

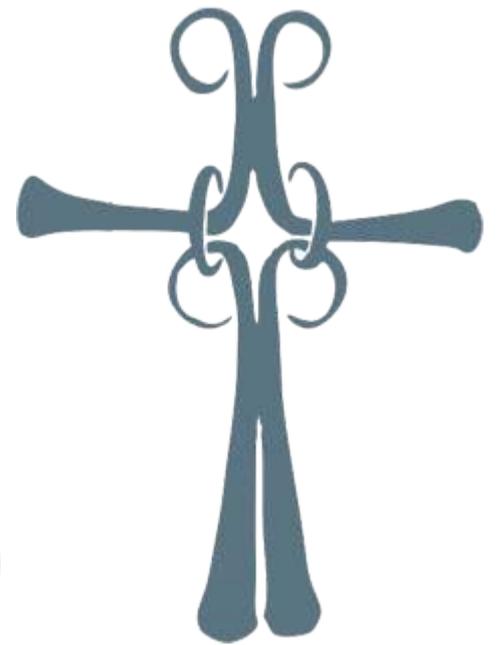
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European Province Newsletter

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# SOCIETY OF THE SACRED MISSION



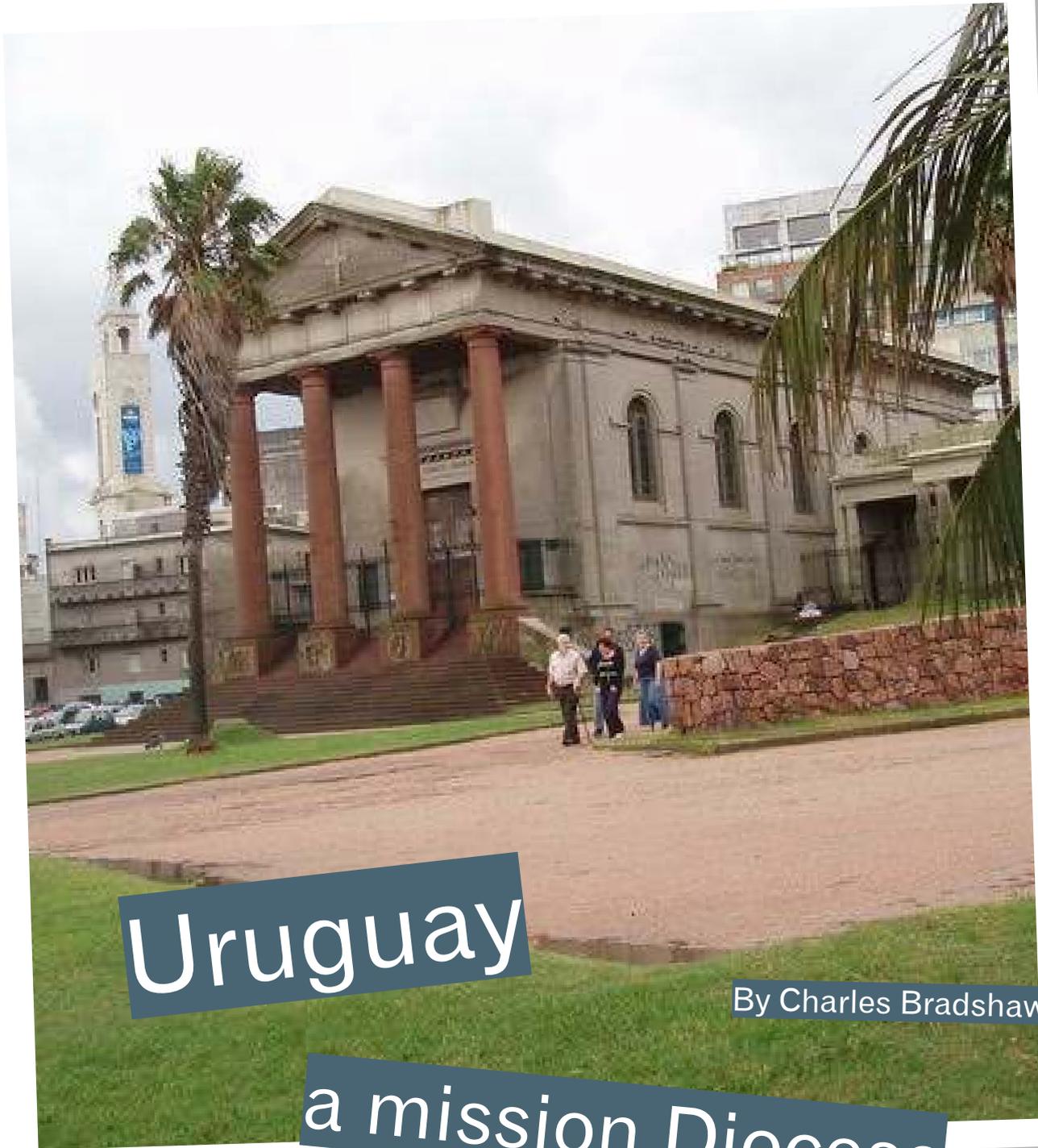
## European Province

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Ad gloriam Dei in eius voluntate



# Uruguay

By Charles Bradshaw

## a mission Diocese

After my time in the cottage, and then two years in the house at Kelham, I left and trained to be a teacher. I still felt called to be a priest and went to study at Queen's College Birmingham. Here in 1976 I took an MA in missiology at Birmingham University under Professor Walter Hollenweger, a renowned missiologist, who had been an assistant to President Allende of Chile. Allende was overthrown in a coup in 1973. Fourteen years into my ministry I took a sabbatical from my parish in Coventry and began to research the experience of the church in countries under military government. With the support of my bishop I travelled to Paraguay, Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay and arrived in Uruguay just after its return to a democratic republic after 13 years of military rule. During this time about a third of the population had been arrested and many tortured.

This first visit in 1989 was just as the Anglican Church of Uruguay had appointed its first bishop, Bill Godfrey. Until then it had been administered from the Diocese of Argentina. Historically there had been a considerable Anglican presence in the country. The English speaking community had been there for more than hundred years helping to build Uruguay's infrastructure. Britain had had an influence in drawing up Uruguay's first constitution in 1830. The country is small with about 3.5 million people; its capital Montevideo holds a third of the population. The indigenous people had been wiped out by disease and exploitation in the early nineteenth century. Today the largest proportion of the population are from Italian and Spanish stock; it feels very European.

During the first world war Uruguay sent enormous quantities of food to the UK. (Fray Bentos, on the Uruguayan side of the river was the centre of the export of beef produced in Argentina and Uruguay) and the country became incredibly wealthy in the period after the war. This wealth resulted in a flourishing of new civic buildings and public art. During the thirties recession, the economy declined rapidly and many expatriate people returned to Europe, resulting in smaller congregations in Anglican churches.

Church buildings were closed or even demolished and the Anglican cathedral building in Montevideo began to look neglected. The cathedral was built in the 1830's when British naval ships called at the port. In WW2 the Battle of the River Plate could be watched from the Rambla by the cathedral.

