

# ORTHODOX ENGLAND

*In this issue:*

*A Fatal Misjudgement  
Spiritual Disciplines in the Church  
Saints of England: Light from the North  
The Crusades  
Pitfalls of Western Rite  
Film Review: A Wartime Pilgrimage*

*and much more . . .*

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## Editorial: A FATAL MISJUDGEMENT

*To me, Anglicanism is rather a mysterious and exotic form of religion, a kind of society for the preservation of ancient monuments with unusual rites. Certainly, however, it gives no pleasure at all to see other Christians in distress, as worldwide schism looms over the Anglican Communion.*

*Perhaps, however, this is inevitable and necessary, for Anglicanism may now have outlived its original purpose – to prevent civil war between Roman Catholics and Protestants in sixteenth-century England – and it is time for it to move on.*

*The following was written last February, as Archbishop Rowan Williams blundered by placing political correctness above the Gospel, a characteristic inherent in Anglicanism from its very conception.*

HAVING met him many years ago as a student, we do not doubt that Archbishop Rowan Williams is a 'nice', 'educated' man. However, his latest suggestion that the rule of elements of Muslim Sharia law is inevitable in parts of the United Kingdom was, to say the least, misguided.

Indeed, with just one speech, he has managed to unite most British Muslims, most British secularists and virtually all practising Christians against himself. He has upset most Muslims here, because they wanted to integrate into British society, not to stand out as some sort of fanatics and terrorists. He has upset most secularists, because they do not want to be ruled by any sort of religious belief. And finally he has upset most Christians, because we believe that our laws should be based on Christian strict justice with forgiving mercy, not on Muslim fanaticism.

Why this fatal misjudgement? We would suggest that it is because the Archbishop is an academic and an intellectual, an ivory-tower theorist who has relatively little grasp of practical reality.

It does seem really extraordinary that a Christian should wish to see Muslim law rule in parts of what is by tradition a Christian country. True, many would call today's Britain a 'post-Christian' country. However, we Orthodox would sooner call it a 'pre-Christian' country, one which today has still to hear the Gospel in its Orthodox context. For however negative the signs around us, we have not yet given up hope that at least some in this country will withdraw from the hell of secularism where the last thousand years of apostasy have landed it, and turn back to the real Christ.

In a country of widespread loss of faith and open atheism, in a country of massive marital breakdown, in a country of 200,000 abortions (child-murders) a year, in a country where well over 80,000 people are in prison for crimes, in a country of government-promoted alcoholism, in a country whose government has in the last decade launched several unjust, offensive wars, invading other people's countries, participating in the deaths of tens of thousands and forcing millions to flee from their homes, in a country of mass speculative greed which is on the brink of bankruptcy through a trillion pounds of debt, surely the Archbishop should have more important concerns than the theoretical defence of Islamic law?

Head of a Church which is on the brink of schism about its openly sinful and openly unrepentant and self-justifying clergy, surely this Archbishop should think again about his abilities to lead it and instead quietly retire to the full-time study of impractical theories? The real world is a different place and his latest compromise with advanced political correctness suggests to us, as to many Anglicans, that he bases his beliefs not on faith, but on a theorising intellect, which is exposed more to political correctness and naïve, secular theories than to the Gospel of Christ and the Spirit of God. The education of the head is one thing, but the education of the heart is quite another. And it is the latter that is expected of an Archbishop and for that matter, of any Christian.



## From The Holy Fathers: THE RULE OF ST COLUMBA OF IONA

**I**f your conscience is not prepared to mix with the crowd, be alone in a separate place near a large town.

Be always bereft of things, in imitation of Christ and the Evangelists.

However little or much you have of anything, whether clothing, food or drink, let it be at the disposition of your Elder, for it is not fitting for a monastic to distinguish himself from his brother through property.

Let a secure place with one door enclose you.

Have a few religious men to speak to you about God and His Testament, visit you on feast days, strengthen you in the Testaments of God and the sayings of the Scriptures.

Do not admit anyone who would talk to you idly or about the world, murmur at what he cannot remedy or prevent, distress you more, lie, be a gossip between friend and foe, but at once give him your blessing to leave, if he deserves it.

Let your cell-attendant be discreet and religious, not a gossip, but one who is ready to wait on you at all times, working moderately of course, but who is always ready.

Submit to every rule that is of piety.

Have a mind that is prepared for red martyrdom\*.

Have a mind that is strengthened and steadfast for white martyrdom\*.

Forgive everyone from your heart.

Pray unceasingly for those who trouble you.

Be zealous in singing the office for the departed, as if every faithful departed were your special friend.

Stand when you sing hymns for the souls of the departed.

Let your vigils be constant from evening to evening, but under the direction of another.

There are three labours in the day – prayer, work and reading.

Your work is to be divided into three parts, your own work and the work of fulfilling the real wants of your monastery; secondly, your share of the brethren's work; lastly, work to help your neighbours through instruction, writing, sewing clothing or whatever labour they may need.

Do everything in due order.

Give alms before all else.

Take no food until you are hungry.

Do not sleep until you feel the desire.

Do not speak except on business.

For piety's sake give every extra which comes to you, in permitted meals or in clothing, to the brethren that need it or likewise to the poor.

Love God with all your heart and all your strength.

Love your neighbour as yourself.

Abide in the Testaments of God at all times.

Your measure of prayer shall be until your tears come.

Your measure of labour shall be until your tears come.

Your measure of labour or prostrations shall be until your sweat comes often, if your tears are not free.

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\* Red martyrdom is to die for God, white martyrdom is to live and suffer in confessing Him.

## SPIRITUAL DISCIPLINES IN THE CHURCH

A talk given on 15 February 2008 to Christchurch United Reformed Church in Ipswich.

**F**IRST of all, I would like to thank you for your kindness in inviting me here today. It gives me particular pleasure to be among Non-Conformists, since it seems to me that nowadays we all have to be Non-Conformists, in the sense that to conform to the values of modern society

would in fact be to be against the values of the Church. So, what are the spiritual disciplines of the Orthodox Church?

We must first recall the fact of the Fall of humanity, as related to us in Genesis Chapter 3. As a result of the Fall, the aim of our faith must be the

restoration of our lost likeness (Genesis 1, 26), that is the defeat of death and the resurrection of our whole being, our soul and body, to eternal life. This is what we call salvation and it is something that we impose on ourselves, for, first, we must save ourselves. This we do together, congregation and clergy together, for we are saved together. We recall the words of the Apostle Paul (Galatians 6, 2): 'Bear ye one another's burdens'. We do not 'impose' salvation on others, we do not busybody in other people's lives. The only real way in which we can influence others is by setting an example through our personal life. Here we should be aware of 'fake charity', the sort of 'charity' which says that, 'I love the whole world, but I hate my neighbour'. The Apostle John the Theologian in I John 4, 20, calls people who say that they love God but hate their brother 'liars'.

What then is 'salvation'? There are many expressions to explain what salvation is. Thus, I have already mentioned, 'the restoration of the likeness'. We could also call this 'the acquisition of the Holy Spirit'. This means lifelong repentance, uprooting the sins and passions in our souls, cleaning out our hearts, making space there for the Holy Spirit. The result of this is the progressive enlightening of our minds, for our minds only begin to understand spiritual things, once our hearts are cleaned. The enlightenment of the mind results in a changed way of life, a change of will and behaviour and new attitudes. It also results in a lightening of the body, for physically we feel different.

This happens to us as a result of ascetic disciplines, which are in the title of this talk. We should emphasise here that these disciplines are voluntary. There is no compulsion, no obligation, we follow them because that is our will, that is our faith. We are tolerant, we do what we can. We need to use our discernment or ask for advice from others to see what disciplines we are ready for, for the Lord is just and merciful (Psalm 84, 11).

The greatest example of this voluntarism is the monastic life. In Russia, since 1991, over 700 new monasteries have opened. Our bishops are monks and our parishes depend to some extent on this monastic ethos, though of course we adapt details to our working and family lives.

What exactly then are these disciplines?

a) Firstly, there is personal prayer. This means morning and evening prayers and prayers before and after meals. There is also the use of the Jesus

Prayer, the repetition of the prayer: 'Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me a sinner'. There is prayer to the Saviour and our asking for the prayers of the Mother of God, the saints and our Guardian-Angel. Then, quite simply, there is spontaneous prayer, which comes while our hands are doing something else, but while our hearts are thinking. Spontaneous prayer is the most common form of personal prayer, but it is developed by the regular discipline of using the prayers in Church prayer-books. There is in Orthodox prayer no fantasy, no meditation, but a spirit of sobriety.

b) Secondly, there is public prayer, also called 'common prayer'. In Greek this word is 'liturgy', and that is the word we in the Orthodox Churches use for the communion service or eucharist. Public prayer means attending services. Orthodox services can be quite long and we are required to stand during them, as were the early Christians, for we do not sit down in the presence of holy things, unless of course we are ill or very weak. Children (and sometimes adults!) have to be brought up to accept this discipline. It is strange how some object to standing for services, and yet they are quite happy to stand at football matches or in queues outside theatres or in post-offices! Public prayer also means accepting the disciplines of confession and communion. In order to take communion, we are required to read prayers of preparation and also to fast. It is not something that we take lightly in the Church.

c) Thirdly there is the deepening of our life of prayer through fasting. For six months a year, Orthodox are called on to become not vegetarian, but vegan. We abstain from all animal produce. This means, meat, fish, eggs, cheese, milk and other dairy produce. This means nearly all Wednesdays and Fridays (in memory of the days on which Christ was betrayed and crucified by humanity), the forty days of Lent followed by Holy Week, the forty days of the Advent Fast before Christmas and two shorter fasts, the Apostles' Fast in June and the two-week Dormition Fast in August. We also fast from midnight before communion.

We fast because the state of our bodies affects our spirits, our ability to pray. Thus, in the Old Testament they fasted. We recall how people did not eat meat at all until Noah (Genesis 9). Our Lord fasted for forty days in the desert (Matt 4) and He told the disciples that there are ills that can only be solved through 'prayer and fasting' (Matt 17, 21). It is very important to understand this. If we simply

fast and do not pray, we just become irritable. The two must go together. It must also be understood that this fasting is voluntary. We do what we can. There are elderly people, the ill, pregnant mothers, who most certainly do not and must not fast. Other people have heavy physical jobs, they may only, at least, when they are young, be able to fast from meat. Again for small children fasting is only gradually introduced. The aim is not to make ourselves ill, but to deepen our prayer, to cultivate the spirit rather than the body.

Some people might find this very harsh, and yet they are quite willing to go on diets and slim. The modern, secular world does the most incredible things to its body, but refuses to fast! And we should remember that when our Lord fasted, he really fasted, that is to say, He ate nothing for forty days, He only drank. And yet there are people who complain about not eating certain things. This is not real fasting at all!

What are the results of such spiritual disciplines on us?

First of all, spiritual disciplines lead to moral values, for there can be no moral values without spiritual values. These values are known among us

as 'Churchliness', that is the spirit of the Church. Our moral values can be summed up by the Ten Commandments of the Old Testament, taken up and fulfilled by the Ten Beatitudes of the New Testament (Matt 5).

Virtues inspired by ascetic disciplines include especially self-renunciation and obedience, in an attempt to rid ourselves of selfishness. Then there are the virtues of hope, faith and love, 'the greatest of which is love' (1 Cor 13, 13). And finally there is patience, for 'in your patience possess ye your souls' (Lk 21, 19).

