

**E.C.N.L.**

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# The Anglican and Eastern Churches Association

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No responsibility can be accepted by the Committee or by the Editor for the views expressed by the various contributors.

# Eastern Churches News Letter

## EDITORIAL

### *The missing issue*

Members of the Association will have wondered what became of the Autumn/Winter 1995 edition. Unfortunately, there was insufficient material at the time to make up an issue, and I hope the size of the current edition will compensate for the missing issue.

### *Simon Brearley*

Simon, who had been the Association's Treasurer for many years, died on 18th December at the age of 59. The Chairman and the General Secretary were among the concelebrants at his Funeral Mass at St Stephen's, Gloucester Road, and several members of the Committee were in the congregation. As a singer and music-lover, Simon would have been delighted by the setting, Faure's Requiem.

The sermon, preached by Fr Graham Morgan appears in this issue. The reference to "THE Bank" is to the Bank of England in which Simon held positions of responsibility, his duties including, in the days when the Bank was protected every night by a picket from one of the Guards Regiments (in case the Gordon Riots recurred), entertaining the Guards officer to dinner, and then sleeping on the premises as the Bank's civilian custodian.

He was the most genial of companions, and I shall greatly miss him.

### *The Annual Festival 1995*

The Annual Festival and Annual General Meeting of the Association took place on 28th October 1995 at St Sava's Serbian Orthodox Church, Ladbroke Grove. The preacher at the Serbian Divine Liturgy and the speaker at the AGM was Canon Donald Allchin, whom some of us will remember as having made a great contribution to the Pilgrimage to St David's in 1985.

Canon Allchin's sermon appears in this issue.

### *The Constantinople Lecture 1995*

On 4th December 1995, a great day in the long history of the Association, His All-Holiness the Ecumenical Patriarch, our Orthodox Patron, delivered the Constantinople Lecture in Westminster Abbey in the presence of our Anglican Patron, the Archbishop of Canterbury, our Orthodox and Anglican Presidents and other distinguished clergy. The Lecture and the Patriarch's Homily at Evensong at Canterbury Cathedral appeared first in "Orthodox Herald" and are printed later in this issue.

At the Nikaeon Club dinner that evening at Lambeth Palace Bishop Michael Manktelow was presented with the Nikaeon Cross in recognition of his work for Anglican-Orthodox relations.



*Directory and Calendar (and a short excursus)*

The Orthodox Fellowship of St John the Baptist has published two useful booklets, the Directory of Orthodox Parishes and Clergy in the British Isles 1996 (£3.50) and the Calendar and Lectionary for 1996 (New Style Calendar) (£3.25). Both are available from Mrs M.R.B. Gerrard, 26 Denton Close, Botley, Oxford OX2 9BW.

Incidentally, I see from the entry for 8th November in the Calendar (synaxis of the Archangel Michael and the other Bodiless Powers) that the Orthodox Church recognises eight archangels, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Salathiel, Jegudiel, Barachiel and Jeremiel. I thought that there were traditionally seven, yet in windows in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Our Lady and St Philip Howard, Arundel, there are six, the first four named above, and the Archangels Chamuel and Zadkiel. Was an archangel omitted for the sake of symmetry, or are these all that Rome recognises?

The Coptic Church names seven: Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Surael, Sakakael, Saratael and Ananael (see the Oxford Book of Prayer, page 250). Can anyone throw any light on this?

## THE CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

*The Ecumenical Patriarchate and Moscow*

The disputed jurisdiction over the Estonian Orthodox Church has led to what amounts to a state of schism between the Ecumenical Patriarchate and the Patriarchate of Moscow. The problem is aggravated by the fact that Patriarch Alexis II is of an Estonian Gentry family and before becoming Patriarch had been Metropolitan in Tallin, the Estonian capital. Tallin is a capital city, which like Helsinki, still has the reminders of its Imperial Tsarist Russian past, impressive cathedrals dominate both capital cities and both were built by former Tsars of Russia. With the collapse of the monarchy in Russia and the resulting Civil War the Estonians opted for independence only to be a pawn between Hitler and Stalin at the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. On Estonia's gaining its freedom from the Soviet Russian Autocracy, the Estonian Orthodox Church, or a large part of it, opted to return to the jurisdiction of the Ecumenical Patriarchate, under whose omophorion it had been in the brief period between the wars. The Ecumenical Patriarchate has claimed a certain jurisdiction over the Orthodox diaspora, but this has been very difficult to maintain particularly where the Russians have established themselves, as in Alaska in the 17th century and subsequently in the rest of the United States. In recent times the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem have established churches outside the boundaries of their territorial Patriarchates, in the United States and in Western Europe. Perhaps only the coming Great Synod of Orthodoxy can settle this matter amicably. But Moscow still thinks of herself as the Third Rome (and a Fourth there will never be) and seemingly a replacement, so to speak, of New Rome, which is Constantinople.

This is not, of course, the first time that there has been a schism between National Churches within the Orthodox fold. The Bulgarian Schism from the Ecumenical Patriarchate was only healed some years after World War II, the Russian Church Outside Russia is not in communion with the Patriarchate of Moscow, although it retains communion with the Serbian Orthodox Church since its exile at Sremsky-Karlovsky and the Serbian Patriarchate is in full communion with Moscow. It is not clear as to what is happening in the Ukraine where there seems to be a strong movement for one of the two Orthodox jurisdictions placing themselves within the fold of Constantinople, whilst the Greek Catholics in some quarters of the Western Ukraine have expressed a wish to be in communion not only with Old Rome but with New Rome, and remaining in communion with both sees.

It would be a tragedy of immense proportions not only for Orthodoxy but for all of Christendom if Phyletism between Russia and the Byzantine Churches turned the Orthodox Church into a mere federation of Churches.

*Cathedral of Albania*

I was visiting Albania incognito in the summer in which in the mid-sixties Enver Hoxha declared his country to be an atheist state. A week before my arrival in Uscudar from Dubrovnik the Franciscan clergy in the main Roman Catholic church in the town had been locked in and burnt alive; the Orthodox church was wrecked and so was the mosque. Thirty years later it was a joy to hear that a new cathedral has been built in the town of Korce. There had always been a colony of Romanians in that place and to them it is known as Curceaua. It was once the capital of Albania, before Tirana replaced it. The foundations of the new building were consecrated by His Eminence Archbishop Anastasios (Yannoulatos) Primate of All Albania in the presence of Albanian and Romanian Orthodox Faithful. Finding priests to staff the new parish has been difficult as every priest and bishop had disappeared in Albania long ago. Nevertheless the people of the area sent two of their menfolk to study at one of the Romanian seminaries and they have been working for some time in Korce – Father Dimitrache Veriga and Father Foti. Thus a cathedral rises again in Albania to serve the people both Romanian and Albanian in a city which numbers among its previous clergy Papa Lambru Haralambie Balamachi, who seems to have been martyred in the 1950s when the cathedral was destroyed, and his son Papa Cola.

It is hoped that in the not too distant future a pilgrimage might be arranged to the re-emergent Church of Albania.

*Romanian Musicians' Recital*

Iulia Mocioc a Romanian pianist will be giving a recital at Lacock Abbey, the home of two members of the Association – Anthony Burnet-Brown and his wife Petronella Dittmer on 26th July 1996 at 7.30 pm. The tickets are £7.50 and supper tickets a further £7.50. On the following evening the Mocioc Family will be giving another recital at Lacock with tickets and dinner tickets at the same prices.

A.T.J. Salter



## OBITUARIES

### *Charles Hamilton, priest*

Father Charles Hamilton died very suddenly. A man of ten days' acquaintance on the pilgrimage to Constantinople and Cappadocia with the Anglican & Eastern Churches' Association. There was to be a dinner with Fr John Salter and Fr Victor Bullock at the Athenaeum after this man had met the Prayer Book Society priest Fr John Paul, looked at St Paul's Cathedral and St Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street. We planned it. Instead Fr Salter telephoned not to finalize the arrangements, but to say Charles is dead.

A small rotund half Maori priest bursting with life for everything, but above all a bright light burning through for his Maori mission, a passion above passions. Every stall or junk shop he would trawl for things to take back home to Australia. Lace collars for use on white robes and altar cloths, a magnificent silver cross with Armenian inscriptions purchased in Anatolia worn round his neck hanging on the cord chopped from his wallet, and lovingly blanketed in the leatherette pochette that would never again hold his glasses! A bell for the sanctuary, earrings for his wife and pottery bowls, tickets, wrappings, a poster of Christ Pantocrator, a leather bag in which to put it all to show her when he got home.

This amazing zest for life quietened for twenty-four hours after a Turkish bath in Avanos. Fr Charles already had a very bad influenza-like cold and suffered a blinding headache and dizziness during that night. He sat quietly in the back seat of the 'bus, from time to time taking out his cross and looking at it.

Then suddenly the soul was flung into eternity – the earthly form was a brain haemorrhage.

On a Friday morning in a quiet London suburb known as Teddington, a shocked community gathered in St Mark's church. It is Fr Philip Warner's church and he had managed everything from communications with Australia to dressing the body. Considering the distances involved it was astonishing how many were there: Charles's widow, gracious in her grief, other friends and relations and a superb number of people from the pilgrimage to Turkey – Anglicans, Greeks and the Serbian Orthodox with their priest Father Milun Kostic.

A strange white church with side aisles; in a way the church should have seemed bland, but a great light shone there. The celebration of the Mass was from a nave altar looking towards the people. Around this altar were gathered twelve priests in a semi-circle with the celebrant and assistants in magnificent white and gold vestments. The simple wooden coffin stood in front of the altar and on it stood the silver chalice placed simply by Charles's widow. I watched from the chancel in awe. Only a great priest could gather around him a scene so reminiscent of the Last Supper.

The music was Plainsong from Solesmes and the Pie Jesu by Faure.

Never before have I seen the clergy weep as they did on this occasion, but at the same time there was a great feeling of joy. This was, in part,

due to another astonishing man, Fr Charles's kinsman, a Kelham Father from South Africa, the principal celebrant of the Mass. This man was the recipient of a letter bomb in South Africa which blew him apart. I could only observe the mechanical pincer-like hands with which with great dexterity he handled the host and chalice, and some brilliant surgical evidence around the left eye. With dignity, simplicity and humour he spoke of his kinsman and friend and again that proverbial light of life burned in the church.

So many priests and a few simple human beings both Orthodox and Anglicans were there and it was with hearts full of thanksgiving for the life of Fr Charles that this small family brought together by the Associations's pilgrimages repaired gratefully to Fr Philp's vicarage for a happy glass of wine and delicious food.

We will never forget this day!

Petronella Dittmer

### *Archimandrite Barnabas*

Archimandrite Barnabas died in mid-March. He had been a member of the Association for some years, and I had got to know him both at his monastery in Devon and later near Welshpool, where he was always very welcoming and full of information on what was happening in Orthodoxy. Whenever I visited him he was either cutting the hedge on the top of a very tall step ladder or making delicious soda bread in his kitchen. His pilgrimage, as he wrote in his autobiography, has not been an easy one. He had been a curate in the Church in Wales, a member of the Cowley Fathers, then a period in the Roman Church as a novice monk, then back into the Church of England and some time spent with Father Hope Patten at Walsingham. He then became Orthodox and was involved with the Western Rite Orthodox in Paris, but left France to place himself under the Moscow Patriarchate using the Slav-Byzantine Rite and finally entering the jurisdiction of the Ecumenical Patriarchate. On the last occasion that I visited him near Welshpool he told me that as he was one of the only Welsh-speaking clergy in that part of North Wales he would often take the service in Welsh for the local Calvinists, "But I never preach to them". He had collected a wealth of experience of all three Churches of which he had been a member, four if one counts the Church in Wales as a separate entity from the Church of England, which it is. It is to be hoped that his papers and writings will be collected for posterity. He removes from our midst one of the most colourful characters of the British converts to Orthodoxy.

May his memory be eternal!

A.T.J. Salter

### **SIMON DAVID NALL BREARLEY**

**13th July, 1936 – 18th December, 1995**

(The sermon preached by Father Graham Morgan at the Funeral Mass on Friday 29th December)

*"Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after*



*they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: we give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother Simon out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee that it may please thee of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom: that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."*

We have each of us, in our several ways come to say farewell and to wish Simon well on his journey to glory. I say several ways because I am conscious that each of us knew him in different ways.

For Wendy, it is the brother, the brother who came through with her, much sadness and much joy. To the end there was love which endured. Then there are his nephew and nieces, in whose love he took great pride. For others, there is Simon the Cambridge graduate, the linguist, German, Russian and French. France above all because Paris had played such an important part in his own development. Then there are those from THE Bank. Ann in particular. A long and important part of his life.

Other are here because of his interest in music, perhaps the single most important element in his life. It was so important to him, despite at the time being very incapacitated, that he sung in what was to be his final concert at Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane, on the eve of world Aids day. Then there was his connection to the Anglican and Eastern Churches Association who are represented here today. Yet others of you knew Simon as someone who was good to talk with and to be social with. Someone who enjoyed good food and good whisky.

It is clear from the variety of people here that Simon was no one-dimensional person. Today we honour him in this church which he loved so much and make our farewell in the context of this Requiem Mass, the Mass which was central to his faith. I have used the word "honour", and I mean that. Simon, as those of you here this morning we know, was a chaotic person. His life was not well ordered, and frequently he did not do today what he would probably never do tomorrow. Despite all that, he was one of the few "good" people I have known. I do not mean goody, goody, and the choir and all of us should beware of our tempi in our singing if our tempi is too slow. He will I am sure be marking time.

He was good in that he was generous, generous of himself, and many of you here this morning will have experienced that. This generosity arose from his great faith, for above being a brother, uncle, friend, he was a child of the Saviour. A child of the Child whose birth we have just celebrated, and whose death and resurrection brings us eternal hope for ourselves and for Simon: the belief that this world is not all there is. Simon had, I think, come to the end of his earthly hope, but not his eternal hope.

On this day we are sad, but we, as we do well to remind ourselves, have a hope showed by Simon, that will bring us comfort. The hope symbolised on the cross. The shorter horizontal line represents our life

on earth, the line that for Simon has now ended. But the vertical reminds us that our being is rooted in God and that soars upward to heaven: that place of unspeakable joy where we believe Simon is. "What can separate us from the love of God?" asks St Paul. His reply is the hope which we and Simon share – "NOTHING".

Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord.

And may light perpetual shine upon him. May he rest in peace.

## CONSTANTINOPLE LECTURE

### On the Theme of

#### A) Visible Unity and Ecumenism for the Next Christian Millennium:

#### The Orthodox Perspective,

#### B) Apocalypse, Patmos and the Environment.

Given in Westminster Abbey by His All-Holiness the  
Œcumenical Patriarch Vartholomaeos the First  
(Monday 4th December 1995)

From this Holy Church of the glory of God and the pride in the Lord of its founders and all those who acknowledge it as a visible sign of their own glorious heritage and identity, we address a greeting of peace, love and honour. To all: to Your Grace, dear brother, Dr George Carey, Archbishop of Canterbury and those who accompany you; and to all our beloved friends here present, to you all, beloved sisters and brothers in the Lord, who have gathered here today to meet our Humility and those who accompany us. We address this greeting also to all the inhabitants of the British Isles without exception, and to those throughout the inhabited world who are linked in whatever way with this resplendent edifice of faith and devotion, of the struggles and sacrifices of a long line of human generations from its foundation until today. We give thanks for the heartfelt welcome, for the kind words and many demonstrations of your love; above all for the opportunity to address glory and honour to God worshipped in Trinity in the midst of this assembly. Glory and great thanksgiving for the treasure which we possess in His saints, among whom there is here one greatly revered, St Edward the Confessor, the devout king who reigned in England from 1042 to 1066, adorned by God with many gifts of grace, before whose sacred shrine every faithful person raises the Psalmist's song, "God is wonderful in His Saints" (Ps.67:36).

We thank all of you for the sacred sentiments to which this our common assembly invites us, which of itself completes a visible expression, if not of the full unity of the Church, at any rate of the earnest desire for the attainment of this unity. To speak more precisely, for the preparation of our hearts and consciences for the reception and acceptance of the great gift of unity, as the Author of the Church and our Lord Jesus Christ wished it and as the Holy Spirit gives it, to the glory of God the Father.

We have been invited to formulate some ideas about this unity in the context of the "Constantinople Lecture", which is organised under the auspices of the Anglican-Eastern Churches Association, which was



founded as long ago as 1864. In October, we had the pleasure of meeting members of this Association, led by their Anglican President, Bishop Michael Manktelow, during their pilgrimage to Constantinople and Cappadocia. We thank them most warmly for their kind invitation this evening.

The name of the lecture permits a certain ambiguity, allowing the question, "Who is expected to speak here – the Patriarch of Constantinople or Constantinople herself?"

We are grateful for the freedom of choice granted us by this ambiguity. We hasten to explain at the start that, consonant with the faith and character of our tradition, it is always the Church herself that speaks. We are her humble and unworthy mouths, continuously in need of God's grace, so that we may expound at every moment and in every place the experience and witness of the Church. Consequently, as being the visible sign and centre of the unity of the most holy autocephalous Orthodox Churches throughout the world, Constantinople must, as she has been invited, lay before you at this hour too her witness on the particular theme of the lecture; namely, the Orthodox perspective on visible unity and Ecumenism in the coming millennium and in relation to the Apocalypse of John, Patmos and the natural environment.

The questions proposed are very great in the dimensions of time, and place, and thought. Who can dare to approach them without fear and trembling? Fortunately, as has been said, we are called to articulate today the voice of the Church. And we hear her saying, to put it briefly, the following:

The first topic is visible unity. The elements of the problem are well-known from the Ecumenical Movement in general and from the particular programmes, studies, proposals and activities of all of us on the subject, particularly in the context of the activities of the World Council of Churches. Elements which have been clearly established both at the Second Vatican Council, in the official theological dialogues and in ecumenical endeavours in general.

All of us who speak on the present question invoke the prayer of our Lord, "Holy Father, keep them in your name ... that all may be one" (John 17:11,21).

Nevertheless, we do not always remember that this prayer concludes with the categorical injunction for all those who believe in Christ, "And I have given them the glory that you have given me, that they may be one as we are one". (John 17:22).

The glory of God, which is imaged and revealed for the unity and through the unity of the Church, is not hidden. Where it truly exists and lives, it shines on all things and persuades all human beings. And the world believes and glorifies God and is saved!

Visible too, however, and not hidden is the disgrace, the "shame", the "dishonour" of division. Because this precisely reveals the harsh contradictions of words and deeds. But the Apostle said that because of contradictions God is dishonoured and His Holy Name blasphemed (Rom. 2:23-24).

Sadly, we Christians are entering upon the Third Christian Millennium as children and bearers of this "shame" and "disgrace"! And instead of unity, division, separation and in some instances confusion, forced proselytism, open conflict are visible and are being handed on to the first generation of the coming Millennium.

This spectacle grows even more painful from the fact that the Twentieth Century which is drawing to its close, although it was a period of fearful conflict on a political, ideological and military level, was – as no other epoch of the Second Millennium – a century of active, and, as it was believed, sincere ecumenical endeavour for the re-establishment of the anticipated visible unity of the Churches. What then? Is our failure the only harvest of this toil? Have we passed by and lost the only opportunity given by Divine Providence to the Churches? Did we make as an aim a mechanical understanding of unity, one of domination or one openly pluralistic and wholly foreign to the basic principles of ecclesiology, upon which the ancient undivided Church had in many ways relied to preserve her unity? Does that Church, with which our Orthodoxy believes and confesses that it finds itself in uninterrupted succession and identify, persevere in proposing itself as a foundation and model of visible unity both in the present and in the future?

Sadly, it is becoming more certain that we Christians will not have prepared a crown of glory, worthy of the grace and loving kindness towards us of the God of compassion, so that we may crown the last year of the Second Millennium and the first of the Third with visible unity. And this not only because the stated aims have not been attained but also since some of the things that had been attained ecumenically have either been lost once again or have been relegated to the sidelines, while new signs of friction have appeared and new obstacles have been placed on the road to unity. As we call to mind great and sacred moments of older ecumenical events and attitudes of loving association of Christians, we have the feeling that what was said to the angel of the Church in Ephesus applies also to us, "I have this against you – that you have abandoned your former love!" (Apoc. 2:4). That first ecumenical love, where it has not yet fled, shows the right road towards visible unity and preserves hope.

We said at the beginning of our speech that the word at this moment belonged not so much to our Humility as Patriarch of Constantinople, as to Constantinople herself. In other words, to the collegial conscience of Orthodoxy. We think it is wise therefore to recall that we, the leaders of the Most Holy, Autocephalous and Autonomous Orthodox Churches in different places, considered together the problems that preoccupy us here both at our first meeting in the See of our Humility on the Sunday of Orthodoxy in the year of Salvation 1992 and also at our second during this past September on the Sacred Island of Patmos. On these questions among others we pronounced as follows:

There is a pressing need for the visible unity of the Orthodox to be stressed even more and to be better established. From the point of view of the subject of our address, this means that when the unity of one of the Christian families is strengthened, the unity of the whole



body is strengthened. And where existing unity is more distinctly established, there a model or a wider unity of Christians is accorded. The subsisting unbroken internal unity of the Orthodox Churches in different places exists and constitutes for this reason a presumption of a promising ecumenical perspective. We underline this and for the reason that, as has been shown in numerous instances, the spectacle of ecumenical unity has become a nightmare for some, in other respects well-disposed, believers, but also an instrument for internal terrorism of the Churches at the hands of the distrustful. And for this reason there is an obvious need for linking together ecumenical and pastoral care.

