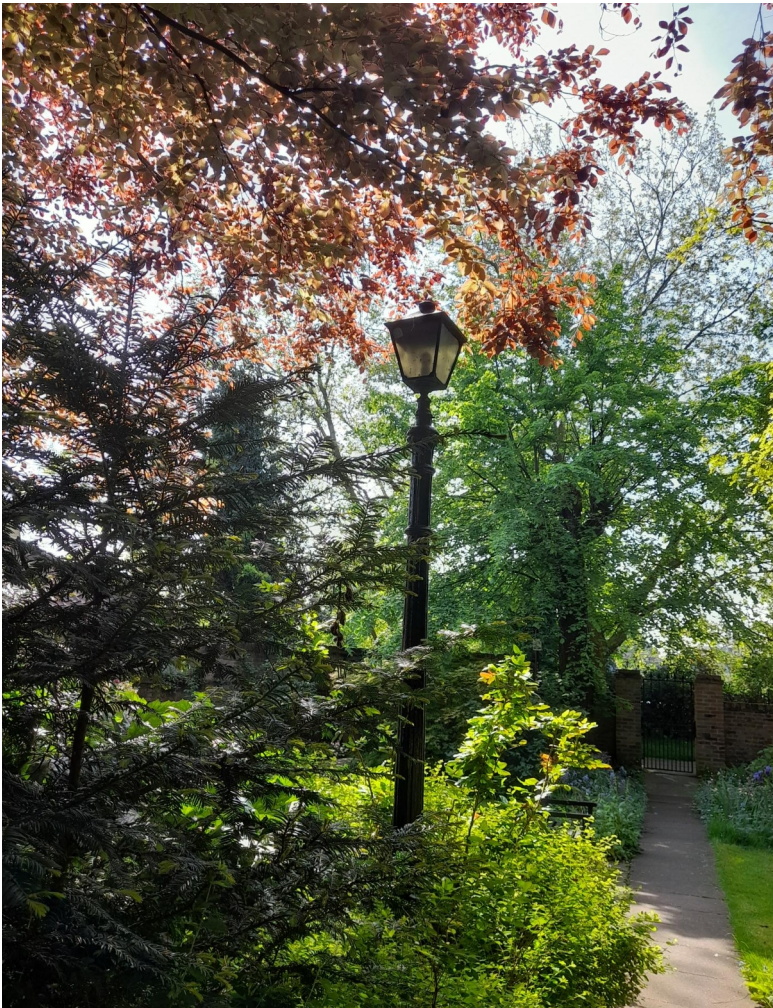


BROMLEY & SHEPPARDS COLLEGES



Herald

June 2024



Welcome

Dear Collegians and Friends,
Since our last Herald in April, the grounds have bloomed and blossomed. I hope you like my cover picture, which I call "Narnia in the Spring". I

Our nearby postbox sported a St George's topper. We now have a magazine rack for the Common Room.

We have had both celebrations and Michael Riley's funeral, often photographed by Paul Allton, who is celebrating sixty years as a priest, on Trinity Sunday.



The next Herald will be for July and the deadline is Saturday June 30th.

Please send contributions to me, preferably by email to: therevvedbee@hotmail.co.uk

Brandy Pearson



Celebrating Our Organ and Organist

Organ on the Fringe

On Friday, April 22nd, Michael Keen, our organist, gave a recital, exploring the stops on our organ, as a prelude to the celebration the next day.

Similar organs were played in cinemas to accompany silent movies, and Michael shared some wonderful sounds, seldom heard on a Sunday morning!



On Saturday 27th April at 3.00pm in the Chapel, Michael Keen celebrated with a concert, 90 years of our Compton Organ, and the life of Jack Coxwell FRCO Organist from 1934 to 1993.