The arrival of Bishop Bill Godfrey in 1989 brought energy and vision to the diocese. New churches were opened, priests were trained locally and there was a focus on serving people in the poor areas of the cities. Churches were opened (or reopened) in Montevideo, Salto, and Fray Bentos. Plans were drawn up for new buildings in many of the smaller key towns. In 1983 the Diocese began to develop social projects, many funded by the government. The projects were centred on family support and feeding programmes for school children. The Diocese provided the management of government funding for the projects and the churches provided many of the volunteers. This involvement was part of the vision of outreach to the poor.

The Cathedral plant was redeveloped; as well as providing the administrative centre for the diocese it became the focus of outreach to the poor in the old city of Montevideo.

Over a period of time it housed a soup kitchen, a night shelter, and a workshop in the new social hall. Winters in Uruguay are very cold and wet and it became a centre to distribute hot food. The



British hospital chaplaincy was revived and there was a growing energy in the church communities. All this was being done in a country whose constitution is 'hostile' to the church. Uruguay is fiercely secular, Laicismo is the law here. Man does not need God so nothing religious or ecclesiastical is supported or encouraged by the state. In Uruguay Easter has become Tourism Week and Christmas Family Day!

Bishop Bill Godfrey had served in the Diocese of Southwell before his move to South America. Together with the Dean of Southwell, friends of Bill's, notably Nick Roberts, I became a founder member of the 'Friends of the Diocese of Uruguay'. For years this small group produced a newsletter and fundraised for church building projects. Two 'Friends' volunteers, spent time working in the diocese; Cathy Harrison in Salto and Fr. Alan Chapell in Montevideo. I led two groups from my parishes to Argentina and Uruguay taking in iconic tourist sights, but having the main aim of visiting projects and meeting and worshipping with church people. This involvement garnered interest and financial support from various parishes. People had seen at first hand the context for evangelism and the struggle for resources.

Bishop Bill was translated to Peru in 1998 and Miguel Tamayo, a Cuban, was appointed Bishop of Cuba and Bishop of Uruguay. He was a caring and pastoral bishop but sharing himself between the Anglican

Diocese of Cuba which had its own problems, and the young Diocese of Uruguay was a huge challenge for him. He alternated his time at three monthly periods between the two. Miguel returned to Cuba in 2013 and Michael Pollesel a Canadian priest became bishop. He resigned after a short tenure and returned to Canada.

The Diocese has been struggling with issues of financial control and clergy indiscipline. The management of government project funding, together with pastoral oversight and the training and support of clergy, requires a broad skill set and experience. Although a small country, distances between the clergy outside the city means that face to face contact is not easy and it makes team building difficult. Here in England I am very mindful of the support and opportunities I have benefited from as a priest. The chronic shortage of income means most clergy receive no pay from the diocese and have to find secular employment (At its highest clergy numbers have reached ten). The link with the Diocese of Oklahoma continues to provide a financial lifeline. David George a retired Archdeacon from the Diocese of Argentina has become Vicar General bringing much needed leadership during this period of transition. The Anglican Province of South America has a plan which will involve the appointment of an interim Bishop. Prayers are needed that the right person is called with an understanding of the cultural context and the organisational and pastoral challenges ahead.



# Citizens of Somewhere or Anywhere?

by Angela Tilby

Willen Priory 26th September 2018

Although we are now near crunch point in our Brexit negotiations many of us are still reeling from the 2016 Referendum vote. As we are increasingly aware, it has raised questions not only about politics and economics but about identity and belonging. From the point of view of Christian theology and reflection I have always wondered whether God could be said to have a relationship not only with individuals and not only with the whole human race but with empires, nations, and particular communities. Here in Britain we haven't ever lost the sense that there is what mediaeval literature referred to as 'The Matter of Britain' – the legend of Britain's origins and mission in the world which one finds at the beginning of H.E. Marshall's now controversial children's history: *Our Island Story*. And of course we not alone in having a half mythical half imaginary sense of who we are and where we come from. One thinks of the religious, cultural bitter-sweet flavour of the Windrush celebration at Westminster Abbey in June - Caribbean, black and British. Identity these days is increasingly multi-faceted.

Shortly after the Referendum vote at the 2016 Tory party conference Teresa May sparked a storm of protest when she said somewhat threateningly: 'If you believe you are a citizen of the world, you are a citizen of nowhere'.

The speech was intended as an attack on the so-called super rich, those with business interests and homes in several countries, who managed their affairs so as not to contribute very much of their wealth to any country. But it was also heard as an attack on a much wider group of economic and social liberals who were still smarting after the vote, and trying to rationalise it as an aberration. The leader of the Lib Dems, Vince Cable went so far as to say that the Prime Minister's words could have come out of *Mein Kampf*. I remember myself recoiling at the harsh judgement on those who identified themselves as 'world



citizens', fearing that it might prove the prelude to a wave of jingoistic nationalism and xenophobia.

But in a sense Teresa May was ahead of the curve. She raised an important issue about the relationship of citizenship to homeland and an allegiance to that land. Later I will try to offer some thoughts about these questions from the point of view of Christian tradition.

In 2017, the year after the Referendum, the left-leaning political journalist David Goodhart published 'The Road to Somewhere' – an analysis of Brexit as a populist revolt, a parallel with the vote that brought Donald Trump to power and helped the revival of the political right in Europe. Goodhart saw a Britain deeply divided by Brexit into two societies - living alongside each other - but with different values and loyalties. He named these two groups Anywheres and Somewheres.

Those who see the world from Anywhere tend to have what Goodhart calls 'achieved' identities based on education and career success. They are usually graduates. They tend to live in London and the Southeast or in cities and university towns. They are people who have to a greater or lesser extent made themselves to be what they are. Going a bit beyond what Goodhart says, it is probably true to say that these people have in some sense of another commodified their talents to get the best outcomes for themselves in the global economy. They are comfortable and confident with change, with going to new places and meeting new people. They tend to be liberal on immigration. They are the kind of people who can always recommend a hard-working Polish plumber when you need one.

Somewheres on the other hand receive a sense of identity from their surroundings and relationships – they tend to live in suburbs and towns and rural areas. They are more likely to have what Goodhart calls ‘ascribed’ identities, which often includes a reference to where they come from. Examples might be ‘Geordie’ or ‘Cornish housewife’ or ‘Essex born and bred’. Family connections usually matter to them, and they tend to look for occupations that keep them in touch with their roots. Rather more than many Anywheres they accept identity as something received, rather than an achievement. It is about a core sense of belonging. This is really important to Somewheres. Goodhart quotes figures which show that 60% of adult people in Britain live within 20 miles of where they were at the age of 14. From those figures alone he points out that it is not altogether surprising that Somewheres outnumber Anywheres. Of course there are some natural Somewheres who voted Remain as there are some natural Anywheres who voted to leave the EU. My brother, for example, who is resolutely anti EU, who speaks about taking back control and getting our country back; but who has not actually lived in the UK for over 50 years and has just moved from Hong Kong via Canada to Spain. However, he has a booked his burial plot in the churchyard at Lyndhurst in Hampshire.