Moreover, we said in that spirit:

"The Most Holy Orthodox Church throughout the inhabited world, sojourning in the world and being inevitably affected by the changes taking place in it, finds herself today confronted with particularly severe and urgent problems which she desires to face as one body, adhering to St Paul who said, 'If one member suffers, all suffer together' (I Cor. 12:26). One of these problems is also the internal upheavals in the life of certain of the sister Orthodox Churches, which have become manifest principally since the late great and unexpected political changes mainly in the countries of Eastern Europe, that are predominantly Orthodox, and subsequently. Such dissensions lead to tensions and even to schisms. Because of this we, the Leaders, drew attention to the fact that 'The blood of martyrdom cannot wipe out the sin of schism' and that 'to tear the Church asunder is no less an evil than to fall into heresy' (St John Chrysostom). It is necessary then, indeed urgent, that beside the failures and disappointments, we adhere to the pursuit of the restoration of the unity of Christians, envisaging at the same time the unity of the whole of humanity. In this spirit, we clearly emphasised and we repeat it today, that the participation of Orthodoxy in the Ecumenical Movement was and is the fulfilment of a sacred obligation so that our Church may establish her witness, giving a reason for the hope that is in us (I Peter 3:15) in humility, love and confidence.

This hope of ours flows from the firm conviction that Orthodoxy, adhering to the witness of the one, undivided, Church of the Apostles, the Fathers and the Ecumenical Councils shows the way not to the past, but to the future!

This conviction is greatly encouraged by the evident more general revival of the Spirit of the Fathers of the Church. This creative revival 'has not only helped the contemporary theological and ecclesiastical world to renew the life of our local churches in general, but also offered to the various organisations of the contemporary Ecumenical Movement and the connected bi-lateral and multi-lateral theological dialogues the witness of 'the one holy catholic and apostolic Church'".

Sadly, this witness has not succeeded in averting phenomena that overshadow the vision of unity. For this reason, "the crises and deviations observed during the last decades in the bosom of the Ecumenical Movement impose upon the Orthodox Church the need to resist such deviations".

We will certainly disappoint all those who expect that from this resistance there will follow the declaration of confessional warfare! Nothing is more foreign or abominable to Orthodoxy than this, notwithstanding the violent and utterly unfraternal assaults, proselytism and other such attacks, which it sustains today from the ancient and the new-fangled "Saviours of humanity"! The resistance of Orthodoxy, considered as a counter-attack of love, has been for the most part a martyr witness of faith and endures as an exercise in silence, prayer and endurance. We are doing today all in our power on behalf of re-conciliation and peace "in accordance with the measure of the gift of Christ" (Eph. 4:7).

We need this endurance and love even more in view of the very probable eventuality, "that the coming millennium will bring humanity face to face with 'a clash of civilisations' in which the religious element will be dominant. Such a possibility obliges all religious leaders to use wisdom, prudence and courage so that every element of fanaticism and hatred may be averted and eliminated, thereby safeguarding peace in a world which has been tried so severely in wars and conflicts during the century that is drawing to its end".

Further "in a world confronted by all kinds of sects and terrifying interpretations of the Book of the Apocalypse, all of us, especially the younger generation, are called to learn and bear witness, in word and deed, to the fact that only the love of God, of our fellow human beings and the whole creation offers meaning and salvation to our lives, even during the most difficult periods of history".

In proclaiming these things from Patmos, we the Leaders of the Orthodox Church stressed, in addition that "in spite of the dramatic presentation of the events, the book of the Apocalypse contains in its depths the same Gospel of Christ, and reveals to us that human sin and the demonic destructive forces have been, and will be, defeated by Jesus Christ, the Lord of history, who is 'the Alpha and the Omega ... the One who is and who was and who is to come, the Almighty' (Apoc. 1:8)".

In saying this, we find ourselves already in the spiritual atmosphere of the Sacred Book of the Apocalypse. Those who proposed the subject of the "Constantinople Lecture" expressed the wish that we should also say something about the sacred book in relation to the anxiety over the natural environment. Clearly this was also dictated by your desire to participate also in the celebration of the Year of the Apocalypse that was proclaimed by our Church on the completion of one thousand nine hundred years since the writing of the last book of Holy Scripture by John, the Servant of God, who "was on the island named Patmos for the Word of God and the witness of Jesus Christ" (Apoc. 1:9).

In fact, it pleased Almighty God that we should celebrate this anniversary, along with many brethren, on Patmos during last September. We had the opportunity, in the context of an organised scientific international symposium to this end, of studying topical and supremely important and urgent ecological questions and of announcing conclusions and proposals, which, we hope, will attract



the interest of those responsible throughout the world, but also of all human beings, who need to be conscious of the simple fact that the destruction of the natural environment is equivalent to the suicide of humanity.

This anxiety of our Ecumenical Patriarchate for the defence of the natural environment and the integrity of God's creation is a fruit of sound biblical and theological principles, which we have received from our Fathers and understand in relation to the destructive ecological distortions of the thought and behaviour of contemporary humanity. Through this our Church has undertaken concrete initiatives in recent years on an inter-Orthodox, inter-Christian, inter-Faith, inter-race scientific level, both on its individual responsibility and in co-operation with other Churches, Foundations and Organisations. Among the latter we think particularly of the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF), which is surely well-known to you, while we also express from this place sentiments of honour, love and thanks to its International President, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, who honours us particularly by his friendship and co-operation.

With all these things in mind, we Leaders of the Orthodox Churches included in our Message from Patmos the following: "The Orthodox Church considers humankind to be a steward and not the owner of material creation. This perception is particularly expressed in the tradition and experience of the ascetic life and of worship, and above all of the Eucharist. It is imperative today that we all display love and keep an ascetic attitude towards nature".

However, this ascetic stand before the material creation presupposes spiritual training and discipline for the great aims and great visions, which our God, incarnate in Christ, revealed and which He entrusted to His Church and set them as farther goal and final realisation of human history.

These insights, these divine visions have been and are darkly overshadowed by two errors of Christians, by two di-visions. Christians peoples have placed greater hopes in military divisions than God's visions for the life and salvation of humankind. Christian Churches have neglected the vision of unity and have been dragged into the di-vision, the separation of the error of self-satisfaction and self-reliance.

It is now time that, at the dawn of the third Christian Millennium, we should definitively throw away the prefix "di-" in both cases, in thoughts and uses. For us Christians, vision is enough: it is enough and more than enough. Because it is a portrayal of the God of Peace, of reconciliation, of love. As is well-known, we, the Churches of our continent, are preparing the Second European Ecumenical Assembly for the year 1997 in the city of Graz in Austria. Its theme "Reconciliation – Gift of God, Source of New Life" gives strength to the vision. We Christians are justified by the grace of God and we can and must be, so that we can dedicate the third Millennium in hope. On the eve of Christmas we remember most intensely the words "See, the tabernacle of God is with humankind, and he will dwell with them, and they will be His people, and He, their God, will be with them, and

He will wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death will be no more, because the former things have passed away" (Apoc. 21:3-4).

As we say 'yes' to life, we say 'yes' to the vision of unity, with confidence in what will be. As we look forward to the One Who is coming, the Bridegroom of the Church, we cry out "Amen. Yes. Come, Lord Jesus" (Apoc. 22:20).

**HOMILY OF HIS ALL-HOLINESS THE  
ECUMENICAL PATRIARCH  
VARTHOLOMAEOS THE FIRST  
DURING THE COURSE OF EVENING WORSHIP IN  
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL  
(On Saturday 2nd December 1995)**

Your Grace, Doctor George Carey, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, Beloved and choice children of the Church and the Lord.

Is is with deepest joy, holy emotion and brotherly love in Christ that we find ourself together with our virtuous companions, in this Metropolitan Cathedral Church of Christ in Canterbury, which all Anglican brethren scattered throughout the world recognise and honour as the centre of their Christian Communion. May 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding' (Phil. 4,7) be with you and with all Christians who live and are sanctified within the Anglican Church.

Our visit to this holy centre of the Anglican Communion is neither one of formal etiquette nor simply an expression of a shallow disposition. First and foremost, our visit is accompanied by the lively desire that we contribute to the furtherance of the good relations between our Churches, and in the spirit of communion and the blessed realisation of the prayer of our Saviour Christ "that all may be one" (John 17,21).

For this purpose, many efforts have been and are being made up, until this very time, which create an even greater spirit of love and service in the divine plans for unity in love and holiness. It is well-known that, before the time of the schism between East and West, Constantinople and Canterbury were united in full communion of faith, in brotherly harmony and in the bond of love and sacramental life. But even during the difficult times of the division, there were many attempts on both sides to remove the obstacles and return to the life of full unity and agreement in Christ. In this, the modern theological dialogue between our Churches has strengthened the desire of rapprochement and communion in Christ, by means of serious theological study and the responsible work of understanding the word of God, of spiritual formation and the establishment of a true ecumenical sentiment.

The sleepless solicitude of our Ecumenical Throne is that, in the spirit of humility and respect for the ancient teaching of the Church, we employ that which unites us, praying blamelessly that "speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and



compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love". (Eph. 4, 15-16)

When the world acknowledges in us Christians the steady progress to unity, when it is certain through our genuine concern for mutual esteem and love, for harmony and respect, that the topic of Christian unity is a holy obligation of all who believe in the Lord, only then will it accept the message of peace and hope, only then will it embrace the word of the Gospel and orientate its existence to the sun of life and grace, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The responsibility of us all in these difficult times in which we are living is great and is certainly of historical importance. Shall we be neglectful in the face of our historical responsibilities? Shall we prove to be inadequate in the manner in which we live the truth of Christianity and its revelation to the world? We do not have the right to be unworthy bearers of (divine) grace. Negligence and hesitancy on our part, or carelessness and superficiality, do not simply constitute an omission of duty (in the current sense) but expose to view a substantive aversion to the work and commandments of Christ. Choosing, therefore, with respect towards the apostolic tradition and the experience of the Church and loving each other fervently, we ought to recognise that it is the Paraclete, the Spirit of truth, which leads our steps "in obeying the truth unto unfeigned love of the brethren". (1 Peter, 1,22).

Being in this ancient city of Canterbury, this cradle of English Christianity in Great Britain, and greatly admiring the magnificent Cathedral Church which dominates it, we call to mind the brilliant history of Christianity in the noble British Commonwealth. From the time of Celtic Christianity and from the years of the Evangelisation of the Anglo-Saxons by Holy Augustine, the first Bishop of Canterbury, up until today, the history of this land has been closely associated with the word of the Gospel to such a degree that we can unreservedly state that its history is Christian history. Despite adversities and external temptations, this country has retained its Christian appearance, building its existence on the sure and unshakeable rock of faith in the Gospels and the life of the Church, and in this way creating an enviable Christian society.

We live, my dear brethren in Christ, in a critical age and one that is to a large extent transitional. New historical relations and perspectives appear on the world stage. The Christian ethos and spiritual values in general are not infrequently placed in doubt. The life of society through the deification of technical attainments, has become mechanised. The impression is given that man has lost his way. At this crucial period in history, mankind's return to the sources of Christianity and the co-operation of the Churches is essential. Today, more than ever before, the improvement of society will result from co-operation, from the common responsible facing up to problems and from the co-ordinated cure of the wounds which sin, self-centeredness and the absence of the Christian Faith have caused in the body of Humanity.

## BAGHDAD DIARY A.T.J. Salter

Three of us had been invited by the Chaldean Patriarch of Babylon to the Symposium on Peace and Unity to be held in Baghdad from the 30th June to the 10th July 1995 – Father Roman Cholij of the Greek Catholic Exarchate (or the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral of Slav-Byzantine Rite in Duke Street, Mayfair, dedicated to the Holy Family in Exile), Jonathan Bolton-Dignam representing the Dean of Derry of the Church of Ireland, and myself.

Having been briefed on our journey by the former chaplain to His Holiness the Patriarch of Babylon, who is now the Priest-in-charge of the Chaldeans in London, and obtained our visas from the Iraqi office behind the Jordanian embassy, we three left Heathrow airport only twenty minutes late and were soon sitting in Athens airport clutching our bottles of duty free Metaxa brandy waiting for the flight to Beirut and Amman. After a two hour wait we arrived within less than two hours at Beirut airport, which I was shocked to see so devastated since my last visit, which was in the summer of 1963 when Beirut was considered the Paris of the Middle East. We had to disembark at Beirut and identify our luggage. We then sat in sweltering heat and eventually took off for Amman. We had not booked a hotel in the Jordanian capital and were due to arrive in the early hours of the morning, but as luck would have it we met a priest of the Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem, who was working in Amman and as he had missed meeting his sister off our flight he took us in his empty car the thirty miles or so into the city and booked us in (with Caritas concessionary rates) at the Grand Palace Hotel in the centre of town.

The next day, after breakfast, we had to make our way to the Iraqi embassy with Fr Cholij as he had to obtain what we had obtained in London, namely an Iraqi visa. Here we met a young Polish Catholic priest who was greatly troubled as he appeared to have nowhere to stay. When we had sorted his accommodation problem out, we then hired a car to take us to the extensive ruins of Jerash, where I managed to pinch my fingers under a huge pillar which swayed slightly in the breeze and had done for hundreds of years. After lunch we drove on to Kerak Ajlun, a Moslem castle of the 12th century, which is often mistaken for a Crusader castle, but was built in the hope of keeping the Crusaders out. From its vertigo-inducing ramparts we gazed across to spectacular Mount Gilead and Mount Hermon and the curving layer of mist below which meandered the River Jordan. Here we spotted in the enclosure of the castle a mosque built over a Christian church, so perhaps the Crusaders had been here first.

We drove on into the edge of the wilderness to the place where Moses first viewed the Promised Land. The site is marked by a futuristic metal crucifix some twelve feet high on which is inscribed in Arabic: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness: so shall the Son of Man be lifted up". Doves had peaceably built their nests in the arms of the cross. The Roman Catholic Franciscans are in charge of the site and their Order has been largely responsible for the extensive excavations of the considerable ruins. The Friars have covered the



ancient Byzantine church with a corrugated church, which is very simple, almost Quaker-like. There seems to be a tendency to have as few external signs of devotion as possible in Latin and, indeed, some of the Melkite churches of the Holy Land and this is probably done so as to cause the minimum of offence to Jews and Moslems. The view over the Dead Sea as the sun was setting was one of total tranquillity, but is as rudely disturbed by the sound of gunfire. We later discovered that this was caused by the Israeli military quelling a small intifada on the West Bank at Hebron.

Before nightfall overtook us we travelled on to the village of Madaba, where in the Greek Orthodox church of St George there is a colourful mosaic map of Jerusalem and its environs dating from the reign of the Emperor Justinian on the floor before the iconostasis. This map was seemingly used quite recently to settle a dispute over territory between Israel and Egypt. There was a Bishop of Madaba in Byzantine times and as early as 451 a certain Bishop Ianios represented the town at the Council of Chalcedon. Less than two hundred years later, in 614, the town was destroyed by the Persians and in 747 it was abandoned entirely following a severe earthquake. In the 19th century some 2,000 Christians from Kerak Ajlun settled on the site so that today the town would appear to be largely inhabited by Greek Orthodox or Melkite Arabs.

Back at the hotel in Amman we had post-prandial drinks with two Italian priests and Father Moses, our new friend and helper from the Latin Vicariate.

The next day we left immediately after breakfast in an air-conditioned limousine for Petra, travelling quite near to the Saudi Arabian border, passing herds of camels on the King's Highway as this very ancient road is known. After a long drive we eventually arrived at the entrance to the gorge which leads to "The rose red city half as old as time". After a trek on a horse and then a walk through the last part of the gorge we were suddenly in front of the exquisite treasury. Yet despite its concealed site and its great beauty even Petra was eventually abandoned by the Nabataeans in circa 200 A.D. These Arab tribes, famous in the ancient world for their architectural engineering, had settled the place some 400 years before Christ. In Old Testament times it would have been in Edomite territory.

3rd July and we set off early for the Latin Vicariate where we met up with some of the other delegates, among whom was Father Philip, the former Chaldean chaplain in London who had ministered to his flock in Gower Street until his return to the Middle East; and Archbishop Aphrem Aboodi, an old friend of the Association, who has now left London for Australia, where he represents the Syrian Patriarch as Patriarchal Vicar. His Grace was complaining that instead of attempting to convert Moslems, Latins and Protestant sects had spent all their energies converting his Syrian flock. He remarked that "People who have been brain-washed should be dry cleaned!" A sentiment I had not come across in any previous ecumenical encounters.

After a hitch over the coach we set off for the desert at 11.45 a.m. fortified by coffee and cakes at the Latin Vicariate. Before we left

Amman we bought several loaves of bread for the journey. We reached the Iraqi frontier post of Karama at 5.30 p.m. much later than expected. Two Cardinals had set out from Baghdad to meet us – the Chaldean Patriarch and Cardinal Cassidy from the Unity desk in Rome, representing the Pope. They had given up on our arriving and had returned to the Iraqi capital.

As we crossed the desert I realized why the authors of Genesis had written that man was created from the dust of the earth as little swirls of dust some five or six feet high moved towards us across the desert in almost human form. This phenomenon plus the extraordinary visions we had of sea-side resorts all proved to be mirages, but each time we saw them we were convinced that this time it was the real thing. When darkness rapidly fell and the moon came out the mirages ended abruptly and we managed to doze fitfully until we arrived in Baghdad at the early hour of 5.30 a.m. We snatched four hours sleep and were into the next day, 4th July, and the beginning of the conference. Here one was reminded of the remark made by the former Anglican Archbishop in Jerusalem, Dr Appleton, that in the Holy City "It is by their hats ye shall know them" i.e. the other clergy. Here there was every possible hat and cassock. There were the Old Assyrians now under Mar Addai II, not Mar Dinkha the successor of Mar Eshai Shimun, the last of the hereditary Princes-Catholicoi. The Old Assyrians had been encouraged by the British for Nationalistic reasons in World War II. Apart from their long beards the dress of the Old Assyrians was exactly the same as the garb of the Latin bishops. The Assyrians of Mar Dinkha's jurisdiction were dressed in traditional Assyrian style as was one of the prelates of the Chaldean Uniates. The Patriarch of Babylon was, however, indistinguishable from a Latin Cardinal. Others in the conference consisted of Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics or Melkites, Syrians and Armenians and their Uniate opposite numbers and the Apostolic Delegate to Iraq plus a few Copts, Anglican bishops from Africa and Imams and Muftis.

After the opening session I greeted Cardinal Rafael the Patriarch of Babylon and handed to him the letter from the Bishop of Stepney, Richard Chartres, together with a C.D. of the Queen's Coronation.

In the afternoon in blazing heat we were taken to the Babylon tower, a modern structure in Baghdad where I met a Syrian Catholic deacon and Cardinal Cassidy. To the latter I presented a copy of the recently published diary of the Archbishop John Hapgood of York's chaplain. From the tower the new sumptuous palace of Saddam Hussein was pointed out to us and we were told rather pointedly that Hussein lived more splendidly than Clinton or Major despite the sanctions which had hit the Iraqi people but not their ruler.

The next day our visit to a hospital bore this out. Here we found malnutrition particularly in the children's ward. The tyrant lived in unashamed luxury and was building further magnificent palaces for himself, sanctions had obviously had no effect on Saddam Hussein whatsoever, but in the children's wards there was a protein shortage, severe problems with urology units and congenital abnormalities through the use of radioactive bullets. There followed a visit to Amireya and the shelter where 394 people were roasted to death when



a screw bomb followed by a fire bomb had generated unimaginable heat. The woman guide had lost six children in the holocaust and cried out "Where is Christianity, where is Islam in this?" Where indeed! After the shelter some of us visited the local Evangelical church, where the young pastor was an Egyptian. After tea and cakes I had to return early to the hotel as I was the second speaker after the Foreign Secretary of Iraq, who is a Chaldean Catholic. I took as my theme the return to our place of origin as human beings – Eden and Babel in juxtaposition here. Paradise and the hell mankind has made by the division not of blood or colour, but language, the great cause of all our misunderstandings. I mentioned the fact that the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, Tony Blair, had moved into a house at the bottom of my garden and that it might be a step towards lifting sanctions, which affected the Iraqi people rather than their dictator, if I spoke to him over the garden wall!

In the evening the Patriarch gave a banquet at which my left hand neighbour from the Church of Greece complained the conference was turning into a "Catholic Fiesta", whilst my right hand neighbour, a young Melkite priest asked me to send him information on Women's ministry. Cardinal Edward Cassidy encouraged me to speak to Tony Blair over the garden fence and told me that he had advised those who wanted sanctions lifted to get a house near an Opposition Leader!

The following afternoon I met the second secretary of the Iraqi Foreign Office and asked him why St George's Anglican Church was still closed. I told him that the re-opening of the Anglican church in Baghdad might make it easier to resume full diplomatic relations between the United Kingdom and Iraq. He agreed and said he could see no reason why the church should not re-open.

In the evening all the delegates drove to the main Chaldean church, which was heavily Latinized with huge crucifixes, Madonnas and the Sacred Heart statue. Here I was asked to read from the first chapter of St John's Gospel, after which the Armenian Archbishop gave a splendid address on Christians in the midst of Islam taking up and witnessing to the Cross. I spotted several young Muslims in the congregation and unlike Saudi Arabia there are churches of every Christian denomination open in Baghdad and other Iraqi cities.

The 7th July saw us up early and off to Ur of the Chaldees passing several salt lakes and water buffalo on the way through this part of the Cradle of Mankind. Ur was like an oven but the heat was invigorating and rheumatic pains and sinus troubles were immediately wiped out. We clambered up the High Place, where we said the Lord's Prayer together as a sign of our common humanity. Nearby and well preserved because of the ideal climate stands the palace of the Sumerian kings, where in the graveyard lie buried the maids and valets who were buried along with the dead kings and queens. Cuneiform inscribed bricks as good as the day they were moulded some 6,000 years ago can still be seen near the foundations of these buildings. From Ur where the three great Desert Religions originated we made our way to Nasiniya on the River Euphrates, where we were met by the Governor of the Province of Thequan and were shown the bombed bridge, which looks like remaining as a memorial to the Gulf War.

