time more than 100,000 Serbs from that territory.

After the war, the highest authorities in Yugoslavia did nothing to correct that injustice. Moreover, the process of migration of Albanians from Albania into Yugoslavia, into the regions of Kosovo and Methija, continued. Thus, during the last four decades, 260,000 such immigrants arrived and in order to make room for them, the Albanians drove out, by various terrorist methods, more than 200,000 Serbs. Here are some facts about this situation.

Today there are 700 villages and towns where not one Serb remains, and yet these places were formerly populated exclusively by Serbs. In the areas which were populated by mixed nationalities, Albanians and Serbs, only 10% of the Serbs are still there, but the persecution continues. Contrary to the foregoing facts, however, the Western world is given false information and outright lies are told about alleged persecutions of Albanians by Serbs.

It is impossible to list all the crimes against the Serbian population committed by the Albanians through the centuries. Many books have been written about the atrocities practised during the occupation of the Serbian territories by the Ottoman Empire. Under the pressure of the Albanians, who adopted Islam, a considerable number of Serbs were driven out from Kosovo and Metohija in two great migrations during the 17th and 18th centuries. It was at that point in history that the Albanians appeared, for the first time in greater numbers, on those territories. The same process was repeated during the First and Second World Wars as well as in the following period when even without a war we have been witnessing a renewed exodus of the Serbian people from their homeland.

We are aware that we cannot enumerate all acts of terrorism of the Albanians against the Serbian people in Kosovo and Metohija. Only Almighty God knows the sum-total of the suffering inflicted upon them. We are only quoting a number of examples of different forms of pressure which have been used to force out the Serbs, to destroy their culture, and to desecrate their sacred monuments on their territory.

In 1974 the Albanians expelled the brothers VOJIN and VELIMIR SOSKIC, together with 17 members of their family, from the village of PAPRACANI near DECANI; having beaten them up at the well, they forced them to leave with threats and violence. Velimir Soskic now lives in Montenegro while Vojin Soskic settled in the village of Vrcani near Gori Milanovic (Serbia).

In 1971 LJUBOMIR VUCINIC was forced out of the village of LJUBOVAC near SRBICA in Kosovo. Another 80 Serbian families were driven out and only six families remained there. They were all forced out by threats, barrages of stone-throwing and the firing of guns around their houses at night.

In the same way, the whole village population was forced to leave the village of GORNJA PREKAZA near SRBICA. The most respected Serb, ALEKSANDER MILOSEVIC, was the last to leave the village with his large family. He is now employed as a labourer in Belgrade. While the Serbs were still there, the Albanians destroyed the Christian Orthodox cemetery. It is known that in that village since 1960 the Albanians from neighbouring villages were practising the kind of lawlessness reminiscent of the Turkish Rule: under threat the Serbs was obliged to surrender to them a quarter of the yield from their fields.

MILAN SCEPANOVIC from the village of DASINOVIC near DECANI refused to abandon his land. On the 18th July 1971 his neighbour, an Albanian, shot Milan in the head. The wound caused Milan to lose an eye and an ear but the assailant was never punished. Milan Scepanovic had to leave his home even though he was a war veteran who had been decorated for his bravery. He is now living in the village of Jelenac, near Topola (Serbia).

When left without any males in her family STANICA PESIC of DONJE RATISTE near DECANI had her house and 12 acres of land appropriated by her Albanian neighbour. At the end of three years of long court proceedings, the court's decision was most baffling: Stanica Pesic was to receive 150,000 Dinars from the village council and the Albanian neighbour was to keep the house and the land in his possession. That sum was just sufficient for Stanica to buy the train tickets for herself and her four daughters.

On the land of the brothers DJURISIC, near DECANI, several Albanian houses were built without the consent of the owners. Following that, the Djurisc brothers were expelled from the remaining land.

The village authorities cut down three times the orchards of MIRKO and MIRKA STEFANOVIC in the centre of DECANI under the pretext that it was necessary for the planning of the motorway. Three more houses of their neighbours, also Serbs, were knocked down.

On the 28th October 1982, a 12-year-old, boy, DEJAN ANTUNOVIC was set upon by some Albanians who grabbed him in the street at mid-day, doused him with petrol and set him alight. His anorak helped to save his life but he received severe burns.

