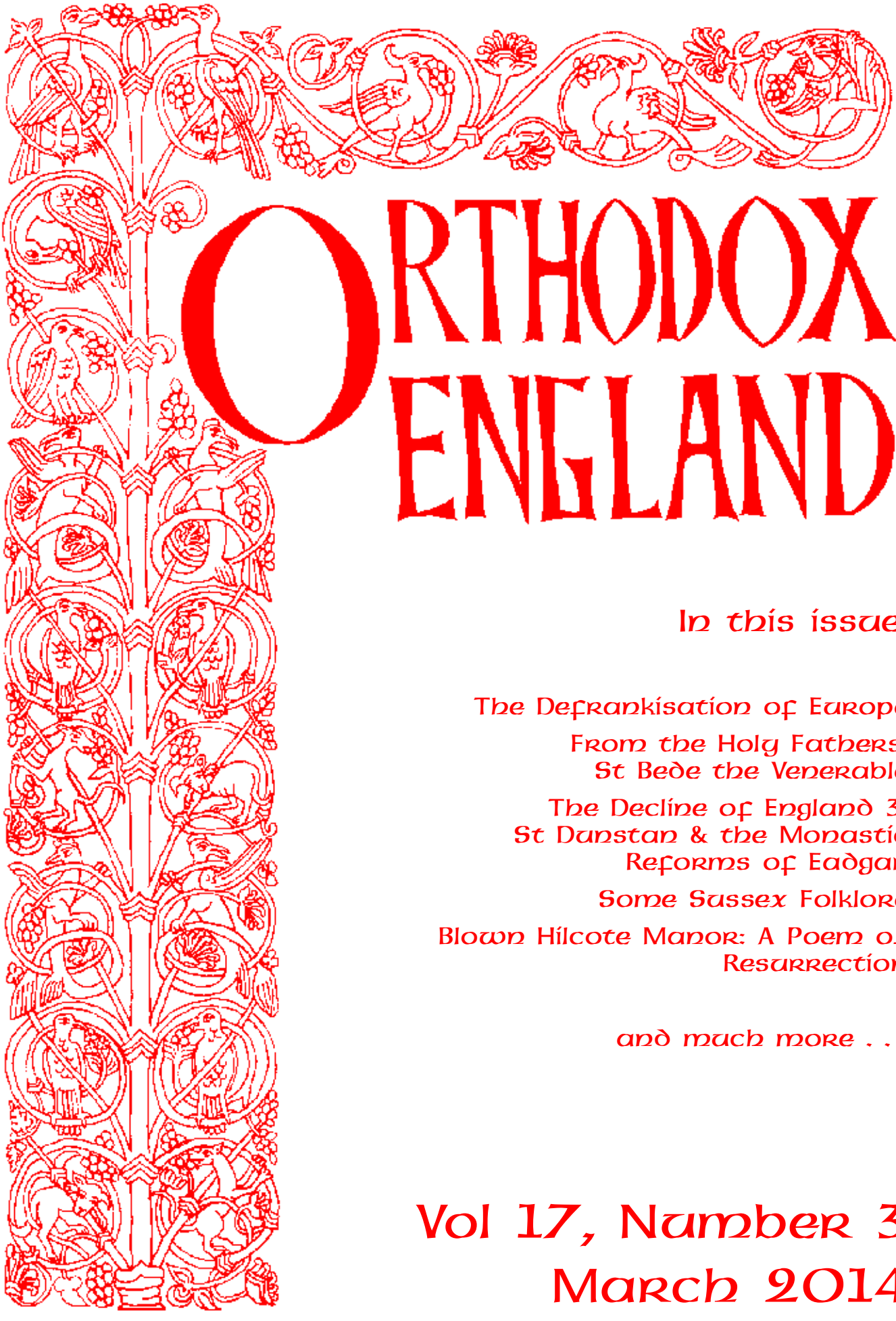

ORTHODOX ENGLAND

In this issue:

Vol 17, Number 3

March 2014

ORTHODOX ENGLAND VOL. 17 NO. 3
www.orthodoxengland.org.uk

A Quarterly Journal of English Orthodox Reading

March 2014

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Published with the blessing of the Very Reverend Mark, Archbishop of the Diocese of Great Britain and Ireland of the Church Outside Russia.

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Publication dates: 1 September, 1 December, 1 March, 1 June.

Editorial:
THE DEFRANKISATION OF EUROPE

THE terms 'Frank' and Frankish' were (and are) often used by the Orthodox theologians of New Rome to define the *filioque* ideology (a theology it was not) of the post-Schism West. Thus, the terms 'Frankish theology' and 'Frankish icons' denote scholasticism and sentimental religious imagery. In Greek 'frankopantaloni' still denote modern trousers, also an invention of the Franks.

This use of a racial name for schismatic thought and values is first of all indicative of the origins of the *filioque* in the Rhineland, among the Western and Eastern Franks (the French and the Germans). In reality, they themselves worked under the influence of Jewish-trained ecclesiastics from Spain. Its later use is indicative of anyone of any race who spreads the consequences of the *filioque* ideology, be they Germans, French, Normans, English, Spanish, Belgians, Italians, Scots, Norwegians, Portuguese or Irish, as we can see below.

We have over the last forty years and more campaigned for the Denormanisation of England and English Life and moreover applied that to the rest of these islands. However, more broadly, we have also campaigned for the 'Defrankisation' of Europe'. In recent months we have seen groups of 'Franks' (Germans and French) in Athens, examining the economy of debt-bound Greece. It seems as though history is repeating itself.

The following quotations are taken from pages 101–105 of *The Making of Europe, Conquest, Colonization and Cultural Change 950–1350*, by Professor Robert Bartlett (BCA, 1993), an excellent and illuminating work of history:

'It was in the process of the dramatic expansionary enterprises of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries that a shorthand term was popularized that had the connotation of 'aggressive westerner'. That term was 'Frank'.

The use and usefulness of the term are illustrated in the *De expugnatione Lyxbonensi*, a rousing account of the capture of Lisbon in 1147 by a crusading army of seamen and pirates from north-west Europe. The anonymous author, probably a priest from East Anglia, begins his story immediately by stressing the diversity of the fleet that mustered for the expedition: 'peoples of various races, customs and languages assembled at Dartmouth'. He then goes on to specify the main contingents: under the command of a nephew of the Duke of Lower Lotharingia there were the men 'from the Roman Empire' – mostly, we later learn, inhabitants of Cologne; under a Flemish lord, the Flemings and the men of Boulogne; and. in four divisions headed by Anglo-French knights and English townsmen, were the men of the English ports. Subsequent references make it clear that the fleet also included Bretons and Scots. One of the reasons for the severity of the code of regulations which was adopted to govern the fleet was this ethnic and cultural heterogeneity …

The strength of these ethnic divisions is patent throughout the campaign. At every point there are quarrels and jealousies between the different groups. But this is not the whole story. There are two circumstances when something beyond diversity is described. First, the author sometimes wishes to employ a term that will apply to all the members of the expedition. He does have such a term: 'Franks'. 'Two churches were constructed by the Franks', he writes, 'one by the men of Cologne and the Flemings, the other by the English and the Normans'. The 'Franks' in this passage are from three different kingdoms and speak three different languages (nor, it should be noted, did these political and linguistic divisions coincide). Nevertheless, this heterogeneous group of knights, sailors and their womenfolk, gathered from the ports of the Rhineland, the North Sea and the Channel, could plausibly and conveniently be termed 'Franks'.

Another person who found such a generic label useful was Affonso I of Portugal. Though, as discussed in Chapter 2, he was himself the son of an immigrant Frankish noble, a Burgundian who had prospered in the Iberian peninsula, he used the term as a handy description of these 'others'. If the anonymous author is accurate in his record: the king referred to this mixed German, Flemish, French, Norman and English fleet as 'the ships of the Franks'. After concluding written terms with them, he notified all of 'the agreement between me and the Franks' and promised them possession of Lisbon and its lands, if it fell, 'to be held according to the honourable customs and liberties of the Franks'.

Thus there are two closely related circumstances in which the general label 'Frank' was convenient. One was when a member of a body composed of various ethnic groups from western Europe wished to employ a label for the whole of this body; another when someone who conceived of himself as outside of that body (even if such externality was subjective, as in Affonso's case) wanted to give a group name to the foreigners. Thus both as self-appellation and as designation by others, 'Frank' was associated with the 'Frank away from home'. It was a term which had originated in a precise ethnic name but grew in the eleventh and twelfth centuries to refer to western Europeans or Latin Christians in general, especially when on the road or at sea.

The classic enterprise which stimulated the use of this term was the crusade, the 'Deeds of the Franks', as its earliest chronicler called it, and it seems to have been the First Crusade that gave the term a general currency. Prior to that period, of course, it already had a long history, first as an ethnic designation, later in association with a particular polity, the 'realm of the Franks' (*regnum Francorum*). The generalization of the name to cover all westerners was a fairly natural result of the virtual equivalence of the Carolingian empire and the Christian West in the ninth century and, also logically enough, seems to have been used in this way first by non-Westerners, The Muslims denominated the inhabitants of western Europe Faranga or Ifranga. Tenth-century Muslims wrote of the land of the Franks as chilly but fertile, with inhabitants distinguished both by their bravery and by their lack of personal hygiene.

The Byzantines (*sic*) had plenty of contact, often frosty, with. western powers and they, like the Muslims, seem to have labelled any Westerners 'Franks' (Frangi). A particularly revealing exchange took place in the middle of the eleventh century, at the height of the quarrel between Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Papacy. Cerularius had written a general letter to the western clergy, which had been translated into Latin. The address of the translation read: 'to all the chiefs of the priests and the priests of the Franks' – clearly the original Greek must have used a form of frangi. The irascible cardinal Humbert of Silva Candida wrote an offended reply: 'You say you are writing to all the priests of the Franks ... but not only the Romans and the priests of the Franks but also the whole Latin Church ... calls out to contradict you'. Humbert seems to think the phrase, 'the priests of the Franks' is intended as an ethnic circumscription, a meaning certainly not present in the original. It is not so much the contrast between 'the priests' and 'the whole ... Church' that should be emphasized here, but the Cardinal's assumption that the term 'Frank' limits, rather than being equivalent to, the term 'Latin'. He was writing at a time when this equation was made in the East but not yet in the West.

It seems to be the case that the vast and polyglot armies of the First Crusade picked up the term 'Frank' as a self-appellation from the non-westerners who already employed it in this general way. Eleventh-century Byzantine (*sic*) writers customarily referred to Norman mercenaries as 'Franks', and there was a natural case for applying the name to the western knights, including Normans, who arrived in Constantinople in 1096. The Muslims used the term so generally that Sigurd I of Norway, who came to the Holy Land in 1110, could be described as 'a Frankish. King'. The crusaders were aware that this was their general appellation. 'The barbarians are accustomed to call all Westerners Franks', wrote Ekkehard of Aura; while the chaplain Raymond of Aguilers, attached to the household of Raymond of Toulouse on the First Crusade, made a careful distinction between the term as used by the crusaders themselves, with the meaning 'men from northern France' and the term as used in a general sense by 'the enemy'. Much later, in the century, the same usage prevailed: 'all the people who live beyond the sea name all Christians (*sic*) 'Frank', taking the term in a broad sense', wrote a Dominican observer of the Mongols, Simon of Saint Quentin. It was this 'broad sense' that westerners on the First Crusade came to be willing to apply to themselves.

As an expedition that brought together many different ethnic and linguistic groups and took them thousands of miles from their homelands, the crusade was clearly a forcing house for new identities. The crusaders were certainly 'pilgrims', but also 'pilgrim Franks'. The participants on the First Crusade equated 'our Franks' with 'the pilgrim knights of Christ', saw their triumphs as redounding 'to the honour of the Roman Church and the Frankish people' and gloried in how Jesus had brought victory to 'the pilgrim Church of the Franks'. When Baldwin I was crowned in Jerusalem in 1100, he thought of himself as 'first king of the Franks'. The name symbolized the desired transcendence of local and ethnic rivalries and rang down the years as the rallying cry of

western Christian unity. Enmired in the quarrels and backbiting of the Third Crusade, the minstrel Ambroise looked back nostalgically to the solidarities of a hundred years earlier:

When Syria was recovered in the other war and Antioch besieged, in the great wars and battles against the Turks and miscreants, so many of whom were slaughtered, there was no plotting or squabbling, no one asked who was Norman or French, who Poitevin or Breton, who from Maine or Burgundy, who was Flemish or English ... all were called 'Franks', be they brown or bay or sorrel or white.