These virtues should inspire in us a self-limitation, with sacrifices and donations of time or money. All these should help us reduce our consumption in a world which has gone mad with consumption, to the extent that it now faces a crisis of pollution and climate change. Through self-limitation we refuse to conform ourselves to the values of this world and its 'consumer society', and thus we are indeed, as I said at the beginning of this little talk, 'Non-Conformists'.

## SAINTS OF ENGLAND

### 3. Light from the North

**S**AINTS Cuthbert and Wilfrid were, for hundreds of years, the most popular patrons of the North country. Between them they had as much spiritual energy as would suffice to give significance to twenty existences. Put Hilda in the middle and we have a Big Three fit to stand alongside almost any other similar trio elsewhere.

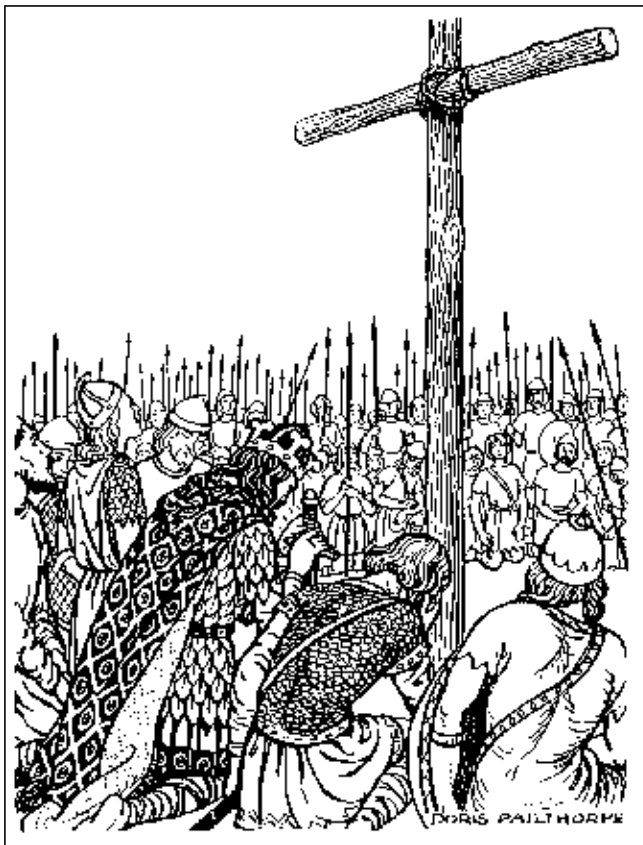
And they are only the first names in the Litany of the Northumbrian saints. Here are some of the others. Adalbert and Alemund; Bede and Benet Biscop; Caedmon, Chad and his brother Cedd, Ceolfrid and Ceolwulf to whom Bede dedicated his History of the Church; Edbert, Eanfleda, Edwin, Egbert, Ebbe; Ethilwald of Fame and Ethelwold, Frithbert, John of Beverley; Oswald and Oswin, Sigfrid the abbot; Willehad, Willibrord and Winewald. What stands out is not the number alone, but the eminence of these men and women and the part they played both in making English history and in carrying English prestige and influence into foreign parts.

Northumberland, as the name implies, reached from the Humber to the Firth of Clyde. It consisted at first of Bernicia and Deira, which latter supplied Pope Gregory with another pun; but the two portions were united under Ethelfrith. Paulinus the Roman was the first bishop, but St Edwin, King and martyr, may be regarded as its co-apostle. He was the son of the King of Deira, was deprived of his throne and fled to the court of Redwald the King of East Anglia. But spies were after him and he was close to being delivered up to death. As he sat melancholy one night at the palace gate, a stranger passed by and told him to pull himself together. 'If you carry out the instructions which you will receive later, you will recover your kingdom'. The prophecy was fulfilled; Edwin was victorious. Before receiving baptism, he consulted his wise men. Coifi the High Priest settled the business by spearing the great idol, and so the King was christened on Easter Day 627. He was a first-rate ruler. So strictly were his laws obeyed that when he had copper cups chained to the public fountains, no one dreamed of walking off with the cups.



Soon after came the usual political setback. St Edwin was defeated and killed in battle with Penda of Mercia, and Paulinus had to flee. Twelve months later St Oswald came upon the scene just in time. This Oswald had fled to Iona, leaving his throne behind him. There, naturally, he grew to love the memory of St Columba. Later, when his chance came, he crossed the border and gathered a band of followers. On the eve of the fight, St Columba appeared to him, spreading his cassock over the whole of the camp and promising victory. In the morning, Oswald set up his standard in the shape of a wooden cross, the first symbol of its kind ever raised up in Bernicia. He won the day and in due course had greater dominion than any of his predecessors.

Bede tells us that he brought under his sway all the nations which are divided into Picts, Scots, Briton and English. Adamnan calls St Oswald the Emperor of Britain. This decisive conflict took place near Hexham at a spot known afterwards, on account of the vision, as Heaven Field. Oswald lost his life fighting the battle of Maserfield, his body afterwards mutilated by Penda. He was thirty-eight. We are told that he had arms of unusual length and strength, bright blue eyes and yellow hair. He it was who sent to Iona for missionaries. Eventually St Aidan came and was



*St Oswald kneels before the cross at Heavenfield*

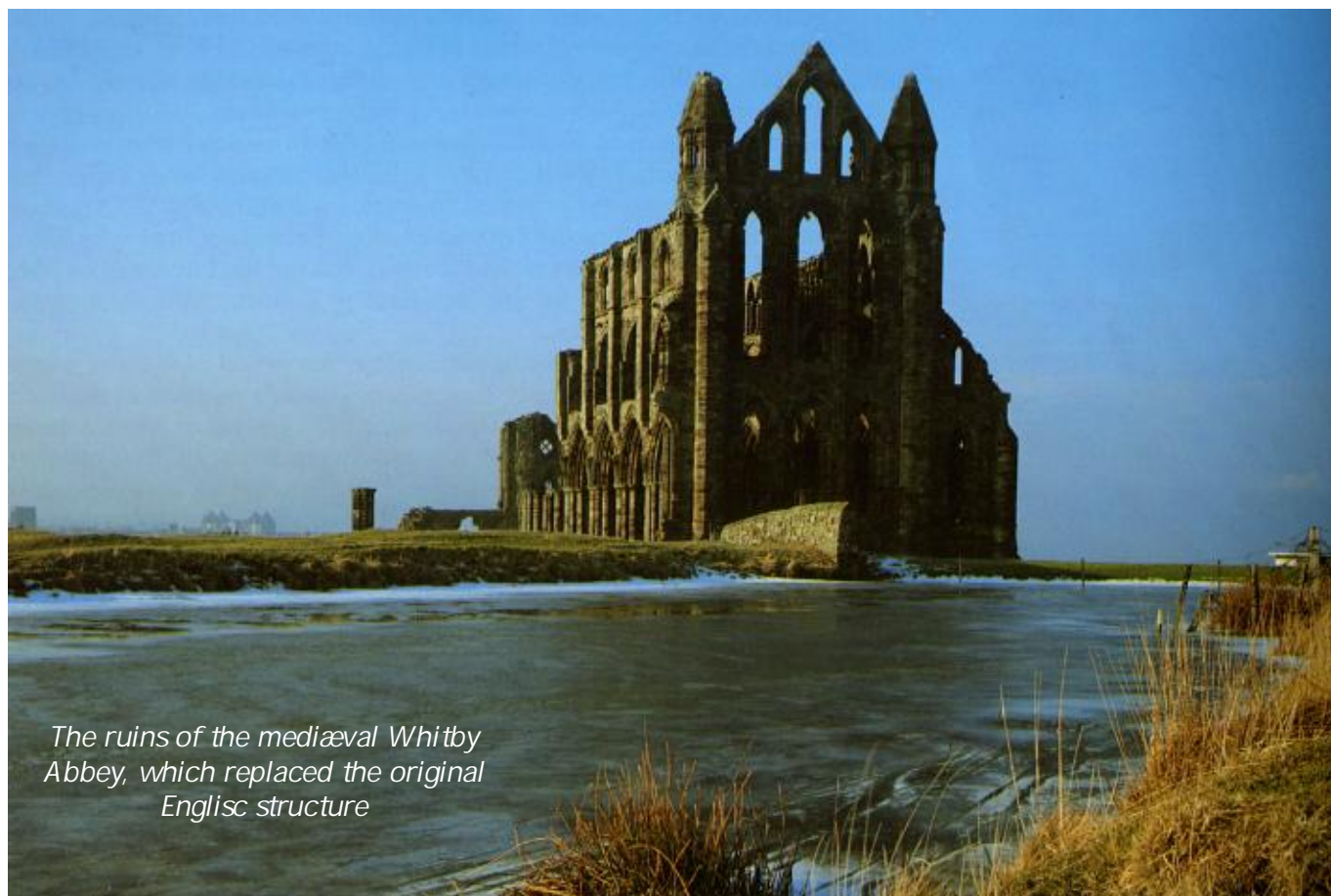
given Lindisfarne as his See. Oswald was from the first the subject of deep veneration. The wooden cross which led him to victory was in time reduced to nothing by relic-hunters; but Durham long showed it on its seal, on the reverse of which was an effigy of the monarch himself.

Here then are two kings, each of whom ranks as an apostle of the North; St Edwin, who paved the way for the Roman mission associated with Paulinus, and, when that mission was overthrown, St Oswald, who paved the way for the second spring associated with St Aidan and the Irish monks. Northumbria reached its highest point in the seventh century. During the next two hundred years it was the centre of English culture, the richest in character and interest. Here Old English speech first breaks into poetry. The Danes overran it and played great havoc. The northern portion was ceded to Scotland in about the year 1000.

St Hilda was the great-niece of St Edwin, the first Christian king of Northumbria. St Hilda we shall go on calling her, although her real name is Hild. Bede who wrote Latin does not Latinize her name, any more than we do that of Sts Cuthbert or Edward. He calls her '*religiosissima Christi famula* Hild'. But, indeed, current writers agree to differ in the spelling of Old English names.

Born in exile among the English in the West, where her mother a violent death, Hilda returned with her father on the restoration of his race. In her early youth she had been baptized by St Paulinus. Before becoming a nun, she had lived 'very nobly' among her kinsfolk and fellow-citizens. She was on the point of crossing over to France to enter the convent at Chelles, but St Aidan asked her to stay where she was. Soon after she was asked to rule over a convent at Hartlepool, meaning 'the hart's stream'. This nunnery was destroyed by the Danes, but excavations carried out in the nineteenth century brought to light several tombs bearing the names and emblems of women, the last of which is that of the mother of Hilda.

Nine years later she set up her quarters at Whitby. Of all the sites chosen by monastic founder, few are grander or more picturesque. The River Esk enters the sea here in the form of a circular bay commanded by lofty cliffs. On the summit of one of these, three hundred feet above the surf, the convent was built on a platform of green turf. From this spot stand revealed, on one side the moors of Yorkshire, on the other the wide horizon of the ocean whose waves endlessly break against the sides of the great rock supporting the



building. In this citadel St Hilda had full scope for her genius. She was the 'lady' on whose property the others dwelt and by whom they were supported and protected. She sat among the wise men in the parliament which King Oswy called at Whitby.

Although her society was eagerly coveted by bishops and kings, her unflagging interest in the poor and oppressed were such that she came to be regarded as the mother of her country. Her monastery was a double one, such as still existed at that time, as elsewhere in the early centuries. She ruled over monks as well as nuns and so carefully did she foster the education of the former, that her community became a nursery of missionaries and bishops, among them St John of Beverley and St Hedda. The latter ruled in the kingdom of the Wessex and took a hand in the framing of the laws of King Ina, the oldest surviving laws of those monarchs. They decreed amongst other things, that any employer making a serf work on Sundays was to be fined thirty shillings and forced to free the serf.