There is a long list of evil deeds, torments and crimes to which the nuns from the Serbian monasteries in Kosovo are being subjected. In 1981, in the monastery of the Holy Trinity in MUSUTISTE the Albanians blinded a bull belonging to the Monastery. They rammed a rake into the stomach of a cow which was in calf and killed her. The same year they drove nails into the testicles of the rams belonging to

the Monastery; they also cut down the Monastery's forest. The Albanians of the village GRAZDEL waited in ambush for the nuns to beat them up. The nuns dared not go about freely with their work on their land. The Albanians forcibly removed building material from the yard of the monastery. Nuns VERA and ANGELINA were viciously beaten. Albanian youths beat up nun STANKA and attacked and attempted to rape nun HERUVIMA, aged 50.

In the same Monastery, in 1982, a Roman Catholic nun from Croatia came to stay with the nuns as their guest. She wanted to see the ancient altar screen and some ancient holy books preserved in the convent. One day, while returning to the Monastery from a visit to two of her acquaintances, also Catholic nuns, she was stopped by three young Albanians who raped her, beat her up and robbed her. She obtained a medical certificate from a Ugandan doctor, Dr. SIRI-JAZA, who was practising there. However, no action was taken against the thugs who were from the village of RAKOVAC. The police chief inspector there declared that, in his opinion "the rape of a nun is not a rape at all". He merely took the gold chain and cross which the thugs had taken from the nun and returned them to her.

In the ancient city of PRIZREN renowned for its numerous churches and remains of a long and brilliant Christian tradition, MILORAD SREDIC, student of the Prizren College of Theology, was stabbed twice by some Albanians who wanted to stop him from entering the College. Another Serbian student was beaten up while walking with other students through the town. Bishop PAVLE of RASKA-PRIZREN was three times attacked and beaten in the street.

In 1982, the Albanians set fire to the building of the Patriarchate in PEC. The old living quarters were burnt down and part of the old library and treasury room also suffered. The authorities failed (refused) to send the fire-brigade. For eight hours the nuns had to fight on their own, not only the fire but also the arsonists themselves. It is not possible to enumerate all the sufferings inflicted upon PARASKEVA, the Abbess of the monastery of DEVIC. Mother Paraskeva has only one arm; the Albanians broke that arm so she can no longer make the sign of the cross. They are continuously ravaging the monastic estate, threatening the nuns on killing their cattle.

On the 3rd June 1982, in the village of SAMODREZA near VUCITRN, an Albanian killed Danilo MILINCIC, aged 22. Three Albanian youths drove his cattle away, knocked Danilo down and spread him on the ground. Then their father MUJO FERAT, who had moved in from Albania only in 1972, knelt on Danilo's stomach and shot him through the heart. DANICA, Danilo's mother, tried in vain to shield her son with her own body. On the same spot, ten years earlier, the Albanians had killed Danilo's father, SLAVOLJUB and twenty year before, exactly on the same spot they killed Danilo's grandfather, also called Danilo.

The church of SAMODREZA was desecrated many times. It is a well-known Serbian shrine: according to tradition, it was to that church that Prince Lazar brought the Serbian army to Holy Communion on the eve of the battle against the Turks in Kosovo in 1389; it was there that after the battle, the body of the hero-warrior Milos Obilic was laid to rest. The priest from VUCITRN cannot attend the church in SAMODREZA, not even in the daytime. Until 15 years ago 200 Serbian families lived in this area and much greater

numbers lived there in the past. Nowadays there remain only six of them and these are all households of elderly people. As recently as August 1988 the frescoes of the church in SAMODREZA were damaged by the Albanians. Graves were dug out and bones scattered around the church yard. Countless cemeteries in Serbian villages and towns in Kosovo and Metohija are being continuously demolished. At the end of July 1982 in the village of MECE near DJAKOVICA, MIODRAG SARIC was killed in his own back-yard at the thirtieth attempt on his life. He left a widow and four children who could bear witness to the crimes against their family committed by the Albanians and most of all by the local Chief of Police, DJERDJO BIBLJEKAJ and his Deputy, CAUSI. The Albanians appropriated Saric's land of 17 acres, poisoned the well in the yard and even the dog that guarded the well. They killed their last horse with a chain. Two months after the murder of Miodrag Saric, the Albanians shot his eldest son, Aleksander. The younger son, Mitar aged 14, was struck on the head by a stone thrown by an Albanian in the middle of the street in DJAKOVICA, causing grievous bodily harm. The Saric family now live with the assistance of the Church and people of good-will who collect for them. They are the last remaining Serbian family in that part of the country. They have nowhere else to go.