The new generic term was not only of value on crusade, however, for it was also a convenient label for the migratory population spreading outwards from the central parts of western Europe whatever direction it was heading. Franks were, of course, particularly Franks when they were strangers, for the term was of limited reference when applied to the homelands of western Europe. Thus in the second half of the twelfth century we find mention of 'men living in Constantinople ... whom they [the Greeks] called Franks, immigrants (*advene*) from every nation', while a settlement of colonists in Hungary was called 'the village of the immigrant Franks' (*villa advenarum Francorum*). The Celtic world also felt the impact of the Franks. Welsh chroniclers refer to the incursions of Franci or Freinc from the late eleventh to the early thirteenth centuries, and the Anglo-Norman enterprise in Ireland was, as we have seen, termed 'the coming of the Franks' (*adventus Francorum*).

For the rulers of the Celtic lands the Franks were not only rivals to be confronted but also models to be emulated. The O'Briens of Munster expressed their claim to dynastic supremacy by calling themselves 'the Franks of Ireland'. In Scotland the name had a similar resonance. Here the native dynasty presided over a radical reshaping of the bases of its own power in the twelfth century, which transformed the Scottish monarchy into a polity much more like its neighbours to the south. As part of this reorientation the Scottish kings assumed a new identity – as 'Franks'. 'The more recent kings of the Scots', observed one early-thirteenth-century chronicler, 'regard themselves as Franks (*Franci*) in stock, manners, language and style, they have pushed the Scots down into slavery and admit only Franks into their household and service'. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to be a Frank implied modernity and power.

The term can be found at every edge of Latin Christendom. The trans-Pyrenean settlers who came into the Iberian peninsula in the late eleventh and twelfth centuries were Franks and enjoyed 'the law of Franks'. We know that Affonso I of Portugal approved the grant of specific privileges for foreign immigrants (the *forum Francorum*) and this would explain his familiarity with the concept when dealing with the crusading fleet in 1147. After the fall of Constantinople to the westerners in 1204, they established in empire in its place that could be called 'New Francia', and when Greeks submitted on terms to the new conquerors they might bargain for the right to be treated as 'privileged Franks (frangi enkousati). In eastern Europe immigrant settlements in Silesia, Little Poland and Moravia were endowed 'Frankish law' or might use field measurements 'of the Frankish type'.

The term 'Frank' thus referred to westerners as settlers or on aggressive expeditions far from home. It is hence entirely appropriate that when the Portuguese and Spaniards arrived off the Chinese coasts in the sixteenth the local population called them Fo-lang-ki, a name adapted from the Arabic traders' Faranga. Even in eighteenth-century Canton the western barbarian carried the name of his marauding ancestors'.

From the Holy Fathers: ST BEDE The VENERABLE: On Devotion, Frequent Communion and the Holy Angels

IT is said that our master and your patron, the Blessed Bede, said: 'I know that angels visit the services and the meetings of the brethren. What if they should not find me there among them? Will they not say, where is Bede? Why does he not come to the worship appointed for the brethren?'

The monk Cuthbert, a pupil of Bede, recorded that when St Bede was dying the texts that came naturally to his mind were the antiphons from the services, among them the antiphon for the magnificat from the Vespers of the Ascension, which he could not sing without tears.

As one of the priests of the monastery, a deep devotion to the Eucharist also marked St Bede's life. In his writings, he constantly urged ordained priests to be better pastors and more devout

celebrants, while the laity, he felt, should come more frequently to communion. Thus:

'Whenever we enter the church and draw near to the heavenly mysteries, we ought to approach with all humility and fear, both because of the presence of the angelic powers and because of the reverence due to the sacred offering; for as the angels are said to have stood by the Lord's body when it lay in the tomb, so we must believe that they are present in the celebration of the mysteries of His most sacred body at the time of consecration'.

(From St Bede's commentary on the Gospel of St Luke)

Better is a stupid and unlettered brother who, working the good things he knows, is more worthy of heavenly life than one who, though distinguished for his learning in the Scriptures or even holding the place of a teacher, lacks the bread of love.

After Fr Bede had devoted himself for a long time to the study of Holy Scripture, in his old age his eyes became dim and he could not see. Some mockers said to him, 'Fr Bede, behold, the people are gathered together waiting to hear the word of God, arise and preach to them'. And he, thirsting for the salvation of souls, went up and preached, thinking that there were people there, whereas there was no-one but the mockers. And as he concluded his sermon, saying, 'This may God deign to grant us, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit', the blessed angels in the air responded saying, 'Amen, very venerable Bede'.

The Decline of England 3: ST DUNSTAN AND THE MONASTIC REFORMS OF EADGAR

By Eadmund

THE monastic reform has largely become connected with the continental monasteries at Cluny, Fleury and Ghent, but it must be made clear that the foreign example came to Englisc reformers 'not as an incentive to a new task, but as a means of perfecting a work which had already been well begun'[1].

St Augustine, who brought Roman Christianity to Britain at the end of the 6th century, was a Benedictine Monk[2]. However the order of St Benedict requires that monks shall live in a secluded monastery, divided off from the rest of the world by a barrier, outside which they are not normally allowed to pass. They were expected to work to assist their survival, but their 'leisure' was to be taken up with the *opus dei*, and with study of religious books. This made them a good exemplar of the Christian life, but was not designed for evangelism. When Augustine and his monks arrived in Britain, they were, strictly speaking, no longer an abbot and his monks, but had become a bishop and his *familia*: secular clergy, armed with the training of the monastery, but who would go out into the country to preach and save souls. St Augustine later founded an enclosed monastery outside the city walls, containing a complex of churches, now known as St Augustine's Abbey. However when the initial missionary requirement had passed, and there were parish churches to deal with the spiritual needs of the people, the secular clergy attached to Cathedrals became lax. This happened on the continent as well, and in the mid-8th century, St Chrodegang of Metz endeavoured to regularize the situation, by extending the Monastic rule of St Benedict with modifications to cover the problems posed by secular clergy living in common. Many Minsters quickly adopted his rule, or variations of it, but nevertheless by the tenth century there were still problems. These had been compounded by the depredations of the Vikings, which had left many monasteries permanently closed, and the remainder decimated.

St Dunstan

Dunstan was born in Baltonsborough in AD909. He was the son of Heorstan, a noble of Wessex. Heorstan was the brother of the bishops of Wells and of Winchester. It is recorded that his mother, Cynethryth, was a pious woman. Osbern, Dunstan's second biographer, relates that a messenger miraculously told her of the saintly child she would give birth to:

'She was in the church of St Mary at Candlemass, when all the lights were suddenly extinguished. Then the candle held by Cynethryth was as suddenly re-lighted, and all present lit their candles at this miraculous flame, thus

foreshadowing that the boy "would be the minister of eternal light" to the English Church.'

The anonymous author of the earliest *Life* places Dunstan's birth during the reign of Æthelstan, while Osbern fixed it at 'the first year of the reign of King Æthelstan', 924 or 925. This date, however, cannot be reconciled with other known dates of Dunstan's life and creates many obvious anachronisms. Historians therefore assume that Dunstan was born *c.* 910 or earlier.

As a young boy, Dunstan studied under the Irish monks who then occupied the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. Accounts tell of his youthful optimism and of his vision of the abbey being restored. While still a boy, Dunstan was stricken with a near-fatal illness but made a seemingly miraculous recovery. Even as a child, he was noted for his devotion to learning and for his mastery of many kinds of artistic craftsmanship. With his parents' consent he was tonsured, received minor orders and served in the ancient church of St Mary. He became so well known for his devotion to learning that he was summoned by his uncle Athelm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to enter his service. He was later appointed to the court of King Æthelstan.

Dunstan soon became a favourite of the king and therefore envied by other members of the court. A plot was hatched to disgrace him and Dunstan was accused of being involved with witchcraft and black magic. The king ordered him to leave the court and as he was going out of the building his enemies physically attacked him, beat him severely, bound him, and threw him into a cesspool. He managed to crawl out and make his way to the house of a friend. From there, he journeyed to Winchester and entered the service of his uncle, Ælfheah, Bishop of Winchester.

St Dunstan Becomes a Monk

The bishop tried to persuade him to become a monk, but Dunstan was doubtful whether he had a vocation to a celibate life. The answer came in the form of an attack of swelling tumours all over his body. This ailment was so severe that it was thought to be leprosy, but was more probably some form of blood poisoning caused by being beaten and thrown in the cesspool. Whatever the cause, it changed Dunstan's mind. He took Holy Orders in 943, in the presence of Ælfheah, and returned to live the life of a hermit at Glastonbury. There, against the old church of St Mary, he built a small cell five feet long and two and a half feet deep, where he studied, worked at his writing and painting and at handicrafts (he was an accomplished silversmith) and played on his harp. It is thought likely that he was the artist who drew the well-known image of Christ with a small kneeling monk beside him in the Glastonbury Classbook (now in the Bodlian Library in Oxford). It was at this time, according to a late 11th-century legend, that the Devil is said to have tempted him and to have been held by the nose with his tongs.

Autograph picture of Dunstan at the feet of Christ from the Classbook

Lady Æthelflæd, King Æthelstan's niece, made Dunstan a trusted adviser and on her death she left a considerable fortune to him, money that was used later in his life to foster the monastic revival. About the same time, his father Heorstan died and Dunstan inherited his fortune as well. He became a person of great influence, and on the death of King Æthelstan in 940, the new King, Eadmund, summoned him to his court at Cheddar and formally included him in his Witan.

Again, royal favour fostered jealousy among other courtiers and again Dunstan's enemies succeeded in their plots. The king was prepared to send Dunstan away. There were then at Cheddar

certain envoys from the 'Eastern Kingdom', which probably meant East Anglia. Dunstan implored the envoys to take him with them when they returned to their homes. They agreed to do so, but it never happened. The story is recorded:

'... the king rode out to hunt the stag in Mendip Forest. He became separated from his attendants and followed a stag at great speed in the direction of the Cheddar cliffs. The stag rushed blindly over the precipice and was followed by the hounds. Eadmund endeavoured vainly to stop his horse; then, seeing death to be imminent, he remembered his harsh treatment of St Dunstan and promised to make amends if his life was spared. At that moment his horse was stopped on the very edge of the cliff. Giving thanks to God, he returned forthwith to his palace, called for St Dunstan and bade him follow, then rode straight to Glastonbury. Entering the church, the king first knelt in prayer before the altar, then, taking St Dunstan by the hand, he gave him the kiss of peace, led him to the abbot's throne and, seating him on it, promised him all assistance in restoring Divine worship and regular observance.'

Dunstan, now Abbot of Glastonbury, went to work at once on the task of reform. He had to re-create monastic life and to rebuild the abbey. He began by establishing strict monasticism according to the Benedictine Rule, and his first care was to rebuild the Church of St Peter, rebuild the cloister, and re-establish the monastic enclosure. The secular affairs of the house were committed to his brother, Wulfric, 'so that neither he nor any of the professed monks might break enclosure.' A school for the local youth was founded and soon became the most famous of its time in England. A substantial extension of the irrigation system on the surrounding Somerset Levels was also completed.