The Programme

J. S. Bach:

Two Chorale Preludes:

'Our Father who art in heaven'

'Blessed Jesu, we are here'

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier BWV 730 and 731

Fantasia & Fugue in C minor BWV 537

Henry Purcell:

'Trumpet Tune and Air' (Arr. Osborne Peasgood)

Paul Hindemith:

Second Organ Sonata (1st Movement)

Herbert Howells:

Psalm Prelude: Set One, Number One

(Ps 34 v.6: 'The helpless call to him and he answers.')

Kenneth Leighton:

"Fanfare"

Kathleen Craig's Appreciation of Jack Coxwell and the History of Organs

There may have been an earlier keyboard instrument in the Chapel, but our first record of music was in 1847, when



the Archbishop of Canterbury gave money to buy a free-standing reed organ called a seraphine. That was in the original Chapel and it was followed by a harmonium in the new Chapel and then a variant called an "American organ" and finally in 1934 by the present organ built by the firm of John Compton, with the pipes in the crypt because there was no room for them in the Chapel. The ones above the console are dummies.

It was the new Chaplain, Cuthbert Wigan, who urged the Trustees to install a pipe-organ to replace what he called "an instrument of torture" and it was then that Jack Coxwell entered the picture. He sometimes played the American organ and he advised the Chaplain and Trustees on the choice of the Compton Miniatura. The Chaplain wanted an organ which was simple enough for the ladies who played the harmonium and were too elderly to master a more complex instrument; but he also wanted it to be good enough for recitals. Organists would come to play in the winter months, which he said "would be a great joy to the ladies" (Collegians were all widows and daughters at that time). The Compton was intended from the outset for recitals as well as services. Jack Coxwell, who was already Assistant Organist at the Parish Church, was then appointed College organist.



Jack was born in Bromley in 1906 and after graduating from London University he lived nearby with his widowed mother. He spent the War years in Cornwall, probably for her sake. Bromley was badly hit by bombing; the Parish Church and several others were destroyed. On his return he resumed his role as Secretary of the local Association of Organists and Choirmasters and played for us for another 47 years. In his last years when I knew him he was organist at a crematorium. Jack had a stroke and died in a nursing home in July 1993. He was remembered by all as “a wonderful friend to the Colleges”. His memorial service on what would have been his 87th birthday was held in the Chapel where he had first played on Founder’s Day 1931 and a little plaque by the organ was unveiled to commemorate his long service “with love and gratitude”.

Kathleen Craig

Enzo and Romero

New collegian kitten, Enzo, who belongs to Ted and Helen, has come visiting our two cats, who seem to have welcomed him with a reasonably good grace.

Brandy Pearson



Gill Marshall's Birthday Party

Not only did Gill invite us all to her birthday party, but she made all the tasty food. Paul Jenkins wrote her a poem (below) and a good time was had by all.

Thank you to Gill!



ODE to Gill – at her birthday party

with apologies to Jenny Joseph

Now I am old I shall NOT wear purple
But wear a big straw red hat, ignoring what others say!
And I shall spend my meagre pension on gin and wear T
logo tops
And Jesus sandals, and disregard the comment of clots
I shall demand the central pavement when stride
And gobble up samples, press alarm bells, and beside
Run my pretend walking stick along the public railings

To make up for the restrained politeness of my youth.
I shall go out in my pyjamas in the rain, shopping
And pick weeds from people's beds and be a pain
Free to speak/think politically incorrect words
And eat three pounds of sausages or more
Or bake, so generously, a thousand cheese scones for all
Meaning that like this feast tonight,
you're reduced to bread & pickle for a week
And as you hoard these treasured things in your
memories
Please dear Gill accept our gratitude for tonight ...,
As such a valued and especial thing
And please, dear Gill, thanks for how you brightens all
our lives
To entertain, surprise us all and to thrive
And tomorrow: don't just be, dear Gill, more than just
the same
But even MORE OF YOU than when your dear Rob, first
came!
Paulos



The delicious food!