At the University of PRISTINA, in 1971, Serbian students were beaten up during an escalation of Albanian nationalism; a recurrence of the incident took place on the 2nd April 1981.

Albanians burned down the forest adjacent to the house belonging to DUSAND BIJELIC from the village of GORNJI RATIS. He was set upon at home when Albanians broke down the doors and smashed in the windows and took away the chickens and bee-hives and all the money that was in the house. MILAN VLAHOVIC and BATRIC PEROVIC, from the village of POZAR, fared in the same way; their children were beaten up inside the house and the haystacks were set on fire.

Hundreds more examples could be given. BRATIMIR TOSKOVIC of PRISTINA had a 'Molotov Cocktail' twice thrown in over his balcony and through the window of his home.

In the village of DOLAC, near KLINA, the BABIC brothers were first stabbed with knives, then, as they were returning from the fields, some Albanians ambushed them. First they dug a spade into BOGOSAV BABIC'S ribs and split open his skull with an axe; his brother, BOZIDAR, was killed on the spot and the third brother, BOGOLJUB, although wounded, managed to escape into the village. Seventy wounds were counted on his body. Despite the injuries which BOGOSAV sustained, he survived. Sometime later BOGOLJUB too was killed. The Babic brothers had been the prize-winners in agriculture in Kosovo so the Albanians hacked down their vineyards and orchards, destroying them completely. The one remaining brother Bogosav Babic is still being subjected to attacks and his house was raided by Albanian militiamen as well.

A 15-year-old girl from the RAJIC family was raped, according to the testimony of Bogosav Babic. In DOLAC and its neighbourhood alone, 15 Serbian girls were raped by Albanians in the course of 8 months.

In a nearby village, in broad daylight, from their open gate, Albanians shot MILAN PETROVIC, a high-school pupil as he was

returning from school. He was wounded in the hip, but as the bullet was of the 'Dum-Dum' type, Milan remained permanently crippled in both legs. In KLINA, a 70-year-old woman was raped. The press did not reveal her name in order to protect the family's honour.

On the 1st May 1985 DJORDJE MARTINOVIC, aged 50, was impaled in his own field, just outside the village of GNJILANE. The Albanians first stunned him, drove a wedge through his anus and then pushed a beer bottle up through the colon to the stomach and rib-cage. This is reminiscent of the punishment meted out to the Serbs by the Turks in earlier times. Djordje Martinovic survived but the attackers have not been brought to justice.

The daughter of MILOSAV LAZIC of BATUSA village near PRISTINA, was raped. This 14-year-old girl was dragged away in broad daylight by Albanians in front of the school in DONJE DOBREVO village.

The 7-year-old daughter of M.RANCIC, originally from the Batusa village, was raped. The family were living in great poverty in PRISTINA, next to the hospital, in a toolshed which was left there after completion of the building. The girl described her most frightful ordeal on television but the public soon forgot about it under the onslaught of new assaults and rapes which followed within the next days.

In the village of PALEZ, near VITINA, 14 Serbian girls from 11 Serbian families were raped by Albanians in one year.

In PEC, in 1983, Albanians set fire to the studio of the artist RADOŠLAV MIKETIC.

At the end of June 1986, the whole Serbian village of BATUSA fled from the village to seek refuge in front of the unabated terror. BATUSA had been a Serbian village for centuries. Among the refugees were children, old people and the dying. Serbian families from other villages joined them. Their attempt to save their lives was thwarted by the local Militia who pillaged the belongings which the refugees were carrying, and beat them up. The refugees were told that they could not move away, but only one by one. They were not allowed to leave in groups as that would have constituted a political provocation.

The persecution of our people and our church continues. In August 1988 Mother Tatiana, the Abbess of the 14th-century monastery of Gracanica was twice attacked and assaulted.

We must emphasise that the Serbian and other non-Albanian population in the Kosovo and Metohija regions are not protected by law. Albanians committing crimes against them have not been prosecuted nor punished. We, Bishops of the Serbian Orthodox Church, will condemn any misdeeds by the Serbs against the Albanians, should they happen. At the same time we do appeal to the civilised world to show more understanding for the real suffering of our people and to show concern for their endangered Church and tradition in Kosovo and Metohija.