Within two years of Dunstan's appointment, in 946, King Eadmund was assassinated, being succeeded by his son Eadred. Dunstan wished to continue his reform of the simple rule of St Benedict along the lines that had moved St Benedict of Aniane; to re-invigorate old communities and found new ones; and to establish monastic communities in the various cathedrals and minsters where there were secular clergy. For nine years his influence was dominant, during which time he twice refused the office of bishop (that of Winchester in 951 and Crediton in 953), affirming that he would not leave the king's side so long as the king lived and needed him. His relationship with him, was so close that Eadred entrusted to Dunstan a large number of his own title-deeds and many of his principal treasures,

In 955, Eadred died, and the situation was at once changed. Eadwig, the elder son of Eadmund, who then came to the throne, was a headstrong youth wholly devoted to a clique of reactionary nobles. Immediately after his coronation occurred the unfortunate episode treated in my last paper. Although Dunstan managed to escape, he saw that his life was in danger and he fled England and crossed the channel to Flanders, where he found himself ignorant of the language and of the customs of the locals. The count of Flanders, Arnulf I, received him with honour and lodged him in the Abbey of St Peter at Mont Blandin, near Ghent. This was one of the centres of monastic revival in that country, and Dunstan was able for the first time to observe at first hand the strict observance that had seen its birth at Cluny at the beginning of the century. His exile was not of long duration. Before the end of 957, the Mercians and Northumbrians revolted and drove out Eadwig, choosing his brother Eadgar as king of the country north of the Thames, although the south remained faithful to Eadwig. At once Eadgar's advisers recalled Dunstan. On his return, the archbishop consecrated Dunstan a bishop and, on the death of Coenwald of Worcester at the end of 957, Oda appointed Dunstan to that see. In the following year the See of London became vacant and was conferred on Dunstan, who held it in conjunction with Worcester.

St Dunstan becomes Archbishop of Canterbury

In October 959, Eadwig died and his brother Edgar was readily accepted as ruler of Wessex. One of Eadwig's final acts had been to appoint a successor to Archbishop Oda, who died on 2 June 958. First he appointed Ælfsige of Winchester, but he perished of cold in the Alps as he journeyed to Rome for the *pallium*. In his place Eadwig nominated Beorhthelm, the Bishop of Wells. As soon as Eadgar became king he reversed this act on the ground that Beorhthelm had not been able to govern even his former diocese properly. The archbishopric was then conferred on Dunstan. Æthelwold, who had been under Dunstan's governance at Glastonbury, and who was at that time abbot of Abingdon, invited skilled chanters from Corbie, and sent Osgar his monk to study the customs observed at Fleury.

The Regularis Concordia

Æthelwold was later appointed bishop of Winchester, and with bishop Oswald of Worcester he carried the monastic revival to the height of its influence. Dunstan, who had initiated it and inspired it, fell into the background of its later history, although he was still an eminent figure, venerable but somewhat remote: an adviser rather than a leader. It was a movement that was more or less self-perpetuating, and soon the rapid increase in the number of English monasteries and the diversity of their observances compelled the king and his advisers to take measures for their regulation. Between 963 and 975 Eadgar summoned a synodal council to meet at Winchester. This council invited monks from both Fleury and Ghent to take part in its deliberations. Bishop Æthelwold then drew up a document, the *Regularis Concordia*[3] setting out the customs that should be universally followed in all the monasteries in England.

The *Concordia* is an eclectic document, with influences coming from many sources, the precise locations of which are often uncertain. However the one part of it that distinguishes it from all continental customs is the emphasis that it lays on the duty of praying for the king and his family. This may be regarded as an acknowledgement of the debt that the leaders of the English revival felt they owed to Eadgar.

The *Concordia* made an enormous difference to the monastic movement, which continued to reverberate into the following reigns: indeed its effects are still discernable up to and even beyond the Norman Conquest. The anti-monastic reaction that followed Edgar's death was due more to political than anti-religious feeling, and lost much of its energy with the death of Ealdorman Ælfhere of Mercia in 983. The reign of Æthelræd II is marked by a series of new foundations that prove the desire for the religious life was still strong. Æthelwold died in 984, Dunstan in 988 and Oswald in 992, but although their successors were not of equal eminence, they were ready to carry on with the work, which was secured by the religious houses which had arisen or come to new life under their influence. In 993 the abbots of eighteen monasteries are known to have attended King Æthelræd's court. The community at Christ Church, Canterbury became entirely monastic, following Winchester and Worcester and Wulfsige, bishop of Sherborne, replaced clerks by monks in his cathedral. The monastic cathedral, a unique feature of the mediæval English church, was the creation of this revival.

Effects of the Reform

Parochial clergy came under its influence, for every Englisc diocese came under the rule of a bishop who was a professed monk, and at that time a monastic training was the best preparation that a bishop could receive. It gave him a sense of discipline and order, respect for learning, and the opportunity of knowing men who were capable of sustained enthusiasm for an idea.

A New Religious Literature

It contributed to the development of a new religious literature in the Englisc language. The elaborate treatise on the reckoning of time written by Bryhtferth of Ramsey was the most important scientific treatise to appear in England since the age of Bede, and was composed in order to help parish priests in their regular duties. The *Catholic Homilies of Ælfric* consist of two sets of sermons, suitable for delivery by priests on the chief days of the ecclesiastical year. Several other works by Ælfric were written at the request of laymen. Wulfstan's famous *Sermo Lupi ad Anglos*, a call to repentance delivered during the crisis of 1014. All of these were copied in a large number of surviving manuscripts, some of them even written in the twelfth century: proof that Norman criticism of the Englisc church had not destroyed the Englisc respect for native learning. Since King Æthelberht of Kent had asked the monks to write down his decrees in the vernacular in the seventh century, Englisc had been used for statements of law. King Ælfred had proved that it could be a medium for the expression of abstract thought. However from the tenth century, as the fruits of the monastic revival spilled from the monasteries over the countryside, a considerable effort was made to provide books in the native tongue for rural clergymen and their parishioners.

Praiseworthy though this literature may be, it was a prop for men of little knowledge or inadequate scholarship. It was only through Latin learning that a priest could come to a full understanding of his duty, and it was essential that knowledge of Latin was kept alive for the services of the church. Ælfric, like Ælfred before him, would have regarded a clerical training based exclusively on the vernacular as disastrous for religion. He had grave doubts about the wisdom of

multiplying translations of the Bible. Ælfric's friend Æthelweard, ealdorman of the south-western shires, even attempted to translate the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle into Latin for the benefit of Matilda, abbess of Essen, who, like the ealdorman himself, was descended from the royal house of Wessex. Unfortunately he was without adequate grammatical knowledge, and in many places his work is unintelligible: to the exasperation of historians, for it is based on a version that is different from all the other surviving copies. However the fact that an Englisc nobleman of the highest rank attempted to write a Latin history of his own country is a most remarkable illustration of the general stirring of intellectual life that happened as an indirect result of the monastic revival.

The needs of this newly enlarged and revivified church for liturgical texts stimulated the production of Psalters, Gospel books, and writings by the church fathers and more specialized texts such as Benedictionals containing the offices proper to a bishop. This in turn stimulated the development of Englisc penmanship, and resulted in the production of books that in sheer quality of script and excellence of decoration could not be rivalled anywhere else in Europe[4]. By the early part of the eleventh century England was exporting books to foreign churches. Ramsey Abbey repaid part of its debt to Fleury with a fine Benedictional. Another example, written at Winchester, found its way into the possession of Robert, bishop of Rouen and remained in his cathedral. A Sacramentary and Psalter written by Earnwig, master of the school at Peterborough, was given by him to Cnut, who sent it to Köln, whence it was brought back many years later by Ealdred, bishop of Worcester. No foreign bishop or abbot of this age would have believed it possible that a time would come when the isolation and illiteracy of the late Englisc church would be accepted as commonplace by historians blinded by Norman propaganda.

The Englisc Church Denigrated by Historians

The Englisc church always remained deferential towards the papacy. Ælfred is believed to have started the payment of Peter's Pence to Rome, and Eadmund, Eadgar and Cnut issued laws enforcing this payment. This dependence was expressed in a more formal but also more intimate way through the custom that every archbishop of Canterbury went to Rome for his pallium. Unfortunately during the 11th century the Popes were to become Machiavellian, drunk with the power which came originally from God, but which they assumed for themselves, manifesting itself in the Great Schism of 1054 which effectively invented what was to become the Roman Catholic church. They repaid the many years of Englisc loyalty and respect with superciliousness and their attitude became more interfering and less caring towards England, until the final treachery of Alexander II, who sent his blessing to the Norman Catholic invasion rather than to the loyal defenders of Orthodoxy who stood defiant at Sandlake.

To many writers, blinded by Norman propaganda, the individuality, and indeed the Orthodoxy of the Englisc church meant insularity of outlook and indifference to the movements of European ecclesiastical thought. Its discipline was regarded as ineffective, and it was thought to display a humiliating subordination to the state. (In fact in many instances the church and the King were at one, and neither side saw reason to make objection). Where the Englisc church showed real deficiencies (what human institution is perfect?), it was judged by an ideal standard to which neither the Norman nor any other part of the western church conformed at the middle of the eleventh century.

Further Reading

G. N. Garmonsway (trans.), *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Dent, 1954.

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Dorothy Whitelock, *The Beginnings of English Society*, Penguin Books, 1954.

Margaret Deanesley, *The Pre-Conquest Church in England, Adam and Charles Black*, London, 2nd edn., 1963.

Francis Wormald, *The Benedictional of St Ethelwold* (*sic*), Faber, London, 1959.

1 Sir Frank M. Stenton, *Anglo-Saxon England*, Oxford.

2 At this time the Rule of St Benedict was the only order of enclosed monks that existed. It was only after the Norman Conquest that other orders such as the Cistercian etc. were introduced. However there were other monks who did not live according to that rule, which was what the monastic reform was all about.

3 *Regularis Concordia* = the Agreement concerning the Rule.

4 The back cover of this magazine is a monochrome copy of the Ascension from the Æthelwold Benedictional.

PARADISE JUST BEYOND: Fragments of a Life (contd.)

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

Archpriest Andrew Phillips

5. Darkness: Disappointments 1980–1988

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

Now began a long, varied and very eventful period of my life. Returning to England, I decided to look for work in Cambridge. It was near my roots, I had worked there already and there were many language schools. It was a good decision because I did soon find work and after a few weeks I started. Unable to afford to live in Cambridge, we lived in a small town called Chatteris, the town of St Huna, one of the Fenland saints, near Ely, the town of St Audrey. We loved and still love Ely – it is where our first daughter was born in June 1981.

A Sunlit Ely Cathedral

On the Church front, there were many problems. In Cambridge there was a Greek liturgy weekly, a Belarusian liturgy once a month and an English liturgy once every two months under the Sourozh Diocese, supposedly of the Patriarchate of Moscow. For vigils we would have to go all the way to Tolleshunt Knights. For liturgies we also went to the ROCOR parish in Walsingham, where for some reason they did not celebrate vigils. Today this parish no longer exists as such.

In January 1981 I was tonsured reader in the Sourozh Diocese by Metr Antony (Bloom). I have prayed for Metropolitan Antony at every liturgy since. However, I also sang regularly at Greek services in Cambridge. Although my knowledge of Greek chant was poor, it seemed to be better than anyone else's.

We felt very much more at home at the Belarusian services, they were simple, authentic people, without any silly intellectual pretensions. We remember so many of these extraordinary people, for example, Boris, Arkady, Zinoviy Zhizhka – so proud to be the last name in the Cambridge phone directory! We were especially attached to Jan Gralevsky, who had been born in 1912. He told us of life in Belarus before that fatal year of 1939: how he put up electric lights on top of the church at Easter, how they had enjoyed their life despite the oppression of the Polish invader. Before the War he had fought in the Belarusian resistance against Polish occupation, having trained in camps in the Carpathians. As soon as Poland had been invaded by Nazi Germany and Polish-occupied territory had been occupied by Soviet forces, he was sent to Siberia. From the Stalinist camp there he had escaped, made his way on foot to Iran, where he had joined the Polish Army under British control. A man as tough as Jan was then used by the British to be parachuted into France where he had worked with the French Resistance near the Swiss border. Many memories.

However, we could see that that this post-war ethnic community of poor peasant refugees, technically un-canonical, was rapidly dying out. But we went anywhere in order to survive spiritually. We much loved the priest, Fr John Pekarsky, matushka and many others there – God rest their souls. Fr John had concelebrated with Metr Philaret (now of Minsk), despite being 'un-canonical'. Another memory is how his son, Peter, had returned to see family in Belarus. While he had been there, there had been a funeral. Peter told us how the Communists had buried the man 'like a pig'. For them, human-beings had no souls, therefore humans were only animals. That was their logic.