On the coach I had a long chat on ecumenical relations with Father George, a Uniate Chaldean and a Jesuit working mostly in Rome at the Pontifical Oriental Institute. He said that the ancient Christians, particularly those in these parts, had no concept of Churches being dependent on one another. Of which Church, for instance, was Seleucia-Ctesiphon supposed to be a dependency? He emphasized the need for all Christians to get back to their Hebrew roots, a thesis propounded by the ultra-liberal Episcopal Bishop Spong in his book "This Hebrew Lord". Fr George was surprised and delighted when I told him that Badger's two volumes on the "Nestorians and Their Liturgies" had been re-printed. Fr George believes that at one period of their fascinating history the Nestorians had a Mongol Patriarch. This brought a young Korean Presbyterian Minister to the edge of his seat and he was eagerly asking for books in English on the Nestorians. Fortunately I had foreseen such an eventuality and had brought a list of such works from London.

On to Babylon. This had sunk to the status of a halt on the railway line, a mere heap of rubble, but it has been quite dramatically reconstructed by Nebuchadnezzar's successor Saddam Hussein. Sorting out the really ancient from the ersatz reconstruction is difficult, but the mythical lion wrestling with a man has survived intact and the processional way, along which the captive Jews were marched to sing their song in a strange land, is easily discernible. But here perhaps even more than in the Colosseum in Rome one is conscious of Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

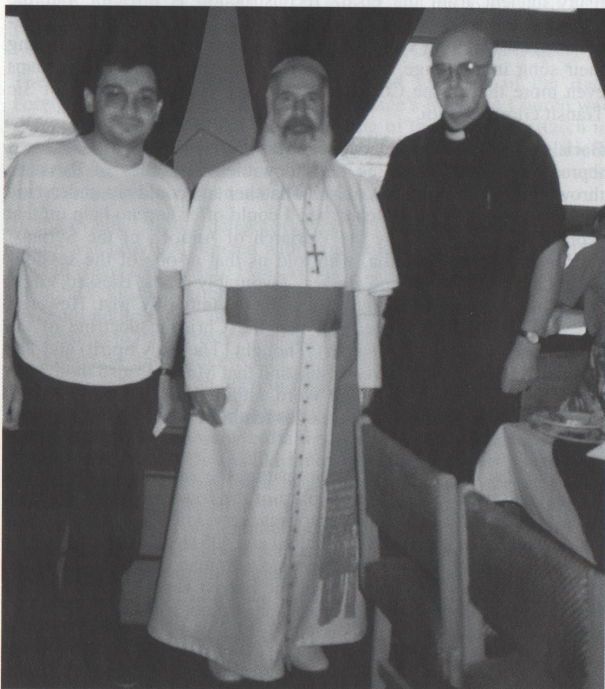
Back at the hotel I had supper with the Patriarch of Moscow's representative who told me he had witnessed hordes of Russians throwing flowers at the feet of Mrs Thatcher and could not understand why her own party had ditched her. I could offer him no help on that score. We were joined by the Patriarch of Antioch of the Syrians' Archbishop from Australia, who told us that at one of the sessions yesterday an Imam had spoken very favourably on the Blessed Virgin Mary, but had then gone on to attack the Divinity of Christ. However, the Archbishop had pointed out that the Christian doctrine of the Trinity was Wisdom (The Father), Thought (The Holy Spirit) and The Word (The Divine Son Christ Jesus) and that Moslems also thought in terms of Wisdom, Thought and Word, although in Moslem theology the Word was sometimes thought of as feminine. His Grace could hold his own with the Imams!

The next day (8th July) found us visiting the small town of Mewiet Samara and what looked like a replica of the Tower of Babel, but built circa 9th century A.D. The tower was very lofty and had a spiral staircase on its exterior with no handrail and 405 steps. I decided against the climb and sat in the shade talking to a Roman Catholic nun, Sister Anne Montgomery of the Order of the Sacred Heart from Brooklyn, U.S.A., who informed me that many nuns cannot get the ordination of women to the priesthood moving quickly enough in the Roman Church in the U.S.A. She wore no habit and told me that she often came to these parts and a habit would mean people would not speak to her, yet I saw a number of young Chaldean nuns in very traditional habits, but then, perhaps, the Moslems did not speak to them.



To Mosul. This is a great centre for the Christians of Iraq and along with government officials a large crowd of dignitaries met us at the hotel overlooking the Tigris, where we sat down to lunch with members of the Ancient Assyrian Church, who were even more Latinized than the Chaldeans. It must be remembered that a lot of clergy of all denominations are very fashion conscious and sometimes Western ecclesiastical dress is more glamorous and far more colourful than that in the Middle East. After lunch we set off for the monastery of the Syrians – St Matthew's founded towards the end of the 4th century by one of the local kings who had become a Christian. Some of the rooms of this fortress, built on top of a mountain, go back to this period. We were entertained by the Abbot who was almost entirely blind. He told us that the Iraqi Minister of Defence had donated some 600,000 dinars of the old currency to the monastery to give thanks for his wife conceiving a child after praying there.

The interior of the church followed the usual Eastern style – an iconostasis, but with only two or three icons on the screen, and a rather plain interior to the church. Several bishops, some of whom are regarded as saints, are buried in a northern side chapel of the monastic



*Fr Salter with His Grace the Metropolitan of the Old Assyrian Church in Mosul, Iraq*

church. The community has been reduced to the Abbot and an Archbishop, who made his home here and some young men, who were either novices or servants, but there were lots of Christian pilgrims, who were delighted with some pious Christmas cards I gave to their children. Our guides were two Syrian Orthodox brothers from the village in the valley, the elder being a seminarian. He has now left Iraq and the Association paid for his fare to Germany, where he is to begin a course in theology. After the Christian monastery and the Christian village at its foot we drove back into pre-Christian history and were soon in Assur-bani-pal's Nineveh. Nineveh is less reconstructed than Babylon and has more "atmosphere", but we had to press on as darkness was falling and we had yet to see the temple in the desert at Hatra. We arrived as the sun was setting over the ruins of a vast temple compound. We could linger no longer as we had to leave Iraq the next day and there was a long journey ahead, not helped by our bursting a tyre. We got back to Baghdad at 4.30 a.m., where we packed and showered and snatched two hours sleep before setting off in a taxi piled high with contraband carpets and cigarettes (none of it ours) across the desert. We travelled in a convoy of three cars, with the Vatican delegation in the middle vehicle. I could not understand why we had to travel at enormous speed bumper to bumper on a wide and excellent motorway, until I discovered that bandits or highwaymen haunt this road and would have stopped us if alone and taken everything, the car, our clothes and money and left us to the mercy of the desert sun and the jackals. We did run into a huge pack of jackals at night, but we were about to cross the frontier into the safety of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and so on to the airport, where at 3 a.m. we were told we were not booked on the Olympic Airways flight. After a row with the representative we did manage to board the flight back to Beirut, Athens and on to London, sweaty but unbowed.

#### **POLISH, UKRAINIAN AND BYELORUSSIAN DIARY**

24 August 1995 – On arriving at Heathrow I am told that I am not booked on the British Airways flight to Warsaw. This is the third time I have been missed off a flight list this year – Rome, Amman and now Heathrow! I stood by and met Archmandrite Serge Keleher of the Greek Catholic (Ukrainian) Church and in two and a half hours we were landing in Warsaw. Fr Serge had arranged to stay with a Deacon of that Church, but I had not bothered to book in advance, so secured a room at the Grand Hotel, but before I left the airport I booked a seat on the elusive Ukrainian airline, which I could not track down in London. As it was a Saturday evening I made my way to Mass at the Holy Cross church where there is a monument to Frederic Chopin and to the famous but ill-fated General Sikorski. At the offertory the hymn was flashed onto a screen rather like in an English pantomime, and everyone joined in very enthusiastically. After Mass I walked parallel to the River Vistula in the cool and refreshing evening and tried to identify places I had not seen since 1957, when the city was still largely unrepared after war damage. Now sophisticated shops on the Bond Street model line the main thoroughfares. The old quarter has several pretty churches in which there are numerous monuments to the



Lubomirskis and Radziwills. The Greek Catholic cathedral is opposite the Cardinal's palace and is back in use, but I was later to hear that the Greek Catholics had had great difficulty in re-occupying their churches not because the Russian Orthodox had commandeered them in Poland, but because they had been taken over by the Catholics of Latin rite, despite the Pope's ordering that such churches should be returned to them. There is little love lost between Roman Catholic Poles and Ukrainian Uniates or "Greek Catholics" as they are more correctly called.

After an evening of sight-seeing I went to bed relatively early and on the Sunday morning made my way on foot to the site of the Jewish ghetto, passing on my way the Soviet-style Palace of Kultur. In a classical church young men and girls were kneeling in lines waiting to make their confessions – a far cry from the Nine O'Clock Service and suchlike nonsense I had recently left behind in England. On the left I passed the Voivodeship (Local Government) of Warsaw and on to the Maranowska district, where was once housed the Jewish ghetto, the scene of the uprising against the Nazis which the Soviets stood by and did nothing to support. Tiny traces of buildings remain, fragments of bricks and slivers of broken glass can be discovered, but the Germans obliterated the whole area more or less entirely and new flats have arisen around the site, but is a sad and eerie place with hardly a soul about. The flats had appeared since 1957 as I last passed through this scene of inhumanity in July 1957 on the Warsaw-Gdansk railway line.

A dash back to the hotel and a taxi to the airport where I met Father Serge and Deacon Dennis Standic and boarded the small propeller-driven aircraft with astonishingly worn tyres. We revved like a Battle of Britain film 'plane and took off while some people crossed themselves left to right and others right to left. An air hostess teetered down the narrow aisle with ersatz coffee, a piece of Madeira cake and a glass of Andrew's liver salts. The flight was extremely smooth and soon we were circling over L'viv waiting our turn to bump down. The airport reception hall was dreary but grand being covered in heroic paintings from the communist era. We were met by Roman Hera who took us to his sister's flat, where we were to stay for most of our time in the Ukraine. After a champagne supper we drove into central L'viv to meet Sister Cecile, Superior of the Greek Catholic Sisters of Charity founded by a Basilian Father; and her blood sister Paulina.

The next day was the Old Calendar feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God and we were invited to a remote village to the Liturgy at the Uspenska church. On arrival we were greeted by two delightful Greek Catholic priests, two brothers – Father John and Father Stephan Kastchuk. Both priests were married and they told me they had another brother who was a priest. They had been trained during the Communist period in the Russian Orthodox seminary in Odessa, but had returned to the Unia, as it is called, when Communism collapsed. As they had been trained by the Russian Church and ministered in it for some time the liturgy and singing were of a very high standard and there were few observable Latinizations. The father of the Kastchuk brothers had been a Cantor in the Greek Catholic Catacomb Church and had hidden underground priests of that Church during the Soviet



*After the Assumption Liturgy at Morgiansti*



*After the Assumption Liturgy at Morgiansti: Fr Salter, Fr Stephan Kastchuk and Archimandrite Serge Keleher*



period. Other married priests drove over from other villages and they, too, were Catholic priests with wives and children. There are over 500 such priests now in the Unia. The little wooden church of the Assumption had a precious iconostasis which was four hundred years old and there were lots of ancient icons which had passed through Orthodox and back to Uniate hands. The parish priest invited me to concelebrate and he vested me in his best cloth-of-gold vestments for the liturgy. After the liturgy and the blessing of the well we adjourned for a sumptuous banquet in the house of one of the priests' godfathers. Here champagne again flowed and sturgeon and caviar were served in abundance interspersed with vodka. The lunch was very prolonged, but we eventually drove back to Lviv after an unforgettable day.

The next day, the 29th, Father Serge continued his corrections of his magnum opus, the edition of a seventeenth century liturgical book, which took him from time to time to the Andrew Sheptytsky museum and library in the centre of town. I made my way with Roman's wife Halja, to collect Sister Cecile and Paulina from the Grand Hotel so that we could do a tour of the city. Our first visit impressed on us how quaint this place is – all very Austro-Hungarian Empire, with trolley buses and tree lined boulevards and smartly dressed people, particularly the young, no Western scruffs here! Our first port of call was the very grand Polish Cathedral of the Latin rite with a slight concession to the Ukrainians in that instead of statues over the altars there were saints in silver-gilt bas relief in front of terrific baroque explosions. Thence to the ancient pharmacy shop and museum and next door to the Lviv palace of the Kings of Poland, where we were happy to see in pride of place in the grand salon a full length portrait of Queen Maria Clementina Sobieska, the consort of King James III, de jure, of England and mother of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Cardinal Duke of York. After this Stuart interlude we tramped across the square to the heavy baroque Uspensky sobor of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church. There are now two Orthodox Patriarchs of the Ukraine – the Autonomous Orthodox Patriarch backed by Moscow and the Autocephalous Orthodox Patriarch who seeks closer ties with Constantinople. The Greek Catholic Church has its own Cardinal Patriarch Myroslav-Ivan Lubachevsky, although Rome was not at all keen on the setting up of a Patriarchate for what, after all, is the largest of the Uniate Churches. The Vatican would have been happier if the style of "Patriarch" had been adopted on the lines of Lisbon or Venice and not on lines like Moscow or Serbia. The Autocephalous Church occupies a splendid complex, that of the "Stavropegiac Brotherhood" which as its title implies was once under the Ecumenical Patriarchate or "under the cross". The church reminded one of the triumphalist cathedral in Vladimir. One wondered whether, strictly speaking, this whole site should belong to the Ecumenical Patriarchate. Outside its walls enterprising ladies sold photographs of both Ukrainian Orthodox Patriarchs dressed in their white Moscow style klobuks, but with white rasons, while opposite the Grand Hotel elderly babushkas sold photographs of the Catholic Patriarch. The more Patriarchs the better as far as the old ladies were concerned. Good for trade!

This evening we ate two suppers, the first with Roman, his wife and sister and then with Archpriest Stephan Kashchuk and his wife and mother-in-law, who is the widow of a priest who had been very close to Metropolitan Count Andrew Sheptytsky and his brother Father Count Clement, the superior of the Studite Fathers. She was a sweet old lady who had suffered much for her loyalty to the Holy See. Her husband had been forced into union with the Moscow Patriarchate and had served at the cathedral of St George, which had been built by the Greek Catholics, but had been taken over by the representatives of the Patriarchate of Moscow. Her husband had entered into union with Moscow but after his death, on her returning to the Unia, the Moscow Patriarchate had stopped her clergy widow's pension; one could not help feeling that despite its faults the Church of England's Pension Board had behaved infinitely more generously and, indeed, Christianly towards those Anglican clergy and their widows who had left the Church of England since 1992 for Rome or Orthodoxy. After watching the film of Father Stephan's daughter's wedding we retired to our flat on the Kiev Road.

The next day being the 30th we drove to the outskirts of town to see the Folk Museum Park, where we saw Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky's dream come true. He had been instrumental in gathering together churches, farm houses and schools from all quarters of the Western Ukraine or Galicia, much on the lines of the transported villages on the outskirts of the Romanian capital, which those who have made the pilgrimage to Bucharest will have visited. This was like being actually in the hills of Trans-Carpathia, but was literally just on the edge of busy and bustling Lviv. Three of the churches are in weekly use by the Greek Catholic community and the park administration office was once a Greek Catholic Studite monastery.

The following morning after a visit to the hill-top fortress of Lviv we visited the Armenian Cathedral, but could not see the interior as the Soviets closed it and the Vardapet has to celebrate the Sourp Patarag in the courtyard. This building like many in Lviv has been pushed to and fro between various jurisdictions. A statue of St Christopher on a pillar in the churchyard indicates that it was once Uniate. I was told that a very hybrid rite was used which consisted in its Uniate days of the Armenian liturgy but accompanied by Polish hymns, a liturgist's nightmare or ritual dog's dinner. In recent times Etchmiadzin has taken control of the building, but does not seem to have gained access to the interior. Around the corner Solemn Vespers was beginning at the Greek Catholic church of the Transfiguration sung by a choir of seminarists and with long lines of young men waiting to make their confessions. Dinner at the Grand (for our gourmet readers) consisted of caviar, liver cooked in orange sauce, chicken legs stuffed with mushrooms and marrow cooked in batter, pink champagne, vodka and ice-cream. Back to the flat where we were expected to eat another huge supper with more champagne and caviar. Slept well.

The next day I visited the Greek Catholic convent of the Sisters of Charity of St Vincent de Paul, where we had a very warm welcome from the Sister Superior, who had joined the order in the 1970s, when the convent was "underground". It did not "surface" until the late





*Fr Salter, Archimandrite Serge Keleher and Vardapet Nathan in the Armenian Rectory, Lviv*



*The western facade of the Greek Catholic Patriarchal Cathedral of St George, Lviv*



*After the Liturgy, Lviv*



*With Bishop Augustine in the Russian Orthodox bishop's residence, Lviv*



1980s. Some of the sisters were elderly, but most were young nuns and many of the community seemed to be trained nurses and I supposed that was how they had survived in the days when the Greek Catholic Church was illegal, by nursing. Father Serge sang Vespers for them and we then signed the visitors' book. I signed in the spirit of Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky and Viscount Halifax, whom I had recently discovered had worked together, despite official Roman opposition, at the time of the Malines Conversations. Our next stop was to hear in the L'viv concert hall the rehearsal for "Carmina Burana", which was being promoted by one of the Kastchuk brothers.

The next morning after visiting the market I called at the Greek Catholic church of the Basilian Fathers (they are rather Latinized in contrast to the Studite Fathers) and although the Slav-Byzantine rite is used in this church there is no proper iconostasis. Numerous weddings were in progress at the high altar and in the numerous side chapels. From the Basilians I hobbled up the steep cobbled street to the former Dominican church which housed the Museum of Atheism, but had over its main portico the words some four feet high: "Soli Deo Honor et Gloria". Up the hill beyond it is the Studites' headquarters. It was in front of this basilica that the first public and open-air liturgies were celebrated when the Greek Catholics emerged from underground. I visited the tiny room where Metropolitan Vlodymyr lived secretly and ordained priests for the Greek Catholic Catacomb Church. From here we drove to the great baroque and rococo cathedral of St George and the Patriarch's and the Metropolitan's palace on the hill overlooking the city. Again there were weddings in progress at one of which a young priest had reduced, for some reason or other, the bridegroom to a sobbing wreck. Powerful choirs sang during the marriage ceremonies. While couples were being joined, somewhat tearfully, in Holy Matrimony, I climbed down to the crypt to visit the tombs of Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky and his successor, whom I had met in the Sistine chapel in Rome when Archbishop Coggan met Pope Paul VI – Cardinal-Patriarch Josip Slypij, or as the Vatican knew him, Major-Archbishop Slypij. For many years Metropolitan Andrew's body had lain in a sealed vault, but the Russian Orthodox Metropolitan who replaced him now lies there. Josip Slypij's body was moved recently from Hagia Sophia Ukrainian Cathedral in Rome to L'viv. Back in the main part of the cathedral I noticed that there were Latin icons of the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, but apart from these Western cults there was a proper iconostasis and the choir had obviously benefited from the time when the Russian Orthodox had been running the cathedral.

To the Intourist hotel for lunch, where we ran into Metropolitan Isidore from the Greek Catholic Eparchy of Toronto, an old and gentle prelate. Lunched with Andrei, a young moral theologian, whose brother is a Greek Catholic priest in Canada. I had first met Andrei in Rome, when he was editing the Uniate magazine "Logos".

The next morning I changed Western currency for "Coupons" and found I was a millionaire several times over; needless to say most of it had gone by tea-time.

To the Solemn Vigil at Father Stephan's large church (bigger than St George's cathedral), where the choir sang superbly (again the Russian influence). Here I met a priest with a deaf son who had had his hearing greatly improved with the help of an Irish benefactress who had purchased a very expensive deaf aid for him. The church was in the process of being restored and had been painted very attractively, but to date the iconostasis was merely a wooden lattice fence on which icons had been suspended and whose Royal Doors were rustic wicket gates.

The next day, 3rd September, was a Sunday and I was invited to concelebrate at Father Stephan's church. I concelebrated in Eastern Rite vestments, but sang my parts in English rather than Old Slavonic, but this seemed to please the large congregation and the choir replied enthusiastically in Old Slavonic. A very warm welcome awaited us when we left the church. We drove to the home of the priest with the deaf son where an enormous lunch awaited us, then a second lunch at Roman's house, guarded by a Rottweiler. I begin to feel like a stuck pig, but there is no let up on Ukrainian hospitality or entertainment and we are next whisked off to the opera to see a farce about Turks and Cossacks. The theatre is very Austro-Hungarian and it was from its external balcony that Cardinal-Patriarch Lubachevsky gave his first address to the citizens of L'viv at the time of his enthronement and the liberation of the city from Communism.

Monday morning and into town to make some ecumenical visits, this time to the Armenian Vardapet Nathan and Deacon Ararat. We discussed how to go about re-opening the Armenian cathedral, which dates from as early as 1363, but as noted above is still closed for worship. I suggested that Western help might be invoked to restore the icons which had been collected by Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky who collected all sorts of books and artefacts and even schoolrooms, and that the Gulbenkian Foundation would be the first charity to approach. The Armenian cathedral's bell tower can be seen from afar, yet the building is difficult to find and the Vardapet's flat almost impossible to track down. The cathedral is in fact in Armyanskaya or Armenian Street, which has risen over the centuries by 1–2 metres, so that the cathedral close is approached by steps which are not easily seen. However, the search is well worth it as here in the Western Ukraine is miraculously transported a small corner of Armenia. Armenians and Anglicans seem to have the gift of creating a bit of their own country and Church in foreign lands. The Armenian graveyard has bas reliefs dating from the 14th through to the 18th century. There was, until some time ago, a convent of Armenian nuns at the former Archbishop's house; the site is a most unusual architectural medley and its picturesque setting attracts many students from the local art college, who sit sketching in the churchyard every day. As was to be expected I discovered that the Armenians settled in L'viv as early as the 13th century, during the reign of Prince Daniil Romanovitch. Their descendants were joined in later centuries by hundreds of thousands of Armenians fleeing from foreign enslavers, but Galicia, Volhynia and Podolia proved very hospitable to those who sought refuge in these parts. Armenian colonies became major national cultural centres throughout the Western Ukraine and from the 14th to the 16th century L'viv had the largest Armenian colony of any



Slav territory. By as early as 1364 the diocese of all Armenians of Old Russia and Wallachia (the historical district in the south of Romania between the Carpathian mountain range and the Danube) was established in Lviv and it was not long before this gifted Christian people was playing a leading role in the social, economic, cultural and artistic life of the city and, indeed, of other Galician cities. The Armenians were to carry their art and crafts and their financial know-how from Venice to Damascus and Lake Van to Manchester. No race values books more than the Armenians for their literature, along with their Church, preserves their continuity, their culture and their identity, so it is no surprise that in 1616 Ovanes Karmatenets founded the first Armenian printing-press in Lviv and printed the Psalter in that same year. The prayer books in Armenian-Kipchak dialect were used for generations by Lvivian Armenians.