Signed by the Serbian Orthodox Bishops:

+ Firmilijan: Diocese of Midwestern America

+ Lavrentije: Diocese of Western Europe

+ Hristofor: Diocese of Eastern America

+ Georgije: Diocese of Canada

+ Longin: Diocese of Australia and New Zealand

September 14, 1988

(Note: Members of the Association, and especially those who went on pilgrimage to the Serbian Orthodox Church in 1984, must surely be appalled at a state of affairs which demands such a statement from the Serbian Bishops. Everything possible should be done to ensure that Christians of all Churches are kept aware of the sufferings of the Serbian Orthodox people in their homeland.—EDITOR).

BOOK REVIEWS

Études Théologiques: L'ancien Testament dans l'Église, Les Éditions du Centre Orthodoxe, Chambésy, 1988, 234 pp, SFr 45 (German, French and English).

The 'Holocaust' is one of the unforgettable realities of our times: another reality is the establishment and development of the State of Israel. It is hardly surprising that there should arise a new era in Jewish/Christian relations, as well as a renewed awareness of Christianity's Jewish roots. In 1985 the VIIth annual Theological Seminary at Chambésy was devoted to "The Old Testament in the Church", when seventeen Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Protestant theologians offered papers on the Old Testament's place in and contribution to the Church's birth and development.

Metropolitan Damaskinos, both host and Chairman, introduced the subject by saying that the Tradition continuously lived in the Church is the focal point of the three constitutive factors of Revelation: "the divine factor, or Revelation in the strict sense; the ecclesial factor, structuring Revelation in terms of a tradition to be taught in the Church; and, finally, the human factor, giving Tradition its anthropological dimension, thereby justifying the fact that God spoke to man 'in many ways and by divers means'" (p. 19). Then the first four papers spelled out the place of the Old Testament in the birth of the Church: Christ's use of Scripture as exhibited in the Gospels, St Paul's in his letters, and the original *kerygma* as recorded in Acts. Professor Christos Voulgaris of Athens University said "no interpretation of *either* Testament can do justice to its text if it does not take into account the *other*" (the reviewer's italics: so often we Christians take a more one-sided view). Thus: "Christian scholars are called (a) not to separate them into two separate departments alienated from each other, either reviving Marcionism through neglect of the Old Testament, or following a non-Christian (Jewish) interpretation by neglecting the New Testament; (b) to be cautious of the historico-critical method of interpretation. This method, used by the Church from the beginning, aims at studying and describing the historical factors and circumstances within which divine revelation took place. The historico-critical method cannot investigate and analyse the divine element, which is subject to theological interpretation since it is beyond human understanding, being a mystery" (p. 38).

This latter statement shows that what once was seen to be dichotomy between the Antiochene and Alexandrian Schools had long since become a fusion. Clement of Alexandria wrote that the Old Testament is to be understood in four ways: literally, "as displaying a type, or establishing a command for the moral life, or giving a prophecy" (*Strom.* 1, xxvii). Origen likens Scripture to man, as having body, mind and spirit: the hidden spiritual meaning is revealed though his allegorical method, and he quotes St Paul as to "how 'the Law had the shadow of good things to come'" e.g. the 'spiritual rock' in 1 *Cor* x and Hagar and Sarah in *Gal* xiv (*De Principiis* IV, ii, 4). In the volume under review Professor Eric Junod of Lausanne University speaks of the Alexandrian School, and Origen in particular, citing the latter's commentary on the *Genesis*

story of Noah's Ark and admission that the Ark was too small to hold all the animals which God wished to save, thus requiring the use of allegory to correct the over-literal sense of the biblical prototype (p. 110).

The School of Antioch is discussed by Professor Christoph Schaublin of Bern University, who stressed the absolute priority given by them to the philological and historical method; and Professor Andre Benoit of the Protestant Faculty at Strasbourg presented a paper on Irenaeus's interpretation of the Old Testament: for him the Old Testament *was* the Scripture, since the New Testament canon had not yet been fixed, prefiguring Christ and describing the first stages in the History of Salvation (p. 101).