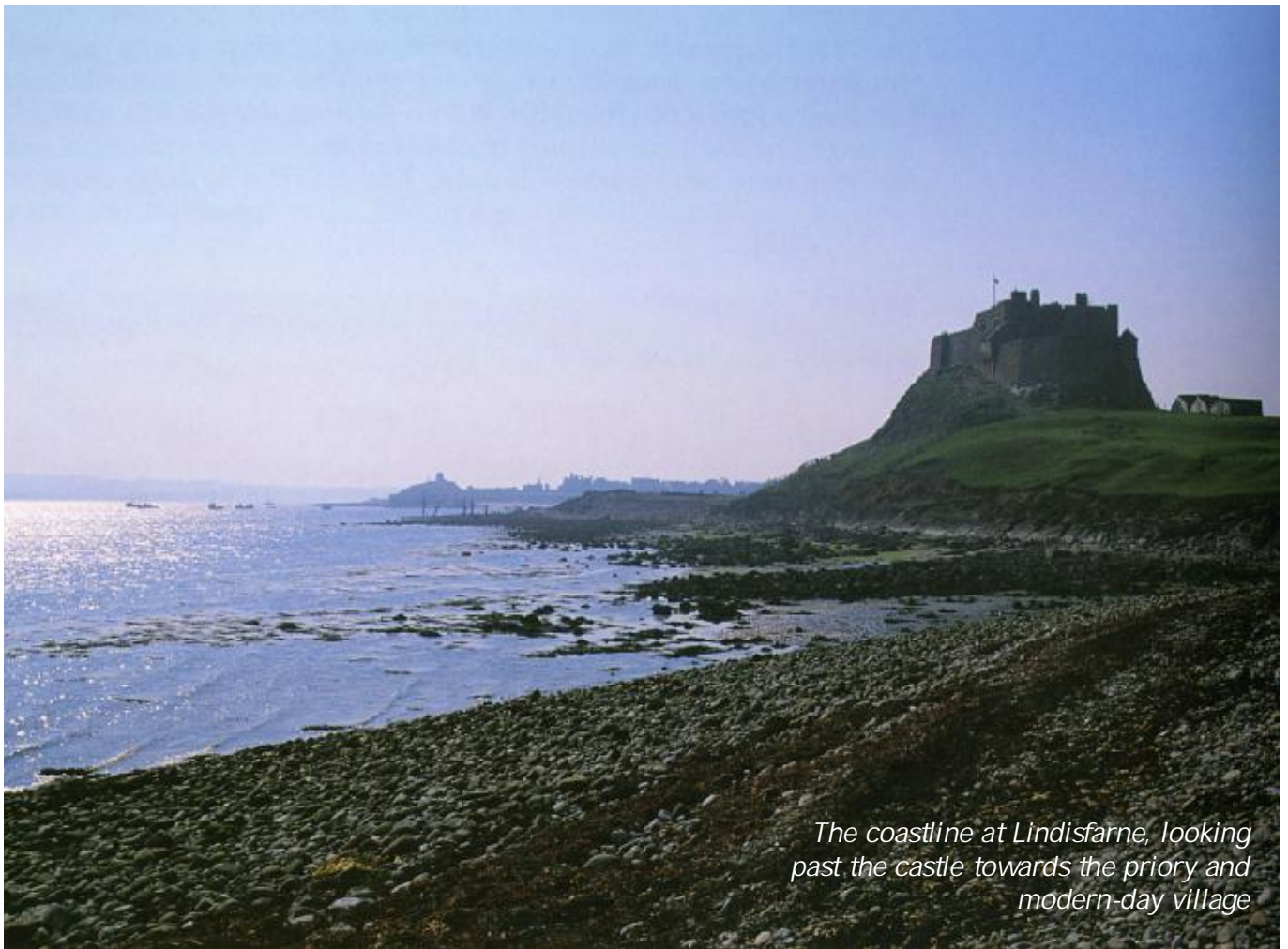
In 867 Whitby was sacked by the Danes and its community scattered, but St Hilda's relics were taken safely to Glastonbury. Today, Whitby lies in ruins. Nevertheless, the monastery is still famous

not only for St Hilda, but also for St Cædmon, the father of English hymnography. St Hilda was Cædmon's patron from the start – he was only a serf, it must be remembered. St Hilda gave something better than money; she gave what many women are well-suited to give – sympathy, understanding, affection and under their influence St Cædmon's genius came to life.

Farther north, at the extreme end of the same coast on what is now the Scottish frontier, there was another double monastery, founded and governed by St Ebba. This was Coldingham. St Ebba was St Oswald's sister, and he had planned for her a marriage with the King of the Scots. But she refused and became a nun through St Aidan's successor at Lindisfarne. Her convent stood on the summit of a lonely promontory still bearing her name, St Abb's Head.

When St Aidan appeared on the scene, he showed the Irish liking for small islands and peninsulas and, as a faithful disciple of St Columba, he chose an island almost as insignificant and barren as Iona was when the holy exile of Eire landed on it. Lindisfarne is related to the mainland of Northumbria and to the North Sea, exactly as Iona is to the coast of Argyllshire and the Atlantic. The resemblance of the two, of the





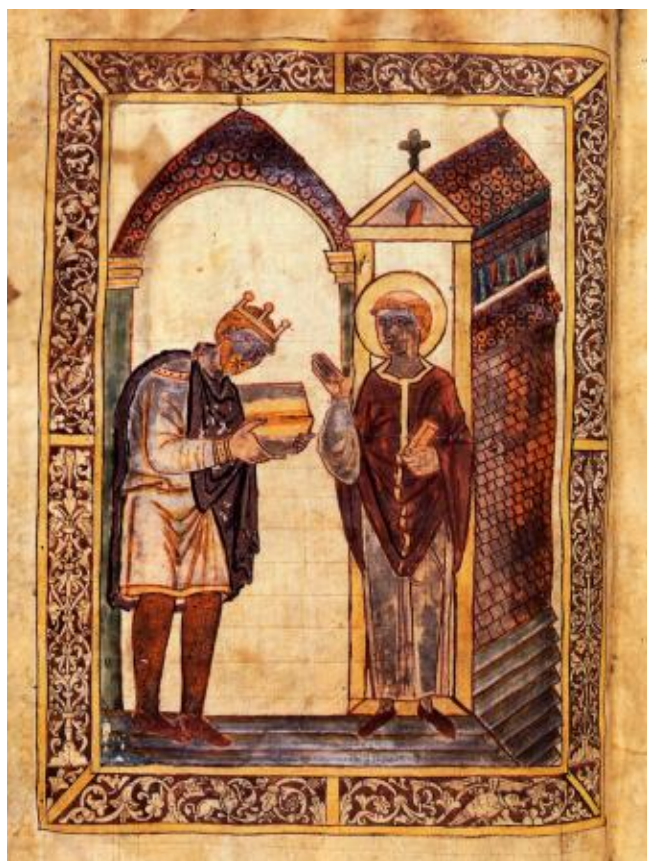
*The coastline at Lindisfarne, looking past the castle towards the priory and modern-day village*

daughter to the mother, is remarkable. Alike in appearance – in their austerity – each is famous for the influence it exercised over hostile and pagan race. Lindisfarne, which probably means the Farm by the Lind – the Lind being a stream opposite – differs from Iona inasmuch as it is an island during only a part of the day. It is eight miles in circumference, and the ebbing tide leaves a causeway to the neighbouring shore. It is isolated enough for all that and, when St Aidan and his monks went out, they could discern afar off, the stronghold of their friend St Oswald at whose court St Wilfrid was for a time page.

Lindisfarne interests us also for St Cuthbert. Cuthbert's name is said to signify 'well-known splendour'. However, there was no splendour about Cuthbert. The 'well-known splendour' comes before us first of as a shepherd in Lauderdale. One night, as he watched his flocks, he saw St Aidan being taken to Paradise. This settled his destiny and he was received among the novices of Melrose. He was fifteen at the time. The Abbot was Boisil, after whom St Boswell's is named and it was there that Cuthbert was too

develop into a great preacher. In St Cuthbert's time there were no parishes, and so he was to establish a travelling mission that carried him as far as the Solway in the south and the Forth in the north. When the holy Abbot Eata of Melrose was appointed to Lindisfarne he took Cuthbert with him and made him his second.

Round about his fortieth year he resigned and, setting out all alone, crossed the water and made himself a hermitage on the lonely isle of Fame. There he subsisted for years on the produce of a field of barley, which he cultivated with his own hands. But he was not left in peace for long. Up and down England, the report spread that on a desert rock in the North Sea a monk was living who really meant it, and so the pilgrims began to arrive. For their use he built a kind of parlour and refectory. His charity and courtesy to these visitors never faltered. Then one fine day, the King of Northumbria, no less, together with boatloads of the nobility landed upon the rock and on their knees begged him to be their bishop. He consented and fixed his see not at Hexham, but at Lindisfarne. His new dignity made not the slightest difference to



*A tenth-century icon of St Cuthbert: the frontispiece of St Bede's Life of St Cuthbert showing King Æthelstan presenting the volume to St Cuthbert's shrine in 937, at that time at Chester-le-Street.*

his habits or character. He went everywhere, dispensing healing and alms. In a short time, his vitality was exhausted, and he returned to Fame to prepare for the end.

The great saint of the North wished to be buried on the lonely rock of Farne. However, his relics were not to rest there. After being carried from place to place for two centuries, evading the Vikings, they rested at last on the steep platform where now stands the Cathedral of Durham. The veneration with which the people surrounded this shrine made Durham the richest benefice in England. The vast prince-bishopric had its own chancery, admiralty, exchequer, civil judges, a mint with the right to coin, and the charge of defending the frontier against Scotland. More curious still, this man of mildness and peace became the soldiers' saint par excellence, the protector of armies. It was in consequence of having wasted the territory of Cuthbert that King David of Scotland brought on himself the terrible defeat of the Battle of the Standard. The Normans, under William the Conqueror, thought twice

before attempting any of their tricks with Durham. As for the early English kings, it was a habit of theirs to have visions of the saint on the eve of their decisive battles, as we read in Alfred's story and in that of many others.

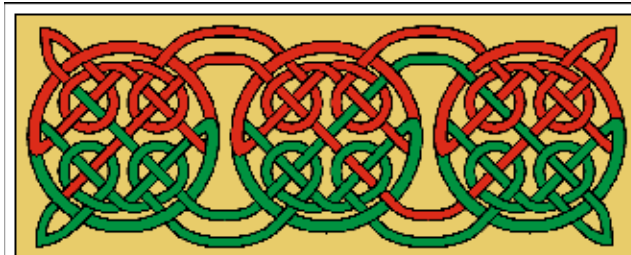
If people are to be believed, St Cuthbert haunted Lindisfarne for many a year after his repose. They told how on stormy nights he could be heard hammering out on his anvil the beads with which the shore was invariably strewn after each tempest.

But fain St Hilda's nuns would learn  
If, on a rock by Lindisfarne,  
Saint Cuthbert sits and toils to frame  
The sea-borne beads that bear his name.  
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
And said they might his shape behold,  
And hear his anvil ring.

These shells have been identified as fossils, classed among sea-stars and sea-urchins, and are washed up when the storm is especially violent. All the same, they are real beads, perforated and ready to be threaded.