So the Referendum revealed a divided nation. And David Goodhart points out how recent changes have exaggerated the divisions between the two groups. One change he cites is the massive expansion of higher education which has introduced people who might naturally be Somewheres to an Anywhere point of view, loosening their family ties and neighbourhood allegiances. Whether that will continue in the age of student fees and more students opting to study near home is another question.

He also points that until quite recently many who might naturally have an Anywhere outlook were at the same time rooted to particular places and communities by their responsibilities to local institutions such as the Church or a connection with the armed services, or by owning land. This meant that they knew plenty of Somewheres and socialised with them and knew what they were feeling

and thinking. But these social links have become more tenuous. Anywheres these days are more likely to be city based and their main connections are with others like themselves, the new and affluent elites.

The great divide has happened very quickly, in the last thirty or forty years. Before that to be British was generally to see the world from a Somewhere point of view. It meant being rooted in a sense of place, history and community. It came with a value system based on ‘British Common Sense’, often linked to a loose adherence to the Protestant faith, a mild jingoism and suspicion of foreigners. It was a set of attitudes which could be affectionately parodied, and often was, in television sitcoms and elsewhere. But the gentle satire of, say, *Faulty Towers* and *Dad’s Army* was followed by the more biting humour of say *Little Britain*, a ‘Anywhere’ take on various kinds of vulgarity. Today ‘Anywhere’ humour has colonised Radio 4, in the *The News Quiz*, the *Now Show* and *Dead Ringers*. It is very telling that while Radio 4 journalists did not foresee the outcome of the Referendum and seemed genuinely surprised, even horrified, by the result, Jeremy Vine on Radio 2 was not at all surprised. His listeners had been telling him for months how much they wanted out of the EU, how much they felt betrayed and abandoned by the changes they had experienced in recent years.

It is easy for the vocal and media savvy Anywheres to parody Somewheres as backward, bigoted and even racist. David Goodhart points out the unfairness of this. It is simply not true. Somewheres have moved on, just not at the same speed as the Anywheres. Many are comfortable with feminism and gay rights, few are genuinely racist or white supremacist. What unites them is a sense of loss, of changes to their sense of worth because of the fragmentation of the bonds which once held their world together. Somewheres see Anywheres as simply ‘out of touch’, lacking identity and roots, concerned only for themselves and those like them. Anywheres might assume that the major loss of recent years, and the only one which would really count for

Somewheres is economic. It is true of course that Somewheres have tended to lose out economically; the current rules of global trade were not written by them or for them. But the sense of loss is about more than that. Much of the North East of England voted for Brexit in spite of receiving the undoubted benefits of EU development money. This was much commented on at the time of the Brexit vote with Remainers amazed that those who voted for Brexit often did so against their own economic interest: were they simply stupid? Goodhart points out that they were not stupid, they simply believed that there was something more important than money. And why not? When middle class voters vote for parties that will raise their taxes it tends to be seen as virtuous, so why not with those who voted to leave the EU?

Goodhart insists that, more significant than economics for Somewheres were long term cultural changes which Anywheres are largely unaware of or insensitive to. Anywheres have embraced an individualistic way of life with its wide if rather shallow connections. For them, roots are become less important than breadth of connectedness. They simply don’t get alternative political impulses, those impulses which one American sociologist described as the ‘Loyalty, authority and the sacred’.

There are many reasons for the decline of religion in British society, and Goodhart does not expand on this but it seems obvious to me that one of the reasons for the steady loss of churchgoers is the acceptance of Anywhere values in the media and in education and in the church itself. Somewheres might not have gone to church that often, but they felt it ‘belonged’ to them. But when personal freedom and individual choice are the highest virtues, any sense that it might be a good thing to go to church at least from time to time; or that there is a duty that we owe to God and neighbour, becomes questionable. People see no need to pass on the faith to the next generation because the young should be free to find their own path. It is these attitudes which have led to

*Continued overleaf*

## Citizens of Somewhere or Anywhere? (Contd)

whole generations growing up with no exposure to institutional religion. Add the shallow culture of casual atheism in the media and you can see why we are where we are. Faith is now relegated to the private sphere and its dogmatic and moral content reduced to spiritual impulses and positive feelings.

It is significant here that the leadership of the Church of England in spite of sermon after sermon about social justice and the poor, was almost entirely united in favour of Remain. The Archbishop of Canterbury spoke recently of the European Union as 'the greatest dream realised for 1500 years'.

Anywheres tend to assume the priority of the universal over the particular; the global vision over the local; and with that, paradoxically, the priority of individual choice over social solidarity. So it is not surprising that the current Church leadership of the Church of England is on a mission to reverse decline by commodifying the Church to current public taste, emphasising the conversion of individuals, and offering a diet of 'resources' for personal and spiritual self-enhancement instead of the Ten Commandments and the Creed. Current church leaders seem not to understand the idea that church going could be a social good worth encouraging for its own sake, with the potential not only to challenge the culture of indifference but to positively encourage social virtue and solidarity.

I can only think of one bishop who speaks with any real emotional intelligence about values among the old white British working class. He understands what it might be like to be marooned on the housing estates of northern England with little public transport, scant access to the services offered by professionals and failing church communities that can often feel abandoned. Philip North, the Bishop of Burnley speaks of the latent patriotism of the white working class, their values of solidarity and

community; and the sense of grief that they have interiorised as the rest of the world forgets all about them. He gets it, but most of the Church don't. Finding ministers for parishes in such areas does not appear to be a priority in a Church which favours the urbanised HTB religion of the urban professional middle classes, many of whom are instinctive Anywheres. Somewheres (who never went to church much) now know the church has been colonised by Anywheres with their American sounding worship songs and embarrassing intimacy.

So there is very little religious common ground on which Somewheres and Anywheres might meet. The Catholic theologian Anna Rowlands, writing in the online journal Religion and



Ethics speaks of giving a talk in a pub in Sunderland and inviting a discussion afterwards on migration. The first response came from a middle-aged man from a working-class background. Anna Rowlands summarised what he had to say in these terms: 'What's wrong with the world is religion, and what's wrong with accepting migration is that these migrants are all religious and mainly Muslim. Muslims disapprove of us and of our way of life. How do I make friends with a stranger, a co-worker? I invite them for a drink after work, for working men the pub is the heart of the community; we form bonds by sharing a pint. But my Muslim co-worker won't drink with me, won't do what men around here have always done. It's a way of judging us. I want to live in a real community that works hard and knows its neighbour, where we look out for one another. That's what we used to do around here. But I can't do

that with people who are really different to me, with whom I have nothing in common.'

After he had spoken a second person stood up, a retired nurse. She said she shared his sense of loss of community. But her experience of nursing both at home and abroad had given her a different perspective on religion and she thought it was important to welcome migrants and build relationships with Muslim neighbours.