The relationship between the biblical account of creation and the results of modern natural sciences, notably the Theory of Evolution, was the theme of three lively papers. Noting the continuous progress in the natural sciences, Professor Nikos Nissiotis of Athens University stressed the impossibility of adopting any one theory of evolution: unfortunately his paper is not printed (due to his sudden death) but apparently he said that God revealed himself as *the Word*, prefigured in the first Adam who assumed a collective humanity and finally manifested in Christ the new Adam who also represents the human race, referring it to its Creator as the apogee of creation (p. 25). Professor George Martzelos of Thessaloniki University spoke on the same subject, borrowing largely from the writings of the brothers Basil the Great and Gregory of Nyssa, who both followed lines extraordinarily similar to modern theories of evolution. In his *Hexameron* Basil says "everything in relation to the creation of formless matter is due to seminal forces placed by the Creator in matter, and which await but the divine command" (pp. 164/5). Gregory of Nyssa writes: "in the beginning all the force of light was concentrated on one spot according to the creative command of God, but then the luminous parts spread out progressively in the three days that followed, so that the sun and other stars became in turn autonomous sources of light and life" (p. 25).

In the long paper Metropolitan Emilianos (Timiadis) of Silivria showed how the Old Testament was essentially embedded in the life of the Church: there are constant allusions to it, apart from the lections and Psalms, and all the Church's sacraments emphasise their prefiguring in the Old Testament, especially that of marriage.

Finally, at the end is a surprise contribution: Metropolitan Georges (Khodr) of Mount Lebanon presented "The Bible and the Koran". He asked the Conference to consider whether it might be possible to envisage God's partial presence in a 'book' which has turned aside a part of humanity from the person of Jesus dead and resurrected: he himself would like to find traces of Christ in the Koran. The speaker concluded: "I believe that the peoples' desire for unity will work constantly in our hearts towards a faith in a strict witness, yet one that is open and sensitive to all the world's cultures and religious systems" (p. 230). Whilst aware of Orthodoxy's unique history and situation *vis-à-vis* Islam, I find the inclusion of this paper an intrusion into the theme of the Old Testament in the Church—and what of the Jews?

Harold Embleton

Aelred Squire: *Fathers Talking—an Anthology*, Cistercian Publications 1986, 76 pp, n.p.

This Anthology consists of some twenty meditations taken from the classic writing of the early Fathers. These include Origen, Gregory the Great, Augustine of Hippo, and Cyril of Jerusalem. The extracts cover such subjects as "Rebecca at the Well", "Lights in the World", "The Church of the Psalms", and "Living Waters". They are, of course, written in the style of the period in which the authors were alive and may seem a little dated to us now. However they contain the sound wisdom of these great preachers and teachers. At the end of the book there are some clear notes which make the extracts easier to read and understand.

There is however one extract called "Joy takes over" which is entirely in line with the modern 'born-again' concept of Christian faith. This book was originally published in America and it is probably no accident that many of these extracts will appeal to those who take a fairly simple fundamentalist view of the understanding of Scripture. Anthologies can be very useful in making short extracts from interesting authors available to us. The danger is that, taken out of context, even the most profound writings can be given a slant which the author might not have intended.

This book could be a useful brief introduction to the writers included in it. However, to be of real value to someone who has never read the early Fathers, it would need to be read in conjunction with a book about that period of the Church's history. For those, of course, who are familiar with this period it does make a handy source of material for meditation.

Vivien Hornby-Northcote

Ivan Andreyev: *Russia's Catacomb Saints*, St Herman of Alaska Press 1982, 648 pp, \$20 pb.

Subtitled "The Lives of the New Martyrs", this remarkable and deeply moving book answers many of the questions often asked by Western Christians about the existence of the Catacomb Church in Russia and its many martyrs who gave their lives for their Faith under the horrors of the evil Communist regime. The book is prefaced with a short commendation by Abbot Herman, together with the text of the "Act of Glorification of the New Martyrs of Russia" as signed by Metropolitan Philaret, Primate of the Russian Church-Outside-Russia. It exists largely as a result of the labours of Fr Seraphim Rose, who collected together Andreyev's writings and developed them into what has turned out to be a highly significant account of the Catacomb church and its Saints from its beginnings to the present day.

The writer from whose work this impressive anthology of martyrdom has been largely assembled, Ivan Mikhailovic Andreyevsky, was himself a convert from the Russian 'intelligentsia' to true Orthodoxy, as a short account of his life explains, following the same path from Marxism to idealism that was taken by Bulgakov, Berdayev, and others of note. He was much influenced by Lossky and Askaldov, and subsequently by Fr Theodore Andreyev, who introduced him to

Orthodox patristic sources, and whose name he adopted for his literary pseudonym. He dates his true spiritual birth, however, from a deep religious experience during a pilgrimage to the St Seraphim Diveyevo Convent, an experience which later compelled him to reject the 1927 "Declaration" of Metropolitan Sergius and to participate in the catacomb Josephite movement. Immediately before the Second World War, he was chief physician of the Novgorod Regional Psychiatric Hospital, at the same time continuing to offer medical assistance to members of the Catacomb Church whenever this was possible. He thus had an extensive personal knowledge of the New Martyrs whose lives are included in his anthology. At the close of the War, he left what had been a German-occupied area and moved to the United States, settling finally at Holy Trinity Monastery, Jordanville.