Over cakes and coffee I discovered I had met Father Nathan in Holy Etchmiadzin in May 1993. He confirmed that the statue of St Christopher in his churchyard dated from the period when the Church was Uniate i.e. from the middle of the 17th century. In 1946 communion with the Supreme Catholicos had been established and had continued, although in recent times attempts to negotiate for a Uniate priest to come from the Mekhitarist monastery on the island of St Lazzaro off Venice had proved abortive. Father Nathan told me that there was now very little contact between the Uniate Armenians of Venice and the Armenian Mekhitarists in Vienna, as the former were far more Papal than the Pope and the latter were scientists. I also learned from this kindly Vardapet that Turks drink tea and so-called Turkish coffee is really Armenian. On that note we had another cup, another gooey chocolate cake, and I gave him a pile of Eastern Churches' News Letters and began the steep climb to the Patriarch of Moscow's sole surviving church in Lviv.

Here we were enthusiastically greeted by the youthful and energetic Bishop Augustine, who proceeded to grumble at Father Serge, whom he knew, for being a Uniate and at me, whom he had only just met, for being an Anglican, although being Uniate was the greater sin! Having grouched for ten minutes and got that off his chest, he offered us lemon vodka and invited us to stay to lunch. Bishop Augustine had been trained at the Holy Trinity-St Sergius seminary in what was then Zagorsk. He had been named Adam at his baptism and his sister, Eve. When asked by his Metropolitan "Where is Eve?" He had naturally replied "At home, Vladika". "Ah!" said the prelate: "We have only just met and yet Adam makes jokes with me!". Vladika Augustine is the cousin of the young Igumen or Abbot of the Donskoi monastery in Moscow, whom I had met in May 1993, and the Igumen had also been christened Adam. Bishop Augustine reflected as to whether he should have become a doctor "a man who sees people out of life, but perhaps seeing people into eternity is better". He seemed eager to share his spiritual problems with us. He said he fasted from meat on Mondays in honour of the angels, but if people saw him fasting it was boasting, but if he fasted or abstained alone it was pride. Despite the fact we had arrived unannounced he gave us a fine lunch and insisted on constantly re-filling the little glasses with lemon vodka. He told us he had four rooms and was very isolated now. He went off to find his

klobuk and veil and asked to have his photograph taken with us. He then gave me an enormous illustrated bible and announced that he was to leave on the night sleeper for Kiev that evening at 9 p.m. He was obviously lonely in his posting now that the Moscow Patriarchate had lost its buildings to the Ukrainian Orthodox and the Greek Catholics. He was adamant that St George's Cathedral should be his, but as it was built some seventy years after the Unia by the Greek Catholics, I thought this was rather like Anglicans claiming Westminster Cathedral as theirs. I did not tell him so. One could no more see the Greek Catholics returning to Russian Orthodoxy than Americans returning to the British Commonwealth. He then had another grumble about the "rightness" of Orthodoxy and said he thought Jerusalem should be the Head of the Churches "Because it has the miraculous fire – how could alabaster pillars burn?" he asked. Knowing the Russians' devotion to the Holy City this sentiment did not surprise us. Bishop Augustine very kindly lent us his chauffeur-driven car to drive back to the Grand Hotel. I worried about his isolation all afternoon and his long and lonely journey on the Lviv-Kiev night sleeper, but hoped the parcel of Eastern Churches' News Letters would pass the time during the night and help him to feel he was remembered in the West. In his Lviv Bulletin he made the claim that only in his Russian cathedral were there true sacraments, but he had a rather droll, tongue-in-cheek sense of humour and one was left wondering whether it was really a serious claim.

Roman drove me the next morning in pouring rain to the palace of Cardinal-Patriarch Myroslav-Ivan Lubachevsky. I waited in an ante-room for twenty minutes and then a young bishop dressed in a Basilian cassock and an Oratorian style collar ushered me into the presence of His Sacred Beatitude. At first I thought he was an elderly priest and made to move into the next salon, which was full of twittering canaries. The Cardinal-Patriarch rose to greet me, but he was very simply dressed in black trousers and a black woollen cardigan. I spent well over an hour with His Beatitude as having lived for many years in the United States he seemed eager to speak English again. He told me that Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky had ordained him and then he had gone to study in Innsbruck, until Hitler had chased him out, a he put it, and then he had fled to Switzerland and finally to the U.S.A., where he had lived for over thirty years and had been a chaplain to a convent of Greek Catholic nuns in Cleveland, Ohio. On his visit to the United Kingdom he had met the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, John Major, and the Foreign Secretary. He said that the Ukrainian Catholic community in London was dwindling rapidly and was still divided. In the Ukraine there were, he said, greater problems because the people had been spoilt by Communism, there was a certain lethargy and a desire to return to the "comfort" of the Communist times. However, he felt that Greek Catholics were going to be hard to get rid of. I delivered a letter to the Patriarch from the Bishop of Fulham and then left to look once again at St George's cathedral, while outside the rain fell in torrents and I was trapped until Roman arrived with the car. Inside the cathedral I met a Ukrainian Anglican Archdeacon, Fr William Stadnyk from Canada, whose family origins were Ukrainian Orthodox.



I spotted several Latinizations in the cathedral. There were Stations of the Cross, which had been placed, during the Russian Orthodox occupation of the building, high up on the walls. Unlike the Orthodox churches in town there were no votive candle stands, a most unusual omission for an Eastern Church. Some Russification had taken place mostly to the good, but the lamp stands of heavy brass did not fit in with the delicacy of the rococo iconostasis.

Over the four hundred years since the Union of Brest-Litovsk, which brought vast numbers of the Galicians or Ruthenians (Western Ukrainians) into union with Rome, the Greek Catholics as they prefer to be called (their liturgy is Byzantine, in Old Slavonic rather than Greek, but liturgical families still count in the East so they belong to that of Constantinople, hence the description "Greek") or Uniates had been forsaken by the Gentry of Dvornin and also by the intelligentsia, who became Polonized or Austro-Hungarianized and therefore Roman Catholics, leaving the peasants and the Clergy families to carry on the Eastern Catholic tradition. From amongst the Clergy families there emerged again a new Gentry and intelligentsia as there was a tradition of married priests in the Ukrainian Catholic Church. It now looks as though there will never again be a celibate caste of clergy, but rather the Greek Catholic tradition will continue particularly strongly in the clerical families, who minister to largely peasant congregations. A positive element in the Russian Orthodox occupation is that fairly young priests have been trained and educated with seminarians e.g. in the Odessa seminary, with Russian Orthodox seminarians and bonds of friendship have remained even though most of the priests of Galicia have returned to the Unia. Greek Catholic priests have remained on good terms with high ranking members of the Russian Orthodox hierarchy, whom they got to know well whilst in training. God is always creative. It is probably true to say that relations between the various Orthodox Churches in the Western Ukraine and the Uniates is better than between the Greek Catholics and the Latin Poles, who are not seen as being particularly friendly or tolerant of their fellow Catholics of Slav-Byzantine rite, although even on that front there is enlightenment dawning. However, it has not been forgotten that under Polish rule in the Western Ukraine and elsewhere 674 Greek Catholic churches were closed. The irenic and ecumenical Metropolitan Andrew Sheptytsky was seen by the Polish government in Warsaw and local Polish officials in the provinces and many members of the Latin hierarchy as nationalistic and dangerous. It should not be forgotten that he was the only Catholic prelate who actually wrote personally to Hitler to protest strongly against the persecution and deportation of the Jews of Galicia and Poland. He had a hard struggle against anti-semitism, the result, in these parts, of Jews being put in charge of the large estates of the Gentry, who would be Polish or Austro-Hungarian and largely absentee. Even the lesser Gentry of Ukrainian nationality or even Russian had Jewish Factors. Jews also had a certain control over the liquor trade and were the leading money-lenders, hence debtors would see the removal of their lenders as entirely beneficial, without too much thought being given as to where they had gone.

Spent a terrible night – stomach pains and vomiting brought on by eating two lunches and two suppers for the last week. Politeness made me ill! Had to rest all day. Having recovered my strength I visited the Andrew Sheptytsky museum and library and paid a second visit to the Uspensky sobor and noted it was, or had been, under the jurisdiction of Patriarch Volodymyr, who had recently been buried irreverently under a pavement on a street in Kiev. Thence to the theological academy to hear Father Serge's lecture on Migne's *Patrologia Graecia*, John Henry Newman and Dom Lambert Beauduin. Father Serge reminded his listeners that the search for unity, the ecumenical movement came via the renewal of liturgical, patristic and biblical studies and had been in no small measure due to the diaspora or the displacement of Eastern Christians following the Russian Revolution and World War II. Here I met up again with Dr Boris Gudziak, whom I had met in the previous February in the Russicum in Rome. He is a lay monk and a Byzantine historian. The lecture theatre was packed with young students, some studying for the priesthood, young nuns and young women studying theology with a view to teaching it.

After coffee with the seminarians I walked past St Ann's church now almost completely restored for Greek Catholic use. I noticed that three young army officers raised their hats to the Blessed Sacrament as they passed the open door of the church.

In the early evening I had been invited by Bishop Andrew of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church formerly under Metropolitan or Patriarch Volodymyr and now under Metropolitan Filaret of Kiev, for a drink at his splendidly furnished house, full of old pictures, antique furniture and clocks, all bequeathed to him by Metropolitan Nicholai, whose father had been a Greek Catholic priest. Metropolitan Nicholai had joined the Moscow Patriarchate after 1945 under extreme pressure from the Soviet authorities. Bishop Andrew's wine attracted a swarm of fruit flies from their hiding place and as we sipped the Carpathian wine he suggested that on my next visit to L'viv he should take me on a wine tasting excursion to the Crimea.

I had a good night after such good company.

Friday 8th September. Breakfasted on black bread and red caviar and then set off with Father Serge in Roman's car for Poland, travelling north-westwards through flat and lonely territory – wide plains, forests of the inevitable pine and silver birch and in the far distance navy-blue hills. At 3 p.m. we arrived at the Ukrainian frontier village of Rava-Ruska. We eventually were cleared by Customs and crossed into the Polish village of Hrebenne and headed towards the town of Zamosk, where in 1720 was held the famous or infamous synod which succeeded in introducing unwelcome Latinizations into the Greek Catholic rite and which forbade the use of the missal on which Father Serge is now working. This synod and that of the South Indian one of Diamper were the most notorious for their romanizing activities on the Eastern Churches. But then we in the West, Roman or Anglican, cannot crow when we reflect on how the Churches of Ireland were totally de-Celticised, the Church of Ireland's Book of Common Prayer being without the slightest trace of Celtic spirituality and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland being completely Latinized by the end of





*Fr Salter in L'viv with Bishop Andrew of the Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox Church*



*Preparing for a procession, Kostomloty*



*After the Liturgy in Kosomloty*



*Leaving the Apostolic Visitor's House*



the Potato Famine. The inclusion of St Patrick's Breastplate in the new hymn books of both Churches is hardly a sufficient indicator that they are returning to their Celtic roots.

The roads in Poland are a great improvement on those in the Ukraine due to the fact that Poland hopes to enter the E.E.C. so had spent a great deal of money on its highways. Here the flats are attractive and well-built and the country cottages have gardens bright with asters, rowan trees and sunflowers with the tangy smells of African marigolds predominating over the the second crop of hay. In this part of Poland Greek Catholics lost a lot of property not to the Russian Orthodox but to their fellow Catholics of the Latin Rite. We drove through Budy Krynice, Jatutow, Kalonowice, Chomesicka and the outer suburbs of Zamosk, where, despite the Union Synod, there are no Greek Catholic churches in the town. In Poland there has been a reduction of Greek Catholics from 100,000 to 8,000.

We are now heading for the Byelorussian frontier and on the way we pass a huge field of Love-lies-bleeding. Passing through the village of Slawatycze, a pleasant compact place, we spot a Greek Catholic church opposite the Roman Catholic parish church. In Koden we pass another Greek Catholic church. Endless lines of traffic, mostly huge lorries wait to cross the frontier into the Republic of Byelorussia. We run parallel to the frontier, but on the Polish side. Our destination is the village right on the frontier – Kostomloty, some 2 miles off the main road. Here we were met by the Very Revd Dr Jan Sergiusz Gazec, M.I.C., from Lublin, who has just returned today from Rome. He is the Apostolic Visitor for Byelorussian Catholics. Fr Jan has six parishes under his care and is in Anglican terms an Area Dean, but with 200,000 Greek Catholic faithful in his deanery. We assemble in the wooden church for the Solemn Liturgy but at 7 p.m. Here the Greek Catholics keep the Gregorian or New Calendar so it is the Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, whereas the Greek Catholics in the Ukraine will keep the feast in thirteen days time as they observe the Julian or Old Calendar. The Greek Catholic church at Kostomloty is the only church left in these parts which still owns land. It has kept its land since 1631 when it was founded. During the Soviet period the church was never closed down as the villagers misdirected those who sought to stamp it out. It is difficult to find and not very far away is another village of the same name. When the Reds sought to wipe out the parish in 1947 with the co-operation of the Roman Catholic bishop who was told to bring it into his diocese as a Latin parish, the Greek Catholic priest told his lordship that he was too old to learn "saecula saeculorum", yet he lived on until 1993 and with vernacularization lived to see the disappearance of the phrase from the Roman rite.

On Saturday I went to the liturgy at the village church and then made my way down the lane past a ferocious cockerel to the convent of the Little Sisters of Jesus where in their tiny loft chapel Father Serge was singing the Liturgy of St John Chrysostom. The nuns are all Polish but have opted, as they have done in parts of the Holy Land, for the Byzantine Rite. After the liturgy we breakfasted on porridge, cold ham, tomatoes fresh from the garden of the little convent and wheat bread washed down by Russian tea.

After breakfast we set off for the village of Pratulina, where there was to be a pilgrimage to the shrine and relics of the Greek Catholic Martyrs shot by the Russian Cossacks in 1874. Thirteen parishioners had been slaughtered on the edge of the village, but previously they had locked out of the church their Greek Catholic priest because of his liturgical reforms, a sort of Old Believer protest. Whether his "reforms" were Latinizations I was not able to discover, but in all probability they were. One could not help reflecting that liturgical reform can arouse the highest passions in those who oppose them, whether they be the Old Ritualists of 17th century Russia, the Anglican Bishops attempting to ban Sub-Tractarian deviations such as Benediction or the members of the Prayer Book or the Latin Mass Societies.

Our route took us along the River Bug, which forms the frontier with Byelorussia. We passed a church which had formerly been in Greek Catholic hands, but was now Roman Catholic. We again saw an extensive queue of lorries waiting to cross the frontier. We bumped across the railway line just west of Brest-Litovsk, a line on which I had travelled with Peter Lascelles, Kitty Hunter-Blair, Robin Milner-Gulland and Father Oswald Fielding-Clarke and his Russian wife Xenia (all Slavophiles) thirty-eight years ago in 1957 on our way to Moscow by train. We drove through the lovely woods of Zalesie and Krzyczew and eventually arrived at Pratulina where Solemn Pontifical Liturgy was in progress in a packed church. Bishop John Martyniale of Przemysl was the chief celebrant assisted by a mitred Archimandrite, fifteen priests, four servers and a deacon. The local Latin Bishop was in choir (at lunch with him later I recognized the aged prelate as the same man whose picture taken many years earlier adorned the sacristies of Roman Catholic churches in this part of Poland: by staying put he was very well known to all his flock and clergy), the Dean of the local Latin cathedral and an Area Dean. After an operatically sung liturgy the prelates and clergy went to the shrine at the back of the church to venerate the martyrs for Uniatism of 1874. After an enormous lunch with the Latin bishop we made our way to the site of the martyrdom where the Greek Catholic Bishop John said some prayers. The Latin rector of Pratulina then drove us back to Kostomloty. He had a very lonely and isolated post in this No-Man's land on the frontier.

On our arrival back in Kostomloty Bishop John was persuaded to stay the night and sing the liturgy the next day. He was happy to sing Solemn Pontifical Vespers and to preside at the procession of icons that evening at which we were joined in a rather Anglo-Catholic fashion by clergy from other parishes one of whom was a Byelorussian Catholic, Father Igor Anatoljevich Konradtjev and his wife who was a doctor, and another a deacon, Father Andrew Chita, who had studied in Jerusalem and spoke some English. Before Vespers I rather recklessly wandered down a muddy lane and illegally crossed the frontier into Byelorussia. I returned without being shot at for Vespers at which there was a large crowd of village people. After the procession I had a long talk with Eparch (Bishop) John about the Church of England as he had studied Anglicanism. He felt strongly that there should have been an Anglican Uniate Church set up after the



ordination of women in 1992; after all there are several Eastern Rite Uniate Churches in the United Kingdom. I pointed out that the Papalist party in the Church of England had tended to neglect their Anglican traditions and had done what the Eastern Uniates were now trying to undo, namely Latinization and a rather out-of-date ecclesiology. Paradoxically the Papalists by being so Romanized had not helped in the formation of an Anglican Uniate Church on the lines of Dom Lambert Beauduin's 'The Anglican Church united not absorbed'. I mentioned the fact that the then Bishop of London in 1992 would have seemed to be the natural rallying point for such a Church, but he had a wife. "But only one!" retorted Bishop John. "A Bishop must be the husband of one wife."

The next day being Sunday the Eparch was solemnly received at the village church door for the liturgy. A youngish peasant woman, a sort of churchwarden in Anglican terms, welcomed him with a delightful speech and with all the aplomb of a Lord Mayor of London receiving the Queen of England. The Greek Catholic Church is deeply rooted in the soil and the country folk of this part of Europe, even if the Gentry have forsaken it and become chic Polonized Roman Catholics. The Eparch was assisted at the liturgy by the Apostolic Visitor, whose guest we were, Archimandrite Serge in mitra of cloth-of-silver, Father Igor from Byelorussia and two deacons. Two boy servers tolled the outside bells as the altar party approached and were so enthusiastic in their ringing that they got pulled several feet into the air on the bell ropes. Crowds of people from surrounding villages began to arrive on foot, on bicycles or in cars. Father Serge preached at the liturgy, but the Eparch also said a few words to his flock and told them that although the Church had failed and had failed often, she had never made a practice of preaching from her pulpits or ambos that thieving, lying, adultery, murder, etc. were right, nor would she, at least not universally! This raised a titter. The Eparch invited me to communicate myself as a priest. I had reminded him of "Apostolicae Curae" but he told me that that bull considered Orders jurisdictionally rather than sacramentally.

After the liturgy, which was sung enthusiastically by the congregation led by the Little Sisters of Jesus, we formed up for a solemn procession around the church carrying a processional icon of St Paraskita, who seemed to have met a particularly bloody end at the teeth of a cross-cut saw. The Gospel was read at three stations and then the clergy and people venerated the icon and the boys began once again to swing themselves on the bell ropes to alarming heights. After the procession we adjourned to the rectory for yet another delicious meal of black and red caviar and roast chicken. Father Koden and another Latin rite priest from the Servants of Mary Immaculate joined us for lunch and then invited us for supper to their monastery that evening. We discovered on arrival at the monastery that it contained a shrine of Our Lady, which is guarded by eight monks. The miraculous icon of the Mother of God was discovered in Rome by the Polish Prince Sapieha in the 17th century. The painting is based on the picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Spain and the Mother of God wears the Order of the Golden Fleece. A silver-gilt riza studded with emeralds, rubies and diamonds covers the painting. This is covered by

a metal screen, but when the screen is slowly lowered by some unseen mechanism trumpets sound loudly as at Czestochowa. The icon is enshrined in a magnificent gilt baroque setting over the high altar. The church is splendid and very grand and there are some fine modern as well as antique statues in the sanctuary and side chapels and numerous relics, one being of Pope St Felix. This I found rather puzzling, but a possible explanation is that as the Church of Poland neither attended the Council of Florence nor accepted its decrees of Union with the Eastern Churches, but did attend the Council of Basle and recognized the Anti-Pope Felix, could it be that Felix whose skull lies in a rococo reliquary on a side altar? The altar of St Joseph has his death depicted in statuary and supported by statues of his ancestor King David and his namesake the Patriarch Joseph of many-coloured coat fame. Surprisingly there is a fine gilded statue of St Augustine of Canterbury on the right of the high altar and opposite him St Gregory who sent him to evangelize the English. One wondered how, in a remote corner of Poland on the borders of Byelorussia the Apostles of the English had come to be venerated. After this triumphalist display we went in pitch darkness across a meadow to visit the ancient private church of the Sapieha family where we were shown the old cover of the icon, which is a sort of articulated Venetian blind. The acoustics here are excellent and we were told by our priest-guide that the local Russian Orthodox monks from the nearby monastery use it for their liturgy. Koden is an ecumenical centre, but Kostomloty being Greek Catholic is regarded with a certain amount of suspicion, even though this old church was Greek Catholic until 1950, when the Latins took it over. 50,000 pilgrims come to Koden in May and at the feast of the Assumption. At the back of the old church there were stacks of confessional boxes which are erected in the meadow at the pilgrimages.

Across the other side of the meadow is the art gallery and museum, which has astonishingly powerful carvings, one being of the blindfolded Christ with the footprints of Poland's invaders over the blindfold and Jews and other victims of Nazism-Communism forming a human Crown of Thorns - victims of Auschwitz and Treblinka. Nearby another tableau depicts the Victims of Katyn with hands tied behind their backs and bullet holes in their heads. The museum was once the castle of the Sapieha family who had, at one stage, been the Governors of Lithuania and at another stage brickmakers, the income from their estates not being sufficient to maintain them. After the visit to the museum we returned to the monastery across heavily scented gardens where we were given medallions of Our Lady of Koden and of the Sapieha family and cakes and mineral water. The good fathers had obviously forgotten we were invited to supper. However, I was relieved to give my stomach a rest after so much food last week.