Both speakers, as Anna Rowlands pointed out, had a memory of community and a sense of loss for what was no more. She suggests that there has never really been a chance to mourn the loss of what has gone, and it is hardly surprising if grief now manifests in anger and rejection, not least of those newcomers who come with different cultural backgrounds and expectations.

I think it is important to acknowledge that the social divisions we are now experiencing have emerged in the context of another deep, but generally unmentioned cultural loss; the loss of much of the vibrancy of Christian faith from Western Europe. Our partly shared, partly divided world as Catholic and Protestant Christians with our Jewish and other faith minorities is now challenged from many sides. Secularist lobbies build on the shallow atheism I have already mentioned, the atheism reflected in some strands of Enlightenment thinking, and which is supposedly (though not actually) based on science. There has been a general weakening of religious authority and our sense of the sacred. At the same time British Muslims have challenged our jaded post-Christian world by demonstrating what it is like to have in the midst of society a community that is actually bound by sacred law. It is deeply uncomfortable to have our sexual permissiveness and easy tolerance of alcohol questioned.

In Germany, Greece, Hungary, Poland and elsewhere opposition to Muslim migrants is linked to a yearning for the revival of the nation state; for hard

borders, for national pride, and sometimes for an aggressive Christian identity. We should perhaps be grateful that the Church of England has never remotely become a focus for the far-right in its search to reassert white British identity.

Even UKIP, after a few brief flirtations with the idea, never really tried link the C of E, or any of the other churches to its version of British identity. I think this may be because British identity includes a strong sense that continuity happens through and not in spite of change. We do have a dim historic sense of being composed of many groups; going back to converted pagans, missionaries, successions of invaders, migrants, refugees, entrepreneurs. We are not one and never have been one thing and yet we have evolved a culture which is remarkable continuous, not least because it is adaptable; a culture which is rooted in part in the sense of belonging given by common and varied landscapes and weather, and in part by a pragmatic tolerance, a hospitable coolness. The one real attempt at imposing cultural and religious uniformity during what became the English Reformation when the emerging Church of England was the Taliban of the age, that attempted fragmented into near total failure.

Yet parish churches and cathedrals remind everyone of what is assumed as obvious by migrants from other faith backgrounds, that Britain is still in some sense a Christian nation. We still have a Christian monarchy which survived the Reformation – or as you might say, caused it! We are also heirs to the Enlightenment, which came as much from Christian humanism as from anti-religious impulses. Enlightenment thinking expanded Christian values of compassion and justice to include tolerance and equality. We still sing patriotic hymns such as Jerusalem, and I Vow to Thee My Country though

some find the words embarrassing. We now live in what is usually characterised as a post-Christian culture which has increasingly questioned the dogmatic basis of the Christian faith while clinging, on, tentatively, to the remnants of a Christian social ethic. Even a modern, atheist politician like Jeremy Corbyn recognises the importance of Christianity to the founding of the Labour Movement – at least so he claimed in his Easter message, (more Methodist than



Marxist), and the impact of classic Anglican thought on the development of modern Conservatism can be traced to Edmund Burke. For both left and right of the political spectrum Christianity was not only about the individual soul, but also about the good of society.

Now if it is agreed that David Goodhart's *Somewheres* and *Anywheres* reflect two contemporary and contrasting understandings of personal identity I wonder if they can both be seen as expressions of themes that run through Christian history and which themselves are echoes of Biblical motifs? Think, for example of the experience of migration, both in our own time and in other ages; the great migrations south and west during the first six hundred years of Christendom which first broke and then reconstituted the Roman empire in a different form; the migration from religious persecution in Europe to the New World which

started in the 17th century, the 20th century migrations of Jews and other persecuted peoples which are still continuing today. Scripture has the theme of migration as obedience to a call; a call out of oppression, out of poverty and powerlessness and exile to a new life, a new land, a new kind of community. Abraham sets out from Haran. Moses leads the Hebrew people out of Egypt. The exiles return to Jerusalem. The Windrush generation responded to a call to help the mother country.

Interestingly the early Christians understood themselves as having been made 'migrants' by their faith. They called themselves 'resident aliens'; or what we might call 'guest workers'. Their true citizenship, as they saw it, was in heaven. From this conviction they challenged the imperial cult – they were just passing through this passing world and had a prior loyalty to Christ. At least one theme in the making of Christian identity from late

antique times and to the present is the call to leave the usual markers of identity: family and home and security and take up a provisional life on earth keeping the heavenly horizon in sight. 'Here we have no lasting city', as the writer to the Hebrews put it. Our earthly links only partially constitute our true being.

The entry rite of the Christian faith, baptism, is also intended to question obvious received identities; the baptized person receives a new identity; they 'put on' Christ as they pass from death to life; from the tomb of this world to the womb of the world to come. Yet there is a 'Somewhere' to which they are bound; a final homeland. Meanwhile this world with its pains and oppressions is a vale of tears, a place of pilgrimage.

It is almost impossible to estimate just how potent this theme has been in the making of Christian selves, and

*Continued overleaf*

## Citizens of Somewhere or Anywhere? (Contd)

how dynamic its consequences have been in Western and Christian society. It has led to the renunciation of loyalties to family and tribe, to the social non-conformity of the ascetic and monastic life; to an extraordinary looseness about gender which is perhaps unparalleled in other religious traditions, and also to a persistent social hope. In spite of the Marxist and Socialist critique to the effect that the Church tolerates injustice on earth while promising 'Pie in the sky when you die', the hope of heaven has not always led away from the attempt to find justice on earth; it has often inspired it. Think of the American spirituals with their origins in slavery and their dreams of crossing the Jordan into freedom. At the end of this life, yes, but also manifesting in the earthly and political agendas of social prophets such as Martin Luther King. When he said, 'I have a dream' he was describing a dream of emancipation and equality here on earth.

Here we need to consider another ancient Christian theme; which is that of the oneness of humanity. While the early Christians stressed that they did not belong in this world, they also saw themselves as in some sense universal people. With extraordinary confidence and daring they took on the ancient Greek mission of civilising other nations. They were notorious for educating ordinary people, teaching them to read, not only the Gospels but the classics. This was much resented by the old Roman elite class. Even after the conversion of Constantine it was simply unacceptable to the elite that ordinary young people could develop a knowledge of Plato and Cicero and a fluency in rhetoric and grammar to which they were not entitled. Christians came to represent a new society with a more effective reach than that of the Roman empire of which they were a part. St Paul's conviction that he was called to be an apostle to the Gentiles transformed universalist themes in Jewish scripture and wove them into a new narrative, the Gentiles must be gathered in to the one flock before the Lord returned. The faith transcended issues of race, language and ethnicity.

So long before the rise of science and

the enlightenment Christianity had a concept of humanity as a universal whole. Every human being could potentially be called by baptism into that great transnational institution, the Christian Church. Above all Christianity attacked the idea of fate.