Russia's Catacomb Saints takes us from an account of the life of the first Bishop of the Catacomb Church, Bishop Maxim of Serpukhov, martyred in 1930 for his refusal to recognise Metropolitan Sergius' accommodation with the atheist State, to the life of Archimandrite Tavrion, the last Elder of the Glinsk Hermitage before its closure in 1958, who died as Spiritual Father of the nuns of Holy Transfiguration Hermitage (near Riga) in 1978. In the course of this literary journey through the lives of twentieth-century Russian Saints, we encounter more than 100 names of Holy New Martyrs, a few well-known, others unknown to Western Christians. Many, but not all, were hierarchs or priests. From the accounts of their selfless witness to their Faith and their many sufferings and cruel martyrdoms, we learn of the continuing strength of Orthodoxy within the suffering country of Russia, which, surely, must be seen also as an indictment of so much of Christian compromise in the West with the "things of this world".

Of special interest is a chapter devoted to "Sergianism as seen from within the Moscow Patriarchate", which includes accounts of the witness of Fr Dimitry Dudko and Lev Regelson. Not unnaturally in such a book, the Sergianist 'accommodation' is regarded with horror as a betrayal of true Orthodoxy; indeed, it is described as "the leaven of Herod". Western readers should remember, however, that other assessments of Sergianism are possible. It is sad that the Russian Christians should remain today so uncompromisingly divided over this issue, which is now a matter of history! As well as this chapter, there is an Appendix giving the lives of Archbishop John of Latvia and Archbishop Leonte of Chile. The book concludes with an account of the sources from which its content has been compiled, a useful glossary, and a bibliography and index. In all, this is very carefully collected material, deserving of equally careful study. However, its real value lies less in its purely historical aspects than in its power of conveying to all Christians, and perhaps those of the West in particular, a vivid sense of the glorious light of Christian martyrdom shining as truly today as it did in the days of the persecutions under the Roman Emperors in the early centuries of the Church's existence.

St Gregory of Tours (Tr. Seraphim Rose and Paul Bartlett): *Vita Patrum (The Life of the Fathers)*, St Herman of Alaska Press 1988, 336 pp, \$15. pb.

It is greatly to be welcomed that this remarkable hagiographical work (originally serialized in *The Orthodox Word*) is now made available in book form, and that in this edition six further "lives" by St Gregory are appended. Its appearance today is largely the result of the efforts of the late Fr Seraphim Rose, who was noted, among other things, for his concern that the great source-books of both Eastern and Western Orthodoxy should be accessible to English-speaking Christians in their own language. Fr Seraphim, as well as having been co-translator and Editor, contributed a "Prologue" to the whole work together with an extensive and well-illustrated "Introduction to Orthodox Gaul" (of the fifth and sixth centuries), which forms almost one third of the book's total content. Also included is a translation of Abbot Odo's "Life of St Gregory" which has been enriched with further well-chosen illustrations. Abbot Herman and Fr Damascene of the St Herman Brotherhood provide a brief preface, and the latter a short account of Fr Seraphim's life and work. The Saints of Gaul who are to be encountered in the *Via Patrum* had been greatly inspired by St John Cassian, who had brought the monastic principles and teachings of Egypt to Western Europe. It was largely through the dissemination of his writing that Western monasticism was able to grow and thrive, and to produce so many monks and nuns dedicated to the "life of the desert". The lives of twenty Saints are included in the *Via Patrum*, though strictly—following St Gregory in his "Prologue"—it is better to speak of "life" in the singular, because "although there is a diversity of merits and virtues among them, nevertheless one life of the body sustains them all in this world" (p. 163). So, we encounter the "life" shared by SS Romanus and Lupicinus of the Jura Mountains, St Illidius the Wonderworker of Clermont, St Gregory of Langres, St Nicetius of Lyons, St Patroclus of Bourges, SS Caluppan the Recluse and Lupicinus of the Auvergne, St Senoch of Tours, St Nicetus of Trier, equal in glory to the Apostles, and many others, whose names belong to the Christian Orthodox heritage of the West. Of special note amongst the six, whose lives have been translated from other works of St Gregory, is St Salvius of Albi, "who beheld Heaven itself and returned to tell of it" (p. 293). For each of these Saints, there is a sketched icon. At the end of the whole work, there is a useful Bibliography and Index.