*Fragments of one side of St Cuthbert's coffin, decorated with four of the apostles, in which his incorrupt body was enshrined in 698. This coffin was faithfully carried by the monks when they were ejected from Lindisfarne, and it had many adventures, at one time being dropped in the sea and miraculously recovered, before it eventually found rest at Durham.*





# THE CRUSADES

From *The Crusades* by Zöe Oldenbourg  
(London 1966 and 1998)

THE deep, irreconcilable difference between the traditions of Rome and Byzantium lay in the attitude of both to murder, or to war. This was something which emerged from the Crusades and it was more than a detail, more than just a matter of emphasis. Both were Christian, and both made war as a matter of course, celebrated their triumphs, prayed to God to grant them victory, and charged into battle carrying crosses and banners bearing the images of the saints. But for the Greeks no war, however 'holy', could ever be anything but a sin, something concerning men alone. It was a venial and even a necessary sin, but a sin all the same, and sufficiently serious for a soldier of any kind, however just the war in which he was fighting, to be excluded from participating in the sacraments for at least some time as a penance. Bloodshed of any kind – even when the blood belonged to God's enemies – could on no account be looked on as virtuous. Like the good thief on Calvary, the most that any hero who fell fighting the Turks could hope for was a pardon *in extremis*, if he had the time to confess.

In theory things were exactly the same in the West. Christian doctrine was explicit on such matters. However, from the middle of the eleventh century onward the popes had begun granting special indulgences to soldiers who were going to fight the Moors in Spain or placing themselves directly in the service of the Church, so that murder, under its noble name of war, had long enjoyed a strong prejudice in its favour. The secular ruling class was a military class and consequently its intellectual and ethical values were military values, a state of affairs against which the Church struggled in vain. Despite constant threats of excommunication, God's truce and God's peace were observed only by a small minority of knights, and understandably the Church could not condemn those who were fighting to defend her. She could only encourage the Spanish Christians in their efforts to win back their lands from the Moslems. Although the Emperor, the temporal head of the Byzantine Church, was also the head of the army, the Church herself, while granting her blessing to those waging a 'just war', remained on



one side, faithful in principle to her horror of all bloodshed. The Greeks would have been appalled to see their archbishop mounted on a battle charger, a helmet on his head and a sword in his hand, but we know the Latins, at least the knights, were by no means dismayed by such a sight.

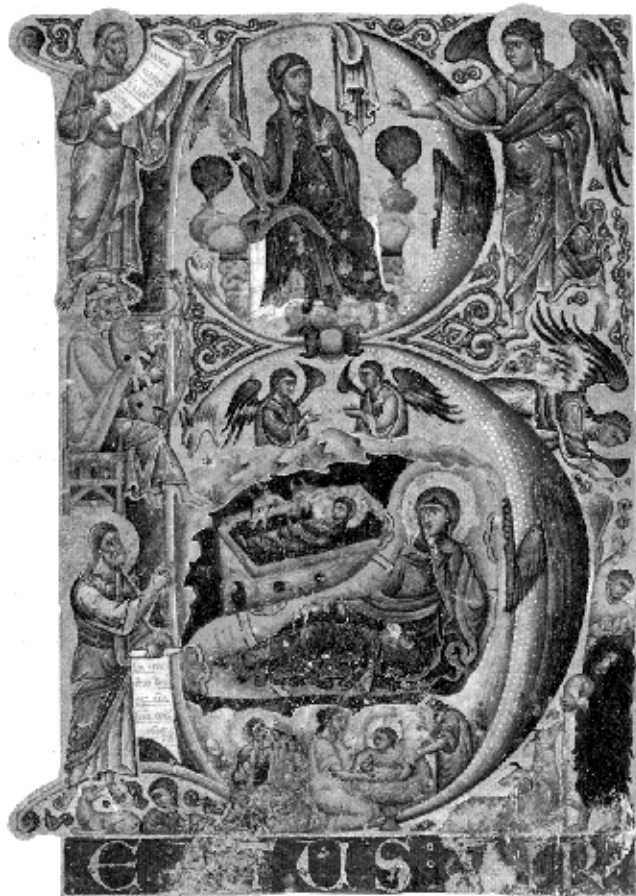
The fundamental difference lay in the coexistence in the Western mind of two quite separate ideals, the warrior and the Christian. Byzantium never seems to have been affected by any such ambivalence: it was too blatantly paradoxical for the logical Greek mind to accept (pp. 76-77)

... The soldiers plundered and their leaders set them an example, while as we have seen, the representatives of the Church had no scruples about robbing their Eastern colleagues. The True Cross, the most revered relic of all, which was to play such a mighty part in the life of the kingdom up to the fall of Jerusalem itself, had been seized by threats and force from its original owners, the Greek monks of the Holy Sepulchre. It is not to be deduced from this that every city was systematically plundered and all the inhabitants deprived of their property; there were not enough Crusaders to do this and they had nothing to gain by it. The capture of Jerusalem and Caesarea remain fearful exceptions.. (p. 474).

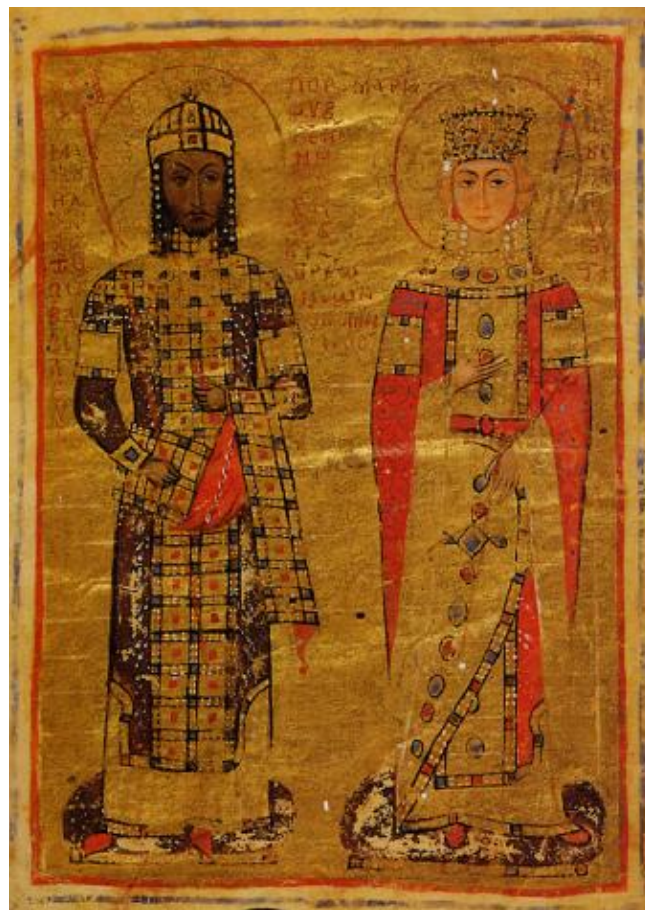
... Both were the heirs, directly or indirectly, of Greco-Roman and later of Byzantine civilization, and the Eastern and Western civilizations were still united by fairly close ties of kinship. It must not be forgotten that buildings for religious or military use

in Syria and Palestine were frequently the work of Greek architects, while early Romanesque churches in France, Germany, and Italy were completely Byzantine in inspiration. Moorish influences penetrated through Spain into southern and central France, while in southern Italy and Sicily, Greek and Arab traditions existed side by side. The sacred art of Europe was still almost entirely derived from the Byzantine and its decorative art strongly influenced by the Moslem East, and by Persia in particular. At this period Europe still regarded the East as the land not only of wealth and luxury but also of technical and artistic progress. It was in general a model to be imitated as far as possible, but one which people had as yet no idea of equalling.

In this, the Latins can be compared to people in the so-called underdeveloped countries today, who envy Western technological superiority without any conception of its moral superiority, and very often seeing only the technical side of a civilization whose spiritual content escapes them ... (p. 475)



*The Initial [B]eatus Vir from the Riccardiana Psalter, possibly the last extant MS executed in Jerusalem before its fall in 1244*



*The Byzantine Emperor Manuel Comnenus (1143–80) with his Frankish wife, Maria of Antioch. The couple married on Christmas Day 1161 as part of the growing rapprochement between the settlers and the Greeks*

The Franks behaved like soldiers who despise civilians on principle even when they treat them well. The bishops and clergy of the Crusading army were not soldiers, although some of them, beginning with the legate Adhemar, had not been above taking part in battles in person and all regarded themselves as members of God's army – an army which was not remotely spiritual or symbolical – and this affected their attitude toward the Eastern clergy. Just as the Frankish barons despised the Greeks and Syrians for their supposed softness, so the Crusading clergy seem to have blamed their Syrian colleagues for their lack of aggression. They treated them as though they had been somehow shamed because they had borne the infidel yoke for so long, and tended to regard simply as cowardice what the Orientals considered their heroic patience.

It should not be forgotten that the Oriental clergy, obeying a tradition a thousand years old (which until the Crusades had also been that of the





*The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem. The south facade was completed by 1149 and incorporates a mixture of western and oriental styles and motifs. The bell-tower (which has now lost its upper stage) was added by 1153, built over the C11 Byzantine chapel of St John the Apostle*

great majority of Western clergy), was strictly pacifist and peace-loving. They might go so far as to pray for a Christian victory, and even to absolve the crime of murder if committed with pure intentions and in defence of the faith or native land, but it was their duty to hate bloodshed. (In this connection, it is appropriate to recall the tragic dialogue between Prince Gabriel and the Jacobite Bishop of Melitene. 'Have mercy, O Prince, there is killing outside [the city], let there not be killing within!' 'And you', replied Gabriel, 'would you then deliver the city up to the Turks?') A Christian prelate might legitimately prefer the domination of the infidel to a war, even a victorious one, if it involved a great loss of human life. The Western Church had not lost this quite natural and altogether religious horror of murder, but it was less strong in the West than in the East, and it seems likely that among the prelates and priests with the Crusade it had practically ceased to exist. God in person had granted victory to their side, and a priest might take up arms without sully-



*Crac des Chevaliers, one of the great castles built by the crusaders to hold the land they had taken. The Hospitallers, who were given the castle in 1144, undertook extensive repair and construction work, including the building of the outer wall at the turn of the C12 and C13. The stronghold fell to the Mamelukes in 1271*

himself when even the saints and angels descended from heaven to fight at the side of Christ's soldiers. It was natural for them instinctively to despise the meek, resigned clerics who refused to take part in the fight and used their sacerdotal duty as an excuse, and who, for centuries, had paid the infidel the honour due to masters imposed by God. This had certainly been the attitude of the primitive Church, but it had not been current in the West for a long time.

Admittedly, it might be said that the distinctly unbrotherly attitude of men like Arnulf Malecorne or Daimbert hardly needed explaining on a moral level: they were greedy, ambitious churchmen with only their own profit, or possibly the profit of their kind, in view. But a great many Latin churchmen took part in the Crusade, and although there were certainly bad ones among them, there were also good ones. The most ambitious and autocratic came out on top, but without great resistance on the part of the majority. This criminal betrayal of Eastern Christendom seems to have been committed in all innocence, and a serious and intelligent man like William of Tyre, relating the events to do with the installation of Latin Christianity in Jerusalem, mentions the intrigues and speeches which attended the election of the Patriarch, and the friction between the barons' party and that of the clergy, and severely censures Arnulf Malecorne's ambitions. But from what he has to say no one would imagine that there were Eastern bishops and abbots present, who might also have a voice in the chapter. (It is true that



contemporary chroniclers such as Raymond of Aguilers denounce the cupidity of the first Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem and the depredations of which he was guilty with regard to the native clergy, but it does not for an instant occur even to Raymond that there was any possibility of an equal collaboration between the victors and those they had come to 'liberate').