11 September. Ablutions army camp style. Breakfasted and on the road by 10 a.m. and passed again through Koden, where we spotted smartly dressed elderly ladies, exquisitely coiffeured at that hour in village lanes and on sit-up-and-beg bicycles. School mistresses or extra mural lecturers or the Dvornin or Gentry keeping up ancient standards? The sort of ladies one only sees in the West nowadays in Edinburgh or Copenhagen.



We drove past the road that leads to Leczna, but the Russian Orthodox nuns who once had a convent here have created new Leczna or Lesna in France. Here there is thick forest for miles. We pressed on to Lublin where the only Roman Catholic university to survive in Eastern Europe under Communism still flourishes. We had lunch with the Reverend Professor Wacław Hryniewicz of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. He is a friend of Bishop Christopher Hill, formerly Ecumenical Officer at Lambeth Palace and now Bishop of Stafford, Bishop Mark Santer of Birmingham, Father Christopher Lowe, C.R. of Mirfield, and Father Michael Paternoster formerly Secretary of the Fellowship of SS Alban & Sergius. Professor Hryniewicz felt very strongly that there was a need for Christians to stop plugging "My Church is right" and "Extra ecclesia (mea) nulla salus est". Some conservative Christians had appalling attitudes towards other Christians. He had hopes that there might be a union between the Greek Catholics of the Ukraine and the Ecumenical Patriarchate, without the Greek Catholics breaking off their communion with the Holy See, a real Bridge Church in fact! This was a view I found expressed three or four times in the Ukraine and in Poland. The Ukrainians are very conscious of the three centres of the religion of Rus – Kiev, Moscow and St Petersburg, but Kiev is the senior Church and was founded directly from Constantinople. Ukrainians both Orthodox and Uniate have not forgotten this ancient parentage and St Andrew is still one of the most popular saints among them. Perhaps this Bridge Church dream of so many may come to pass as Father Hryniewicz, who is Professor of Ecumenics, remarked "God is greater than Hope". As far as I was aware he had not met the Archbishop of York, so one assumed he meant the Christian Virtue.

After lunch we drove into the centre of the old city of Lublin and passed a Greek Catholic church on the main road. We parked the car near the old castle walls and had a magnificent view of the cathedral of the Latins – white walls and green roof. The cathedral was an oasis of tranquillity and coolness after the rather hot old quarter of the town with its bustle and narrow streets, but with lovely palaces and the elegant town houses of the Gentry.

12th September – A lovely warm September day greeted me after a rest following the long journey back to L'viv. Breakfasted on pancakes and home-made jam and lemon tea. I drove into the centre of town to see what had once been the anti-God museum housed in a former Dominican church, but now the Museum of Religion. There were some art treasures there as well as interesting artefacts and the museum was divided into Latin, Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Jewish, Islamic and Buddhist sections, all very well laid out and well stocked. My visit to see the church of St Nicholas was disappointing. It was once Russian Orthodox but had transferred its allegiance to the Ukrainian Autocephalous jurisdiction. It was, however, firmly closed as was the nearby Latin church of Our Lady of the Snows, which houses the Museum of Old L'viv. There is another small church for Greek Catholics in the same area, that of the Transfiguration of Our Lord. Lunched at the Grand Hotel with Sister Cecile and her sister and then a party of us went to an enormous Austro-Hungarian style restaurant for dinner and afterwards visited the studio of a young artist

who paints icons on glass in the Romanian style, although there are centres in Pod-Carpathian Ruthenia where this craft is still practised. I bought an icon of the Mother of God.

13th September. Had he lived, today would have been my father's ninetieth birthday so I attended the Solemn Liturgy in the church of the Studite Fathers where a choir of young seminarians sang with powerful resonant voices. I wandered into the Uspensky sobor and then on to the charming little Boim chapel (Latin Rite) where an elderly lady dressed in the garb of the W.V.S. or an old fashioned English District Nurse was addressing a crowd of tourists with all the hauteur of a Principal of Lady Margaret Hall. This chapel was built between 1609 and 1611 and its decoration completed in 1621. It was the burial vault of a rich L'viv merchant from Hungary, Georgi Boim and his wife Jaduiga and his son Pawiel. The gem of a place is said to be unique in European Renaissance architecture. It is certainly unequalled in the Western Ukraine.

Along the street in the Latin Cathedral the servers were wearing lace cottas, but no cassocks, as is the ugly custom of Poland and Westminster School. A visit to the L'viv equivalent of Mowbrays or Faith House followed, where there were very richly decorated Byzantine vestments and crowns for sale. It is interesting to see throughout the former Soviet bloc the mushrooming of religious bookshops and vestment boutiques. I bought an old print of a bishop and then made my way back to the flat, where I saw Father Husar, whom I had met and stayed with in Rome in February at the Ukrainian Catholic College of SS Sergius & Bacchus, on television giving an account of the life and work of Metropolitan Sheptytsky and Father Clement Sheptytsky. Five years ago or less this would have been unthinkable.

14th September: Attended a sort of Low Liturgy with hymns at the rather Latinized Basilians of whose Latinizations Sister Cecile did not approve. The Basilians' church has some twenty or so altars and is full of trompe l'oeil and baroque exploding altar pieces heavily gilded. The Studite church in comparison is positively puritan in its simplicity.

15th September: To the enormous cemetery on the outskirts of L'viv to a Panikhida conducted by Father Serge in memory of Bishop Nikolai Charnestkii (12th December 1884 – 3rd April 1950). The bishop had been released from imprisonment after Stalin's death. He was the first of the underground bishops to function in the Western Ukraine and ordained several priests secretly. Next to his grave is the tomb of Father John Semenhuk, whose widow and daughter had entertained us so lavishly in the rectory on Sunday. In the evening we went to the admirable performance of "Carmina Burana". It was nostalgic to see everyone dressed very formally for this visit to the opera, reminiscent of Old Vienna and the kingdoms and duchies which made up the Dual Monarchy. It was our last night in L'viv and tomorrow we were to fly back to London via Warsaw, but with happy memories of tremendous Christian hospitality from Greek Catholics, Ukrainians of both jurisdictions, Russian Orthodox and Latins.



## ETHIOPIAN DIARY

A.T.J. Salter

14th January 1996. The four musketeers – Father Anthony Welling, Father Philip Warner, Jonathan Bolton-Dignam and myself met at Heathrow at the Ethiopian Airline booking-in desk and with great efficiency were whisked through into the departure lounge, where we met an Anglican priest from Bermuda and a Barbadian bishop of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, whom Archbishop Joannes, Primate of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church in the United Kingdom, had told me would be on our flight. We left exactly on time at 10.30 p.m. and were served supper as soon as we took off. At 4.50 a.m. (7.50 a.m. local time) we touched down in Asmara, the capital of recently independent Eritrea. Had I known there was to be this stop-over I would have contacted Father Mehary Waldemariam of the Ethiopian Uniate Church, an old friend, whom I had known for some thirty years since his time at the Ethiopian College in Vatican City.

We flew over high and impressive arid mountains and slept fitfully although the flight was smooth and comfortable. We arrived in Addis Ababa at 10.15 a.m. local time, 7.15 a.m.G.M.T. We were met at the airport by Canon Huw Thomas, formerly Sub-Dean of Liverpool, who is now the Priest-in-charge of the Anglican church of St Matthew near the centre of the capital. Father Huw could not have been kinder or more hospitable and in no time we were sitting down to coffee in the bungalow rectory before being served an excellent and welcome lunch by his cook and housekeeper. There are seven servants in all so we were royally treated.

Father Huw told us of the visit of the late Bishop Mervyn Stockwood, who was always fascinated by the Eastern Churches and had been personally very generous to some of their priests and families in the Southwark diocese. The Bishop had made the arduous journey to Axum to pay his respects to the Metropolitan. Mervyn informed his grace that the Church of England had great difficulty in keeping its young people faithful to the Church after the age of eighteen. "Can you wonder at it?" asked the aged prelate "when you teach them that the world is round."

Father Huw spoke of H.I.H. Princess Aida Desta, who, incidentally, has a plaque in the entrance to St Paul's, West Street, Brighton, commemorating the days when she worshipped there. Being in the Chichester diocese she was very friendly with Miss Benedicta Whistler, one of those almost vanished old Whig Liberal women who make excellent secretaries for diocesan bishops as she did to Bishop George Bell. She and Bell ran the diocese virtually single-handed as far as the office was concerned. When the bishop travelled up to London Benedicta travelled with him as far as Horsham and took notes from his dictation, which she then typed on an aged typewriter on the return journey from Horsham, where she had got off the London train to return to Chichester. Like many women of that ilk and generation she was given to understatement and would telephone from Chichester to Addis Ababa saying "Too tiresome! I can't come to Addis this week – just had my leg off. Come next year though".

We needed money so we made our way to the bank to get some birr. The place was heavily guarded and we were frisked before entering. Thence to the Abuna's office or Patriarchate where we met a great number of friendly lay secretaries who arranged for an audience with His Holiness for next week. Father Philip bought an exotic priestly umbrella in bright green and glittering gold lame, so services at St Mark's, Teddington, could be on an even steeper up-turn.

16th January – Mass at 7.30 a.m. having been wakened from a very deep sleep by a sort of Angelus bell ringing from the nearby Patriarchal Cathedral of Haile Selassie i.e. Holy Trinity. After a breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast and wonderful honey, we put on our cassocks and made our way to the cathedral for the patronal festival. The Ethiopians spend a great deal of their waking hours in church or outside it and they seem to keep several festivals once a month. On top of the festival a wedding was taking place, and this out-of-doors, as well as the main service at which the Patriarch or Abuna presided. Next to the bridegroom stood a large water buffalo. I presumed it was the equivalent of the fatted calf and that its hours were numbered once the wedding breakfast was under way. The wedding couple were weighed down with very heavy solid silver crowns. There were hordes upon hordes of people in the piazza in front of the cathedral, mostly male and under twenty. There was a procession of the tabots or ten commandments carried under splendid tablecloths on the heads of the younger priests. As the procession circled the cathedral three times a group of teen-aged boys and young men did a very energetic jig in front of the tabots and then the younger priests swathed in spotless white sari-like robes and white turbans began the very stately priestly dance, a sort of "Here we come gathering nuts in May" accompanying themselves on silver rattles and drums and dancing to and fro with their silver-topped staves with extraordinary dignity. Father Waldemariam had shown me the steps of this dance many years ago when I was an assistant curate in Shepherd's Bush and he was at the Collegio Etiopico in the Vatican City, but then his had been a solo performance.

Despite the fact that a private audience had been arranged with the Abuna Salama or Father of Peace for next week, we were presented to him. He is young as Patriarchs go and was dressed entirely in white with a white crown which could have come from one of the Greek Orthodox ecclesiastical boutiques in the Athens Plaka. He was surrounded by a large number of bishops who wore silk turbans in various colours, with a row of priests and deacons behind them in crowns, buttercup yellow or scarlet cassocks and with very well-cut circular cloaks like the sort the late Emperor wore. They seem unique to Ethiopia and are worn by the nobility and the clergy for the most part. The Abuna was an object of great veneration and whenever there was a lull in the splendid ceremonies a child, youth or old woman would go up to his throne and prostrate themselves before him and kiss his hand cross, after which he would plunge a hand into his cassock pocket and rifle through it until he had produced a small cross as a present for the person venerating him. Small boys soon cottoned on to this free gift offer and were out of the crowd like a shot and up the steps. One rather precocious small boy with the face of an



Ethiopian icon incarnate had been dressed up as a sort of Little Lord Fauntleroy and was thus the object of almost as much attention as the Abuna, so it was not long before he had escaped from his Mamma's clutches to seat himself on the left of His Holiness.

Despite having the title "Father of Peace" the Abuna's reign has not been particularly peaceful. His Holiness has had shoes thrown at him and objects have even been thrown at the tabots in his presence. He was imprisoned for seven years when the Communists came to power and spent several years in exile in the United States, but there he secured a degree at Princeton University and now speaks five languages. Despite a Western education the Abuna is entirely Ethiopian and traditionalist in his outlook. Abuna Paulos succeeded the previous Patriarch who had also been imprisoned by the Dergue (Junta) which he had displeased by receiving a national flag blessed in the Ethiopian Cathedral in Jerusalem.

On his visit to the Ethiopian cathedral in Down Street, Mayfair, the Abuna had been attacked physically by Ethiopians because he was a Tigrean, and had been somewhat annoyed that the Metropolitan Police had not been able to protect him adequately, but seeing the enthusiasm of the service that morning one could not help having certain sympathy with the British bobby, who, perhaps, could not distinguish grievous bodily harm from un-anglican liturgical practice. The Abuna had been verbally attacked recently by a hermit who had had visions of the Blessed Virgin Mary over this cathedral. Local gossip had it that an Ethiopian man "who was a sinner" had taken his young son to see the vision but had confirmed that the child had not seen the Holy Virgin, thereby casting doubts on the hermit's veracity. Nevertheless the hermit-visionary had been spoiling for a row. Stories like this abound all over Ethiopia as they must have done in colourful but vanished merry mediaeval England. Christianity in Ethiopia is still exciting, dramatic, dynamic and fun. Priests and Deacons abound everywhere and hermits and holy men and holy women are thick on the ground. In this "God's Land" one is never very far from a clergyman. When troubles occur the Ethiopian will say "We are protected, we have the Ark of the Covenant".

We were treated with great courtesy and friendliness and were given seats on the predella opposite the Greek Archbishop and other foreign prelates and clergy, including our friend from Bermuda and the Barbadian bishop. The Master of Ceremonies was a tall man dressed in lay attire which consisted of a sage green suit and one of those elegant circular cloaks which matched. He was thoroughly enjoying himself and would tick the clergy off very good humouredly for not being in the right place, a difficult task as it was obvious that neither Dr Adrian Fortescue nor Father O'Connell had played any part in the ceremonial directions of the Church of Ethiopia. He had the air of a Yorkshire verger in an Anglican cathedral and a ring master in a circus. As the ceremonial heated up and the drums throbbed louder and the young men wriggled more vigorously the Master of Ceremonies suddenly produced a large bottle of perfume from under his sage cloak and began to squirt this as liberally as the woman in the house of Simon the leper over the native and visiting clergy. It was

my first experience of personal freshness being done, as it were, liturgically, and I remarked to Father Philip Warner that we should all smell like the barber's cat, but he thought the scent was not after shave location, but sultry and feminine and that we would go away reeking like a bad girl's bedroom. The congregation who got a splash of this scent were highly delighted and rushed to get another squirt. One was left wondering whether this happened at all Patriarchal services or whether this was a little bit of generosity on the part of this jolly fellow. When the ceremonies showed signs of subsiding His Holiness moved from his throne to enter the cathedral. At once a crowd of young men rushed to kiss the ground where his feet had stood. They did not look at all "churchy" types, but more like the youngsters who turn up at Highbury for an Arsenal at home match.

We visited the large cathedral where a former transport minister acted as our guide and showed us the tomb of the late Empress and that intended for the late Emperor Haile Selassie, which is empty as His Imperial Majesty's body is said to be in the Emperor Menelik's mausoleum.

We discovered that Ethiopians call all other inhabitants of the vast continent "Africans" as distinct from Ethiopians. When a Nigerian and Sudanese arrived at the rectory gate in a Mercedes the Ethiopian maid announced "There are Africans at the door", as though Ethiopia were not part of that continent, rather in the way that the English talk about "Europeans" as though we were non-Europeans! Protestants, such as the Pentecostals, are known as "Enemies of Mary". When asked by an Ethiopian "Are you a Christian?" he means: 'Do you fast on Wednesdays and Fridays?'. Members of the Prayer Book Society who obey that book's rules, rather than those of modern Rome, will be in good company as the Prayer Book enjoins such practices.

17th January - To the airport for a domestic flight. Whereas the international flight area is serene, here is chaos as people struggle with enormous amounts of baggage. We eventually board a tiny aeroplane which seats eighteen passengers and at 8.10 a.m. take off for Gondar. The flight was not at all bumpy as the morning was still cool and there were no beastly thermals to buffet the aircraft. We had magnificent views of tiny hamlets and thatched churches surrounded by trees. Royal Palaces and churches seem to be allowed to have trees growing around them, whereas there are not many trees elsewhere. Mountains like huge tables or the Palace of the Dalai Lama in Lhasa sail below us as we saunter through the skies. We fly over colossal gorges and all signs of human life have disappeared, but appear again when we have crossed deep ravines some ten minutes later.

I notice that there are thirteen of us in the cabin, so for reasons of superstition we had better count the pilot, co-pilot (if there is one) and the air steward. The steward is obviously what Ethiopians and the Book of Common Prayer mean by a Christian as being a Wednesday he distributes fish paste sandwiches. Below us are more churches with green or red domes set in their green copses. We landed at Debra Marcos with a dull thump in a very rough meadow having flown in low over the edge of a cliff. We take on board a passenger and within



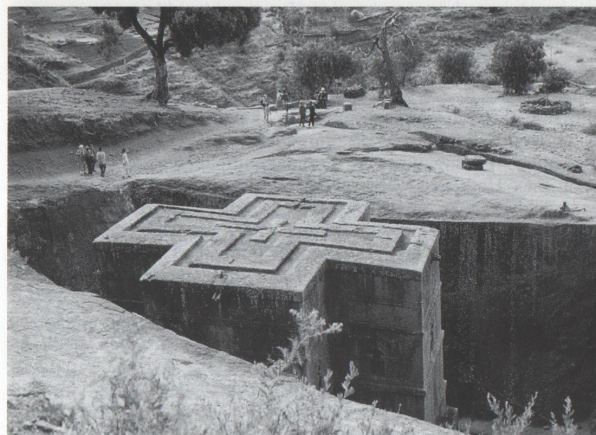
five minutes we are thundering with mighty bumps across the meadow and into the air thanks to the miracle of thermo-dynamics and the admirable skill of the young pilot. We keep down our fish paste sandwiches and are soon distracted by stupendous views. We crossed well ordered farm land and larger villages with their circular churches. Nothing had prepared us for the vista of Lake Tana and the Blue Nile falling out of it. It took us over twenty minutes to cross the lake, but flying so low we had the advantage of seeing it at much closer hand than had we flown at 30,000 feet in an airliner. We put down on a dirt track at Gondar which had the remains of a previous flight splattered across the edge of the runway, a burnt out aeroplane a twin to our own – pour encourager les autres, no doubt.

Father Charles Sherlock of the Scottish Episcopal Church working here for a time on developing local crafts, in this case pottery, met us at the airport. We had just started on our journey into Gondar when the back right hand tyre on our Land Rover burst just alongside the former Italian barracks, which now house the Ethiopian army. A crowd of curious and amused urchins gathered around us using the vocative case "You! Carameli, pens, birr".

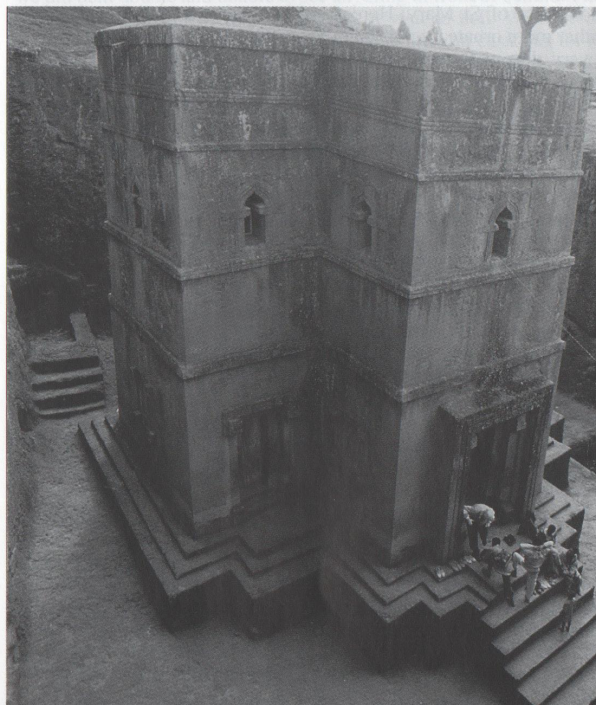
After an interesting drive through a busy market we arrived at the hotel Fogara, which complex had formerly been the headquarters of the Italian Commandant of Gondar. The grounds were colourful with bougainvillea, poinsettias and various other flowering trees native to Ethiopia. In the branches coloured birds and buzzards scrabbled about. We were housed in thatched chalets, but water and electricity were in short supply. In the evenings the four of us sat like characters out of a Somerset Maugham novel set in the colonies and sipped gins and tonics, or, when we had run out of tonics, a delectable but lethal concoction thought up by Father Anthony. We mused over the Ethiopian Church. Was it originally an off-shoot of very ancient pre-Islamic Christianity – Yemeni (there is an island off Yemen, which until 150 years ago was almost entirely Christian, but had been conquered by Moslems); or Sudanese or the vanished and almost pre-Coptic Church of Nubia and therefore a surviving example of what very early Christianity must have been like, before the Hellenists and Romans got their hands on it. What a field day Dom Gregory Dix would have had with its Jewishness. Even the word for priest in Amharic is Cohen, or almost!

We had flown over an area near Lake Tana where there is said to be a remote but large community which is based on a monastery and is Adoptionist. It is not under the jurisdiction of any bishop. The Adoptionists were very early heretics and believed that Christ was adopted as the Divine Son by the Father at His Baptism by John the Baptist, so they will in all probability be greatly looking forward to the approaching feast of Timkat or Epiphany.

It is said that the Ethiopian Orthodox Church has now several more bishops and like the Church of England is becoming prelatial and Vaticanized, with priests who have been good at central Church administration, but with no particular pastoral gifts, being appointed to bishoprics as a reward or prize irrespective of their care for the well-being of their fellow clergy. This would be a great tragedy were



*Monolithic church, Lalibela*





it to happen throughout Ethiopia where the bishops live simply and are totally integrated with their flocks.