Love of and devotion to the Saints is one of the essentials of any true Christian's quest for holiness, for their lives call into question so many of the priorities of today's world. Their single-minded pursuit of holiness reminds or should remind us of the standards against which our own poor efforts at living the Christian life may be judged, and indeed should be measured by ourselves. Further, their remarkable achievements reveal what is possible to those who truly love their Lord and are prepared to set aside the 'things of this world' in order to discover and live the life of the Kingdom. Regular reading of the lives of the Saints is, therefore, a highly desirable, indeed perhaps essential part of Christian living in any age, and particularly in the one in which we now live. In the *Via Patrum*, St Gregory has

provided us with some great inspirational material, and the Translator and Publishers deserve our praise and gratitude for making it available in the English language in such an attractive format. This is a book which should be read by Christians of East and West alike; it reveals many great riches of our common spiritual heritage.

Columba Graham Flegg

Short Notices

Note: Inclusion under the heading of "Short Notices" does not necessarily imply that no further and more extensive review will appear in a subsequent issue of *ECNL*.

St Simeon Kholmogorov: *One of the Ancients* (Tr. from the Russian), St Herman of Alaska Press 1988, 192 pp, \$10. pb.

This is the third in the series entitled "The Acquisition of the Holy Spirit in Ancient Russia", published by the St Herman of Alaska Brotherhood, the previous two volumes being I.M.Kontzevitch's *The Acquisition of the Holy Spirit* and St. Paul Florensky's *Salt of the Earth*. *One of the Ancients* describes the life and spiritual struggles of the Elder Gabriel of Pskov and Kazan. Like its immediate predecessor, this book is a mine of spiritual treasures. It is well translated, beautifully presented—there are many interesting illustrations—and is a worthy successor to the other volumes in the series.

St Irenaios (Tr. Jack N. Sparks): *The Preaching of the Apostles*, Holy Cross Orthodox Press 1987, 101 pp, \$6.95 pb.

St Irenaios, a disciple of St Polycarp, provides important links between the first and third centuries of the Christian era and between East and West. Although less well-known than his work *Against Heresies*, *The Preaching of the Apostles* (long considered lost until the discovery of an Armenian translation in 1904) is a beautifully clear and concise exposition of the fundamentals of the Christian Faith of Apostolic times, particularly valuable for its exposition of the way in which Old Testament writings are to be understood in the light of their fulfilment in Christ. There have been earlier scholarly translations. This book does not claim to be a translation of the original in the strict sense: Fr Jack Sparks has presented a paraphrase of the essential content of St Irenaios' text in a lucid and highly attractive manner, which makes it a volume which can be warmly commended to any enquirer into the nature of the Christian Faith.

St Photios (Tr. Joseph P. Farrell: *The Mystagogy of the Holy Spirit*, Holy Cross Orthodox Press 1987, 116 pp, \$6.95 pb

This is an important work for those with any concern for the *filioque* controversy. The Translator has provided a most valuable introduction (with generous notes) to this work of St Photios, setting it within its historical and theological frameworks. Unfortunately the translation itself, though no doubt faithful to the original Greek, makes rather dry, sometimes even tedious reading, and fails to come alive in the same as that of St Irenaios' work (described above). Nevertheless, the centrality of the *Mystagogy* to an understanding of a major and continuing cause of schism between East and West demands that this work be carefully studied.

Georges Barrois: *The Fathers Speak*, St Vladimir's Press 1986, 225 pp, np, pb.

This book comprises an anthology of texts largely taken from the correspondence of SS Basil the Great, Gregory the Theologian, and Gregory of Nyssa, translated from the Greek and introduced by Georges Barrois (with an Introduction by Fr John Meyendorff). Here, the reader has a wonderful opportunity to learn about these three great Fathers directly from their personal writings. They come alive in a way which is quite unique, for they can be met as real living individuals rather than as distant 'academic' figures of the past. Professor Barrois has once again provided us with a work which can be described as a highly worthy achievement.