Sometimes we would go to Ennismore Gardens, the Sourozh Cathedral in London, but the atmosphere was cold, not at all what we were used to in Russian churches anywhere else. We searched for premises for the Sourozh parish in Cambridge and found ideal ones for £8,500. We offered to re-mortgage our house in order to buy it. However, we were told in no uncertain terms that

nobody except ourselves was interested. Indeed, we were told that if we wanted services more than once every two months we would have to go all the way down to London. Once every two months was quite enough for everyone else – why could we not be like everyone else? There would never be a parish in Cambridge, where we could bring up our family, so we were told. Only London counted. This short-sightedness is why today, over thirty years on, the Sourozh parish in Cambridge still has no premises and the best (and not very suitable) building they can obtain (far worse than what was on offer in 1982) would cost over £1,000,000, merely for an empty shell. Russians do not attend it, with rare exceptions. The boat had been missed and a whole diocese left without infrastructure.

In 1982 it was made clear to us in the Sourozh Diocese that we were not welcome. Faithfulness to the Russian Orthodox Tradition was a punishable offence in Sourozh! I was told by a priest (later a bishop) that in any case the long-term intention was to quit the Russian Church for the Greek. The liberal intolerance of the group that was at the core of the later, mainly ex-Anglican Amphipolis group which had already assumed power then, was such that all who disagreed with it had to be expelled. The promises made to us had been broken. This was purely a personality cult, later called a 'legacy'. The only legacy we were interested in was and is the legacy of Christ, not that of Apollo and Cephas. We saw exactly what was going on and lost many of our illusions there. We had been committed – we had been rejected. Having been made an offer which was morally unacceptable, we left that diocese to the naive. We left to preserve our integrity. The Patriarchate outside Russia, unfree, would never be for us. We already knew how it would all eventually end – in tears. It taught us that wherever faith is missing, so too is love. It was good when the Patriarch apologised for that exactly thirty years later. At that time certain people in the Sourozh Diocese could not cope with no-nonsense people from the country who could see through their 'mysticism'.

It was in France, at the convent at Bussy, in 1980 that I had learned from Mother Xenia that a hypnotist cannot control or even influence the mind of anyone who is praying. This had been an important instruction and preparation for our time in England.

By now with a second daughter, we began attending the ROCOR Cathedral and Convent in London. This was the time of poor Bishop Constantine, who was very ill, in many ways, like Archbishop Nikodim († 1976) before him. We soon saw that that ROCOR Diocese had enormous internal problems with its few clergy. It was also split between narrow and provincial right-wing Russian nationalism (the London emigration was notorious for this – quite unlike the best of the pre-Revolutionary Church of Russia) and an equally narrow, ill-informed, old calendarist, ex-Anglican sectarianism, the spirit of the Pharisee and the ghetto, a novel trend. The latter trend, introduced through interference from those in the USA who confused faith, culture and politics, had caused scandal.

Both of these trends were hopelessly provincial, isolationist. (On the other hand, they were more Orthodox than the Moscow Patriarchate representations outside Russia). The Centre had fallen away, the Church had been paralysed into the Cold War. Neither of these trends had any attraction for us at all and neither made us welcome. Indeed, it was the latter movement which would force the ROCOR parish in Walsingham to transfer in desperation to the Sourozh Diocese, in, I think, 1982. I had, by then, read virtually all the text books from Jordanville and I knew what the spiritual leaders of ROCOR, Fr Konstantin Zaytsev, Archbishop Averky etc, thought and I agreed with it. The tragedy was that it did not correspond to the reality in the local Diocese. In that inward-looking group, there was no leadership, no hope to expand the Church and certainly no interest in others. So much was lost, a Church abandoned. The mentality seemed to be: we are all old, we will all die soon, so why bother?

Perhaps we met all the wrong people, but we were not impressed. It was clear to us that the ROCOR Diocese had mainly lost the spirit of St John of Shanghai, its former bishop. Only at the ROCOR Convent did they seem to keep some memories of him and his spirit. Narrow Russian nationalism and ritualism, the spirit which had put St John on trial in San Francisco and the bane of ROCOR at that time, had taken over from the multinational spirit of Rus, which ROCOR should have embodied. ROCOR in England was already on a self-destructive path. Was it too late?

Although neither of these hostile extremes had any attraction for us at all, we did admire both the acceptance of St Edward into the ROCOR calendar and the long-awaited 1981 canonization of the New Martyrs and Confessors in New York – both,

it must be said, rejected either by some parishioners or else by clergy of the London ROCOR Cathedral. I remember the negative Western reactions to this canonization, which displayed the deeply held hatred and fear of the secular West of Russian Orthodoxy and the Royal Martyrs in particular. The West had after all been guilty of their martyrdom; it did not want to be found out. I soon bought icons of the New Martyrs from Jordanville and at last the Lives of the Saints of St Dimitri of Rostov, of which I had been starved in 'know it all' Oxford. I also read at that time a book by Fr Seraphim Rose. I thought its contents obvious, but regretted that I had not read it ten years earlier, when its contents would have been more original to me.

Given this awful situation in England and having obtained promises from the new Archbishop at Rue Daru about the Orthodox direction which he at last intended to set for Rue Daru, we decided to leave England and I my job, and return with our two young daughters to my wife's city and diocese. We had been driven out. We had spent three years in England and it all seemed a mistake. However, we had learned a lot and lost some illusions and some naivety. We were older and wiser in that respect at least. Nothing is ever negative, because negative experience can create positive knowledge. An appointment with destiny had been met; a disappointment, a failure, was the result. Or was it a failure?

In France I found work only with difficulty, but having moved in August, by late September I had some hours of teaching. We joined the parish of my in-laws, a parish in the near suburbs of Paris, called Asnieres. We also bought with them a house. The church in Asnieres had been dedicated to Christ the Saviour in memory of the dynamiting of the Church of Christ the Saviour in Moscow in 1931. It was a traditional Russian émigré parish, but beginning to petrify as the old Russians died out without knowing how to keep the young in the church. But still they had the Tradition, which had been cultivated by the ever-memorable Bishop Methodius (Kulmann, ✝ 1974). I was told of his Easters, how he would shout out, 'Christ is Risen, Orthodox Rus' on Easter Night, bringing tears of joy to the eyes of the faithful. This was the real thing – it is a tradition that I continue now.

In March 1984 our third child was born. In January 1985 I was ordained deacon at the Rue Daru Cathedral, since the struggling priest at the little church in Asnieres desperately needed help.

Bishop Methodius Kulmann

In May 1985 I was approached and it was suggested that I become a freemason. This was in my mother-in-law's presence – they had no shame. I knew nothing about this at the time, but did have the good sense to refuse. It was made clear to me that I would not be ordained priest as a result of my refusal. So be it, I thought. That is God's will, not mine or anyone else's. They were shocked my unwillingness to compromise my conscience. They were not used to this.

However, with this warning, I began to find out about freemasonry, its historical predominance in preparing the American, French and Russian Revolutions, and its presence in Rue Daru and the Patriarchate of Constantinople in general. Fr Lev Lebedev in Russia told me much in general about it and its role in the 'free' world. To my horror, I also discovered that seven out of twelve members of the Archdiocesan Council of Rue Daru were freemasons – and they were quite open about it. (I had no information about the other five).

To my horror I discovered more generally that the version of Orthodoxy I had seen in England

and France had been in preparation for decades since the Western takeover of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. The corruption we had seen had its origin in that takeover. Everything fell into place. I noted also how all the decadence within the Russian Church, the attempts to 'sterilize' Russian Orthodoxy, were always linked with the same sources and movements, with the same geopolitical sell-out and the same sad results. The formation of a 'degutted', neutered, protestantized Orthodoxy, a 'Euro-Orthodoxy', was a trick of the Western elites. We were not going to fall for it by swimming with the tide. We were not going to compromise our conscience. We knew what the Tsar-Martyr had prophesied.

We did not know what to do, but my feeling was that we had gone from the frying pan into the fire. Later I discovered that masonic initiations were carried out regularly at two of the Rue Daru churches in Paris. I even met a Frenchman who had been initiated in one of them. He thought it was wonderful and mentioned Finnish 'Orthodoxy' as an inspiration in the same field. All this was being done behind the backs of the ordinary and honourable parishioners of the Rue Daru Archdiocese. All these unfortunate experiences disclosed to us the realities of the 'great and mighty' in both England and France and so deprived us of a naivety about those 'fashionable' personalities which some others still suffer from today. In other words, we had matured through fire.

At this time I also discovered much about Metr Evlogy, the first bishop of the Paris schism. It became very obvious to me that he had not been a bad man, just a very weak one, who had been controlled by a small élite of laypeople, mostly freemasons and modernists.

Meanwhile, the promises to us of the new Rue Daru Archbishop George (Wagner) were being broken. His new direction was no direction. There was little mission or vision for Western Europe and the salvation of the souls of Europeans. There was little organization, administration or planning, but rather short-termism and swimming with the tide. He was letting the renovationists take over because he was too weak to oppose them. I always managed to avoid celebrating on the Catholic calendar, which was being adopted by more and more of the Rue Daru parishes as they lost the Tradition. However, I could see that one day I would have to face this issue, an issue of principle and conscience.

All of this was not because the Archbishop was a bad man, but because he was weak, an academic, a 'library bishop', as they called him in Paris. His doctoral thesis on the origins of the Liturgy of St John Chrysostom, which I read, was a work of Teutonic diligence. An ex-Roman Catholic, he also accepted the views of Roman Catholic hagiographers on many Orthodox saints, as well as their views on Orthodox liturgics. I was also shocked to see his support for the enemies of Patriarch Nikon of Russia. Here was a man who did not, as is the Rue Daru way, accept that the Church should be incarnate and play a role in influencing affairs of State. Religion was a private affair. The Archbishop's great fear was that Constantinople would abandon him and instruct him to go back to the Russian Church or else, failing this, that freedom would come in Russia, when he would have to return the property of his Archdiocese to the Russian Church. His fear was to be incarnate in the Church, instead of uprooted. I felt very sorry for him then, and again now. I pray for him at every liturgy that I celebrate. What must it have been like to have been dragged into the Hitler Youth in Berlin in 1945, aged 16? Archbishop George was a victim, not a perpetrator.

Then it was made clear to us in no uncertain terms that he was opposed to the use of any Western language at services (a huge taboo for him as a German) and also opposed to the veneration of Western saints in the Church. He did not recognise either the canonization of the New Martyrs and Confessors. We did not know what to do and felt isolated. Once more, as in England, we were left with the same choice: either we could have a superficial, convert, pseudo-Orthodoxy in a Western language with clergy who did not know how to celebrate and choirs that did not know how to sing, or else we could have authentic Orthodoxy, but in a foreign language with people who refused to accept Non-Russians. We realized that winning our life's battle for the sake of our children, to have genuine Orthodoxy in a Western language, would be impossible here.

1985 was also the year of Gorbachev. We began hoping against hope that this might be it, an end to the obscenities of Western atheism in Russia. However, at the same time, we had no illusions about who was in control in the various representations of the Patriarchate of Moscow in Western Europe. Any changes would take many years and the deaths or removals of those involved.

Our fourth child was born in 1986. We called him Edward since the doctors had told us that he would be born blind (the first miracle of St Edward was to heal a blind woman) and we should abort him. We were persecuted for the choice of name by Archbishop George. Our fifth child was born in 1988. During all these years I was working hard teaching at University institutions where I was now at last reasonably well-paid. I was also writing more and more, as I had been since childhood. Thoughts just came into my heart, sometimes while I was asleep, and then were processed, refined and expressed by my mind. Writing was and always has been a way of unburdening myself of intuitions.

An older contact was Fr Sergiy, a good priest and confessor who served in a tiny chapel in Vanves outside Paris. Some recent converts have suddenly begun to call him 'Elder', the fate of many very ordinary priests. They seem to want to canonize everyone!