The cutting of the cake and sitting with friends



A painting to shock -

'The Martyrdom of St Ursula'- 1610

Michaelangelo Merisi [Caravaggio] (1571-1610)

The frequent depiction of the legend of Saint Ursula who travelled with 11,000 virgins to Cologne, [where the chief of the Huns besieging the city fell in love with her, and when rejected by his advances, killed her with an arrow]. Often presented in a more restrained style, like other Renaissance painters like Hans Memling, or Vittore Carpaccio, Caravaggio's painting is designed to shock

and challenge as he confronts the viewer with the grim reality of death, with its rage and guilt, sin and sacrifice, death and life. Caravaggio includes himself as a



spectator, straining for a voyeuristic glimpse. Currently on Exhibition at the National Gallery I overheard, a lady pronounce loudly, whilst trying to avert her eyes - *'What an awful painting'* I wanted to respond thinking, yes martyrdom and death are shocking! We can walk away, from a painting, just as we can switch TV news channels, trying to avert the shocking and the disturbing images which humanity presents us with on a

daily basis. However, the shocking images of suffering humanity, in Gaza, Ukraine and Sudan, cannot be averted, as they still have the potential to shock, haunt etc. But then '*human beings cannot bear too much reality*' T.S. Elliot

Paulos

Bernard in Lisbon

Some six years ago, I was chaplain on a cruise liner and one of our ports of call was Lisbon, Capital of Portugal. Unfortunately we only went ashore for an afternoon and the Company arranged a tram ride round the city for those who wanted to experience riding on a 1920's tram. Wonderful! To see such a vehicle really climbing steep narrow streets and then descending just as steeply beyond, is something not to be missed. Many of us went on board for the 1 hour ride round the city, seeing exactly all aspects of life there, from the wealthy to the poor. I vowed that one day I would return, and in the first week of April recently, I flew out to spend more time looking at this beautiful city, which had left a lasting impression on me, following that brief visit I mentioned earlier.

There were very many churches for me to see, each one elaborately decorated with the remains of the Easter festival trappings. I experienced several services as most churches have daily Mass. The local schools were still on holiday, but the thing that impressed me most was the fact that young children and teenagers were present with

parents and grandparents, at every service I popped into. I was very touched at seeing such involvement by so many young people, a sight I haven't seen in UK for some 30-40 years. I left those services feeling uplifted by the love shown in a traditional way by the young. If only we could do the same in this country, we might all learn the meaning of words such as "respect", particularly in schools, church or home.

My main visit was to the monastery of San Jeronimo, about half an hour by bus outside the city. I arrived at 10am on a packed local bus, and the queue to get into the church was over 1000 people, I estimated. The usher allowed 50 people in at a time, so the wait wasn't as bad as I anticipated, and after admiring the building (an understatement) and seeing the tomb of Vasco da Gama, I walked in to the nearby village for a coffee, deliberating whether I should then return to join a similar queue to see the cloisters. The Monastery is a World Heritage site but it



was a 50-50 decision as to whether I should go back. However, refreshed by the caffeine, I decided to return. I was amazed. The queues had disappeared and there only 4 people in front of me. What I saw I will NEVER forget. Imagine our quads with an upstairs walkway too, and every square inch covered in elaborate stone-carving. It was quite unbelievable to see and to wonder how long it took; and how many errors in carving occurred, destroying a section, otherwise complete. I still thank God for making me return to see it, when I could so easily have got on the bus back to Lisbon centre. I enclose a photo , which in no way displays the true beauty of the place. I shall never forget the display of love for the churches shown by all the people, whether in a rich area of the city or a poor area. A wonderful place to have had the opportunity to re-visit.

Bernard Fray

King Cecil

Our beloved Cecil Heatley has some health challenges, and I am sure was looking forward to his birthday. He went out to lunch with Janet and friends.

However, he had a fall, and was taken off to hospital. But when the hospital staff found out it was his birthday, they were determined that he should continue the celebrations, and made him his very own crown!