The first church we visited in Gondar was again Haile Selassie (Holy Trinity). It was free of Latin or Greek kitsch paper icons and had some quite remarkable native icons on the roof and screen. The church was an oblong building, but in the churchyard could be seen the foundations running under the present church indicating it had been a round one. Here I gave the abbot and his monks some Christmas cards, which were, for the most part, Anglican kitsch. I hoped they would not adorn the unspoilt church with them when we had gone! Even the sight of Nativity scenes had not provoked an inquiry into the Two Natures. Our next port of call was the campus containing the delightful castles of the former kings all now in ruins, but "ripe for development" as our house agents would say. Many of the roofs have survived and they could be made habitable as they are small by western standards of kings' houses. We took a taxi to the outdoor baths, which are filling for Timkat, when the clergy and the laity will plunge in as part of the commemoration of Our Lord's Baptism. I now realize why water is in short supply at the hotel – it is largely diverted to these huge baths.

In a taxi and up an unmade track covered in dust to the church and monastery of St Mary. Here there is another ruined Royal palace, rather more ornate than those in town. This one had been the home of a very devout Empress and was where, in the 18th century, James Bruce, the Scottish traveller, had stayed. We were shown the bones of the Empress and that of her Emperor son and grandson. These had been buried under the floor until they had been exhumed on the orders of Emperor Haile Selassie and placed in 1965 in glass-topped coffins. Up a winding staircase was a small gazebo from which the Empress could pray during the liturgy. A young theological student showed us round and we gave him the equivalent of twenty pounds to buy books for his studies. This we discovered was equal to two months average wage. He told us he washed his only set of clothes in the local river. Despite his poverty this eighteen year old youth spoke excellent English and we felt our money was well cast on the waters ecumenically. The Abuna is a firm believer in economic ecumenism. I gave a birr note to an aged monk and when he came to shake my hand I discovered his had been almost entirely eaten away by leprosy, still prevalent in this part of Ethiopia. The abbot was a very young man and showed us his one-roomed cell below the floors of which he said were buried both his father and mother. As life and death are in close proximity in Ethiopia he seemed perfectly happy living over his parents' grave.

Drove to the airport, where there was a great palaver as I had to pass through the electronic check point five times. Boarded the 18-seater 'plane, but had to get off immediately as the right-hand propeller wouldn't turn properly. A man got a screwdriver and tightened something up and we all got back on again and took off. Thermals hit the aircraft and we quivered in the air, dropped and hurtled back up again as we were flying in the heat of the day. We flew over enormous mountains of astonishing shapes and imponderable sizes and after 45

minutes of knuckle-whitening flight we thumped down into a mown hay field and swivelled to a halt in Lalibela. A 'bus took us to the Hotel Rahar, where we were told we had not been booked in, despite the hotel in Addis sending a signal that we were on our way and had booked rooms. No rooms were available. We drove on to the Seven Olives, where after a long discussion and the production of the Abuna's letter we were eventually accommodated in chalets in the midst of white roses and arum lilies. Having settled in we called on the young bishop of Lalibela, Abba Haile Jesus (Holy Jesus), who lived in a tiny chalet across the yard from the hotel. His accommodation consisted of a small living-room or office and a bedroom with a mattress on the floor. Following the discussion in England about the life-style of our bishops and their salaries one could not help reflecting that here was a man with a huge Christian following, with 500 hundred priests in Lalibela alone, and yet he managed his diocese from a tiny bungalow with no modern conveniences whatsoever. We gave the bishop a coffee table book of pictures on the Nativity by various artists and he asked us to join him at the Timkat celebrations tomorrow.

19th January: Early in the morning we visited the monolithic churches and were invited to pass through a pitch black tunnel, which foolishly we did bent double and unable to see anything in front or behind. I had a mind to turn back it was so like a visit to hell. We survived the ordeal and returned to the hotel to change into our cassocks for the meeting with the bishop and the procession. We walked down the steep hill to the main monolithic church and with much blowing of trumpets and bugles the arks were borne out on the heads of the younger priests. Here we managed to get ourselves on British television for about forty seconds before getting caught up in the immense procession amidst priests in extremely glittery vestments for the most part, but with some in lovely old silver embroidered capes, and all crowned either in ancient brass or silver crowns of tremendous weight, others wore silk brocade crowns, which had the advantage of being lighter. We marched for ages in ever thickening clouds of dust and were joined on our descent to a huge meadow by further processions coming in from other churches with their priests bearing the tabots or ark replicas. When we reached the end of the meadow the arks were all placed in a marquee and we adjourned with the bishop to a smaller tent and were invited to drink Ethiopian beer, which looked like coffee and tasted rather smoky and had seeds floating in it. A collection was taken in a liturgical umbrella at the close of the ceremonies, but it was a disappointing return from the Western paparazzi who obviously had enjoyed the spectacle, but expected someone else to pay for it all. We heard from a white Kenyan young woman that there had been a bomb blast at the hotel in Addis where we were to attend the conference of the Oriental (i.e. Non-Chalcedonian) Churches. Two people had been killed and several injured. Sudanese Islamic Fundamentalists were thought to be responsible. We managed to scrounge a lift back up the steep hill to our hotel and were invited by one of our guides to take coffee with his family in a tiny house across the square. This we did in an almost pitch dark kitchen as the lights do not go on until 9 p.m. During our coffee





*Monks and priests emerge from the rocks for Timkat, Lalibela*



*A priest near Lalibela on his way to Timkat*



*A priest in Lalibela blows a bugle to signal the start of Timkat, Lalibela*



*A young priest in an antique silver crown*



break a terrific thunderstorm suddenly broke and rain tormented down, so violently that a large cow sought refuge in the parlour of the house opposite and had great difficulty in backing out. We had to leave in the middle of this tropical storm and arrived at the hotel literally drenched to the skin. Having no further dry clothes I had to wear pyjamas to dinner.

20 January: Immediately after breakfast we hired mules and muleteers and set off up hill and down dale looking like the four Wise Men and the cynosure of every eye, to a remote monastery, passing on our way a thatched shack on which, with typical Ethiopian humour the proprietor had written "Queen of Sheba Tea Rooms". The monastery was set under a huge cliff, and water, regarded as sacred, dripped into stone troughs in the nave of the church. We were asked if we wished to climb through the secret tunnel that led to the top of the cliff, but having experienced the dark hole in Lalibela I showed no enthusiasm for this excursion. Small coloured birds flitted around the courtyard and grinning monks with perfect white teeth showed us their manuscripts and other treasures, whilst one dressed in scarlet and a snow-white turban accompanied us up the hill, where a group of villagers sat under a tree mourning a dead relative. The monk got up speed and disappeared over the hills to join in the Timkat celebrations in a far-off village, which we could see in the valley encircled by a grove of trees. As we rode back on our mules we disturbed a field full of monkeys, who scampered away over the hill and then gazed at us rather crossly until we disappeared.

21 January: Paid the bill, £75 each for three nights full board. Then to the corrugated hut which is the airport. A boy brought us coffee from across a field. We sat on our suitcases pondering the airstrip which consists of soil and rather loose stones. The flight is up and down and French ladies giggle with fear, whilst the Anglican clergy discuss the differentials in stipends between the Church of England and the Scottish Episcopal Church, anything to take one's mind off the buffeting plane and the enormous mountains, where one contemplated we would never be found for months, even if we survived a crash. We did survive and landed safely on gravel and soil at the airstrip at Axum. To Axum hotel by Land Rover. This was once the best hotel in town and has more atmosphere than the more sanitized establishments nearby. We settled into chalets surrounded by jacarandas and the ubiquitous coloured birds, unpacked and then made our way to the stellae, some of the largest columns in existence. An inscription in cement tells the visitor that one of the stellae has been removed to Rome, but we later heard it is to be returned by the Italian government. Dined with Stephen and Pippa Sandford, an English couple who live in Axum and who have done much for the local inhabitants, both here and in Addis itself.

22 January: To the office of the Abbot of St Mary of Sion, where we haggled good humouredly over the price of admission, whilst he looked at us with huge peaceful eyes and tremendous dignity, wrapped in a yellow cloak and turbaned. He had all the time in the world at his disposal so a compromise was reached in his favour as we felt rather vulgar quibbling with such a dignitary. We went across the

courtyard to see the large, but unfinished church opened in 1965 by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Work was stopped on it during the Communist period, but has resumed again. It is slightly reminiscent of Hagia Sophia in Constantinople and the late Emperor Haile Selassie thought he was the second Justinian by building it. It contains an altar donated by the Patriarch of Moscow and the acoustics are astonishing, but the old church of Our Lady of Zion is much more interesting and work there has begun on restoring the wall paintings. We met a monk who lectured at the seminary in Addis and who had studied in St Petersburg. He took us to see the Keeper of the Ark of the Covenant, said to have been brought to Axum from Jerusalem by King Menelik the son of the Queen of Sheba by King Solomon. The Keeper, a jolly middle-aged peasant monk, has the job for life and leads a very lonely existence, apart from the aged and short-sighted aristocrat monk, who with centuries of noble in-breeding on his wise and holy old face keeps him company, together with two somewhat giggly young teenage deacons. I gave him a collection of English teas – Darjeeling, English Breakfast, Earl Grey, etc. with which to while away the lonely hot afternoons, and some sweets and Christmas cards for the boys, who, as all over Ethiopia, were absolutely delighted with Christmas cards.

In a Land Rover to Yeha. We passed through astonishing mountains and bumped violently across rough tracks to see a 500 B.C. temple dedicated to no one seems to know whom or what. At the local church women were leaning their heads against the walls in prayer. In the distance there was a mountain perfectly shaped like a crouching lion.

Entertained Stephen and Pippa Sandford to dinner at our hotel. Packed.

23 January: Boarded 60-seater turbo jet at 9.32 a.m. Landed in Megele for a short time then off again to Addis, where we were met by Zacharias from the vicarage. Lunch with Fr Huw Thomas. Drove in the afternoon to Sebeta to see the convent from which Sister Atsede Behele came to the St Mary at the Cross Anglican convent at Edware. The young, serene and dignified Prioress showed us the convent of seventy nuns and the orphanage for girls, the girls' school and the Junior Mixed Infant school and the orchards where lemons, figs and oranges were ripening in the sun. There are 256 orphan girls. The main building at the centre of the campus is the summer palace of the late Empress, who, having recovered from an illness, bequeathed the building and its wooded grounds to the sisters. A large photograph of Her Imperial Majesty and photographs of the Abunas and Patriarchs adorned the parlour walls. We were taken to see the newly built children's church, which was full of Italian and Greek kitsch, but delightful for children as it was so colourful; no Children's Corner here, but a full blown church. A final visit to the beehives made of huge logs and to the older nuns making supper on the lawn, a buying spree in the shop, refreshing tea and popcorns with the Prioress, some photographs to show Sister Atsede back in London and off back to Addis for Evensong.

24 January: Bought some photographs of the late Emperor then after lunch to the Bethlehem Sisters, Roman Catholic nuns, who run a





*Some of the hundreds of young priests assembled for Timkat*



*The Timkat procession, Lalibela*

home for "Fallen Women" and their children and orphans. A pleasant place set in lovely gardens and with a well-stocked shop. We bought some table cloths and napkins and then drove up to the old capital Toto. Here on the summit is a museum with some fine icons, vestments and royal regalia. Dark clouds threatened a storm, so we did not linger long, but drove home for an evening Eucharist and supper.

25 January: By car to Debra Zayd stopping on the way at the zoological gardens, where the monkeys were rather fierce. Then lunch overlooking a lake and with monkeys coming to peep at us. Down the hill to the market, which was totally mediaeval. Having seen a goat being born, bought incense and wandered around we were taken to see two women in a dark hovel who were busy brewing something which tasted like smokey saki. A great intake of breath through the teeth greeted us when we told them we were Anglican. We later discovered that this was a sign of relief as they had imagined we were Pentecostalists from the chapel up the hill, who would have disapproved of their brewing industry and perhaps tried to have closed the Misses Whitbread down.

Back to Addis by 3 pm to change into cassocks and then to the audience with His Holiness and Father of Peace the Patriarch Pawlos. He received us with great warmth at 4 p.m. and talked of the tribalism of Africa and Europe, a tribalism, which the Christians had done little to break down, but had, on the contrary encouraged. An example of this tribalism is that the Presbyterians in Addis from the Sudan will worship in the Anglican church, but not with the Anglican Sudanese as they belong to a different tribe.

Although the Patriarch had had a rather rough time in the Ethiopian Cathedral in London, he nevertheless looked forward to his next visit to the United Kingdom. We asked if we might take photographs and he replied that he would have been surprised if we had not asked. He then reminded us of the Oriental Churches' Conference and Fr Huw promised to attend the plenary session the next day, but we had to leave tomorrow.

Back for tea and Evensong and a fitting of the cassock that Sister Askale from the Sebeta convent had quickly made for me. I was actually fitted for it in the street on the way to the vicarage car! It fitted perfectly, but she insisted on sewing on some more buttons and took it away promising to return it before we left for the airport.

We went to a native restaurant for our last night in Addis and for two pounds per head wine and dined magnificently surrounded by ecclesiastical objects d'art – thuribles, hand crosses, croziers and crowns, scooping our food up with the sponge bread "tablecloth". Slept well.

26 January: Sister arrived with my cassock. Breakfasted with Fr Huw. Thanked the staff and gave them presents and then bade farewell to Fr Huw who was off to the Oriental Churches conference and then driven by Zacharias we left for the airport, but had to wait for the procession of cars to the German embassy to pass as the German Chancellor was here on a State Visit. Whisked through Customs this time and met Pippa Sandford on her way to Oxford and Fr Charles Sherlock



returning to Scotland and Professor Richard Pankhurst, the great authority on Ethiopia, on his way to Switzerland. We were soon in the air. The flight was comfortable and the service excellent on Ethiopian Airlines. The airliner was a bit too warm, but we discovered on landing at Frankfurt that the temperature was minus 6 celsius at 5.15 p.m. Heathrow was equally icy with snow and the same temperature as Frankfurt. Ethiopia's warm climate and warm people seemed a long way off and it was difficult to recollect that we had left it only early that morning, with unforgettable memories of that great Christian country "God's Own Land", and, looking back, amazed that Father Philip Warner had made everything run so smoothly and without a hitch.

### THE 1995 PILGRIMAGE: AN ORTHODOX ACCOUNT

Back in 1984 I wrote an appreciation of our Pilgrimage to Serbia and in 1989 of that to Ireland; this year from the outset for me everything was different, a real breaking of the mould as we were destined a second year running for an 'away' Pilgrimage in this journey to Constantinople and Cappadocia. Of special personal significance for me after 32 years as an Anglican priest in that earlier this year I was received into the Holy Orthodox Church, and now given the chance to visit the Phanar, home of the Œcumenical Patriarch His All Holiness Vartholomaeos Archbishop of Constantinople, the New Rome. Also a long-awaited opportunity to see a great deal of the restoration work undertaken by my late father Ernest Hawkins O.B.E. F.S.A. with the Byzantine Institute and Dumbarton Oaks. In particular the mosaics and frescos remaining in Hagia Sophia and the Chora, to which he devoted some 40 years of his working life. All expectations have been fulfilled and complemented by the second part of our journey to Cappadocia.

Appropriately we gathered on the Feast of the Holy Apostle St Philip of the Seventy, one of the Seven Deacons, at Heathrow's Terminal 3, to check in with Fr Philip Warner to whom we all owe an immense debt of gratitude for his planning of this very special 14th Pilgrimage for the A.E.C.A. And how good it was to meet such a sizable contingent from the Serbian Orthodox church to bolster our otherwise modest Orthodox representation.

Our first impression of Turkey was dominated by glimpses of the floodlit Sultan Ahmet Mosque as our coach made its way not without difficulty through the narrow back-streets of the one-way system to the Ferhat Hotel, situated just above the Hippodrome. The sounds of the Muezzin's calls to prayer combined with those of Turkish hotel plumbing gave an added meaning to the petition in that first evening's prayers "that the evening and night might be undisturbed".

Our time in Constantinople and Cappadocia was well divided between visits to most of the remaining Byzantine Churches, the main Mosques and secular sites of historical and commercial importance.

Hagia Sophia, Constantine and Justinian's great Church of the Holy Wisdom holds a special interest for me as I have already indicated.

Professor Thomas Whittemore of the Byzantine Institute managed in 1934 somehow to persuade President Ataturk to secularise the building from its then use as a mosque, to be rescheduled as a museum. It was for its first 1,000 years until 1453 the greatest church in Christendom. There are those like Osbert Lancaster who felt this change to be the kiss of death, saying "Better the House of God to fall into the hands of the infidel than into the custody of the Office of Works". But then we should never have seen again the superb mosaics such as the astonishingly life-like Christ Pantocrator in the Deesis in the south gallery, or the monumental Mother of God in the eastern apse in which to echo Professor Whittemore "You do not see the figure of Christ – You react to Him: nor do you look at the Virgin – She looks at you." This truly amazing building with for a thousand years the largest Dome in the world; so large yet strangely lacking in atmosphere, albeit an architectural triumph and with so few mosaics remaining, it provided as nowhere else could possibly have done, the real starting place for our pilgrimage to New Rome, holding in a strange juxtaposition the sacred and the secular as shown in particular by the Christ Pantocrator seated between the infamous Empress Zoe and her third Imperial husband.

Our visit that same afternoon to the Church of the Monastery of the Chora now known as the Kariye Camii was beyond any doubt the aesthetic highlight of Istanbul. There in the main body of the church interest is confined to the ravishingly beautiful mosaic of the Dormition of the Mother of God, and the exquisite marble revetments, the dome having in the long-distant past collapsed and been rebuilt. Our group then almost disgraced itself by bursting into holy song, but fortunately without the repercussions caused by the late Pope Paul VI when he knelt to say the Hail Mary in Hagia Sophia. So quietly on to enjoy the magnificent frescos of the parekklesion or funerary chapel, dominated by the breathtaking Anastasis – Christ shattering the gates of hell and rescuing Adam and Eve, beloved by the Orthodox as the Icon of the Resurrection; an event equally beautifully described in words in the 4th century Gospel of Nicodemus or Acts of Pilate. The inner and outer narthex of this church contain the priceless mosaic schemes of scenes from the life of the Mother of God, mainly recorded in the Apocryphal New Testament, and from the life of Christ respectively, some 50 superb gems of Byzantine mosaic art. The Mosaics themselves are laid in lime plaster on which a cartoon was laid in fresco mostly in the colours of the stone and glass to be used. Tesserae of glass, marble, stone, terra cotta, with metallics being formed by fusing gold or white metal leaf over glass to produce a highly reflective and durable surface, with a colour range of some seventy shades of materials being used in all. Their restoration was begun in 1947 and completed in 1958.

A visit to the Greek Cemetery Church brought its own rewards, with the Holy Well by which a monk was sitting frying fish, when he was told of the fall of Constantinople: news, which he disbelieved as impossible, until, that is, he was put in his place by the fish which leapt out of the pan into the pool, to remain black on their cooked side while remaining white on the other side. Such fish were more than compensated for by the arrival overhead of a group of technicoloured



Bee-eaters which flew across the courtyard displaying a brilliance sufficient to match the jewel-like mosaics of the Chora.

Another secular monument visited at this point was the Golden Gate, set inside the Fortress of the Seven Towers, where we gained an excellent close-up view of that interesting section of the famous city walls.

Our day came to a fitting end for October 12th with a brief stop at the one time home of St Simeon the New Theologian whose day it was; as we viewed the picturesque remains of the oldest surviving church in the city, and the only basilica, of the Monastery of St John Studion – once the power centre of opposition to iconoclasm – founded in 463 A.D. to house a thousand monks who by working in shifts, maintained a continuous celebration of the Divine Liturgy by day and night. Here Fr Ephrem gave us one of a series of readings from the Fathers to our edification and amusement.

Friday began with the high point of the pilgrimage as we drove to the Phanar, the residence of His All Holiness Bartholemew. After prayers in the Patriarchal Church Bishop Michael led us up to the Hall of the Throne where we were graciously received by His All Holiness: after short speeches gifts were exchanged, Bishop Michael presenting the Patriarch with a pair of paperweights containing the Chichester medallion of the Mother of God and the other a replica of the Marc Chagall window from Chichester Cathedral depicting from Psalm 150 Praise God in His holiness, which seemed all the more appropriate as Psalm 150 was the final psalm to be chanted in the Kathismata for Mattins on a Friday in the Orthodox Church. Then my turn soon came to deliver the reply from my home Orthodox Parish to the greeting from the Patriarch sent to mark the 30th anniversary of the founding of the church and community of St Nicholas in Southampton on the previous Sunday. Each pilgrim was then given a memento of the audience in the form of an Icon card of the Mother of God, from a mosaic in Hagia Sophia which my father had restored, also a picture of the Patriarch.

Although unable to greet the Armenian Patriarch we visited his Church which was notable in retaining the ancient west end division for catechumens, and the absence of any iconostasis. The altar set in an apse and two side altars reminded us of liturgical arrangements of a pre-Vatican II R.C. church; save for the presence of a curtain which could be drawn across each sanctuary space.

The following day began with a visit to the former church of St Sergius and St Bacchus, which predates Hagia Sophia, and although converted to a mosque, Islam has not succeeded in suppressing the original character of the building, which at one time while a church was used by those following the Latin rite; and almost certainly Pope Gregory the Great would have celebrated the liturgy there while Nuncio in Constantinople.

Worship for members of the pilgrimage which had so far included Anglican Eucharists and prayers at suitable sites, now extended to include Orthodox Vespers for which the new translation by Fr Ephrem was used, and at which it was my privilege to assist, and it was very

pleasing indeed to experience how easily it flowed in use; a first class part of our preparation for the Orthodox Liturgy at which the Patriarch was to preside the following morning in a down town Greek Church dedicated to the Dormition of the Mother of God. Unfortunately the timing of the Anglican service at the Crimean Church on the other side of the Bosphorus meant that only a few of us were able to stay for the entire Liturgy; an unusual experience came at the end of the service when the Patriarch invested a number of laymen with special honours – the ceremony being repeated in full for each recipient who was greeted again and again with the traditional shouts of 'Axios' 'Axios', ('He is worthy'.) The Liturgy finally concluded with the distribution of the Antidoron by His All Holiness in person.