Archbishop Basil Krivocheine (Tr. Anthony P. Gythiel): *In the Light of Christ*, St Vladimir's Press 1986, 411 pp, £12.25 pb.

This is an authoritative work on the life, doctrine, and spirituality of St Symeon the New Theologian, one of the most important figures in the history of Eastern Orthodox theology and spirituality. Archbishop Basil of Brussels, who passed into sleep in 1985, was well-known throughout Europe as a scholar and theologian of the Russian Patriarchal Church. *In the Light of Christ* presents a true and largely complete portrait of St Symeon and his fundamental concepts of Christian mysticism, notably the experience of divine light and the path towards deification. This presentation is supported by many quotations from the writings of the Saint, including quotations from the *Hymns* (omitted in the Russian translation of St Symeon by Bishop Theophan the Recluse). Archbishop Basil has achieved a work of great spiritual depth and beauty as well as one of undoubted high scholarship.

(Books published by St Vladimir's Press and Cistercian Publications are obtainable in the UK from Mowbrays. Holy Cross books are obtainable through Stylite Press. St Herman of Alaska publications are obtainable from St George's Orthodox Information Service.)

NOTICES

Membership

Membership of the AECA is open to all communicant members of "canonical" Anglican, Orthodox and Oriental Orthodox Churches. Functions are normally open to all interested. The 1988 subscription of £3 is now long overdue, and members who have not paid are asked to send their subscriptions to the General Secretary as a matter of urgency together with a subscription of £4 for 1989. Please note, these subscriptions are *minima*, and donations over and above will be most welcome.

Material for the next issue of ECNL

Please note that all material for the next issue must be with the Editor by *mid-June* 1989. Please type on A4 paper, leaving good margins. Reviewers are especially asked to note the "house-style" by referring to the reviews in this issue—at present some reviewers are ignoring this request and thus causing unnecessary extra editorial work! Typescripts unacceptable to the Printers will be returned to authors for re-presentation.

Pilgrimages

Details of this year's Pilgrimage to Ireland can be found on the back cover. The plans for future Pilgrimages have been changed: at the present time the proposals are: Crete (1990), Iona (1991), Finland (1992).

1989 Constantinople Lecture

The 1989 Lecture will be given by the Revd. Dr Geoffrey Rowell, Chaplain of Keble College, Oxford. His title is "The Nicean Faith and the Anglican Tradition". It is hoped that it will be possible to arrange for one of the non-Chalcedonian Churches in London to act as hosts for the occasion. Further details of the date, time and place will appear in the *Church Times* and in the next issue of *ECNL*.

Dates of Orthodox Easter 1989-1991

1989: 30th April 1990: 15th April 1991: 7th April

ECR Trustees Lecture

The Archbishop of Canterbury will speak on "Reflections on the Baptism of Kievan Rus" at Lambeth Palace, 6th April 1989 at 6 p.m. Tickets are essential—obtainable from Miss Mary Scott, 22 Christchurch St., London SW3 4AR (s.a.e. please).

Annual Festival 1989

The Annual Festival this year will be held on Saturday 28th October. Full details will appear in the next issue of *ECNL* and the *Church Times*.

1989 PILGRIMAGE TO IRELAND

1st-10th August

Provisional Programme

August 1st: Fly to Dublin from Luton. Over-night in Trinity Hall.

August 2nd: Leave for Roscrea via Cashel. Stay three nights in a Religious house in Roscrea.

August

3rd-5th: Visit such places as Killaloe, Lough Derg, Durrow, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise etc, returning to Dublin via Kildare.

August

6th-9th: Stay in Trinity Hall for four nights, joining the Orthodox parish for Liturgy on Sunday, visiting Book of Kells and travelling out to Glendalough, the Boyne Valley, High Crosses, St Douloghs, Swords etc.

August 10th: Return to Luton.

(Estimated total cost c. £200 excluding air travel.)

The Pilgrimage will be led by Bishop Michael Manktelow (Anglican AECA President) and Bishop Kallistos of Diokleia (Orthodox). Archbishop Simms will introduce the Book of Kells and other aspects of Celtic Christianity during the Pilgrimage.

It is possible to join the Pilgrimage in Dublin. *TOTAL PLACES ARE LIMITED TO 50. Write NOW* to Fr Philip Warner, 4 Fleming Court, St Mary's Terrace, London W2 1SE (s.a.e. please). *Tel:* 01-402-0878