### Dangerous Protectors

It can therefore be said that as far as the local Christians were concerned the Crusades were first a source of suffering and then a great disillusionment. The suffering was to continue just as the wars did. In regions bordering on Moslem states, the life of Christians became unendurable, and in Moslem cities, difficult. Many migrated to Frankish territory where, protected by the Crusading armies, they took the place of the Moslem citizens and peasants who had been killed or had left. In 1115 Baldwin I embarked somewhat belatedly on an actual propaganda campaign to encourage the greatest possible number of Christians to come from the Hauran and Transjordan to repopulate Jerusalem and its environs. The Franks had long realized that there could be no question of treating these natives as a conquered people. From 1101



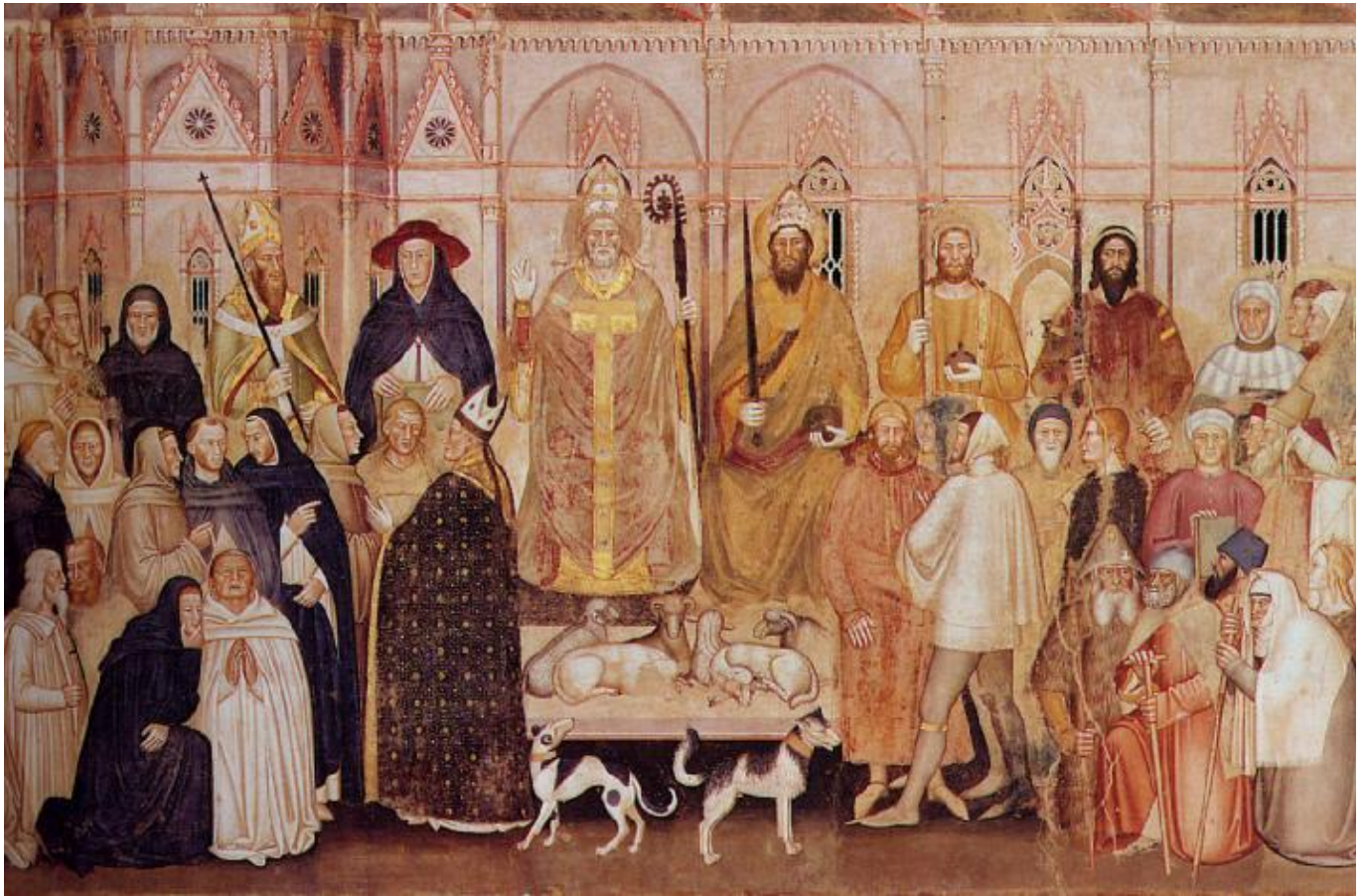
*The Muslim Attack on Acre, April–May 1291. Engineers mined the towers while archers rained down explosives and incendiaries on the defenders. After a terrible struggle the city finally fell to the Sultan al-Ashraf Khalid on 18 May.*



*The First Crusaders attack Antioch. An illumination from a French translation of William of Tyre's Chronicle.*



*The Siege of Antioch (October 1097–June 1098) this miniature captures well the remarkable strength of Antioch's defences*



The Church Militant (detail), Andrea Bonaiuti, Spanish Chapel, S Maria Novella, Florence.

With its representations of (reading from right to left) Count Amadeus VI of Savoy, King Peter I of Cyprus, the Emperor Charles IV, Pope Urban V, the papal legate Gil Abornoz, and Juan Fernandez de Heredia, the master of the Hospitallers, this is almost a rogues gallery of the most prominent initiators and executors of crusading in the 1360s–70s

onward, the local religious communities recovered some of their privileges, and the immigrants which the country so badly needed found themselves provided with houses and land and exempted from the tax they had formerly paid to the Moslems. The patriarchate, whether from greed or from a desire to encourage conversions to the Latin faith, did, however, make several attempts to impose a tax on Christians of other sects, a tax from which Catholics were exempt. These attempts failed ... (pp. 548–9).

... The Crusades were part of a general movement in the West, an expansion which was then only beginning but which, in the course of several hundred years, was to assume altogether unexpected proportions.

The Crusades can be treated to a process of 'demythification', as it should perhaps be called, but nonetheless they form an integral part of the myth of the Christian, barbarian West, all-conquering, unashamedly militarist, adventurous,

and accustomed to confusing heroism with prowess in battle. The greatness of this conquering adventure, which was in other respects a failure, lay in the name of Jerusalem. Jerusalem delivered and Jerusalem lost: these are still significant pointers to the growing self-awareness of the Latin West. There was Jerusalem and there was an uninterrupted series of disasters: wars, massacres, murders, pillage, and devastation. The far from negligible benefits which the West obtained from the Crusades have also been used to explain and justify them in the history books. The Crusades are known to have involved a fantastic waste of human life, and it is this angle which deserves to be considered now.

It is a notorious fact that the Crusades were responsible for an immense amount of bloodshed, and the appalling massacre of the people of Jerusalem is enough to discredit the Crusades as 'holy wars' forever. But the earliest victims of the Crusades were the Jews of Metz, Mainz, Worms, Prague, and Speyer in 1096, more than a thousand



*In the Battle of Hattin (4 July 1187) Saladin defeated the field army of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, which left the kingdom defenceless. This visualization by Matthew Paris centres on the loss of the Holy Cross, which Saladin is depicted tearing from the hand of King Guy.*

men, women and children and possibly even several thousand. Next were the Hungarians, Serbs, and Greeks who lived in the regions through which the bands of Crusaders passed, and then the inhabitants of the district around Chrysopolis in Asia Minor, all of whom were Christians. These crimes were expiated to the full and more, and the Crusaders who indulged in this orgy of violence were nearly all exterminated like wild beasts, some in Hungary and others near Nicaea in Asia Minor. 'When the bodies of all the warriors who had been slain, which lay all around, were brought together they made, I will not call it a great heap nor yet a mound, nor even a hill, but as it were a high mountain of considerable size'. The 'high mountain' may only have existed in Anna Comnena's imagination, but the dead numbered more than twenty thousand and not all of them were murderers; there were many women, children, old men, and sick among them, and their numbers, in Europe as well as in Asia, were far greater than those of their victims ... (p. 552).

... Despite initial successes, the Crusades were a failure on a military level, responsible for an appalling waste of human life, even counting the lives of Crusaders alone; and however profitable they were in the long run, the benefit belonged chiefly to the commercial republics.

Based as they were on murder and expropriation, the Crusades can hardly be called a very Christian undertaking, but they were long renowned as a glorious adventure. Glorious it undoubtedly was, insofar as Jerusalem could be regarded as something more than an earthly city; but heavenly cities are not to be taken by storm and their inhabitants murdered. The dubious nature of the initial Crusading impulse was never to be completely resolved. Western people gained from it the myth of Jerusalem reconquered and Jerusalem lost.

The important thing is that the Crusade (or the idea of the Crusade) provided the young nations of the West with a common ideal and an apparently concrete and precise means of realizing this ideal. This was only apparent because, consciously or unconsciously, it was always the celestial Jerusalem which lay at the root of all the Crusaders' sermons, speeches, and ambitions. This kind of surge of mystical feeling in politics, in which material aspirations were overlaid with a veneer of mysticism, cannot be said to be unique in history, but rarely have the two motives been so perfectly fused. Indirectly, but quite clearly, the Crusades acted as a catalyst on the national pride of the Western peoples, and united in a fight for the same cause, these peoples learned to know one another better and also to hate one another. They learned even more to hate their great ally and rival, the



Empire of Byzantium. Any deep sense of national pride finds a need to seek something more than glory and prosperity for its native land, and to go beyond the idea of the nation itself. In this light, the Crusading impulse was one factor in the creation of Western nationalism.

If, as we have seen, the life of people in the West does not seem to have been deeply affected by the tragedy of the Crusades (except perhaps, briefly, in 1190), the feeling of Latin superiority, of the inalienable and implicit right of Catholic peoples to rule the world, was working its way secretly into their minds by means of these distant and apparently gratuitous wars which gave Latin chivalry possession of the Holy Sepulchre for almost a century.

Clearly, the second and only too easily foreseeable stage in this adventure was the conquest of Constantinople, which at the time was also regarded as a glory for the West. Here, nationalism took over from whatever religious motives might have been left in the Crusading movement. It should not be forgotten that in 1203

some of the Crusader knights were honest enough to admit that this deflection from the original object of the Crusade was a scandal (as even Innocent III himself agreed). Simon of Montfort and his companions left the Crusading army and went directly to the Holy Land, but the majority of the chivalry, far from following their example, blamed them severely, and the accounts of Villehardouin and Robert of Clary amply demonstrate that the whole idea of the holy war had given way at the time to a crude and selfish nationalism. The result was that while the Crusaders of 1204 remained God's soldiers and continued to wear the cross on their garments, they cheerfully transferred their holy detestation of the infidel to other Christians, who had a reputation for perfidy and were at any rate schismatics. A not very different state of things occurred in Languedoc.

Later, when there had been no talk of Crusades for a long time, Western wars of conquest were still to be dominated by this same spirit of dishonesty. It was enough that the enemy could be, in one way or another, regarded as an enemy of religion ... (pp. 584-5).

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## THE PITFALLS OF WESTERN RITE

*by Eadmund*

### Why Western Rite?

**A**S we are constantly being told, Britain (including England) has become a multicultural society. The influence of Christianity has faded and is still fading at an appalling rate from our national consciousness. The number of those who attend Anglican churches regularly has fallen so low and immigration from Eastern Europe is so high, that Anglicanism has now ceased to be the most numerous Christian denomination in this country: a place now claimed by Roman Catholicism. But the latter has been saved, not by English (or Irish) Roman Catholics, but by Poles, for Roman Catholicism was also in sharp decline until mass Polish immigration began just over three years ago.