We reassembled together for lunch in the former 'Kitchen for the Poor', being part of the complex of buildings associated with the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, memorable for its exquisite stained glass. Most of these special mosques which we visited, the Sultan Ahmet or Blue Mosque, Sokollu Mehmet Pasa Mosque of Serbian origin, and with its magnificently tiled interior, made a certain visual impact, but overall they seemed invariably to be soulless buildings. I should make mention at this point too of the disturbing effect we nearly all felt on our visit to the other monument of medieval moslem court life – the Harem at the Topkapi Palace – which could only be described in terms of a bizarre prison for all concerned, be they Crown Princes in their gilded cages, eunuchs, or ladies of the Court, all alike. It did nothing to recommend the social customs of that hideously oppressive and cruel segment of the Ottoman Empire.

The final 'Church' visited in Istanbul was in a way not much better, however eventful our approach to it seemed to be as the bus became firmly wedged in a tight turning due to a carelessly parked taxi. Unlike most of the churches of Constantinople the Pantocrator is nobly sited, until, that is, you get close to it and see the totally decayed buildings and streets which hem it in, inhabited only by Kurdish refugees: a totally unworthy setting for what in Imperial times was one of the most important religious foundations in the city. It comprises three churches linked by a single continuing narthex; two parts full of foul-smelling rubble, the third being a decayed almost deserted mosque; entry proved impossible in spite of the help offered in effecting entry by a legion of small street boys, who could themselves gain entry by somewhat dubious routes. The whole complex is scheduled for restoration as a museum: one only hopes it may actually happen before time takes any further toll.

On Monday we flew to Kayseri for the second leg of the Pilgrimage in Cappadocia. A visit to the last surviving Armenian church in central Turkey was a rather depressing experience as we learned of its single annual service for Holy Cross Day, for which people came from many miles. Prayers were said for the Supreme Catholicos of the Armenian Church by Fr John Salter.

On rising the following morning Orthodox morning prayers included Psalm 61 which did its level best to prepare me for what lay ahead;

"Lead thou me to the rock that is higher than I;  
For thou art my refuge a strong tower against the enemy."



So we entered the Goreme Valley with its abundance of incredible rock churches, up into which we scrambled to discover the extraordinary monastic complex for which we can thank St Basil, Bishop of Caesarea. The wall paintings here vary considerably in both quality and quantity. Almost without exception, unfortunately, they are seriously defaced and damaged, and frequently the graffiti make it difficult to identify the intended inscriptions, and some of the dedications are impossible to justify on the strength of the remaining evidence. Others go under local names – Church of the Apple – Church of the Buckle; the Apple however referring not to a fresco of Adam and Eve as one might expect, rather to a tree that used to grow near by, while the Buckle refers to a decorative architectural feature long since vanished from one of the arches. Torches were frequently essential for any sort of serious attempt at interpreting their exciting interiors.

The entire area is filled with ancient rock-hewn villages, groups of monastic hermitages in the valley of monks being commonly referred to as the Fairy Chimneys, from their appearance of being groups of giant fungi, sculptured from the volcanic rock.

After an excellent lunch and a visit to an Onyx factory workshop we journeyed to Uchisar and Ortahisar to ascend the heights of the defensive forts for the panoramic views they afforded of these unique landscapes. On descending from the latter we went further down with a local inhabitant to see 'his church', which we reached by way of narrow dusty streets, through an enclosed courtyard and a biblical style stable complete with a pair of cows (not daring to sing 'Away in a Manger' for fear of being branded Monophysite by Fr Ephrem)! We stumbled through the near darkness to emerge into an amazing church building deep in the rocks, and of unknown date or dedication, save that it was still in use until 1924 when the Greek population was moved out by the government (ethnic cleansing by any other name). There we did linger in wonder for a while to sing and pray, incredulous at the vast number of seemingly unrecorded ancient churches in this strange and fascinating country.

Worship that evening was once again Orthodox Vespers for St Luke and once again in Fr Ephrem's fine new translation.

Wednesday 18th took us first to the 11th century cave church of St Basil, where Hymns in praise of St Luke and the Mother of God were sung in front of the Icons in Slavonic and Greek. On to the Valley of Soganli with another host of rock churches including two which boasted external architectural features, but as one of these was known as the hidden church the features were not all that obvious. Here the paintings frequently included strange beasts and snakes and one carried a fine iconography of the last judgement. Many rocks here were adapted as pigeon lofts and many large flocks were in evidence. Indeed when I lingered behind at lunch time I was rewarded by the sight of a majestic pair of steppe eagles as they took their meal from the laggard from a frightened flock.

A visit to one of the great underground cities of the region did something to sap our enthusiasm for buildings carved out of the rock and that was without descending the full seven storeys of the weird metropolis.

Our final day in Cappadocia was occupied mainly with walking in the Valley of Ihlara where we dropped down into the canyon to follow the river which we criss-crossed to explore yet another series of rock churches which once again bore some unlikely local names: the church of Smells, the church under the Trees, with its lively fresco of the Magi wearing splendid tall pointed hats; but the one that mattered to me was the Church of Hyacinths with its full length icon of St Tryphon, from whom I took my orthodox name, although I have to confess that I was slow to identify him as he was holding neither a flower nor a bird of prey, as is usual in later icons of him; however Fr Ephrem was at hand to rescue me in pointing out the inscription.

And that in a way is where my pilgrimage finished, except for the fact that we did have to return home, first stopping en route for Ankara at the small town of Hacibektas where we might have been forgiven for saying "Not another mosque", and it is as well that we did not dismiss it, for to our immense pleasure and surprise here was a touch of Islam to which we could relate. This a shrine of the Dervish movement where we discovered something of the spiritual and charismatic side of Islam as comparisons were drawn between the Dervish spiritual discipline of continuous recitation of the name of God and the western Brother Lawrence or the Way of the Pilgrim continually saying the Jesus Prayer in the Orthodox tradition. And perhaps it was no mere coincidence that this moslem shrine was a Museum. Osbert Lancaster certainly got that one wrong!

Our poor tired bus which had showed several signs of wanting to give up the ghost during the pilgrimage, now on the last lap of our journey only a few miles outside Ankara eventually died on us, but at least managed to do so in dignity at a bus stop, so after a short wait for a relief bus we arrived at the most unusual modern Anglican church in the Embassy compound, looking for all the world like a snail, where we went in for spiritual sustenance from the Anglican Eucharist celebrated by Bishop Michael assisted by the Embassy Chaplain and a short address from Fr Ephrem who made me feel sure we had made a godly journey.

There is so very much more that could be said but perhaps two short lines of W.B. Yeats on the Glory of Constantinople sum up the Pilgrimage for me.

"Miracle, bird or golden handiwork  
More miracle than bird or handiwork."

Roger Tryphon Hawkins

## THE 1995 PILGRIMAGE: AN ANGLICAN ACCOUNT

The Association Pilgrimage in 1995 went to Turkey. We spent 5 days in Istanbul and 5 days in Cappadocia.

### *Istanbul*

Istanbul is a wonderful city, pleasant to walk around, full of life and excitement and friendly to tourists. But it is confusing not just in the lay out of its streets, but also in the racial diversity of its population



and the mixture of the glorious and the sinister in its history and buildings. It is beautiful but also untidy (though not spectacularly dirty), and great fun. The crowds and traffic jams, even in October, were still enormous.

Our hotel, conveniently situated just up the hill from the Hippodrome, gave us a simple but most acceptable service. It had a large well-furnished reception area (complete with a bar) which we used as a common room. There was a room on the ground floor furnished in the Turkish fashion with cushioned benches round the wall in which we were allowed to celebrate the Eucharist in the early morning. And in the evening could be heard the sound of our singers there, practising the anthem for Sunday.

Our guide, an excellent historian with fluent English, was aware of our Christian and Byzantine interests, and took us to some places rather off the usual tourist track.

One such tour took us by coach round the outside of the Theodosian land walls, which extend in an arc from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmara. They are a most impressive sight, though now mostly in ruins. In modern times a section of them has been repaired as a tourist attraction. We went past the burial grounds of both Greek and Armenian Christians (cemeteries were always outside city walls), and visited the little Greek Patriarchal Monastery, likewise outside the walls, of the Zoodochos Pege. This means "life receiving spring" not "life giving spring", whatever guide books may say. It was probably a fountain dedicated to Artemis in classical times, but on the advent of Christianity became sacred to the Blessed Virgin and was said to have received therapeutic powers from her. The shrine was often destroyed and the present building is 19th century, so it has a very modern air despite its antiquity. The local Turkish name is Church of the Fish because there have always been fish in the pool. The courtyard is paved with old tombstones in curious scripts, and a second inner courtyard is where the Ecumenical Patriarchs are buried in elaborate tombs. In a shrine at a lower level, down a flight of steps, and now enclosed in an inaccessible marble basin, is the spring itself, water to drink can be drawn from taps. There are still fish in the pool – goldfish.

At the southern end of the walls, near the Sea of Marmara is the Golden Gate, the main western gate to Europe, originally plated with gold. Here there is a juxtaposition of splendour and terror – the gate (of the usual three-arch Roman type) was built as a triumphal arch by Theodosius to celebrate his victory over the Goths, and the nearby fortress towers were used as a prison by the Byzantines and Ottomans.

Along the coast of the Sea of Marmara we visited three other churches; one still Christian, the cathedral of the Armenian Patriarch; one sadly in ruins and locked, the monastery of St John of Studios, and one now a mosque, the church of St Serge and St Bacchus dedicated to two soldier-martyrs of Justinian's army. This was not far from our hotel, and we walked to it through little streets of old wooden houses, catching glimpses of the Sea of Marmara from time to time. In fact, it became quite an exciting expedition. The building was locked, but relays of obliging young workmen set off at a run to find

the key-holder. He was an elderly anxious Moslem, much worried that these Western visitors would fail to remove their shoes. He had a small short-handled broom and carefully swept the carpet at the entrance while with hand and voice he urged us to conform to the Islamic custom. It is the most beautiful building, known as "the Little Hagia Sophia", because it was built by Justinian as a "trial run" for the big Hagia Sophia, but on a smaller scale, as he strove to solve the problem of building a dome on a square base. The impression given here is not of a long rectangular building, but of a circle within a square. Its attraction is not simply bare feet on the carpet, or the area so pleasingly free of chairs, but of a space that is united rather than divided by the columns that support the dome, giving visual delight by the geometric perfection of the proportions of its architecture. But the Little Hagia Sophia is not as regular as it looks. It is amiably squint. Since Mecca is south of east, the niche indicating its direction is to the right of the former site of the altar. The line of the platform, the stairs to the Moslem pulpit and the pattern of the carpet all run at an angle to the main axis. Perfection and full harmony of square and circle, and the buttressing required, were achieved much later (in 1557) in the Suleymani mosque, which we also visited. Like all mosques it seemed to be full of holiness and prayer, giving to the stranger, however, ill-informed and clumsy, the wish to join in praise.

The big Hagia Sophia, despite its antiquity, importance and beauty was in contrast dim and desolate within. There was scaffolding right up to the dome not just for redecoration but for the essential repairs which are constantly needed. The surviving mosaics are magnificent, but look sadly down on a museum. The Church of St Saviour in Chora, likewise built by Justinian is now also a museum. The area round it has been cleared and planted with trees. The Church itself is well kept, and though perhaps less interesting architecturally, it is most inspiring with its great array of mosaics and frescoes.

We are granted an audience at the Phanar by his All Holiness the Ecumenical Patriarch Bartholomew. He speaks English well and gave us a warm welcome. We saw him again on Sunday at one of the Greek parish churches where he presided at the Liturgy. I found I could understand very little, but was content to rest in Kyrie eleison. We had to leave early to reach the Crimean Memorial Church in time for the Anglican Eucharist; and having had time to reflect, I pulled together my very poor Greek, and filled with doubt (not liturgical, but grammatical – should I use the present indicative or the aorist subjunctive?) said to a member of the congregation "I am sorry because I must go now. We are leaving." Her reply was instant. She embraced me, speaking words of comfort, and I felt that we left with a blessing. When we joined the Anglican congregation and I heard the Latin anthem, the shouts of Turkish children at play outside, the midday call to prayer in Arabic from neighbouring minarets, and remembered the Patriarch himself presiding at the Greek liturgy, I wondered if time and place mattered very much.

#### *Cappadocia*

In Cappadocia we stayed at the village of Avanos south east of Ankara on the river Halys which was crossed in the 6th century BC by



Croesus, King of Lydia, to his discomfiture. Our crossing of the river was much happier since the bridge led to the Turkish Baths (another building based on a circle and a square). The hotel was excellent and we received every kindness. The comfortable lounge had easy chairs round low tables, just right for drinks or playing backgammon, but a little difficult to write postcards on. There was a private room covered with carpets on floor, sofas, tables and even walls, where we celebrated the Eucharist.

The Halys supplies clay for the local potteries. They have their traditional shapes and patterns, which go right back to Hittite times, as we saw in the museum at Ankara. Nearby is a carpet factory and a factory for making onyx ornaments. All these, and other locally made goods of all kinds were for sale everywhere at very variable prices on street stalls, brought out by women and children, who invited us to buy with enthusiastic cries of friendship as soon as they saw our coach arrive in their village.

I had imagined Cappadocia to be mountainous, bleak and blackly volcanic. And indeed, the high plain, extending for miles flat and treeless to the volcanoes that created it, looked hard and barren. But this was a false impression. It is a very fertile region, inhabited and farmed for thousands of years. The valleys of the modern villages, deep scored in the volcanic tufa are full of streams and poplars, vines and fruit trees, cattle and sheep. The older sites though no longer inhabited, are not at all forbidding. On the contrary they are village-like, domestic and almost cosy. It was easy to imagine a little garden, or a sheepdog lying on the threshold. In the evening the low sun brought out the pastel colours of the tufa – ochre, pink, green and blue showing the stratification. The deep criss-cross shadows made the rocks look like folded material, or the gathered pattern on a smock.

The tufa has been eroded into cones and other fantastic shapes, and is full of thousands of rock-houses of unknown antiquity and many hundreds of churches. Huge slabs of tufa have fallen from the cliffs and lie shattered on the valley floor, leaving interiors visible as if by bomb damage. We scrambled round through scree and deep dust, dangerously slippery though it sometimes was, to visit the cave dwellings and the churches. Sometimes they are high up, accessible through old passages or modern iron stairs. The churches were monastic centres, first founded by St Basil, Bishop of Caesarea in the 4th century. They are mostly very small, and the architectural design follows the Byzantine pattern with pillars, arches, dome, narthex and apse. The monks brought beauty too to their stone retreat. The wall paintings have survived astonishingly well, despite the wasting erosion, destruction by thieves and treasure seekers, and the hostility of invaders. The tread of tourists and even their breathing also contribute to decay. The paintings, dating from the 7th to 13th centuries, though faded and defaced, are still rich in colour, and show familiar scenes from the life and miracles of Christ, the angels and saints.

The farmers live in little houses that back onto the tufa, and they still use the old caves behind as extra rooms and for storage. We were invited to see one such house. We went through the front room and down a long passage cut through the rock, lit by electricity, and

entered a large cave containing the farmer's stores for the winter – fruit, vegetables and pickle jars. There were also two cows (fortunately very placid though curious) and a pile of hay. Pillars, architrave and arches, with a little decorative painting could be distinguished in the lamplight. I was just imagining that perhaps one of St Basil's monks had preached there of another cattleshed in Bethlehem, when I was faced by a much older, and unbroken, continuity. Homer tells us in the Iliad of the heroic age of Troy, and the exchange of gifts ("glorious gifts" he calls them) between host and guest. In that rock church, the Moslem farmer took an apple from his store, washed it under a tap, and presented it to me, round red and shining – a glorious gift indeed. I was sad that I had nothing to give him in return, except thanks.

Another extraordinary feature of Cappadocia is the underground cities. We visited one of the six that have been discovered. It is enormous. It is a series of caves joined by passages and steps, extending downwards for eight storeys or more and ventilated by air shafts. Archaeologists cannot say for certain who made them or when, or even where the excavated rubble, many tons of it, was dumped. It seems likely that they were used by villagers as a refuge from invaders, or by Christians at times of persecution. A round blocking-stone could be rolled across the low, narrow passages to seal the underground city from attack.

We crawled through these passages and visited the caves, now lit by electric lamps, and confidently identified by notices saying "missionary school", or "stable" or "baptistry". It was hard to believe that anyone could live there for long. The effect was claustrophobic. I was reminded of "King Solomon's Mines", and how the witch Gagool shut the stone door in the passage and immured the explorers inside the mountain.

Our final visit en route to Ankara and departure was to the village Hacibektas, named after the 13th century dervish and mystic who founded there a "seminary" for his followers. It is built round courtyards full of fountains, trees and flowers and contains the tomb of the founder. Though now a museum it still attracts considerable devotion. The "order" cared for the poor, and preached moderation, brotherhood and discipline. Its beauty and calm atmosphere are still and inspiration, and a tribute to the peaceful coexistence possible between Muslim and Christian.

Ursula Bickersteth

## **PANTOCRATOR ISTANBUL 15th OCTOBER 1995**

("Pantocrator" may be roughly translated as "The Lord of All".)

"Where do you live?"

What is your name?"

The child was charming, bright and oddly clean

Despite the bleakness of the dusty street.



Her so-called home a pile of rotting wood.  
 Smashed window, sagging floors, a tumbled roof.  
 Not fit for rats to live in, we should say.  
 Behind, the ancient church we came to see,  
 So splendid once, with beauty, light and life.  
 Imperial haunt, a sign of civic pride.  
 Its dedication, "to the Lord of All."  
 Abandoned now, dirty, dark and derelict  
 It sadly stands in terminal decay.  
 But now the beauty, light and life we sought  
 We found embodied in this dancing child  
 Who did not try to beg, but gave delight  
 In every friendly, smiling overture.  
 A Kurdish refugee, cast out by civic pride.  
 How could we answer, should the Lord of All  
 Confront us now, and gently ask of us  
 "How do you live  
 Who bear a Christian name?"

Betty Byrom

## A JOURNEY TO MOLDAVIA

*In September 1994, The Association's pilgrimage was to Romania, more especially the monasteries of Moldavia in the north east of the country. There we were graciously received by Metropolitan Daniel of Moldavia and Bukovina (c.f. the full report in the Winter 1994 issue of ECNL). On that occasion, Fr Anthony Welling had collected from his parish many pairs of spectacles, which he cleaned, sorted and packed. These were gratefully received by the monasteries and parishes for distribution amongst their people. Because we had flown to Romania, we were limited by our weight limit, so Fr Welling and Fr Philip Warner decided that in the summer of the following year they would drive to Moldavia with a larger amount of such simple aid.*

We had been told, and had seen from our previous visit, that even basic household goods were unobtainable in Romania, so we decided that articles such as basic medicine, disinfectant, toothpaste and brushes and dried milk would be appreciated. In addition, Fr Anthony had collected, again from the parish where he is on the staff, Holy Trinity in Cookham, a large amount of baby clothes. Together with a computer and our few personal items, even his large estate car was packed to the ceiling. In addition, we were taking a large amount of cash aid.

We crossed under the channel on the evening shuttle on Sunday, June 11th, and drove for two hours before stopping for the night. We had decided to drive to our destination without undue delay, so were very pleased to use the German autobahns to clock up over 600 miles on our first full day, staying the night just inside the Austrian border, on the banks of the Danube. The next day, stopping only to look at two of Austria's splendid baroque monasteries and to pick up a speeding fine, we skirted both Vienna and Budapest, and stayed in a simple

hotel in a village on the edge of the great Hungarian plain. In the heat of the day we drove the 100 miles or so to the Romanian border, and into another culture. The queues of traffic as one approaches the border are daunting, but we were waved past miles of parked lorries into the queue for private cars. Luckily we had taken the precaution of donning cassocks just before we reached the border, so that although the customs guards were displeased by our incomplete paper work, the old trick of a benign and slightly confused face coupled with a clerical collar worked.

The first town inside the border is Oradea, and as an introduction to Romanian roads it is a baptism of fire. We zigzagged round the deep potholes, and began our long drive through the Transylvanian hills into the Carpathian mountains. Fr Anthony's car really came into its own when overtaking slow lorries belching out noxious fumes, horse-drawn carts, avoiding all sorts of livestock and pedestrians, and generally overtaking on blind corners while going up hill. Our guardian angels worked overtime indeed. The scenery was spectacular, and as it was the time for cutting the grass, the fields were full of villagers wielding scythes and making hay stacks – scenes we no longer experience in Britain. We stayed one more night in a hotel, and had one more day's driving until, on Thursday evening, four and a half days and 2000 miles after beginning our drive, we arrived in Iasi (pronounced Yash), the ancient capital of Moldavia and the seat of Metropolitan Daniel, who was to be our host during our time in his archdiocese. Our first two nights were to be spent in the Theological Institute, which had originally been built for communist party officials, and so occupies a prime site in the middle of the city close to the Cathedral. The building now housed the seminary and a guest wing, where our pilgrimage had stayed in 1994. Here was gratefully received the bulk of the aid we had brought. The baby clothes to be distributed among church families, together with the medical and hygiene goods. Our contact here is Fr Daniel Sandu, the young director of the Institute who together with his wife, Kreena, and baby boy (also called Daniel, whose godfather is Metropolitan Daniel) live in a small flat within the building. For his work the computer had been donated by another member of the Association, and a pilgrim of 1994.

It was while we were in Iasi that the Romanian roads took their revenge on Fr Anthony's car, and a particularly nasty bump all but took off the gear box sump. The make of car's agent in Bucharest assured us that it would take three weeks for a spare part to reach us; local mechanics thought otherwise and mended it within an hour. We thanked our guardian angels that it had not happened on the open road.