I made friends at that time with Fr Igor Vernik of Rue Daru. He was an elderly priest of the old school, who had known everyone. I remember his story about how Fr S. Bulgakov had given up smoking. Apparently he had been researching in the British Museum, but had to keep going to the toilet to smoke – so great was his addiction. Eventually he was so disgusted with himself that he gave up. Fr Igor told me how, in his opinion, on a human level traditional English people were closer to Orthodoxy than other Western people, but were alienated from it by their appalling governments. In Canada, the Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Tsar-Martyr, thought the same.

At this time another activity, together with a Belgian priest, was the translation of the Divine Liturgy into French, using Slavonic, Greek and especially Romanian to help us. This was eye opening, since the Rue Daru translation in use was a Roman Catholic translation which was full of mistakes. Another good friend was Fr Nikolai Soldatenkov and his family.

We were shocked to discover the masonic eye above the altar in the Rue Daru Cathedral, to hear the untruths, related about the martyred Tsar, Gregory Rasputin and Bishop Theophan (Bystrov). Having been patient for three and a half years, during which time I had seen disappointment after disappointment, and, one after the other, clergy and people leaving Rue Daru, the last straw came on the millennium of the Baptism of Rus in summer 1988. Not only had the Rue Daru Archbishop refused to invite any representatives of the free Russian Church to their celebration, for example the inspiring Archbishop Antony of Geneva, but instead had invited the Cardinal of Paris.

It was clear that Rue Daru had no intention of returning to the Russian Church, to either part of it. I could understand its refusal to go to the Patriarchal Church. But to refuse to have relations with the Western European Diocese of the Church Outside Russia, with its wonder-working icons, was just unthinkable. Its intolerance of the Tradition was such that all who disagreed would be forced to leave. They wanted to be a big fish in their ever-diminishing pond.

Sadly, we discovered in Paris a powerful minority who had little concept of principles, integrity and conscience. At this time we were asked why, after such large doses of mistreatment, we did not simply walk away from it all. Such an attitude was always unthinkable to us, completely alien. You do not give up because of abuse and persecution. Christ did not give up – He went up onto the Cross. And this has always been the history of the whole Church – agony – the struggle.

To desert the Church because it is unpleasant is to do what the Roman Catholics and then the Protestants did, to give up the struggle and create for yourself a comfortable little life in a human institution. But what real comfort can there be without Christ? We shall always belong to the Church because we shall always belong to Christ. Christ commanded Peter to put away his sword, to stop thinking like the world; the Cross is the lot of the Orthodox. 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no hope'. The two rejections, in England and then in Paris came as a dark night of abandonment. The Church had been taken over by dark forces, but, as Masefield put it so well: 'In the black midnight still the cock will crow, There is help that the abandoned know, Deep in the heart that the conquerors cannot feel, Await in hope the turning of the wheel.'

Indeed, at last in December 1988 our Golgotha came to an end, when a group of sixteen of us accepted Archbishop Antony of Geneva's invitation to join him, as had so many others from the declining Rue Daru over the years in order to preserve their integrity. At last, despite all the injustices and calumnies we would suffer as a result, we accepted his invitation. Better the calumnies and persecutions of men than to be without God. Enough of half-Orthodoxy. It was a question of integrity, conscience, principles and

Archbishop Antony of Geneva laying the foundation stone of the new church in Meudon. Fr Alexander Trubnikoff is the priest in the photograph.

faithfulness to the Russian Church, Faith and Tradition, put simply, faithfulness to Christ, which were more important to us than anything else. We would not die, but live. And as they say: 'Our disappointments are God's appointments', that is, appointments with our destiny. This we never regretted. 'Man proposes, but God disposes'.

6. Light: Service in Europe 1988–1997

Praise the Lord, O my soul. I will praise the Lord in my life.

At the very end of 1988 we left Rue Daru, having been invited by Archbishop Antony of Geneva to join the Western European Diocese of ROCOR. We had known him and appreciated his depth since 1985 and I had concelebrated with him. As a Russian, he was perfectly frank with us – and that was much appreciated. This had been a decision which had weighed on us for so many years. We had been patient in coming to it, but for us it had become a question of principle. If only we had known all this at the start, but there had been no-one to tell us.

We discovered that others did not respect our decision. Under the spiritual illusion of pride that they were always right, they began to persecute us. As I said to someone later, when people are persecuted for the Truth of Christ, you can either join those who are persecuted or else join the persecutors. Sadly, he joined the persecutors…

Archbishop Antony (Bartoshevich) was the first ROCOR bishop whom we had met who lived up to the best reputation of our Russian Church. A disciple of the great Metropolitan Antony of Kiev, whom he had known in Belgrade and whose name he had taken, Archbishop Antony followed the Tradition without any fanaticism or political compromises. At the same time he was quite open to the use of Western languages and the veneration of Western saints in his churches. He was certainly Russian, but no narrow nationalist. In a word, he followed in the tradition of St John, the authentic Tradition of the whole Russian Church.

I remember well how he told me how he and the then Archbishop Vitaly had tied in the election to become Metropolitan after the repose of Metr Philaret. To un-knot the tie, Archbishop Antony had simply given the position to Archbishop Vitaly. 'What did I want to go and live in New York for, at my age? And then I don't speak a word of English'. Archbishop Antony was the opposite of a careerist.

So my resurrection began in the first days of January 1989. Our moral sufferings – and we had had nearly a decade of them – were over. I was now a deacon in the ROCOR parish of Meudon, just to the south of Paris. Here in the 1920s had settled some 4,000 White Russians, a good number of them White officers. At one time Meudon was called 'Medonsk' and in the 1920s the entrance into this little suburb, really then an overgrown village on the edge of Paris, had been marked by a bilingual sign in French and Russian.

Here was all that I had missed in 1974. Then the priest had been the exemplary Fr Alexander Trubnikoff. I know that I would have got on very well with him. But in 1974 I had not been ready for all this. An opportunity missed. But now, after the death of Fr Alexander, God was giving me a second chance. One of the stories about him was how he had been travelling through the First World War battlefields, visiting isolated Orthodox in the north of France, when he had had a call of nature. Finding a discreet place, he stopped his car. However, he felt that so much blood had been spilled in that place that he could not possibly do as he had intended. Out of respect for the dead, he got back into his car, his needs would await the next town. That earth was sacred.

Much later a relative of my wife who lives in the North told us the following. One day a seven year-old girl came to play in their garden and began singing songs in a very loud voice. This went on for several hours until finally she was asked to stop because it had become unpleasant. She answered that it was perhaps unpleasant to them, but 'not to

the three men in the ground'. Astounded by her reply, they asked locally and were told that during the First World War the German had indeed dug a trench under one part of their garden. It was said that three German soldiers had died in the trench when it had caved in and nobody had ever bothered to dig their bodies out.

Meudon had the largest Russian cemetery outside the main cemetery at St Genevieve des Bois, which I already knew well. There were graves of many famous émigrés in Meudon, for example, that of the inexperienced but utterly sincere Fr Alexander Elchaninov and Boris Bloom, the father of Andrey (Metr Antony) Bloom. The parish itself, in its new though small church, was very good. There were some remarkable parishioners there of all generations, White Russians and their descendants. And they were true White Russians, as I could see by the portraits of Tsar Nicholas and Tsarina Alexandra which hang in so many homes there. Living or departed, these people are close to my heart.

In that year, 1989, the Berlin Wall came down and all the dramatic revolutions followed throughout Eastern Europe. We followed these events daily, aware that all our destinies would change now. In early 1990 Fr Lev Lebedev came to us from Russia and stayed at our house. It was a pity – he was a genius and yet he had so many personal problems.

Soon after that, in 1991, I escorted Archbishop Antony of Los Angeles to the Paris home of the Grand Duke Vladimir Kyrillovich, the main pretender to the Romanov throne. On a private visit Archbishop Antony wanted to dissuade the Grand Duke from returning to Russia with his wife and daughter and heiress, Maria Vladimirovna, who had studied at Oxford and with whom we shared many acquaintances. I spoke to the Grand Duke, whom I knew from Meudon, the parish which the family attended, about Stamford in England, where he had spent time as a young man. Archbishop Antony, a leading legitimist monarchist, failed in his attempt to prevent the family returning to Russia. He had not realised that the fall of Communism was real. He was too old and had suffered too much from the Soviets in 1940s Jerusalem. The Grand Duke was right to return to Russia, as he did at this very end of his life.

Stuck in the Paris traffic, Archbishop Antony told me all about his views on St John of Shanghai (who had not yet been canonized). I listened attentively to him, without in any way contradicting him. It was illuminating and told me much about Archbishop Antony. We also spoke about the canonisation of the New Martyrs and the Royal Martyrs. This was most interesting and inspired great sympathy in me. I learned much.

Later I met most of our other bishops, including Metr Vitaly, at a Council of Bishops at the Lesna Convent outside Paris. I found in Metr Vitaly a strict monk, though already by that time losing his memory. However, I also found in him a man who had been deprived of his childhood by the Bolshevik Revolution. All his life had from then on been dedicated to putting right this spiritual theft, to attempting to restore this injustice. And he would accept nothing less. Although idealism is good, it must be tempered by patience – otherwise it becomes unreasonable demandingness. We have the same ideals, but we believe that we can only build gradually and realistically.

I asked Metr Vitaly about Bishop Methodius (Kulmann) and why he had ended up in the Paris Jurisdiction. Metr Vitaly told me how before the Second War the young Hieromonk Methodius used to come every year to the ROCOR Monastery in Ladomirovo in Slovakia. They would walk together and talk as good friends. Metr Vitaly's thought, and I expect he was right, was that Bishop Methodius' father had been a freemason and that was why he had ended up in the Paris Jurisdiction.

I was very impressed by another Archbishop Antony, Antony of San Francisco. He was a very pious man. Another one who impressed me was the then Archbishop Laurus. They were 'the real thing'.

I learned much in Meudon from Fr Mikhail Artsimovich, its then rector, and will always be grateful to him. He had had an extraordinary life in the Russian emigration, in Germany, France and Argentina, and had known many key figures. In his youthful enthusiasm, which he then regretted, he had been Vlasov's interpreter during the Second World War. His best friend in his youth in Paris had been the late Fr Alexander Schmemann. Fr Mikhail was traditional, yet open, and also a very able linguist. Although he

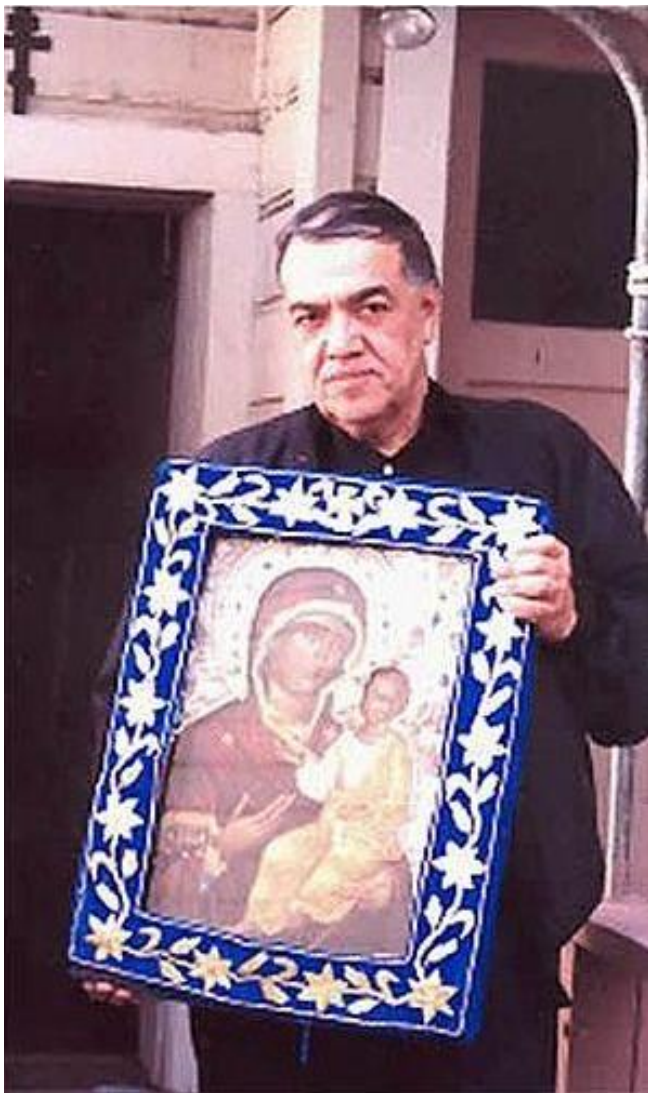
Archbishop Antony of San Francisco

was not always so easy and could be very unpredictable, after almost exactly three years in the parish, at his request in December 1991 I was ordained to the priesthood after seven years in the diaconate. He wanted to retire at the age of 70 in 1992 or soon after and wanted me to be prepared to take over from him and there was no-one else. My only regret at Meudon was that our children were not allowed to join the Scouts or Vityazi. Only those with Russian blood were allowed. The people who insisted on this later came to regret it and apologized: too late.