As for those who do not find succour in Roman Catholicism or Anglicanism or one of the other varieties of Protestantism, they can go to Greek or Russian churches which are becoming increasingly numerous. Some in fact do this, but there are a few of us who wish to worship our God in the way in which our ancestors did. We feel perhaps slightly

overawed by the splendour of Orthodoxy, which seems to pay scant regard to ancient local rites and saints. It tends to regard England as a pagan mission field (as indeed she must appear to an outsider), not knowing that we once had a Church in this country that confessed Orthodoxy (in the case of the Russians at least, when they themselves were still pagans) and was in communion with the rest of the Orthodox world.

I was received into the Orthodox Church ten years ago, and although I have become used to the Divine Liturgy in that time, there are still occasions when I find it inescapably and depressingly foreign; and this applies in an even greater degree to the other services that surround it. In some places and on some occasions, it is also celebrated in a strange language, although I guess that this is becoming less common as ethnic minorities are assimilated into our culture. However I remain in sympathy with those who 'feel that Western Orthodoxy, to be truly itself, should use specifically Western forms of prayer ... (and) ... should not forget that the ancient Liturgies of the West, dating back

to the first ten centuries, also have their place in the fullness of Orthodoxy'<sup>1</sup>.

### An Acceptable Orthodox Western Rite

One of the problems with Western Rite (WRite) is one of definition. In this country (I hesitate to speak of Ambrosian, Mozarabic or other Continental rites) the *Sarum* Rite, the Roman Rite, the Gallican Rite and the Stowe Missal are the main contenders, but the list can be extended. However having chosen one of these Liturgies, one then has to fill in the surrounding daily offices and the calendar to go with it – as well as sing it and furnish it with vestments, liturgical utensils etc. This might well be considered quite a tall order, so I think we first need to establish a few parameters.

The Church, which arrived in these islands very early – probably within a century of the Resurrection of Christ, must have had a form of the Liturgy, but we do not know for certain what it was. A style of Liturgy survives in the *Stowe Missal*, which has been annotated in an 'Anglo-Saxon' (= Englisc) hand. The only problem with this is that it is in a somewhat fragmentary state. Some of the body of it and all the Propers and the Calendar need to be inserted from other sources, so although this is a valuable and fascinating relic, it is not really of much use on its own: it is biased towards a Celtic manner and thus it may not even represent a form of the Mæsse that was ever used in England.

Another problem is that, although the Church here became very strong in the later years of the Roman Empire, she began to fade after the departure of the Roman legions. She was then fragmented and almost completely extinguished – at least in the south and east of England – by the settlements of the Angles, Saxons and Jutes who at that time were pagans. The Romano-British Church, cut off from regular ecclesiastical organization and from contact with the Patriarchal centre in Rome, could not keep up with the developments within the Universal Church and fell into some unusual, insular practices. When St Augustine arrived in Kent in AD 597, he found paganism all round him and a fragmentary Church in what is now Wales and possibly extending into the west-country, that would not acknowledge his authority and which refused to join him in converting the pagans around them. So although the local Church had much in it that was good (and quite Orthodox), it was fading away into a self-imposed ethnic ghetto.

St Augustine worked in close co-operation with Pope Saint Gregory the Great, and brought with him a Mæsse that was used in Rome, to which he was authorized to add such details from Gallican practice as he found useful, to blend in with local conditions. We therefore know pretty much the form of the Mæsse as he introduced it. However we are somewhat at a loss when it comes to the Propers and the Calendar.

The Norman (= last Viking) Conquest brought to a bloody end the Orthodoxy of the Church in England. William the Bastard was, in effect, the instrument of a Papal Crusade whose object was to crush Englisc independence and force us to toe the Papal line. The ravages of Roman Catholicism, the Reformation and the general depredations of time over a thousand years have left us nothing else from the Englisc period. But the *Sarum* Rite, although actually written down after the Norman Conquest, was recorded soon after it and so must be pretty much the Rite celebrated at Salisbury in pre-Conquest times. We know that there were other versions celebrated at other Cathedral cities, but the *Sarum* is the only one that has survived complete.

As far as WRite is concerned, the consequence of the preceding is that we need to find, if we can, a form of the Mæsse with its associated Propers and Calendar and extra-liturgical services that were in use in England round about the first millennium. At that time all services celebrated in church were in Latin – the *lingua franca* of the Western Patriarchate, as is Slavonic in the Slavic Orthodox world. The Offices of the Hours were said at the appropriate times, and many sundials were constructed, some of them very sophisticated, so that celebrations could be as nearly as possible contemporaneous throughout the country.

Translations, or perhaps more accurately expansions, of the hours in Englisc were made by grateful monks for lay benefactors, but this was probably not ubiquitous. Like the Church everywhere, the Church in England in pre-Conquest times was also greatly influenced by monasteries, of which a great number were scattered across the country, providing a network of prayer which delighted the ear, but above all warded off the demons that inhabit the aerial realms. Coenobitic monks all followed the path of St Benedict (there were as yet no 'orders') and the many canons in the Cathedrals and Minsters also in effect followed his path. Bishop Chrodegang of Metz actually began the process of regularizing



secular canons and his modified Benedictine rule became quite widespread.

Although Western Orthodox monasticism, inspired by the life of the Western Patriarch St Benedict, does not survive, *Benedictinism* does. However, this is an 'order' in the Roman Catholic and Anglican worlds. Nevertheless, surely it would not be beyond the wit of man to excise those parts of the calendar of saints that are post-1066, and those additions that are distinctly Roman Catholic from it? Thus, the original coenobitic practice could be recreated from a living tradition. Some WRite monastics have indeed made great strides in this direction – none of them, unfortunately, in this country. The Roman Mæsse has been reconstructed and the *Sarum* Rite is also generally available. One would hope that from these individual blocks we might be able to rebuild a genuine and acceptable Western Rite. The Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church approved the use of the pre-Tridentine Roman Liturgy as long ago as 1879. The Synod later also approved the adaptation of Services taken from the *Book of Common Prayer* for use by Orthodox people. What then stands in the way?

### Problems

The main problem seems to lie in the many different traditions that have splintered off from the Church within the former Western Patriarchate since the Schism. For example, when the initial break occurred under Henry VIII, Anglicans were scarcely discernible from Roman Catholics, but became heavily Protestantised under King Edward VI. They were then organized by Queen Elizabeth I, for the sake of peace, into a Church into which as many different opinions as possible could be accommodated. This erastian, Vicar of Bray attitude might appear to be one of their greatest strengths, but in fact it turned out to be their greatest weakness, in the surrounding moral vacuum that has developed here since the Second World War.

Thus, some Anglo-Catholic 'converts' to Orthodoxy are in fact not very interested in Orthodoxy. Rather, they are, consciously or unconsciously, intent on trying to recreate a Victorian-style Anglo-Catholic church, complete with the Morning and Evening Prayer invented by Cranmer – with the addition of 'exotic' icons, mediæval altars and Tudor costumes. Worse still, because they imagine that they have Orthodox theology, they think that they have WRite. In

reality, the feeling given by these services is more seventeenth century than seventh century. The most Roman Catholic of Anglican Lectionaries was the revised one published in 1928 (still available, although not adopted), but even this has readings that are not necessarily appropriate to the seasons of the Church Year and ignores most of the Saints and also the fact that the day begins on the previous evening. How are young children, thus hampered, to become accustomed to the seasons of the Church year?

At first sight, Roman Catholicism would appear to be more in tune with the first millennium. On paper it has the offices, rites and devotions to the Saints as part of a living tradition. However, the use of Latin would be a problem for many Anglicans, who see it as a very obvious return to Roman Catholicism. Indeed, most Roman Catholics abandoned it after the Vatican II conference and, although it is making a limited return, I feel that for many of them it has associations with the less fortunate manifestations of the pre-Vatican II Church.

It is difficult enough to convince many English folk today that Rome was once 'a place of great ethnic and linguistic diversity, with a variety of liturgical and ecclesiastical traditions'<sup>2</sup>, quite unlike the monolithic place of the late Middle Ages; and that the Patriarch of Rome was once Orthodox and not the super-ambitious, power-hungry potentate that he was later to become. It would be even more difficult to persuade them to adopt what might seem to them like the religion of those times.

The question has been put – why not simply become Roman Catholic? My personal answer is that I did, but left the Roman Catholic Church partly because I could not find Christ in its narrow, legalistic attitudes; but more because of the support given by the Pope for William the Bastard's invasion. However I suspect that some others see it as involving the acceptance of Roman Catholic hierarchical discipline and giving up the Protestant (albeit with ritualism) free-for-all that such Anglo-Catholics really hanker after, behind the mask of 'Western Orthodoxy'. In other words could Orthodoxy actually be just an excuse for private, egoistic agendas?

Thus, many people have their own idea of what WRite is, and their own reasons for introducing it. Many of these ideas are different. Each person is probably sincere in believing that theirs is the only true path. Somehow we have to find agreement,

but there is a great deal of un-Orthodox stiffness of the neck to be overcome in some quarters. If we are ever going to have our own WRite Orthodoxy again, it will only be by deep humility, gentle persuasion and above all obedience to the will of God. It will definitely not be by attempting to take it for ourselves in defiance of civil and spiritual laws or (having a private agenda) attempting to set up a simulacrum of some other tradition under the guise of WRite. All such attempts are doomed to ultimate failure, and each unsuccessful one only blackens further the reputation of WRite, thus making it less likely that it will ever be restored. The ERite Orthodox have enough to do keeping unity among themselves and forwarding their mission in England without troubling themselves with even more minority groups.

Personally I have a deep devotion to the Engisc Saints and to the memory of the Engisc period of our history. I shall continue to try to find, through my personal devotions, a route back to that time between AD597 and AD1066 when I believe that God's feet *did* walk upon our mountains green, the Lamb of God *was* seen in our pleasant pastures and the Countenance Divine actually *did* shine forth upon our clouded hills. I have a fervent and irrepressible longing to see that time come again, but at the same time I am not at all sanguine with regard to the wholesale adoption of any acceptable version of WRite in the immediate future.

- 1 Timothy Ware (now Metropolitan Kallistos); *The Orthodox Church*; Penguin Books revised edition 1991.
- 2 Priest John Nankivell; *Saint Wilfrid*; SPCK 2002.

# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



In Britain today, it seems to me that people are losing the ability to distinguish between black and white. Where are people's consciences? I have lived here for fifteen years and I still cannot understand this. What has Britain lost and why? A conscience? A sense of shame? Faith? Confidence? And what is the solution?

*O. A., Manchester*

It is very simple. In the 1960s most people here lost their Faith. As what the Protestants had kept from the Church Tradition was mainly moralism, people here also lost their morals when they lost their Faith. In the Anglican churches at that time, they literally took down the boards with the Ten Commandments (nearly all Anglican churches had these in them, displayed in very prominent places), hid them or destroyed them. At the same time some Anglican and other Protestant clergy began denying the Faith, the Divinity and Incarnation of Christ and the Resurrection. And the Ten Commandments were all the Protestants had kept from the original Church, from the Orthodox Faith of a 1,000 years ago. So they were left with a vacuum.

And if you have no morality, then you can no longer tell right from wrong, in other words, your conscience, the voice of God inside you, dies and

in turn you have no sense of shame. So today, there is chaos, many people cannot tell right from wrong. So you have criminals walking freely, but home-owners going to prison for defending their property against criminals. You have people condemned for protecting their children against paedophiles, who openly walk the streets with police knowledge. So you have hospitals aborting children in one room and saving the lives of prematurely-born babies, who are only one week older, in another. People have lost their 'moral compass', because they believe in nothing, except in their own convenience and comfort.