Photo by Janet Heatley



Celebrating the Ordination of Women

Our College Eucharist on May 10th celebrated the 30th Anniversary Year of the Ordination of Women to the Priesthood in the Church of England.

It was, of course, followed by refreshments in the Common Room.



Broom Day and Bromley F C

I happened to go into the Glades on Saturday 11th May and so just happened to be in a good place to see the arrival of the triumphal Bromley Football team, who have been promoted into the League. It also happened to be the day that the Civic Society had chosen for a display about the broom on Martin's Hill from which Bromley takes its name which means broom lea or meadow. Apparently in past times there was a Broom Day with celebrations on Queens Mead.

Tony Banfield chairman of the Civic Society was dressed in Victorian clothes to draw attention to the display and try to recruit volunteers to help look after Martin's Hill where the broom is being overrun by brambles. Members of the Society were handing out sprigs of broom to passers-by.

Clare Preston





Founders' Day

On Wednesday May 22nd at 3.00pm, we celebrated our annual Founders' Day Service. George Baisley led the service, in the presence of the Mayor. Our preacher was Revd. Allie Kerr, our Archdeacon and one of our Trustees.

Here is a photo taken outside the chapel. The event was – of course – followed by refreshments in the Quad.

Photos by Paul Allton



Michael Riley R I P

After a long wait, on Thursday 23rd May at 2pm, the funeral took place of Michael Riley, whose sudden death was a shock for us all. The Eucharist was led by Andrew Grant, and the Commendation and Committal by Margaret Engler.

Funerals do not happen here very often, but it seemed to me that we came together to give him a good send off, followed – of course – by tasty refreshments in the Quad.



Photos by Paul Allton



Sixty Years a Priest

On Trinity Sunday, May 26th, Paul Allton presided at the Eucharist and celebrated sixty years since his ordination to the priesthood.

His excellent sermon centred on the Collect for Purity:

Almighty God, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hidden: cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of your Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love you, and worthily



magnify your holy name, through Christ our Lord. Amen.



Paul was supported by many Collegians, and by his family.

The celebrations continued in the Common Room, with prosecco and cake, as well as our usual Sunday refreshments.

Photos by Janet Heatley and Brandy Pearson



Clare in Harare

The first stage of my trip was a visit to my sister-in-law in Harare:

In March and April I made a long delayed visit to my family and friends in Harare and South Africa. It was over 10 years since my last visit to South Africa and 30 years since I had been in Harare. My sister-in-law is on her own and now lives in a retirement village which consists of little bungalows built on land that belongs to the Sisters of Nazareth. In the main building known as Nazareth House there is a frail care section into which residents can move if they need more care.



The chapel is the catholic church for the area. There are 130 individual bungalows. They all have solar panels to cope with the electricity outages or load shedding as it is called. The property has its own bore hole but many

people buy their drinking water. There is also a club house equivalent to our common room though on a much larger scale where residents can meet for activities and social occasions. Each individual house has its own little garden and there is also a communal garden with a pond. A stork known as Anton comes all the way Europe to spend the European winter months at Larmenier village. He has been coming for over 12 years and used to have a partner but sadly he is now a solitary stork. *(See back page.)* The village is called Larmenier after Victoire Larmenier, the French woman who was the founder of the order in the 19th century. There are a number of Nazareth Houses in the UK and also in Ireland, America, Australia and South Africa. There is also a Larmenier retirement village in Blackburn which sounds wonderful, if only one could afford to live there as you have to buy your house or apartment. I found everyone I met in Harare of all backgrounds very friendly, and you cannot pass anyone without stopping to greet each other. It was quite a change from London. We visited a craft market where you can buy a great variety of ornaments and animals made out of wire and beads, or carved from wood or soap stone. Everywhere along the roads are little informal stalls selling ornaments and all kinds of things like brooms and dusters, so many people trying to scrape a living. There are also many Zimbabweans in South Africa selling craft items. *There will be more from Clare in the next Herald!*
Clare Preston



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