Archpriest Mikhail Artsimovich

I also learned much from the Lesna Convent, where we had been going since 1985. I was able to borrow books from their library and devoured the many volumes of the Biography of Metr Antony of Kiev. There we had been able to venerate the Myrrh-Giving Iviron Icon and met Jose, its guardian, who was later martyred in Greece in still mysterious, not to say, mystical, circumstances. I also met Fr Arseny, an elderly Ukrainian archimandrite, who had seen his whole family shot by the Communists in the 1930s. He alone had survived, crawling from beneath the corpses of his parents and many brothers and sisters.

From the writings of Metr Antony I was able to see his real views on the Redemption. He had



Jose and the Iviron Icon

wanted, without putting aside the centrality of the Cross, to look at the moral aspect of the Redemption at Gethsemane. Some, misinformed, had not understood this. Others, of ill-will, tried to make him into a heretic! But that was a deliberate and politically-motivated perversion of the compassion which lay at the heart of all Metr Antony's theology. Later, St Justin of Chelije was able to put the whole theology of the Redemption into its Orthodox, Patristic context, showing that the whole of Christ's life, including Gethsemane, had been an act of Redemption, culminating in the Cross and resulting in the Resurrection.

Already in February 1992 I was assigned to form a new, all-Russian parish in Lisbon in Portugal. A new field of missionary work was opening before me. This was then, as far as I know, the only all-Russian ROCOR parish outside Russia, composed only of new arrivals from the collapsed Soviet Union. This gave me huge experience, knowledge of all the difficulties, sociological,

cultural as well as religious, suffered by this new emigration.

This was invaluable experience. I was on an accelerated learning course. I flew to Lisbon from Paris six times a year and tried to stay for several days each time, travelling around, baptizing, marrying, doing the maximum and each time sleeping very little. Archbishop Antony appreciated this very much and often thanked me. This was a new and wonderful experience to be thanked by my bishop. I felt that all the sacrifices were appreciated by my bishop. I had never felt this before and had known only the opposite.

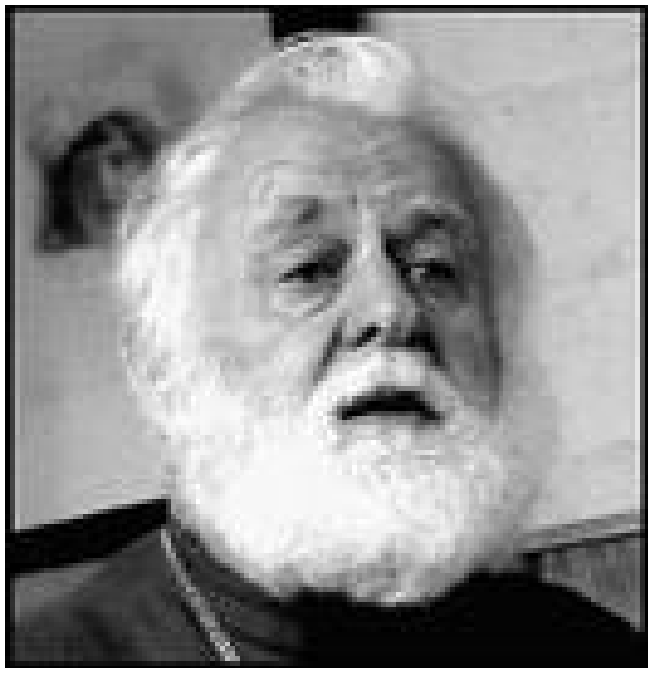
Inevitably, here I came to realise the significance of Fatima, not far from Lisbon. Of course, we understand those events in a radically different way, not to say, opposite way, from their Roman Catholic misinterpretation – which is a deliberate deformation. In these revelations we see the Mother of God's call to repentance to the Roman Catholic world for its many attempts to destroy Orthodox Russia and its stubborn refusal to return to the Church. Today we see the fruits of this stubborn rejection of Orthodoxy in the collapse of Roman Catholicism throughout the Western world.

In Portugal I was happy as a ROCOR priest to baptize and marry as many as wished it. These were those who had come from the Soviet fall. Some of them have remained very close to me over twenty years on and I have recently seen them again.

By this time Archbishop Antony of Geneva was inviting clergy from the Patriarchate of Moscow to concelebrate with him. In our view, he was quite right in this. In Western Europe we were very much against the decision taken in New York to take into ROCOR small, sectarian communities inside Russia. This was not our canonical territory. We were also against links with the old calendarists. These links were being encouraged by one or two bishops in our Church. We never had anything to do with these old calendarists and rejected their attempts to concelebrate with us. We considered that this was the path to sectarianism, a path that had first appeared in the late 60s because of one person, whose influence had been due to the unworldliness of Metr Philaret. Old calendarist sects interpreted the canons each according to their own darkness and had time only to condemn all others, especially each other. We had always concelebrated with the positive elements under Constantinople, like Mt Athos, and continued to do so, despite these strange new ideas coming from ROCOR in North America.

We were also opposed to attempts by Greek old calendarists to try and impose on us the Greek way of receiving Roman Catholics and Protestants into the Church by baptism. This was alien to the Russian Church and, to me and to many others, seemed to lack charity. I remember a long conversation with Sister Barbara at the Lesna Convent. A very elderly Polish nun, she was outraged by the new 'Orthodoxy'. She of course had been received into the Church by chrismation decades before. All the elderly and traditional Russian priests received in this way. I would recall to converts how the future Tsarina and Martyr Alexandra was received by chrismation by the future St John of Kronstadt. I was truly at home in the Western European Diocese of ROCOR, a Church of the Tradition.

Although there were those whose great desire was to reconcile the old calendarists with their canonical Church authorities, most of us realised that this would not happen. We thought these reconciliation attempts unrealistic, however gallant. The leaders of the old calendarist movements were deeply sectarian and many of them were furthering personal ambitions. That is why we never concelebrated with them. Though we felt very sorry for the simple, sincere people who wished to follow the Church calendar and so got involved in old calendarism, we could see no future in that. The future has always been in parishes and monasteries which use the old calendar, but which remain inside the canonical



Archbishop Seraphim of Brussels

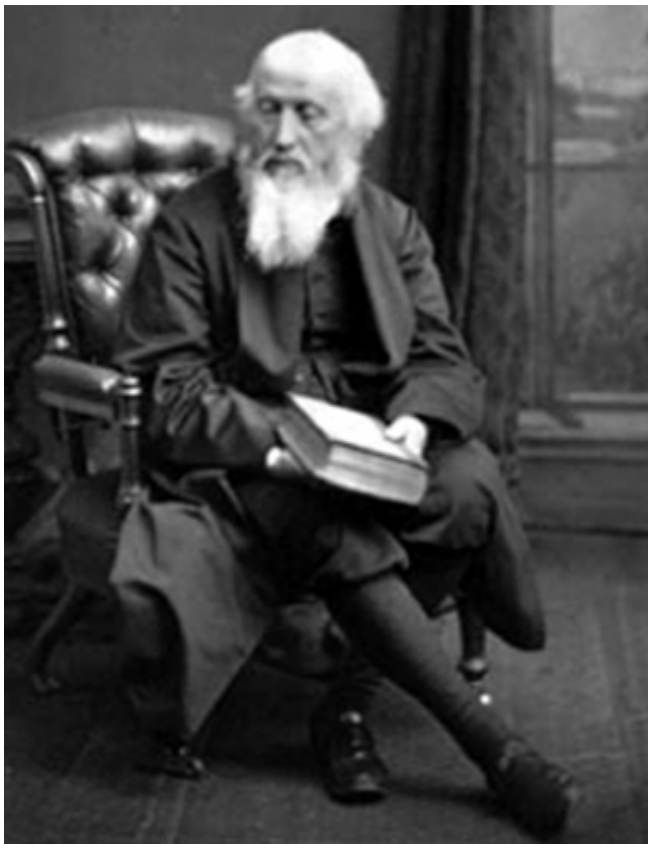
Churches. And, in Greece, Romania and Bulgaria, this does exist.

Dear and wise Vladyka Antony reposed in 1993. Naturally, I went to his funeral and prayed there. Eternal Memory to him! After Archbishop Antony came Archbishop Seraphim of Brussels and Bishop Ambrose of Vevey, both of whom I knew and appreciated and both of whom have now reposed.

Meanwhile, Fr Mikhail had decided not to retire in 1992, but rather in 1997 when he would be 75. All this time, as before, I was busy with our five small children, with pastoral work and the services in France and Portugal, in teaching at two Business Schools and writing. During all these years, I did much research at the French National Library, especially into the history of the first millennium of Western Europe and the Lives of its Saints, so enabling me to write. From 1988 on, my first articles and then books had begun to be published. My fifteen years of apprenticeship were now bearing fruit in writing. Most of the saints' lives I wrote were written then, over twenty years ago.

I have been asked today why I did not write 'more seriously' about the saints. Such people do not understand what a saint's life is. I wanted to popularise saints' lives among Orthodox, not to write the dry, academic studies that are available anyway – and are not read: left on the dusty bookshelves because they provide no spiritual food. Of course, the people who criticise me today forget that at that time – and I had begun writing in 1974 – everyone was hostile to what I was doing. I was mocked and condemned for writing about Western saints. Only now have the lives of English and Western saints become fashionable. I felt that it was my inner calling to gather the locally-venerated English and other Western saints beneath the protecting veil of Holy Rus.

All this time Fr Mikhail and I closely followed all the changes, good and bad, that were occurring in Russia and in the Moscow Patriarchate and on a daily basis. We were waiting for the turning point, when we would be affected and at last the two parts of the Russian Church would come together, as we had long waited and prayed for. It was a very slow process, and we knew about the scandals at the Moscow Patriarchal representations in Paris, Vienna, London and elsewhere in Europe, but we could see the general direction things were taking and we were pleased at that. In other words, despite the rotten trees, we could still see the green forest. Too many look only at the rotten trees and



William Barnes, priest, poet and linguist

are blind to the green forest. In 1992 I predicted that the two parts of the Russian Church would be together 'in ten years' time'. In fact it would take fifteen – I was wrong by five years, but the pattern was set and we rejoiced at this.

In 1995 we had our sixth and last child. Also in 1995 I discovered William Barnes. It was another epiphany. This 19th century English priest, poet and linguist was in so many ways my double, only five generations before. Much of what he had written I too had written. Of course, he had put it in a far better way and, unlike me, he was talented.

Praça de Londres, Lisbon

I discovered him in May 1995, went to Dorset in early September to do the research that I could not do at the French National Library, where I had researched my other books, and completed the book on him by October. Basically, I wrote it all in just six weeks of frenetic but inspired activity.

In 1993, the ROCOR church in London was in great difficulty. I had thought that perhaps I, a bilingual English priest, might be asked to serve in London. However, a young Ukrainian deacon was ordained instead. Nevertheless, in 1994 I still had to go to London to help at the Convent there. The British Diocese was in dire straits – a situation that had been all too predictable. This was the London Church and Convent that had already rejected me in 1974 and 1983. Ironically, I was not to go to serve the Church in London, but in 'London Square' – the address of the church we had negotiated to borrow from the Catholics for our liturgies and other services in Lisbon.