Wherever you were born and whatever the circumstances of your birth your identity was not fixed. You could change your life. In fact you should change your life. Education and self-development was part of Christian formation. So there is something in the Anywhere identity which dimly echoes ancient Christian themes of universal humanity (globalisation?), self-development (achieved identities) and individual progress (you are not a victim of fate).

In other ways of course contemporary Anywheres are light years away from their early Christian antecedents. It is rather obvious to say this, but the call to conversion in Christianity is a call to live by grace. It is not at all the same thing as being privileged by education, contacts and achievements. The Christian call is to renunciation rather than a call to acquisition. Having said that there is surely some moral significance in the way in which some Anywheres, Bill Gates, for example, does prioritise giving away, giving back his wealth for the good of others. Others have spoken of not wishing to die rich. Life remains for some of the advantaged, at least, a pilgrimage.

And what about the Somewheres? Do they have Christian ancestors? I think the answer is yes, because from the 4th century onwards following the conversion of Constantine, the imperative to live a radically provisional life was being balanced by spiritual experiments which would eventually encourage long lasting stability, a commitment to particular places and people and an environment which would eventually foster a sense of 'loyalty, authority and the sacred'.

The Rule of St Benedict was conceived in the early 6th century as a small-scale experiment in Christian living. Yet it became the major missionary and civilising influence in Western Europe. The Benedictines invented a novel way of living in time, living by the bell, and proposed a

balanced and timetabled life: manual work, study, sleep (not too much) food (not too much) with worship running through the whole twenty-four hour cycle. R.F Tawney and others have argued that the industrial revolution in Europe and the enormous success of European inventiveness and enterprise can be traced back to Benedictine habits of time management and self-discipline. It was an extraordinary achievement, and in essence it even survived the Reformation in providing an understanding of the needs and capacities of the human person which would eventually enable both the enterprise and the self-discipline to fuel the economic and aesthetic expansion of the Western world. The Benedictines made a vow of stability; it was a vital part of Benedictine life to be committed to one place and set of relationships and to avoid what Benedict regarded as the trivial and self-regarding habits of freelance monks who wandered from place to place. 'The place' you were planted in as a monk becomes spiritually important. St Anthony, the founder of monastic life in Egypt, loved his remote, desert wilderness, his bare mountain was a kind of Paradise. And this love of a particular place is noted elsewhere in the monastic tradition. Stephen Harding one of the founders of the Cistercian order said of his co-founder Alberic that he was a 'lover of the place and of the brethren'.

Not only was a particular place important there was a sacred givenness about the people you shared your life with. All that you need for learning to be a self is given by the people you are already committed to. There is no ideal community, just the ones you happen to live with. Benedictine ideas about community certainly work; Benedictine stability created wealth and well-being far beyond the walls of individual communities.

The Benedictines understood that communities are built by remembrance and ritual. Place and memory are the foundation of social stability. When our contemporary Somewheres complain of the breakdown of community they are mourning the loss of patterns of support and solidarity that have deep Christian roots.

So perhaps in this mixed heritage of our Christian past we have material for reflection on the emergence of our Anywheres and Somewheres, and even a hope for their reconciliation. As Anna Rowlands reminds us, both have a vision, however inarticulate, of the common good, a vision which is also tempered by an awareness of human fragility. This vision is ultimately derived from Christian sources. The vision is not dependent on any kind of idealistic optimism because it recognises, with realism, the dark side of human nature. In the real world the triumph of goodness is always ahead and within the providence of God. It is Christian duty to pray daily for God's kingdom to come, to long for its coming, and in the meantime to live provisionally, seeking justice and fairness in the here and now. There is no guarantee of gradual social progress and recent experience suggests that promised utopias are usually oppressive. As we know politicians do not

always deliver. Good intentions can have disastrous consequences. The stranger can turn out to be a threat. The Christian virtue in all this, is hope, a commitment to the significance of persons and the building of communities of persons whose solidarity and imaginative care for one another is not dependent on economic factors.

Somewheres are surely right when they insist that place and community have significance in the forming of personal identity. Family is not enough. Nation is not enough. World citizenship is not enough. Even if our place in the world is provisional and ever changing, it is a real place. You learn something about loving the stranger by learning to live on a daily basis with the challenging strangeness of people you already know. Home is where the heart is, and even if home is beyond this world, 'Home is where one starts from', as T.S. Eliot puts it. Christian tradition would say that we learn to be citizens of heaven by honouring those relationships we are actually given, those communities we belong to,

provisional though they are. Contemporary experience suggests that belonging cannot be reduced to an abstraction; the imaginary belonging that comes through social media leaves us empty, prone to anxiety & envy. Who is my neighbour is about place & proximity, and it is a question from the Gospels which needs to be asked again and again.



Neither the Referendum to join the Common Market nor the Referendum to leave the European Union involved any discussion of the role of Christianity as a source of either shared or distinctive values. It was quite extraordinary to me how the 2016 campaign was dominated by economic arguments which turned out not to be arguments at all but groundless aspirations and wild guesses. Remain made no attempt to commend Europe as itself a homeland, a place from which we received our own deepest values, both from Christian Antiquity and the Reformation, and Leave had nothing much to say about the distinctive character of British representative democracy as a safeguard against oppression and the high value we give to personal freedom.

So what happens now to our Anywheres and Somewheres and is there any chance that they could be reconciled? A Christian theologian might start from the obvious point that from a Christian perspective the redemption of the whole world in Christ is a theological given with

profound ethical consequences. Whether or not we aspire to become global citizens, we are obliged to recognise our common humanity. There are no borders to the fleshy and spiritual solidarity of the human race.

We still dimly recognise this. The terrible picture of the little boy Alan Kurdi drowned off the coast of Turkey in 2015 generated a wave of compassion. But it did not galvanise one time Christian Europe into any coherent response to the refugee crises. We still want to feel compassionate, but that is because we like to feel we are compassionate rather than because we are ready to pay the prices of compassion. Nevertheless I think there are some challenges we should acknowledge that come from our valuing of compassion as a mark of our common humanity. The first is that it is morally right to insist that those affluent Anywheres who do regard themselves as global citizens should

recognise that their sense of identity comes from the fact that their connections are multiple, not absent, and that they owe responsibility wherever they seek to reap advantage. If Vince Cable genuinely thought Teresa May's 'citizens of nowhere' speech could have come from the pages of Mein Kampf, we need to remind Anywheres that there is no such place as nowhere. Anywheres are accountable to all of us, and indeed they need to tell us 'where they are'. The justifiable demand from the public that multi-national corporations do not use their status to over-avoid taxation is part of this demand for such genuine accountability.

And what about the Somewheres? David Goodhart recognises that Somewheres are not backward or insular, and many of them do accept change and the need for change.