In losing their Faith, people also lose their confidence in moral values and other people. Confidence means having faith in other people. But if you have no faith in God, then you will have no confidence in men. The result is cynicism. This was the Soviet experience, where Stalin killed the old Bolsheviks and the members of the Politburo 'ate' each other. Kill God and you kill man. Kill God and you open the Gulag.

As for a solution, this can only be in repentance, a changed way of life through the recovery of faith. But most people do not want the Faith, so they will not repent and will not change their way of life.



How do you stop judging others?

*N. R., London*

A saintly priest in St Petersburg, Fr Vladimir Shamonin, answered this question: 'Sing Alleluia'. In other words, quietly, to your self.



Is Gothic architecture compatible with Orthodoxy? Where can we see Orthodox architecture in this country?

*J. A., Essex*

First of all, the liturgy can be celebrated anywhere, in a Gothic church or outside in the open. I do know of one Gothic church which was built by a Russian Emperor as a kind of folly in St Petersburg and which still exists. However, I do not seriously think that anyone today would build an Orthodox church in a Gothic style or prefer Gothic architecture to Orthodox architecture.

To my mind, the Gothic style, which began in about 1140, is alien to Orthodoxy, it was born of a whole Scholastic 'civilization' and mediæval mentality, with its philosophy, iconography and Crusades etc, that denied Orthodoxy. To want or to prefer Gothic shows a lack of exposure to Orthodoxy, a lack of integration into the Faith. But beggars cannot be choosers and there are plenty of small Orthodox communities in this country which are grateful for the loan of Gothic-style chapels and churches in order to celebrate liturgies, baptisms or funerals etc.

In this country there are only tiny remains of Church architecture from the first millennium, that is proto-Orthodox architecture, in churches like: Bradford-on-Avon (Wiltshire), Bradwell-on-Sea (Essex), Breamore (Hampshire), Brixworth and Earls Barton (Northamptonshire), Escomb (Co. Durham), Kirk Hammerton (Yorkshire) and Worth (Sussex). Even here, only fragments survive, with plaster taken off the outside of the churches, apses and transepts demolished, mediæval windows added and the frescos removed. Far more survives in France and above all in Italy. But even here what you are seeing are the vestiges of the Orthodox architecture of a thousand years ago in a provincial and primitive Western form, before it had had a chance to evolve into the full-blown Eastern Orthodox architecture of today. In this country there are only three churches with full-blown Orthodox architecture. These are: the Greek Cathedral in Moscow Road in London, the Russian Cathedral in Gunnersbury and, above all, the

superb example of the Serbian Church in Birmingham.



What do you think of suggestions that present-day children will live to the age of 120 thanks to advances in medicine?

*R. T., Felixstowe*

You and I are both at an age when we have become rather cynical about these announcements in the media. I can remember the 1970s when, for example, we were told that a new Ice Age was coming. Now we are told we are all going to boil! But let's suppose it is true. My question is immediately what will we do with all this extra life? Recently, my aunt died, aged 96. Her physical and mental state were very poor. In fact she appeared to have had no quality of life at all in the last three years. Therefore, my thoughts are quality and not quantity. Why live to 120, if you cannot speak, see, read, write or walk? So I am not at all convinced that this is a good thing. I have been inside too many old people's homes visiting not to know that there are a lot of old people who simply want to die and are puzzled as to why they have been given such a long life.



What should our attitude be towards the present crisis of climate change?

*S. P., Felixstowe*

First of all, we should know that the climate has always changed. This is quite natural. However, this present problem is caused mainly, it seems, by artificial, that is non-natural, climate change. Even so, we should know that God is all-powerful. If mankind got down on its knees and asked God to stop climate change, He would, because He always intervenes wherever there is repentance. In other words the sort of despair and guilt coming from ecologists that now pervades the Western media is completely secular, utterly Godless. It inspires despair and guilt because it has no faith. Despair and guilt always come from loss of faith.

This type of despair is similar to that caused by the hysteria that the Earth will be destroyed by an asteroid. We should know that this will not happen if it is not God's Will. All such hysteria proves is that man has abandoned God. If we deny God, then everything becomes possible, if we believe, we have an assurance that, in the end, all will come out right. God can do anything, including saving the world – which He has already done. But He can only do this if mankind asks Him to. The world will continue for as long as there is

something worthwhile saving on it, that is for as long as there is some kind of life of the spirit, and not mere bestiality.



What do you think of the new *Orthodox Study Bible*?

A. M., Oxfordshire

I am sorry but I find the whole concept strange. This 'Study Bible' must have been prepared by Evangelicals or Pentecostals, who have recently come to the Orthodox Church, but not yet been integrated into Her. Studying the Bible is not an Orthodox concept. We read the Holy Scriptures, we listen to them, we pray, inspired by them, we live them, but study them? This is a wrong concept, a Protestant misunderstanding. We will not be saved because we have studied, we will be saved by the mercy of God enlivening our hearts. The Scriptures are holy, sacred, they are not to be treated as some historical novel requiring literary criticism. That was the error of the late Fr Alexander Schmemmann with regard to the sacred texts of the Church services. And that is why his books were burned in Russia as heretical.

(Incidentally, I understand that this Study Bible is taken from a Protestant text and omits one of the books of the Old Testament. It does not surprise me, because the same group also printed an Altar Gospel, which is filled with misprints, one of which is, admittedly unintentionally, a heresy. This is amateurism and cannot be taken seriously).



What do you think is the main danger for English people in coming to the Orthodox Church?

S. P., Felixstowe

Every race has its weakness. I think it is arrogance that many English people suffer from the

most. The attitude is that 'we are the master race, we are the world's ruling class, therefore we must be allowed to take over, be the bosses'. This imperialistic superiority, which is only pride, the lack of humility, is a besetting sin. English people, as all of us, must learn to learn, at the feet of the humble.

This arrogance can be seen in the job culture of England football supporters, on the front page of *The Sun*, in the 'British is best' ignorance and insularity, xenophobia and bigotry of the right-wing media. However, it is also present among educated, Establishment people, in a much more subtle and therefore much more dangerous way, often unconsciously. BBC correspondents are full of it, for example, though the worst examples are probably among British diplomats.

It is something that English people get rid of only after years of mixing with other nations and learning some humility. Some of the best examples of English people who learned this were among those who went through the Second World War, faced death, met other races, mixed with them, saw chronic British inadequacies and came to some measure of self-knowledge. Many became Christians in that way.



How often should we take communion?

P. J., Canada

As often as you can properly prepare yourself for it



What wood is used for icons?

A. P., Felixstowe

Lime.

## BOOK REVIEW

### The Slippery Slough

by Eadmund

*The Dark Materials Trilogy*: Philip Pullman: Scholastic Children's Books: consisting of *The Northern Lights*, *The Subtle Knife*, *The Amber Spyglass*

**T**HE *Northern Lights* begins the trilogy as a fantasy. It is very well and also intelligently written, and one is lulled into what I could almost describe as a sense of security. The setting

of the novel with which we are presented, although it is a fantasy world, works in the same way as the one that we know and abides by the same physical rules. It has many delights to tempt





the avid teenage reader, or for that matter a reader of any age who enjoys this particular form of literature. There is no hint in the first volume that one is to be subjected to the depths of despair or thrown into agonizing doubt

I am précising the plot, just to show how tempting and innocuous it seems. We follow the fortunes of Lyra, a supposedly orphan urchin who has been taken in by an Oxford College in the England of a parallel universe, stuck in what I suppose would be the Edwardian period with anbaric light instead of electricity, and transport still provided by the steam railway, zeppelins and a canal system still entirely populated by brightly-painted narrowboats. Lyra, who like everyone else in the book has a familiar spirit called a *dæmon*, which in the case of children can change shape, but with adulthood becomes fixed, runs wild on the roofs of the university buildings, and in the streets and lanes of the city, where she has fights with the 'townies' and the 'gyptians' who own the narrowboats. True there is the occasional shot across the bows of religion, which in Pullman's mind is entirely made up of the worst excesses of the Roman Catholic Church, but I hope and pray that the majority even of today's Roman Catholics would be among the first to deny, if not to actually to decry, the Spanish Inquisition.

The book opens with an attempt by the Master of Jordan College to poison Lyra's uncle, the proud Lord Asriel, which Lyra, because she has hidden in a place in which she is not allowed to go, is able to prevent. She is then eventually removed from the safety of the College by her biological mother, the evil Mrs Coulter, whose *dæmon* is a golden monkey, and who is in fact the leader of the Gobblers, a mysterious gang that is kidnapping the children of folk who are poor, or unable to complain very loudly, for an unknown purpose. This, we later find out, is the separation of the children and their *dæmons*. This is all tied up with a mysterious phenomenon known as Dust, and a city that can be seen behind the Northern Lights. Lyra escapes, however, and joins the *gyptians* on an expedition to the arctic in pursuit of the Gobblers in the company of an armoured bear.

Having got his audience well and truly hooked, Pullman then begins volume two, *The Subtle Knife*, in an entirely different vein. The scene, which heretofore has been entirely fantastic, now begins to be linked inextricably to our world and our time. Global warming is mentioned, and it is obvious that the hero of the story, to whom we are now

introduced, one Will Parry, is in the here and now. Will is trying to look after his mother, who suffers from Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, and prevent her from being locked up in an asylum with the result that he would be taken into care. He also intends to find his father, who has mysteriously disappeared some years previously whilst Will was still a baby.

Will manages to place his mother temporarily with his piano-teacher just in time to avoid the security police, who are also investigating his father, and search his home for a folder containing some letters. Will accidentally causes the death of one of these security men, and runs away to the Oxford of our world, where he finds an anomaly: the doorway to another world. In this other world he finds the subtle knife of the title, with which he is able to cut doorways between worlds and travel between them at will. He also meets Lyra, and they continue their adventures together.

At this point we have to leave the happy, children's adventure style plot, as the underlying philosophy of the trilogy becomes so obtrusive that it forces itself on our attention. Pullman has adopted the Manichean heresy, apparent in the writings of William Blake, which maintains that there is an irreversible dichotomy between spirit and matter. In the Manichean world, there are two creators, one of whom is the embodiment of goodness and responsible for the spirit the other is a demiurge, either evil in nature or at least morally ambivalent. In Pullman's philosophy as expressed through these books, any manifestations of the Christian religion (to which, as I have already said, regardless of any particular denomination or persuasion, he gives the worst characteristics of the Tridentine Roman Catholic Church – Spanish Inquisition and all), is equated with evil.

This evil religion is at last being thrown down by the rebel angels under the leadership of Lord Asriel, with the help of a large number of witches, who are represented as being good but misunderstood. 'God', Blake's Ancient of Days, is revealed to be an infirm and impotent old man in a crystal chariot, who is at last destroyed by some species of ghou, and his lieutenant is tackled by Lord Asriel, revealed as Lyra's biological father, and Mrs Coulter, who has made a last minute repentance and joined forces with him. They all fall into the bottomless abyss together and are killed. Who or what actually created the world, and who or what keeps it in being when its supposed architects are dead, we are not told. We are left to make what



assumption we may, and assume that the world somehow came into being by the agency of Dust, which turns out to be some kind of sub-atomic particle that falls from the stars. Pullman has no concept whatever of a loving or merciful God.

The average reader, who had not studied the philosophy of William Blake, would probably be left confused, but probably not fatally damaged. The believer, who had been taught about eternal nature of God, His absolute, ineffable grace and His love of mankind, would stand in no danger of confusing the Ever-living God with either of the two people who were killed in the book. Nevertheless this part of the story leaves behind a very unpleasant taste and a feeling of depression; but unfortunately there is worse.