The next irony was that in 1996 I received the suggestion that I go and serve as a priest in Canada. We thought about this, but it was not to be. The ironic detail was that the new church had been built in a new road, then still without a name. Later, we learned that the road was to be called 'Colchester Square' – the name of my birthplace ...

In 1996 I was invited to Florida to speak on the European Saints. This was my first visit to the USA. By this time, work was going badly in France. The good years were over. Unemployment, especially for young people, was very high. We had all had to take pay cuts of 10%. Philippe Guilhaume, the founder of my main Business School, a direct political opponent of the 'Socialist' President Mitterrand, and the Conservative head of the two French public TV channels, had died in suspicious circumstances aged 51. This was a time of several 'mysterious' political assassinations of opponents and the 'suicide' of the Franco-Russian Prime Minister Pierre Beregovoy. For me, with the death of my main employer, I had lost most of my work and therefore our income.

At the same time, Fr Mikhail told me that he would not after all be retiring in 1997. This meant that I would receive no income as parish priest of Meudon either. So it was that in 1996 and until the beginning of 1997 I began looking for a ROCOR parish that needed a priest and could pay him something or at least house him, somewhere in Europe, preferably in France, Switzerland, Belgium or Luxembourg. Unfortunately, there was nowhere. I was not needed.

After much agonising, in February 1997, we decided to sell the house and return to England. At least there I could obtain work and an income to keep our family. Our hearts were heavy, but there seemed to be no alternative. As we left, Trenet's song, *Revoir, Paris*, lingered in my ears. For better and for worse, a whole era was ending and we were starting again.

To be continued ...

ORTHODOXY SHINES THROUGH WESTERN MYTHS (13): Church, State and Christian Society at the Time of the Investiture Contest

OLDER Western scholarship on Church history is not generally of much use to Orthodox. Most of it is simply anti-Orthodox and therefore anti-authentic Christianity, even openly boasting of its 'Judeo-Christian' and not Christian civilisation. The anti-Orthodox prejudices of such scholarship, when it mentions Orthodoxy at all, come simply from the fact that history is 'written by the winners', and even despite the First World War, up until the Second World War most Western scholars thought that the West had won.

It is different today, when the near-millennial crimes of the West are visible to all and nobody any longer listens to the voices of ecclesiastical institutions which moulded the last thousand years of Western history – they are clearly compromised. Interestingly, contemporary secular scholarship, which in its ignorance of Orthodoxy cannot in any way be accused of being pro-Orthodox, is an excellent source for Orthodox to understand what went wrong with the West. We can understand how, by renouncing the Orthodox Christian Faith in its anti-Trinitarian and anti-Christic *filioque* heresy, its former Church became a series of -isms, Catholicism, Protestantism, Lutheranism, Calvinism, Anglicanism etc, which have bred modern-day secularism and will eventually lead to the end of the world.

In the following article, the next in a series taken from various works of secular scholarship, we have selected extracts from a religious scholar. These are from *Church, State and Christian Society at the Time of the Investiture Contest* by the well-known German Church historian and specialist in the history of the eleventh century, Professor Gerd Tellenbach, Blackwell, 1940 and more recent editions. These extracts seem to illustrate abundantly the post-Orthodox deformations of Western culture which began with the spread of the new *filioque* culture behind the Papacy.

Although ominously threatened for nearly three centuries before, under Charlemagne, these deformations were not definitively implemented until the eleventh century. The date of 1054 is thus seen to be symbolic of the very real spiritual fall which took place in Western Europe in the eleventh century. In the year 1000, the fall had by no means been certain. In 1054 it was. And it is that fall which has defined the subsequent history of not just Western Europe, but the whole world. But let the learned author speak:

pp. viii–xii the eleventh-century revolution

It is worth emphasising the well-known fact that the eleventh century was the first great age of propaganda in world history. Again, only an equally uncritical acceptance of party arguments can lead to the statement that the royal position in the Church was based solely on force and usurpation; on the contrary, until the middle of the eleventh century, saints, popes and bishops all approved the domination of devout princes, and the royal headship of the Church had a tenable theoretical justification. The reformers themselves were divided on the matter; some of the most important among them, for instance, Peter Damian, wished to work hand in hand with the monarchy, and realised that administrative change unaccompanied by spiritual rejuvenation would have very poor results ... It is one of the marks of Professor Tellenbach's book that he is not afraid to admit the emergence of novel principles and to maintain that the year 1058 saw 'a great revolution in world-history ... which even those most closely concerned had only dimly foreseen' ... (p. 111)

He attempts instead to understand the movements of the age: an age which, as he says, is 'the greatest – from the spiritual point of view perhaps the only – turning-point in the history of Catholic Christendom'. The fulfilment of this object necessarily involves a thorough study of the time when the seeds of the ideas expressed during the controversy were sown and grew gradually to maturity.

It is no part of the purpose of this introduction to recapitulate what Professor Tellenbach has to say. It is sufficient to remark that he distinguishes three main attitudes on the part of the Church: (i) the ascetic, based on withdrawal from the world; (ii) the sacerdotal, based on conversion of the world by the priestly hierarchy; (iii) the monarchic, based on the conversion of the world by the action of a divinely-instituted kingship to which the clergy should be subordinate – here, of course, it comes into conflict with the sacerdotal outlook – and not by a clerical hierarchy subject to the bishop of Rome.

The attitude of withdrawal, which was dominant in the early centuries of Christianity, could be reconciled with the conception of monarchical control; devout men, withdrawing from a world which did not interest them because regarded it as fundamentally evil, were content to secular society to be ordered by the kingship. The sacerdotal point of view, which exalted the power of the priest and regarded it as his duty to convert the world and lead it to the Kingdom of God, could not accept the monarchy in this way. There are, then, in reality only two lines of thought: withdrawal, which is reconcilable with the theocratic monarchy, and conversion, which is not, because it must involve the subjection of lay society to the priestly. The interaction of these two tendencies in Christianity, writes Professor Tellenbach, has at all times vital importance, and they ultimately determined of the reform movement in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The chief interest of the pontificate of Gregory VII is the fact that it marked the final rejection by the official Church (*sic*) of the old attitude of mistrust towards the world.

pp. xiv–xv. Gregory VII – the greatest innovator

This analysis shows how truly Gregory VII deserves to be called 'the great Innovator', his outstanding quality was his ability clearly and directly to assert first principles and to apply them to the practical requirements of the situation in which he found himself. At the same time, the fundamental importance of Professor Tellenbach's careful distinction between Gregory and his supposed precursors is revealed: only such a distinction brings to light the essential novelty of

Gregory's position – which is otherwise in danger of being obscured in the shadows cast by the great reforming movements which preceded him – and throws his real greatness into bold relief.

In what sense may we speak of the 'novelty' of Gregory's position? The following pages will make it clear that there was in his programme a relatively small proportion of new ideas; there were precedents for most of Gregory's actions, and all arguments to the contrary must fail. Gregory drew upon tradition, yet made a new use of it. He took the oldest of traditions – that of the Catholic (*sic*) Church, with the irrefutable claims its sacramental doctrines gave to the demand of the priesthood that their supremacy should be recognized – and showed how no true Catholic could resist the entirely novel construction he placed upon it. While there are strong reasons for denying ... Gregory was the completest and most ruthless Catholic who had yet held office in the Church, and yet he was a revolutionary; innovation and an obstinate refusal to abate one jot or tittle of the law met in him to form a paradoxical and yet entirely consistent whole.

pp. xvi–xvii. Catholicism bore the seeds of its own destruction

For a short time, Gregorianism may have conquered both Church and World, but from early in the thirteenth century at latest the old tendencies of episcopalism, non-resistance and royal control raised their heads again. If the lessons taught by the conflict of ideals in the Investiture Contest of the eleventh century are of permanent value to a world which aspires to arrange its affairs according to Christian principles, it is equally clear that contemporary society failed properly to learn them; and this failure in its turn – at least in so far as its unintended effect was to drive the papal monarchy to an ever more intransigent assertion of its authority, and in the end to separate it from the religion of the world which it set out to convert – was in some way responsible for the occurrence of the next great crisis in Christian (*sic*) history – the Reformation.

pp. 36–37. The Orthodox view of Church and State upheld in the West by Pope Gelasius.

Both Symmachus and Gelasius were as convinced as John Chrysostom of the superior dignity of the priesthood. Yet the sole purpose of these remonstrances consisted in preventing the emperors' interference in religious matters, and if the pope equated himself with the emperor in the leadership of 'this world' he thought of his functions as limited to purely ecclesiastical affairs, and had no intention of laying claim to a share in secular government. It was equally far from his mind to constitute himself a court of appeal from the emperor. A sharp distinction must be drawn between mere precedence and actual superiority, and the assertion that the Church of the early middle ages claimed authority over the state must be eliminated from historical works wherever it is found. Gelasius writes: 'If even the prelates obey thy laws respecting public order because the empire is given thee by heavenly dispensation ... with what devotion, I ask you, must one obey those to whom it is committed to serve the sublime and holy mysteries? The priest's dignity, then, is immeasurably high in comparison with that of the earthly ruler, but the latter still has his own independent province, for which he is responsible to God alone, and within which he may demand obedience from all men.

Gelasius I was extremely conscious of his sublime dignity, but neither he nor the Fathers of that age had yet reached the idea that on earth the Church was supreme over princes and emperors. The discrepancy between the actual political power wielded by each precluded the development of such thoughts, but an even stronger was the feeling that it could not be the business of the servant of God to interfere in the affairs of the princes of this world. The Church naturally took an interest the world, which was identical with the dominions ruled by the Roman emperor, but there still persisted the idea of a gulf fixed between Heaven and earth, which had taken shape in the writings of St Augustine, and the original Christian doctrine that God's kingdom was not of this world. This hindered the development of the idea of one united Christian world. It meant that it was still only admitted with reserve that the world belonged to the Church, and so held the Church back from asserting its and demanding the recognition of it.

pp. 68–69. The second half of the eleventh century sees the practical ramifications of the Schism.

In the ninth and tenth centuries, and even in the first half of the eleventh century, the Church does not yet wish to rule over the world, and will neither judge nor condemn it. A pious feeling that God's

decrees are inscrutable leads men to accept the state and the ruler as the gift of either God's grace or of His wrath. Man must not oppose God, whether He bless, try or punish, but must accept what He gives with fortitude, and hope for deliverance through His grace. In spite of many temporary deviations, the decisions about the relations of the two powers which were made by the great popes about the year 500 remained in essentials unaltered until the second half of the eleventh century. Decisive conflicts between the sacramental and the monarchical conceptions of the hierarchy had not yet arisen.

p. 88. Henry III († 1056) and the Schism – 'the new epoch in western Europe'.

It was one of his (Henry III's) objects to revive the purity of the Roman Church and to protect the papacy and papal elections from the Roman factions, which were responsible for the weakness and demoralization of the Mother of Churches. The ruler of the Roman Empire acted as the God-given head of Christendom. There can be no clearer sign than this, that the world had been completely conquered by Catholic Christianity. He, the strongest and most pious of all princes, had, with the approval of the best minds of his time, reformed the Roman Church. At this moment there begins a new epoch in the history of western Europe.

p. 146–7. The new Papal Primacy rejected by the old Orthodox in the West.

The pope's primacy was rejected on deeper theological grounds and much more radical grounds of Church policy by the so-called Anonymous of York. His astonishing doctrine stands quite alone throughout the whole period. He boldly denies the authority of tradition, and explains that the Roman church received its position by the decrees of the Fathers and on account of the pre-eminence of Rome as the capital of the world. According to him, there was no such thing as primacy in the primitive Church, and Christ had said nothing of it. Christ gave all the Apostles equal power; the bishop of Rome can claim no more control over the archbishop of Rouen than Peter possessed over the other Apostles – indeed, he can really only claim the authority Peter exercised over himself. For each bishop is the successor of Peter, the archbishop of Rouen as much as the bishop of Rome; no church is higher than another – here again the basic argument of episcopalism is brought forward – for all have the same sacraments. Or are they nobler in Lyons, for instance, than in Rouen? The assertion that one church is superior to another makes two churches out of one, that is to say, divides the one indivisible Church. The bishops are the representatives of Christ, and can therefore, like Christ, be judged by none save God. The direct dependence of the bishops on God, in opposition to the papal theory, cannot be more ruthlessly set out than this.