*Continued overleaf*

**Citizens of Somewhere or Anywhere? (Contd)** At the same time their genuine sense of loss could be at least partially redeemed by efforts to preserve and record tradition, making it available to future generations. What has been really hard for the Somewheres is to feel that they are simply of no value, that their contribution doesn't count for anything. I spoke to a former teacher from Gateshead who liked to display good work done in class on the notice board. One day he found that the work he had put up had been torn down and torn up by the girls who had produced it. Asked why, they said it was useless; to them their own achievements had no value. Low self-esteem and lack of aspiration are spiritually and socially destructive and it is where a lot of Somewheres find themselves. But I think there are things that can be done. I think here of James Rebanks' unexpected best-seller, *A Shepherd's Life* which is a vivid chronicle of the challenges of sheep farming in the Lake District. Rebanks broke with his own family tradition in going to Oxford to read English, but then returned to root himself in the precarious existence his family had known for generations. Giving voice to the implicit, to what has not been spoken, written, or recorded because it has been taken for granted is a cultural mission of profound significance. Remembering what we love is not worshipping the past, it is enabling the past to nourish the present and future. It is enabling change to take place at a human pace and on a human scale.

So just as Anywheres need to reflect on their multiple connectedness; Somewheres could benefit from considering where Somewhere actually is and what it has to say to its neighbours and to strangers both within our neighbourhoods and across the world. Belonging is the issue here. Who is my neighbour? For some Remainers, and I count myself as one of them, our chief motivation for wanting to stay in the EU was not to do with economics, but with belonging, with a shared sense of European history whether Catholic or Protestant. I personally saw myself as much European as British, no doubt because I have always been interested in the classics and in early Christianity, and although I am rubbish at languages, I have hugely benefited from a sense of belonging to the mainstream of European culture. To belong to Europe is to belong to an entity wider than Britain, yet not as wide as the whole world. Somewheres have neighbours and they are not only in the next house and the next village, but also across the channel. Geography matters.

I think that our political vision has been too narrowed in recent years; and our loyalties too easily polarised. The loss of a faith perspective has meant it has become easy to reduce politics merely to economic issues; to who pays for what and who gets which slice of the cake. But economics without values are empty; we cannot continue without some vision of the Common Good. Political left and right both have their versions of a vision, largely derived from the Christian past, but still available and potentially accessible. Anna Rowlands suggests that somewhere under the rubble of our devastated political culture there might be something new, already alive, but buried; something which speaks of the common good and of human flourishing in its widest sense. The Church should be listening for what the Spirit might be saying in these deeply unsettling times.



# St Antony's News

St Antony's is going through a period of transition. With the appointment of Nicholas Buxton as Director, the Society of the Sacred Mission is charting a new course for St Antony's that will include the establishment of a residential praying community and the development of a centre for the study of spirituality.

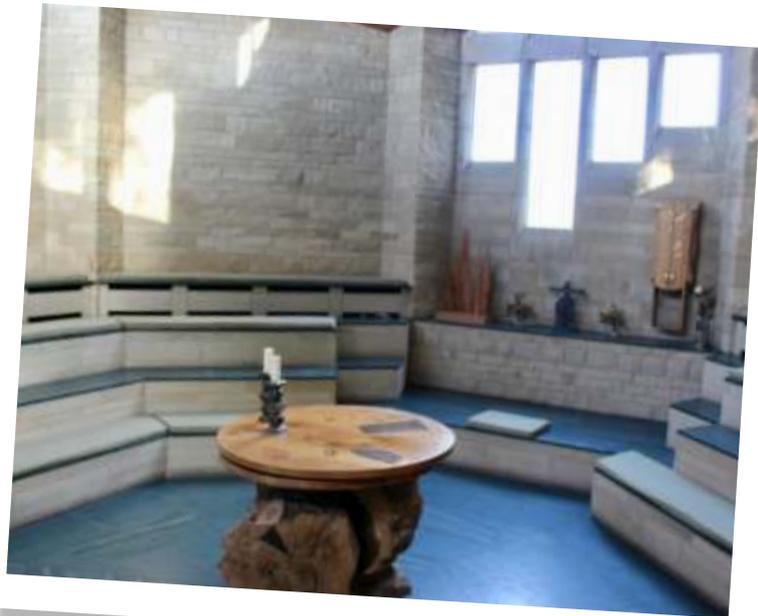
Inevitably, this means that some of the programmes and activities for which St Antony's has acquired a well-deserved reputation will have to be scaled back a bit in order to allow for new growth. For example, pressure on room availability has made it necessary to prioritise some activities over others, and we are no longer accepting requests for B&B accommodation. It is simply not possible to have two things happening in the same place at the same time!

Recent changes in staffing have also had an impact on the way we do things, and a number of events scheduled for the coming weeks have unfortunately had to be cancelled.

So, how does all this affect our core activity going forward from here?

## Daily Prayer & the Chapel

We are increasing the number and range of daily services in the chapel. Currently there is meditation daily from 8am followed by morning prayer at 8.30am. We will gradually add to this timetable by introducing weekday Eucharists and Evening Prayer over the coming weeks, as well as Sunday services starting in Advent. Increasing use of the chapel for services does however mean decreasing its use for some other activities.



## Spiritual Direction

This remains absolutely central to the work of St Antony's, and will not only continue but be further developed and expanded. A new cohort have recently begun our 'exploring spiritual accompaniment' course, whilst changes in room allocation are specifically intended to prioritise spiritual direction.

## Meditation

The current series of Together in Meditation came to an end in December.

As we go forward into the New Year, it is intended that we will develop a new programme of drop-in meditation sessions that may run as frequently as twice a week.

## Recovery Days, Wellbeing and Outreach

With the changes that have been outlined above, it is inevitable that some things will have to be put on hold for the time being as we focus on other priorities. Among those priorities will be the further development of work to

support clergy in the face of the increasing pressures that many nowadays experience.

## Hospitality

As an important part of our ministry and service to the wider church, St Antony's will continue to be a place of spiritual exploration and refreshment, offering opportunities for individuals to spend time on retreat, as well as space for groups to have quiet days or team meetings.

## Future Developments

In order to fulfil the aim of making St Antony's a centre for the study of spirituality, we will develop a broad-based, accessible and practical 'foundation course' in the study of spirituality and wisdom traditions. This will complement other aspects of training that we offer, such as in spiritual direction or contemplative prayer and meditation.

In addition, plans are being formulated to invest in the development of the library and other facilities in order to support the work outlined above. More news to follow in due course...

# Lilian Mary Hartwell, SSM

A tribute by Julian Hartwell



Lilian Mary Hartwell was born at 160 Alexandra Terrace Monk Bretton Barnsley on 26th December 1922. Boxing Day. That must have been a Christmas to remember! Nowadays it's unusual to have your first child at home but maybe things were different then. The First World War had ended just 4 years earlier. Mary's father, Edward John, had been in the trenches where he was seriously wounded. So to for him to have found a job, married, set up home and had his first child by 1922 was something of an achievement.

It took nearly 6 weeks for Mary's mother, Minnie Jane, to register her birth. In the birth certificate Mary's father's occupation is given as Railway Goods Checker. Mary's mother's occupation isn't given but I'm told she was a teacher.

Mary was followed by my father, confusingly also called Edward John, in 1925 and by Liz (or Betty as she was then known) in 1928. Many of you will remember Liz.