A large portion of volume three, *The Amber Spyglass*, is taken up with a journey of Lyra and Will through the land of the dead in the search for Will's father. The land of the dead is represented as a grey shadowland, similar in some respects to the pagan Hades approached over the river Styx. The souls of all Christians are depicted as tricked into this bleak and mindless state of existence, having been promised heaven beyond anything they can imagine or desire. Many children today, brought up as they are in unbelieving homes, have difficulties finding some kind of religious belief. However most of their grandparents or great-grandparents may be assumed to have been, at least nominally, Christian. To suggest that all past believers in Christianity were tricked by false promises of heaven into a state of limbo, where they are condemned to wait without light, or nourishment, or hope for eternity, I think is going too far and imposing too great a strain on the credulous mind. It is an idea so revolting that it outdoes the evil of Hitler or Stalin or Napoleon. These tyrants were limited to a particular space and time, and there were good men alive who fought and eventually defeated them and destroyed their tyrannies. To read *The Amber Spyglass* without a firm belief and a strong faith must be like opening Pandora's Box, releasing doubts and fears that surely no reasonable adult would knowingly inflict upon their child. Christ said: 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' [Matt 18, 6]

The book ends with the poor prisoners of death being released into one of the worlds, where they are immediately dissipated into a Buddhist nirvana,

their atoms dispersed amongst those of the birds and trees and flowers, a fate which they accept with happiness as a welcome relief after their two-thousand-year imprisonment: indeed any fate would be preferable to an eternal wasting away in their Auschwitz-like surroundings.

The final ending of the book has no less depressing a message. The subtle knife, which can cut the barriers between worlds, (and therefore also presumably to paradise) is found with each cut to release grim spectres that suck away the vitality from living creatures. The precious dust, which falls from the stars and embodies only wisdom and truth, (grace and love being ignored by Pullman's philosophy) also leaks out of all the worlds through these openings. The Subtle Knife must therefore be destroyed and each window be sealed up, and we must accept the boundaries of our world as being all that there is. Lyra and Will, who have travelled between the worlds and fallen in love, are told that unless they return to their own worlds and eternal separation, their dæmons will sicken and they will quickly die. We are told that our only hope must be to gather as much 'Dust' as we can, and our ultimate end must be to join the other aimlessly whirling atoms that make up our universe. In short, Pullman sees us as being back where we started: two thousand years of Christianity having been wiped away as though it had never been. One cannot wonder at the increase of teenage suicides if this is the kind of hopeless belief that is to be inculcated into young, impressionable minds.

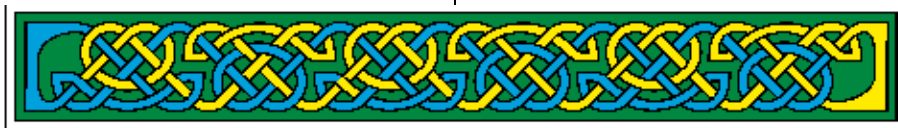
Christ also said: 'And I say unto you my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear him, which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him.' [Lk. 12, 4] We are told not to judge: I remember being told of a believer who said with Chestertonian paradox – it might even have been Chesterton himself – 'I have no problem with the concept of Hell: I simply find it difficult to believe that there is anyone in it.' I think I could almost school myself into believing in an empty Hell in the normal course of events, even tyrants like Hitler only killed bodies and he was indubitably a madman; but when I consider Philip Pullman, who is intelligent and has knowingly laid out this trap specifically for children ... then I am not so sure.

My first thought on finishing this trilogy was that these books should be burned, but book burning is a childish, tit-for-tat response: a negative in answer

to a negative that accomplishes nothing and only gives the author notoriety and makes his works interesting to those who would otherwise not have heard of him. I even hesitated to write this review for that reason. I have written it only to give warning of a trap prepared for the unwary. I am quite sure that the only way to defeat Pullman's dose of depression and despair is to try to give the

world an equal dose of hope and joy: to defeat negative with positive.

I am, however, left with a feeling of the deepest compassion for him. He writes like the fox in Aesop's fable, who having lost his tail (in Pullman's case his faith), immediately tries to persuade all the other foxes to have theirs cut off. May he repent of the evil that he has done before it is too late.



# Film Review

## A Wartime Pilgrimage

*By Stuart Millson*

'Six hundred years have passed, what would Chaucer and his goodly company see today?

The hills and valleys are the same,  
Gone are the fields since the enclosures came,  
Hedgerows have sprung,  
The land is under plough,  
And orchards bloom with blossom on the bough.  
Kent and Sussex are like a garden fair,  
But sheep still graze upon the ridges there.  
And though so little's changed since

Chaucer's day,

A different kind of pilgrim walks the way ...'

SO says the narrator at the beginning of *A Canterbury Tale*, a wartime film (1943) by the Kentish-born director Michael Powell and his friend and associate, the Hungarian-born screenwriter. Emeric Pressburger. The setting is the North Downs Way – the Pilgrim's Way – in wartime. It is a hot August weekend, and three modern-day pilgrims, a Land Girl, a British sergeant and his American counterpart (played by Sergeant John Sweet of the US Army) have found themselves in the fictional village of Chillingbourne (a mixture, perhaps, of Hollingbourne and Chilham).

The lives of the three young folk are all overshadowed by some sort of loss – the Land Girl (played by the future Lady Attenborough) is trying

to come to terms with the loss of her pilot-fiance, lost by enemy action; the American sergeant fears that his girlfriend (who has answered none of his letters) has left him; whilst, the British soldier (played by Dennis Price) grapples with his own profound disappointments – he is a trained classical organist, but prior to the war, could only find work in a cinema.

However, a strange and sinister event hurls them into an absurd detective story ... as the three leave Chillingbourne station (where a young, but curiously ageless Charles Hawtrey is employed as the Acting Stationmaster!) a figure jumps out of the shadows and throws glue into the Land Girl's hair. Shocked by the incident, they report to the Town Hall – only to discover that it is the eleventh such attack in the village.

The three pilgrims are then introduced to the local JP, Thomas Colepepper – a gentleman-farmer, amateur mountaineer, archaeologist and historian, who seems to run the village along feudal lines: 'No young lady is to go alone at night', goes the firm announcement – 'Mr Colepepper's orders'. Apparently, the assaults by the mysterious glueman (who is always glimpsed running away in a Home Guard great-coat) have made the local girls afraid to associate with the troops from the local army camp. This in turn has left the soldiers with nothing to do, other than to attend the evening lectures on

Kentish history given by none other than Thomas Colepepper JP.

I will not spoil the story for you by revealing the outcome of this Canterbury tale, but suffice it to say that along the wartime path to East Kent, the three modern pilgrims discover a sense of history and a love of the countryside – and receive remarkable news ... The Land Girl's pilot-boyfriend is alive after all, having been rescued and brought into Gibraltar; the American's girlfriend has enlisted in the Women's Army Corps – her letters being delayed as a result of a temporary posting in Australia; and the British sergeant is invited (a miraculous chance-in-a-lifetime) to play the organ of Canterbury Cathedral. And they also get to the bottom of the mystery of the 'glueman'.

All this has come about in one way or another through their intersection with the life and

activities of Mr Colepepper – the village magus, a believer in miracles, a man who appears from nowhere in the long grass on a downland hillside, and who, in his Home Guard uniform, stands for the defence of his corner of England. Mr Colepepper has formed his own village institute and museum, and spends long afternoons lying on his back, 'watching the clouds go by' – trying to hear, either within his own mind or by summoning the spirits of the past, the sounds of voices, instruments, or the hooves of horses on the Pilgrim's Way six hundred years ago. As he says at one of his lectures, his voice trailing away almost as if in a trance: 'I feel that I only have to turn my head, to see them [the pilgrims] on the road behind me ...'

I wonder if Mr Colepepper's spirit can still be found on those Kentish hills? Here in the remnant England of today, we need him more than ever ...

## OPINION PAGE

### Scholar: Ordaining Women is Disrespectful: 'Promotion of Female Priests Overemphasizes Masculinity'

*by Dr Pia de Selenni, Director of Life and Women's Issues  
at the Family Research Council in Washington D.C.*



THE decision by the Church of England to ordain female clergy almost twenty years ago was seen by many as more than a simple act of swimming with the current secular tide of masculinisation. It was also seen as revealing the clericalism inherent to the fragments that split away from Roman Catholicism in the sixteenth century. With the laity devalued in many Non-Orthodox denominations, the exclusion of half of humanity from the clergy was seen as an act of discrimination. Below are some views of a present-day Roman Catholic scholar.

Speaking at the Pontifical University of the Holy Cross in Rome in 2007, Dr Pia de Solenni enlarged on three basic points: 'Christ, in ordaining only men, acted freely without constraints by cultural norms; non-admission to the priesthood is not a sign of lesser dignity; the Church does not have the faculty to ordain women'.

She explained that for her the entire history of the Church witnesses to the presence and active participation of women and that the question of women's vocations should not be confined to ordination. She added that woman will never be

the bridegroom, in any form. The temptation to force upon women a masculine paradigm arises from confused notions of power and authority which, in turn, devalue woman's vocation as a bride, clearly illustrated by Mary. Ordaining a woman would, in essence, be showing a complete disregard for the reality she is as a woman, as a bride.

She went on to say that the promotion of ordaining women to the priesthood is a sign of misunderstanding and even disrespect for the dignity of woman, for the discussion of ordaining women to the priesthood has been a sort of overemphasis of the masculine. No doubt women's voices in the Church must be heard, but they must be authentic voices and not be made to sound like men's voices. Women have a unique role in the Church and in society and that role should not be forced into masculine paradigms. To do so runs the risk of losing what is truly feminine – not the femininity of fashion, but the varied femininity of women saints, whose personalities and strengths span just as far as those of men saints ... if not more.

# MOUNT ATHOS

I once heard this story from a priest's wife. I was very fortunate to hear it, thanks to God.

A few years ago the priest decided to spend his summer on Mount Athos. There he went to a monastery. When he went to the church services, he noticed a monk whose right hand was heavily bandaged. One day, he approached the monk and decided to ask him why his hand was bandaged. Instead of answering the question, the monk took the bandage off his hand. As he did so, a foul stench came out of his hand. Then the monk told the priest the story:

'When I was much younger, I lived with my mother in Cyprus. Unfortunately, my mother did not live a good life and rarely went to church. One day my mother died. I started thinking about death and became despondent about where my mother was lying. One night I had this dream in which I dreamt that I was slowly coming down from the sky and as I looked below I saw my mother, who was lying up to her neck in stench and mud. The smell was foul. I tried to reach for my mother to try and get her out of the stench but I was then pulled back. That was when I woke up. I decided to speak to my parish priest about it. He advised me to go to Mount Athos to get an answer.

So I came to the Holy Mountain, and as I walked across the mountain looking for something, I went towards a cave. There I found a monk who lived there. Asking the monk for permission to share the cave with him for the night, we started talking. As the evening went by, I told him about my dream and the monk answered me that my mother was in hell and only prayer could get my mother out.

Deciding to stay on the Holy Mountain, I started praying for the salvation of my mother. Months became years and I was tonsured a monk. Then, one night I had this dream: I was coming down from the sky and again I saw my mother lying in mud and stench, from head to foot. As I came down I reached for my mother with my right hand and slowly I pulled her out of the stench. Then I woke up and I could still smell the stench although it had been a dream. However, as I looked down at my right hand, I saw it was black and rotten and had a foul stench. Despite the thick bandage on my hand, I am still reminded that the hand with which I pulled my mother out has touched hell and has witnessed the horrors of hell. May God spare me from hell!