Metropolitan Daniel invited us to a private supper on our second evening, and to him, for one of his church projects we gave the £500 we had brought. He told us that one of the problems with the country following the fall of the old regime was that the government now gave equal rights to all churches, including some dubious sects which set themselves up mostly with American money. All churches had embarked on ambitious church-building programmes, and many of the people, until so recently without faith, were being torn in different



directions. After dinner we drove to the monastery of Cetecuia to pay our respects to the abbot Metrophan, who had died the previous evening. In 1994 he had given us a warm welcome and entertained us lavishly. All but single handedly he had built up this monastery to become one of the most important in the area. As the long day came to an end, and storm clouds rose in the late evening sky, Metropolitan Daniel marked out in the precinct with his pastoral staff where the abbot's grave would be dug.

The next day, a Saturday, was our day to move on to Neamt, where we were to stay in another Seminary, and where our hospitality was organized by Fr Vasile. This remarkable priest disguised well his 70 plus years, and kept fit by cycling the five miles from the village where he and his wife lived, to be at the Seminary every morning by 6 o'clock, often not leaving until after 10 at night. He had worked for many years in Los Angeles, and he had donated the pension he had earned as a worker in an electrical factory towards the building of a large new church for the Seminary. As well as working with the seminarians, Fr Vasile also had the spiritual oversight of the local hospitals and the main parish church, which he was helping rebuild. On Sunday we attended his church where he conducted the four hours of the liturgy assisted only by one young server. After the service he introduced us to the congregation and told them the reason for our visit, after which they sang 'many years' to us, which was very humbling. The last of the baby clothes were distributed among the mothers of the children being treated in the paediatric hospital.

After a late lunch at the seminary we visited two of the sketes, or hermitages, attached to the monastery of Neamt. The advantage of having a car over a bus is that outlying monasteries were within our reach along the narrow, rutted, unsurfaced tracks. For two days Fr Vasile took us to several communities which we had not had time to visit the previous year, in all of which we were greeted with warmth and pressed to eat, whatever the time of day. Even during the fast of SS Peter and Paul, when meat was replaced by mushrooms, the plum brandy and the wine flowed freely. This was the relaxing part of our journey, but even now Fr Vasile kept us on the move, arranging visits, filling us in with local history, and introducing Fr Anthony as variously the Bishop, Archbishop and even as the Metropolitan of London. Despite his rapid preferment, I always remained his deacon!

Sadly, the time came when we had to commence our journey home. The car had long since been emptied of the provisions we had taken, and now it was time to refill it with plum brandy, wine and excellent honey. Our last two nights in Romania were spent in Baia Mares as guests of a parish priest, and from there we visited the extraordinary wooden churches of the region of Maramures, one of which is the tallest wooden structure in Europe.

We left Romania with heavy hearts, although our journey home would include time in Budapest and Prague, and scenic routes along three great rivers, the Danube, Rhine and Mosel. In our few days there we had renewed friendships made the previous year, established new ones, and seen again this country, so rich in natural resources, so blessed by faith, struggling away from the legacy of exploitation and

repression. We felt that while there were pastors of the calibre of Metropolitan Daniel and Fr Vasile, the flock of Christ would not go unfed nor undefended.

Philip Warner

## BELGRADE REVISITED

I was certainly surprised when I was rung up, just before Christmas, and asked if I would like to attend a symposium to be arranged in Belgrade by the British Council some time in March 1996; however I agreed without hesitation. The phone call came from a former student of mine, a Yugoslav who now has a senior post in the reference section of the British Library. I had spent a total of twelve years teaching English in two Yugoslav Universities: ten years (1956-66) in Novi Sad, a pleasant town on the Danube (now very actively twinned with Norwich), and the last two years (1966-68) in Belgrade. Even after I returned to England to work in the School of Slavonic and East European Studies in the University of London, I visited and kept in touch with friends and former colleagues, and also continued to work as a translator from Serbo-Croat. However, during the last ten years or so, contacts have gradually diminished; some old friends have died, and new interests and activities have claimed my time and energy. News of the recent political upheavals and ferocious fighting in "former Yugoslavia" left me sad and bewildered; I began to think that the years of my life that I had spent there were a chapter closed for ever. I knew that revisiting Belgrade under present circumstances would not be easy and would perhaps be painful; nevertheless I was glad of the opportunity to go.

Preparations for the journey were not without difficulty. It was only at the end of January that I learnt the exact dates of the symposium, and the subject on which I was expected to speak. Communication was by Fax, and broke down at a crucial point ... However, the problems were solved; and on Sunday, March 10 I was on my way to Heathrow Airport with my modest luggage packed, and an air ticket, visaed passport, and a paper on 'British Historians and Serbian History' in my flight bag.

When I arrived in Belgrade, my first impression was, how familiar everything looked; even the names of shops and restaurants in the centre of the town were the same, (though I understand that some of these have been privatised). The same lively crowds of young people on the streets, in spite of the cold March evening. Fortunately the sound of the language soon became familiar as well, and I was relieved to find that I could still speak it, though not with my former fluency.

The theme of the symposium was 'British Travellers in Serbia and Montenegro', organised jointly by the British Council and the Philosophical Faculty (equivalent to the Arts Faculty in Britain) and Belgrade University. My own contribution was somewhat marginal to this theme, but I had been asked to speak on a historical subject. Most



of the speakers were senior members of the English departments of the universities of Belgrade and Novi Sad; the four visitors were a British slavist from the University of Portsmouth (a specialist in medieval Slavonic manuscripts), my former student now working in the British Library, the South African-born novelist Christopher Hope, and myself. The standard of the papers (delivered in English) was high; I was particularly impressed by a brilliant analysis of Rebecca West's *Black Lamb, Gray Falcon* (first published in 1942), and by Christopher Hope's witty and perceptive account of his visits to some of the medieval Serbian monasteries where I had worked on medieval manuscripts many years ago. But by far the strongest impression to me was the enthusiasm generated by the fact that the symposium had actually taken place, and that visitors from Britain had participated in it. I was amazed, and moved, by the warm welcome I personally received, both from people who had known me earlier and from those whom I met for the first time.

I think that this was at least partly due to the effects of the recent traumatic events in "former Yugoslavia". Belgrade and its surrounding area have not been directly affected by the fighting, and material conditions appeared to be tolerable, though I gathered that 1993 had been a time of real hardship for just about everybody. Underneath the stimulating atmosphere of the symposium I sensed a mood of depression, stronger in some individuals than in others; I also felt that one element in this was the awareness that the present difficulties were at least partly due to policies which some people had initially supported. Intellectuals feel keenly the isolation from friends and colleagues in western Europe; travel abroad is difficult, beyond the reach of many people.

And yet when I left Belgrade, I felt there were some grounds for hope for the future. I felt that the people were chastened, licking their wounds, wounds take time to heal, but they can heal. Dreams of grandeur nourished by memories of a brief period of dominance in the Balkan peninsula in the late middle ages will have to be abandoned. But the Serbs should be able to draw spiritual strength from their genuine historic roots, both from the Byzantine culture of the medieval kingdom, and from the vigour of the revived state of the nineteenth century. I saw some signs of this process during my visit; I hope it will continue, and grow in strength.

(Dr) Muriel Heppell  
(Emeritus Reader in the Medieval History  
of Orthodox Eastern Europe,  
University of London)

SERMON PREACHED ON OCTOBER 28TH FOR  
THE ANGLICAN AND EASTERN CHURCHES  
ASSOCIATION IN THE SERBIAN CATHEDRAL  
OF ST SAVA LONDON BY  
THE REVD CANON A.M. ALLCHIN

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Every time we share in the celebration of the Holy Liturgy we pray for peace and unity in the Holy Churches of God, and we pray for reconciliation and peace between the nations of the world. We know the weakness of our prayers but we trust ourselves to the all-embracing mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we put our confidence in the prayers of our Lady and of all the saints, not least of the apostles St Simon and St Jude who in our Western calendar we commemorate today.

So it is that every time we celebrate the Holy Eucharist we celebrate afresh the life-giving death and passion of our Lord. Every celebration of the Eucharist is as it were a representation, a making present again, of the paschal mystery of Christ. Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death and to those in the tomb giving life.

But the celebration of the Holy Eucharist is not only the ever new presence in the Church of Christ's triumph over death through death, it is also the ever new presence at the heart of the Church of the mystery of Pentecost, the coming of the Holy Spirit. Here we have both the mystery of our redemption in the death and resurrection of our Lord, and the mystery of our redemption in the coming in power of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is Lord and creator of life, everywhere present and filling all things, yet now coming to abide in the heart of his church, renewing us with his creative pardon and peace.

I

This emphasis on the Pentecostal aspect of the Eucharistic mystery is of course one of the things which those of us who come from the western tradition of Christendom have come to learn more fully from the life and witness of Orthodoxy.

One of the most vivid memories I have of my first stay in Greece as a student, now forty years ago, is of a celebration of the Liturgy in the Church of the Holy Wisdom in Thessaloniki. It was one of the first times that I had been invited into the altar behind the iconostasis. I was a solemn pontifical liturgy at which the Metropolitan presided with a large group of concelebrating clergy. There was something particularly solemn and splendid as the liturgy unfolded itself in the sacred space of that beautiful Byzantine church.

But then, at the very heart of the action, when the words of institution had been recited, the Metropolitan and all the clergy with him knelt down to wait upon the coming of the Spirit, to pray for the descent of the Spirit upon the Congregation and upon the holy gifts placed upon the holy table, that by his power they might become the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.



Nothing could have said more eloquently that at the heart of the Church's worship it is God himself who acts. We can only wait upon his action, imploring his coming amongst us according to his most sure promises. "The Church is that community which lives by continually invoking the Holy Spirit," as the Anglican Orthodox Agreed Statement says. "In every sacrament, prayer and blessing the Church invokes the Holy Spirit, in all these various ways, calling upon him to sanctify the whole creation."

The same point of the primacy of God the Holy Spirit's action in the life of the Church and in all the sacraments was made very clear to me a year or so later, in a quite trivial incident which yet has always stayed with me. At the time of my ordination to the diaconate I sent out ordination cards to friends; not least to friends in Greece and the Middle East. One such card went to a priest in the Lebanon, now his Holiness the Patriarch of Antioch. On my card I had asked for prayers since I was about to be made deacon by the Bishop of London. I had a friendly letter in reply saying "I was glad to pray for you at your ordination but there was a mistake on your card. You were ordained deacon not by the Bishop of London but by the Holy Spirit."

Indeed if one looks at the prayers used in the rite of the ordination of a deacon in the Orthodox Church you will see two things. First there is the wonderful opening formula which is also used at the ordination of priests and bishops, which calls upon "the divine grace which always heals what is wounded and makes up what is lacking" to be at work amongst us. Then in the prayer which follows the Bishop makes his petition for the coming of the Spirit, "for it is not through the laying on of my hands but through the visitation of thy bounty that grace is bestowed upon thy servants."

The prayers and actions of the Church are all at the service of the prior action of God himself, God the Father who through his Son gathers together his Church in the power of the Holy Spirit.

## II

May we perhaps pause for a moment to consider what is implied in that faith in the power of the Holy Spirit to renew the Church, that power of the divine grace to heal what is wounded and make up what is lacking?

It is the work of the Holy Spirit at once to unite and diversify the Church. That is clear from the day of Pentecost itself. The gift of the Spirit is one and yet the fire of the Spirit is seen alighting on the heads of each of the apostles separately. And though the company of the Church is one, those who are called into it hear not just one language but many languages. Each one hears the gospel proclaimed in his own tongue.

The same teaching is found with great emphasis in the epistles of St Paul. The Spirit who is one yet gives different gifts to each member of the Church. The unity of the Spirit does not suppress diversity but rather fulfils and crowns it. The fullness of the unity of the many members of the one body is never a flat uniformity in which all have become one by losing their God-given marks of differentiation.

This, I believe, a point of the utmost importance, first of all for our thinking about the possible ways of reconciliation between the divided families of the one household of Christ. If ever we are to come together into a renewal of unity, it must be a unity in diversity, a unity in which the gifts which God has given to us in our times of separation will not be lost, but affirmed in their coming together into a fuller realisation of the will of Christ.

We must have trust in God that in coming together nothing will be lost. It is easy to say that, but is not so easy to live it. It is very striking that whenever two churches seem to be coming closer together, when practical steps for the restoration of communion begin to be discussed, then at once one finds the fear, "we shall have to lose our identity; we shall have to give up our convictions, our precious traditions, if we are going to be united with *them*", whoever they may be. But these fears are unreal if it is true that the Spirit is the giver both of unity and of diversity. We shall find that God can bring us together in ways which we could not have foreseen, into a unity of his making not of ours.

But I believe that this question of unity in diversity as the gift of the Spirit is important to us now, just as we are, within our own particular churches. In the part of Britain where I now have my home, in Bangor, in North Wales, in the worship of the Church we regularly use not one language but two; English, the lineal descendant of the language which our ancestors brought to this island fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago, when they came here from the continent and Welsh, the lineal descendant of the old British language which was spoken by the people of this island for many centuries before the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon invaders.

Both language are used regularly in the worship of the parishes in our diocese; not always at the same service because in the past it was the convention to use only one language at any one service. But now it becomes more common to use both languages in the same act of worship. The fact that we have a bilingual prayer book makes that easier and more generally acceptable. Certainly on large diocesan occasions it would be unthinkable now not to employ both languages.

There are indeed some of us who would maintain that to use more than one language in the same service, even if it can sometimes be difficult, is in principle a great enrichment. It shows us more of the Pentecostal variety of the Church, the Church which is the gathering together of God's people in all their diversity of language and tradition. Languages are infinitely precious gifts of God, and none are to be despised. This is particularly true of those which are spoken by relatively few people.

It is not for me to prescribe to the Orthodox Churches their policy and practice in this matter. It is clear that the Orthodox tradition has always encouraged the translation of the liturgy into the languages of the peoples to which the Church has come. This has been one of the great strengths of the Orthodox Church; one of the signs of its faith in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, everywhere present and filling all things.



There is not one sacred language alone, one language of worship, but many. Every human tongue has the potential capacity to be drawn into the universal song of thanksgiving which we anticipate in every celebration of the liturgy.

In face of the tensions and conflicts which differences of language and national identity can create, I am sure that we need, not to turn our backs on these differences but to understand them better. That means to see them in the light of the reconciling purposes of God, who wills to gather up all things in Christ in the power of the holy Spirit.

### III

Of ourselves we know that we are sufficient for none of these things. When we look at the bitter conflicts which divide nation from nation and Church from Church, whether we think of the situation in Northern Ireland, in Central Africa or in Eastern Europe, we may well feel helpless before the depths of distrust which we see to exist and the hideous injuries inflicted and suffered not only in the past but also in the present.

As Mother Julian of Norwich says, We see harms done and injuries suffered so great that in our blindness we fear that these things can never come to any good end. Her great affirmation that all shall be well and all manner of things shall be well is made in the face of tragedy and loss and not by ignoring it.

If we feel tempted to despair then above all we must cast ourselves upon the mercy of God, in the secret of our hearts and in our common prayer together with our fellow Christians. We must trust again in that mercy which brings to us God's pardon and peace, that divine grace which heals what is wounded and makes up that which is lacking, bringing us all in God's time into the unity of His Kingdom.

### BOOK REVIEWS

*Christianity for the 21st Century: The Life and work of Alexander Men.* Edited by Elizabeth Roberts and Ann Shukman, SCM Press. London, 226 + xii pp, £12.95.

Although as a married man the ranks of the episcopate were closed to Fr Alexander Men (1935–1990), he knew what it was to be a pontiff, a bridge-builder. As a prolific writer and hard-working parish priest, most of his life was spent against the backdrop of the hostile relationship between the Soviet state and the Orthodox Church, and he knew only too well that the fate of those who seek to build bridges between opposing sides is to be attacked by both those whom they seek to reconcile.

Born of Jewish parents and baptized by the 'catacomb' priest Fr Serafim (Sergei Batyukov), the young and precocious Alik Men was brought up during a time when the visible church had in the Soviet Union almost ceased to have an independent life. Stalin was playing his game of divide and rule with those who did survive, and with his church closure and arrests he engineered a period of persecution

comparable to that of the Emperor Diocletian. As in those earlier years, there were divisions within the church, between those who, under pressures we can only guess at, publicly declared their allegiance and loyalty to the state, and those who went underground, feeling bitterness towards a hierarchy that they saw as *traditors*.

Alexander Men was ordained priest in 1960 and sent to the parish of Alabino, where his ministry was marked by his ability to reach out to members of the intelligentsia, starved of and hungry for spiritual teaching. As a reward for this, he was more than once denounced by jealous fellow priests on one side, and interrogated by the KGB on the other, while all the time continuing to teach the faith.

A certain thaw was evident between church and state in the run-up to the Millennium celebrations of 1988, and the summer of that year saw an explosion in religious life. However, as well as restrictions on Orthodoxy being eased, this new liberalism opened the borders to foreign evangelists and sects, a state of affairs which the national church was incapable of dealing with. There followed outbursts of anti-liberalism and narrow nationalism, suspicion of pluralism and tolerance, and even the view that "Ecumenism is the Anti-Christ." Such an expression of spiritual fascism could not go unopposed by Fr Men, who taught that not only was a degree of truth to be found in different Christian traditions, but also in aspects of different faiths, a view possibly even more unpopular now than then.

Through the 1970s and 1980s, works of theology, history, catechesis and apologetics poured from his pen, together with works on the spiritual tradition of other faiths and philosophies, while all the time he continued as a busy parish priest. In a radio interview Fr Men recognized the threat of polarization facing the church – extreme modernism or extreme conservatism, and predicted "It is most difficult for people who are at the centre, like me." Just how difficult it was to stand at the centre was proved by his violent murder.

This book draws together selections from the writings of this extraordinary priest. Although many are topical, they have universal application to the church approaching the 21st century and the challenges it offers. Christians would always take more notice of their spiritual leaders if there was the possibility that they may be called upon to crown their witness to Christ by martyrdom rather than preferment. Alexander Men reminds us of the unpopularity of standing *for* the world *against* the world, although it means standing as a man of the God who so loved the world. This book should be read by all interested in church-state relationships (he has some pertinent points about disestablishment), and should be required reading for all actual or would-be pontiffs.

Philip Warner

*Isaiah through the Ages* Monastery Books, 1072 pp (+prologue and Introduction), \$40 hardback.

There can be few more satisfying and spiritually fulfilling tasks than reading through the book of the prophet Isaiah with a good



commentary. This book, whose three main authors provide the church with prophecies for the nativity of the Lord (Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son) and for his atoning suffering (Behold, my servant whom I uphold), has been a source of inspiration and blessing to all who hunger for the word of God. The Christian interpretation of Isaiah begins with the very words of Jesus (Lk 4:16–21), who saw himself as the fulfiller of the prophecies contained in this book, as well as in the other inspired writings: "Beginning with Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Lk 24:27).

The Fathers of the Church, who drew supremely upon the Holy Scripture, help us through their insights and inspired scholarship to meditate on these things, and to find the word of God with the spiritual clarity it demands. *Isaiah through the Ages* helps us to draw upon the riches of those who have studied the prophecies and commented upon them. Each chapter of this monumental book is printed out, followed by a wide variety of commentary – ancient, medieval and modern – including, where they occur, contradictions in interpretation and different levels of meaning. Also, and this is of great use to the biblical scholar, different versions of the Scripture on which the comments are based: mainly the Septuagint in the case of the Fathers, the Masoretic in the case of modern commentators, and the various Targums in the case of the Judaic writers. The inclusion of Judaic insights is particularly welcome to elucidate metaphorical expressions and when it comes to dealing with the Messianic passages. Turning through these pages (all 1072 of them,) one encounters the reflection and wisdom of the likes of SS Athanasius, Cyprian, Gregory (x4), Hilary, Jerome, Leo, and many other representatives from east and west. Modern scholars include Ronald Clements, Rowan Greer, Yekezel Kaufman, Consantine Tsirpanlis and Claus Westermann.

Given this wealth of scholarship, ancient and modern, a good index is indispensable. Here we find three, together with a Bibliography, taking up 72 pages, and guiding us through Isaiah's themes chapter by chapter, references to other Biblical books, subject index, and liturgical use of Isaiah for Orthodox major feasts and fasts.

Shining through this book (which is not one to be read cover to cover, but to be kept on the desk or by the chair) is the message of Isaiah, speaking of hope and comfort to God's people, reflected upon by the saints and scholars of God's Church. As Archpriest Georges Florovsky says in the Prologue: "When I read the ancient classics of Christian theology ... I find them more relevant to the troubles and problems of my own time than the production of modern theologians ... They were concerned not so much with what man can believe as with what God has done for man." Indeed, a book to help the reader search the oracles of God.

Philip Warner

## CONSTANTINOPLE LECTURE

Thursday 28th November 1996

at

St Dunstan-in-the-West

Fleet Street, London EC4

5.30 p.m. Solemn Evensong

followed by

The 16th Constantinople Lecture

to be given by the Right Revd

JOHN AUSTIN BAKER

former Bishop of Salisbury

"Communicating Constantinople Today"

There will be a reception afterwards

Tickets available at the door £2

(concessions £1)

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## Proposed 1997 Pilgrimage to Egypt

If you would like to be sent details when they are available please send a stamped and addressed envelope to the Pilgrimage Secretary:

The Revd David Bond

229 Willington Street

Maidstone, Kent

ME15 8EW



## **ANNUAL FESTIVAL 1996**

**Saturday 5th October at  
St Dunstan-in-the-West  
Fleet Street, London EC4**

**12.00 noon    HIGH MASS**

**Celebrant:    Bishop Michael Manktelow**

**Preacher:    Father Petre Pufulete**

**1.00 pm       Romanian lunch (£5 to include wine)  
(see below)**

**2.00 pm       AGM**

**2.15 pm       METROPOLITAN DANIEL OF  
MOLDAVIA  
will speak on "The Orthodox Church  
in Romania after the fall of  
Communism"**

**4.00 pm       Orthodox Vespers**

**If you would like to have lunch please write to the  
General Secretary by 30th September. Please do  
not send any money**