Alexandra Terrace still exists - in a suburb on the east side of Barnsley - but Google Street View shows a rather grey development from the 1950s or 60s so I can only assume that Mary's place of birth went under the ball and chain. Downwind of the collieries and factories, the air was no doubt polluted and my mother thinks this was the reason why the family moved. In any event they headed west, to Upper Cumberworth, a village on the edge of the Dales about 5 miles the other side of Barnsley. There they had a spacious bungalow with a large garden. The family kept chickens (one of my earliest memories is collecting the eggs) and grew vegetables.

Mary went to school in Barnsley, to the Girls High School - which is now a block of flats (or as the developers prefer to call them - apartments).

On leaving school she got a job in the Civil Service and continued to live at home. If we assume she was 18, this

would have been 1940. Her parents would have been in their mid 40s by then. I can't tell you much about these years - I assume life went on in a reasonably uneventful way through the Second World War and the immediate post war years. The upset came when Minnie died in the early 1950s. She would have been in her mid to late 50s. At that stage Mary took on the job of caring for her father. By all accounts he wasn't easy. His First World War injuries were the usual explanation. There are some entertaining stories about him such as the time when he discharged himself from hospital, leaving Mary with no idea where he had gone, but the reality is that Mary did an amazing job caring for him, day in, day out, for more than 20 years. Her father died in 1975, at what was then considered to be the ripe old age of 80, no doubt kept going by Mary's loving care, her excellent cooking and his pipe.

You will know that Mary was not just an excellent cook but a talented gardener too.



The bungalow at Upper Cumberworth must have become more challenging as the years went by, with its large garden and position at the top of a hill, so in the 1960s they moved. And they didn't just move down the hill, they moved down the M1 to Newport Pagnell. It was probably driven by Mary's job in the Employment Office. Now this wasn't any old job. Milton Keynes was at that time just starting to grow and this was a very complicated process. The community infrastructure (shops, hospitals, schools etc) had to grow in parallel with the housing and commercial development. Mary was at the centre of all this. She had a logical mind and dealing with the logistics of employment in this setting was right up her street. But it was also a demanding job, and she was still caring for her father. When he died Mary must have found life quite empty and it was at that stage, I believe, that she first came into contact with SSM. A couple of years later, in

around 1977, she took early retirement, sold the house in Newport Pagnell and moved to Willen. Here she quickly became an integral part of the establishment. Originally taken on to manage the housekeeping she was soon drawn into the spiritual side of life. She was, I believe, one of the first women to come and live here and much later (with Liz) to become a Professed member of the Society. Ultimately it was SSM which defined the last 40 years of her life. Here she found not just the spiritual joy of living in community with fellow Christians but also the special friendship of Father Frank Green. I feel Frank has become an honorary member of our family and do hope he feels the same way about us! Kind and caring, he and Mary found themselves on the same wavelength. Their friendship and the support of the community have been the greatest blessings to Mary – not so long ago she told us that these years had been the happiest years of her life. The following has been provided by Father Vincent from the early days at Willen when Father Ralph, surrounded by both elder and young professed, expanded the community by the inclusion of 'Associates'.

He says "These Associates included Margaret Dewey and Mary Hartwell - both of whom later became professed, but that was not envisaged at the time.

Mary was still working, and her management skills and contacts with the growing Milton Keynes city were invaluable as Ralph's vision expanded.

Mary involved herself in the developing life of the community and at weekends there would be quite a crowd for worship, meals, fun and games - and sessions to explore the nature of the community we were building. She retired and became resident.

Nina and I came to Fox Covert - a family house. Not all members were in favour of married couples being part of the show, but Mary embraced us. I remember especially when Martha was born (the first and only Priory baby) it was Mary who volunteered to look after Becky and Alice, while I went to the hospital with Nina.

She was a loyal friend who captured the essence of SSM - and shared Ralph's vision of its development in a new age and context; holding to it and growing with it, among the changes that took place over the years. Love and Loyalty were her watchwords." - Many thanks to Father Vincent for that.

Conversations with Mary were never dull. Well informed and engaged with the world and its problems, she brought her considerable intellect to bear on the issues of the day. Her early life in and around Barnsley coloured her views and of course she never lost her Yorkshire accent. She had a very dry sense of humour which was often misread by those not used to it. But her sharp mind and humour were tempered with a gentleness that came from knowing God. Mary had a strong Christian faith, but she wore it lightly. She never preached but it was there in the background and informed everything that she said and did.

Whether consciously or not, she followed the advice in 1 Peter: "Do not adorn yourselves outwardly by braiding your hair, and by wearing gold ornaments or fine clothing; rather, let your adornment be the inner self with the lasting beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is very precious in God's sight."

The hair bit is interesting. Did you know that at one time Mary wore a wig? No, I didn't either. Apparently efficiency was the driver but I'm not sure it lasted long.

While at Willen Mary was able to do some travelling and I know she enjoyed that. A highlight was her trip to the Holy Land in 1987. In going through her papers I came across a detailed itinerary from that trip cross referenced to bible passages.

Also among her papers was a Report from the Myers-Briggs test she took in 1995. This assesses personality traits and suggests how to make best use of strengths (in this context perhaps I should call them Gifts) and manage weaknesses. She was an ENFJ – a rare breed apparently. The notes say: an ENFJ communicates caring, concern and a willingness to become involved. They have an unusual ability to relate to others with empathy. Generally they know what they prefer and have no hesitation about speaking out. They like to have things settled and organised and are at home in complex situations. Mary to a T.

Sister Hazel comments: "I first met Mary when she came to join the Priory with Father Ralph, when she lived in one of the Hermitages of North Lodge. Our friendship greatly increased when SSM built Paddock House for the Sisters, and she and I and often Sister Joyce shared meditation time in Willen Church after Mass.

I remember her then as always hospitable, as competent with cooking as she had been in her responsibilities at work, which were considerable. She was devoted to SSM. We had conversations which were helpful to both of us, during the turmoil of change when she and Father Green established the Priory at 1 Linford Lane, when the Well came into being.

From the start of the Priory SSM Linford Lane, Sister Joyce and myself, and later Sister Muriel, went to the daily Eucharist and Offices and our bond of friendship deepened. She had strong views and did not hesitate to express them. I can remember discussing something with her, and she would say 'Oh no, Frank is the Prior it must be as he wishes' disguising the fact that she knew how to achieve what she wanted! And at times she would laugh till she nearly choked. We could disagree too, but never fell out.

She was a great support in the years of Sister Joyce's decline and came to the rescue more than once, particularly once when I was away and an ambulance was needed; Sister Muriel was also frail, but she knew that Mary would help.

It was a joy to be present at Mary's Profession together with her sister Liz, by Father Edmund in the chapel of St. Anthony's Priory Durham after what might be described as the longest Novitiate ever, when her faithfulness was rewarded."

I interject here that her Profession – her full admission into SSM – was on the 28th September 1999, and was hugely important to her.