The idea of the episcopal church and of episcopal independence was once more to play an important part in ecclesiastical history. It could never be altogether set aside by the rise of the papacy, whose victory was never complete. The restlessness of the older powers which were being repressed made itself apparent in the eleventh and the early twelfth centuries, and yet their counter-activity is a clear indication of the irresistible force with which the idea of Roman primacy was being developed at this time. The internal organisation of the Church was formed in the spirit of Gregory VII; it was he who made the papal monarchy a reality and opened the way for the age of papal domination.

p. 162. The eleventh-century turning point; by 1100 all is finished.

The age of the Investiture Controversy may rightly be regarded as the culmination of medieval history; it was a turning-point, a time both of completion and of beginning. It was the fulfilment of the early middle ages, because in it the blending of the Western European peoples with Christian spirituality reached a decisive stage. On the other hand, the later middle ages grew directly out of the events and thoughts of the decades immediately before and after the year 1100; as early as this the general lines, the characteristic religious, spiritual and political views of later times had been laid down, and the chief impulses for subsequent development given …

p. 163–6. The *filioque* cause of the Schism remains invisible to secular academics, but it was the cause of Western arrogance.

It will never be quite possible to discover what were the real causes of the great eleventh-century crisis in Christian history; many factors in the political life of the times which did in fact coalesce to form a developing situation the main lines of which are clear, might, it seems to us now, have operated very differently. It is just as difficult to

explain why it was that men who were capable of great things came together in Rome at that particular time, and, above all, why at the critical moment the dæmonic figure of the greatest of the Popes occupied the throne of the Prince of the Apostles (*sic*). Only a very wide-ranging view can make clear, even in part, the concurrence of events out of which the new age was born, for only thus will due influence be assigned to the advanced stage which the Christianisation of the world had then reached. Ecclesiastical organization had spread far and wide, monastic religion had taken a strong hold on men and made them more concerned for their souls' health, had spurred them on to greater conscientiousness and made them more anxious for the purity and right order of the Church: Thus a new and victorious strength was lent to the old belief in the saving grace of the sacraments and to the hierarchical conceptions based on their administration. Out of this arose the conviction that the Christian peoples of the West formed 'the true' City of God, and as a result the leaders of the Church were able to abandon their ancient aversion from the wickedness of worldly men and to feel themselves called upon to re-order earthly life in accordance with divine precept. In the eleventh century the position had not yet been reached where the pope, the imperial Lord of the Church, appointed and confirmed the kings of the earth and watched over and judged their actions, but the enormous advance made by Gregory VII had opened the way for this, and he himself had already realized more of it in practice than any single one of his successors was able to do. Gregory stands at the greatest-from the spiritual point of view perhaps the only-turning-point in the history of Catholic Christendom (*sic*); in his time the policy of converting the world gained once and for all the upper hand over the policy of withdrawing from it: the world was drawn into the Church, and the leading spirits of the new age made it their aim to establish the 'right order' in this united (sic) Christian world. In their eyes, however, the most immediate task seemed to be that of successfully asserting the supremacy of the 'Servant of the servants of God' over the kings of the earth.

Gregory VII was not particularly notable for his faithfulness to tradition. He was at heart a revolutionary; reform in the ordinary sense of the word, which implies little more than the modification and improvement of existing forms, could not really satisfy him. He desired a drastic change, and could be content with nothing short of the effective realisation on earth of justice, of the 'right order' and of 'that which ought to be'.

ON THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Just as Hampshire's St Swithun is more famous than its first missionary Birinus, so on the Isle of Wight St Boniface is better known than the evangelising Bishop Wilfrid. In 686 Cædwalla, King of the West-Saxons, gave Wilfrid a fourth part of the Isle of Wight for his services to God. There the Bishop sent his nephew Bernwini, accompanied by a priest, to help him in his missionary work. So it is true to say that the Isle of Wight was evangelized through his influence, but tradition claims Wilfrid himself sailed up Brading Harbour and built the church of St Mary's. He is also said to have baptized nearly twelve hundred families at the same time.

Despite the fact that there are few recorded tales concerning St Boniface, he is the saint more closely identified with the Isle of Wight. Bonchurch is alleged to have been founded by him, though some say he never visited the Island and that the tiny church was dedicated to him by monks returning from Europe. Nevertheless, a wooden cross that once stood on the projecting mass of sandstone known as Pulpit Rock was supposed to mark the spot where St Boniface preached to the local fishermen. He is also said to have lived in a cave in the cliff. Whatever the real story, during his supposed stay on the Island, Boniface is said to have realized his ambition to bring the Gospel to people in a meaningful way.

While walking on the seashore at Ventnor one day, the saint saw a boy digging a hole in the sand. The lad then filled a shell with sea water which he poured into the hollow. With absorbed attention he repeated this process over and over again until at last he flung the shell down and burst into angry tears. Boniface was moved by the child's cries and asked the reason for his distress. 'I wanted to empty the sea into the hole I was digging,' he sobbed, 'but I cannot do so.' At once St Boniface saw that this was the cause of his own unhappiness – he had been thinking in terms of the impossible. Tradition says that he immediately resolved to become a missionary and preach among the heathen peoples of Germany. In 716 he crossed the sea and for the

best part of his life remained abroad, which explains why there are so few tales about him in this country.

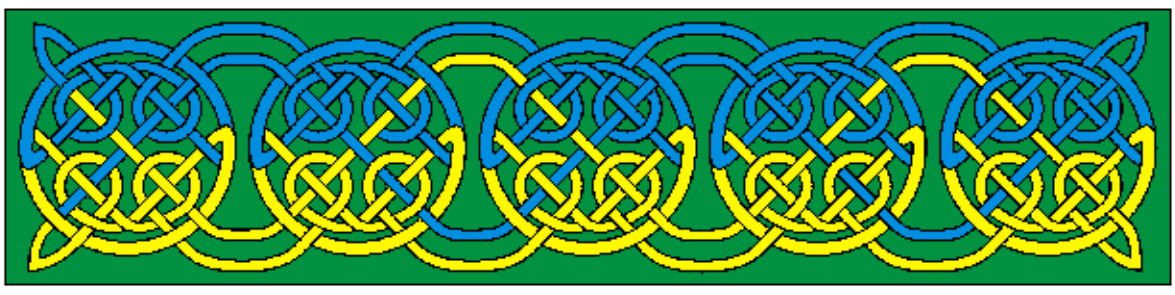
He is remembered, however, in certain place-names on the Island, such as St Boniface Down. Once there was a spring known as St Bonny's Well near the summit of these downs. It used to be garlanded with flowers on 15 June, the saint's feastday, and ships of bygone days lowered their topmasts as they passed this holy site. But the well has long since disappeared, alas, for if one could reach it without looking back, any wish made while drinking the water would certainly be granted. The Down plays a part in another legend concerning St Boniface. It is said that a bishop riding here long ago lost his way in a swirling mist. His horse stumbled blindly on until, to his horror, he found himself on the brink of a precipice. He was frightened and, not knowing what to do, threw the reins upon his horse's neck in despair. The animal regarded this as a signal to plunge headlong down the steep slope. The bishop was convinced his end had come and, invoking the aid of St Boniface, vowed that if he were saved he would give an acre of land to the Church. The horse must have been a sure-footed beast for his rider reached the bottom unharmed. For many years a plot of land called the Bishop's Acre did belong to the rector of Bonchurch, but in the nineteenth century it was sold and St Boniface School now stands on part of it.

SOME SUSSEX FOLKLORE

In the days of King Alfred the Great, Bosham was a flourishing port, with a fine church and rich monastery; but in those days, also, the Sussex coast was frequently attacked by bands of Viking raiders. One day a Viking ship was sighted making for Bosham harbour, and at this not only the farmers and fishermen but even the priests and monks fled inland, taking with them whatever valuables they could carry away, and abandoning the rest of their goods to fate. So it happened that when the raiders landed they found the church undefended, and were able to carry off the great tenor bell, the finest in the whole peal. They lashed it to the cross-benches of their ship, and set sail, delighted with their prize.

Meanwhile, the monks crept back to their plundered church. When they saw the enemy making for the open sea, they rang the remaining bells – some say, in thanksgiving for their own safety, but some say, in a backwards peal, as a solemn curse on the sacrilegious Danes. The ship was nearing the mouth of the estuary when this peal came ringing across the water, and at the sound the stolen bell broke loose from its moorings and replied, in a single loud note; then it crashed through the ship's hull, so that bell and ship and men all vanished beneath the waves. There are some, however, who deny that the ship sank; they say its shattered planking closed again at once, and not one drop came in – a miracle which converted the heathen Danes on the spot. But all agree that the bell itself disappeared into the depths, at the spot which is now called Bosham Deep, but was formerly known as Bell Hole. And all agree that whenever the bells ring from Bosham Church, the sunken one still answers from beneath the waves ...

There are traditions too, though less widely known than this one, about the bells of churches that have been covered by the sea as a result of coastal erosion. At Bulverhythe, where much of the old village has been destroyed in this way, local fishermen say they 'can hear the bells of Bulverhythe' whenever the waves make a loud raking sound on the shingle, and that this means either bad weather or an approaching thaw ... Similarly, men who fished the shallow banks off Selsey Bill, where the old town of Selsey stood, used to believe that at very low tides they could sometimes hear the bells of the sunken cathedral of St Wilfred sounding under water by the Owers Light.



'Death having perished, hell was overthrown'
A Poem of Resurrection:

BLOWN HILCOTE MANOR

In perfect June we reached the house to let,
In remote woodland, up a private lane,
Beyond a pond that seemed as black as jet
Whereon a moorhen oared with chickens twain;
And from the first a sense of want or debt
Seemed to possess the place from ancient pain.

Then, turning Right, we had the House in view,
A red Victorian brick – with earlier stone,
Fair, but unhappy, being overgrown
With all the greenness Summer ever grew.
Above, about, the Summer sky was blue,
And drowsy doves intoned their purrilone.

But though abundant Summer shed her grace,
A look sufficed, to tell a wanderer there
That Death and Sorrow of Soul had hurt the place,
Stricken its life and plucked its glory bare.
No tick of time, no bell-chime, charmed the air;
The clock had stopped; we saw an empty case.

The House was dead, with doors and windows shut.
No chimney smoked; no broom, no bucket, plied;
Under the pampas at the border-side
A humping rabbit shewed a flash of scut.
How many Summers since the lawn was cut?
I plucked the door-bell's pull; no bell replied.

Then, as I sought another door, a sense
Startled my mind, a sense my comrade shared,
That all the House was glad, because suspense
(Long there) was finished, and a peace declared.
Blank on the uncut grass the windows stared,
But, oh, delighted souls were gazing thence.

A tall French-window in a garden room
Was latchless and ajar; we entered in.
The place seemed full of folk, expecting whom
A Household mustered there, expecting kin ...
Someone most dear, perhaps estranged by sin,
Or lacking absolution from the tomb.

Through open doors we looked into rooms bare
All, sensibly inhabited with glee,
And happy folk seemed coming down the stair
From sunny bedrooms in eternity,
Although we might not talk with them nor see
We felt the joy they wanted us to share.

The Manor brimmed with happiness unknown
From sorrows ending and beloved return.
Death having perished, hell was overthrown,
And spirits there made festal fires burn,
And ours, too, for, did we not discern
Love, living on, not dying all alone?

Men in their misery forever pray
For any gleam, for any certain ray,
From light beyond the mirk they struggle through.
This certainty of living love we knew
At Hilcote Manor, off the Icknield Way,
On Monday, June the sixth, in 'thirty two.

John Masefield, On the Hill