*Continued overleaf*

## Lilian Mary Hartwell, SSM - a tribute (contd)

Sister Hazel continues: "since our Sisters died in 2009 I have valued our common life even more, and in her times of frailty we did our best; it was hard for her to lose her independence but she was well cared for her. I visited her on the Sunday, two days before she died; she squeezed my hand, and as I sang 'God be in my head' I hoped the departing would be soon, and it was." - Thanks to Sister Hazel for that contribution.

On the subject of friendship: inside the cover of her address book Mary had written a verse from the first chapter of St Paul's letter to the Philippians: I thank my God whenever I think of you and everything I pray for you I pray with joy. What a lovely thought.

Money never meant much to Mary. Now there aren't many people you can say that about. While aware of its value she didn't particularly want it or (in fairness to SSM) need it. Generosity came instinctively to her. So it was no surprise when about 10 years ago she decided to give most of what she had left from the sale of her house to help fund an education resource centre in Lesotho.

The story of Martha and Mary is familiar to us all - when Jesus and his disciples pitched up unexpectedly at their home one sat at Jesus' feet and listened to him and the

other fussed about getting the work done. But which was which? Now this is how I remember. Mary Hartwell had the ability to drop everything and focus on the person she was with. She also had a calmness - a stillness. So the answer to who sat at Jesus' feet is obvious.

Like the rest of us Mary did, of course, have her limitations. Left and Right were an issue for her. Apparently the only way she could tell them apart was by examining both hands - thus - with the left hand making an L. A typically practical answer I hear you say. Well perhaps, but, please, not when driving!

Now that was, of course, before her final illness. For some years Mary had been suffering from Parkinsons, but medication had managed it and allowed her to carry on living a relatively normal life, albeit with increasingly restricted mobility. It was the dementia on top of the Parkinsons which made it impossible for her to carry on living at 1 Linford Lane and the last couple of years of her life were spent in two different care homes. She was well cared for at both and I can't say she was unhappy - the last time I saw her I was blessed with one of her lovely smiles - but there is no doubt that this wasn't the way she would have chosen to leave this world. But she is now at peace and we can give thanks to God for the wonderful blessing of Mary's life.



# GERARD WOODCOCK

A tribute by Richard Holloway

I came back to Kelham for the Michaelmas term in 1953 after two years National Service in the Army and joined the SSM Novitiate almost immediately. John Woodcock, who'd done his National Service in the Air Force, was a year ahead of me in the twelve strong 52C class and was already a member of the Novitiate.

There were about a hundred students or associates in the House at Kelham at the time, of whom the fifteen novices were a sub set, necessarily thrown together more than the others. The difference between the groups was that novices did not get the same vacations as the other students. Kelham was our home, so we stayed there during vacations with the professed members of the Society, apart from a couple of weeks a year when we were allowed to visit our families. Life at Kelham for members of the Society had a different feel during vacations. The community was smaller and we were thrown together more. There was a greater family atmosphere and the routine was more relaxed than during term time. So, the novices got to know and observe each other more closely than was the case with the associates. John Woodcock was a delightful colleague to have. Unlike many of us, he did not seem intent on drawing attention to himself. He was never a party man, a member of any of the groups that inevitably formed around ecclesiastical and community politics. He was kind and modest, with a droll sense of humour that was never expressed at anyone else's expense. He was a brilliant pianist and a good actor in the plays and musicals that were such a valued part of life at Kelham. Altogether, he was a delightful presence around the place, and someone whom everyone liked.

I lost touch with him when the Society sent me to Accra in 1956 and did not encounter him again till thirty years later in 1986. I had gone to Bede House in Kent to make my retreat before becoming Bishop of Edinburgh. When I arrived the sister in charge told me that their temporary chaplain, known to me from the old Kelham days, was Father Gerard Woodcock, now back from South Africa where he had spent nearly thirty years. I was in silence for the week, so we didn't speak much except on the morning of my departure, when we rekindled our affection for each other from the old days at Kelham. He told me he was in the process of transitioning out of the Society and would be moving to County Durham. I asked him if I could do anything for him, assist him in any way. A transistor radio, he said; could I get him a transistor radio? So that's what I sent him a few weeks later. Then we lost touch. I'm not sure how he lived after leaving the Society, but I know that he earned some kind of living playing the piano for a ballet school in Newcastle, his great musical gift never having deserted him.

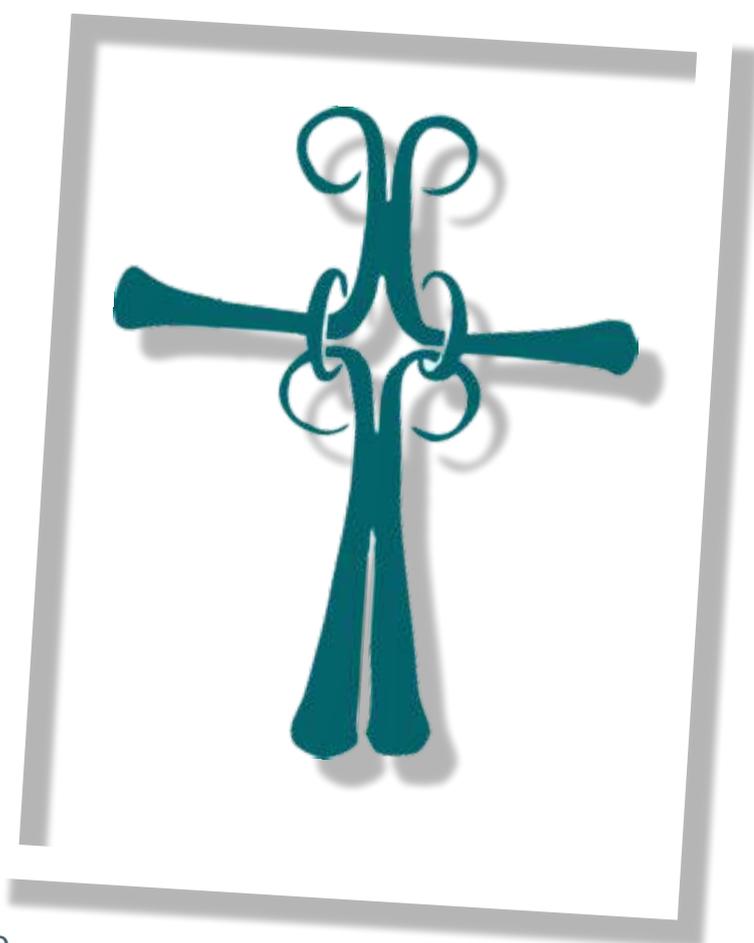
I tried to contact him years later when I heard that he was in a nursing home, but no reply came back. By then he was probably in the far country of forgetfulness. I was sad when I heard he had died in June this year and it woke distant memories. In many ways humans are mysteries to each other. We can never be sure of what is going on in the mind and heart of another. I sense some kind of sorrow in Gerard's life but cannot identify its source. All I can do is remember him from those waking days at Kelham in the vital 1950s and pray that he is now at peace.



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Ad gloriam Dei in eius voluntate