

BROMLEY & SHEPPARD'S COLLEGES



Herald

July 2024



Welcome

Dear Collegians and Friends,

Apologies that the Herald is a little late. I blame a combination of a bad cold and a General Election. (I wonder who won?)

People have been on holiday, including Rob and myself. Here is a photo of Shakespeare's birthplace, so you can guess where we've been! Valerie has been on pilgrimage. Our front cover shows her arriving at her destination. More about her adventures within these pages.

The next Herald will be for August and the deadline is Saturday July 27th. Please send contributions to me, preferably by email to: therevvedbee@hotmail.co.uk Thank you to Jo for printing and distributing them!



Brandy Pearson

College Lunch



College Lunch, organized once a month by one of three teams, is a popular feature of College life.

The lunch on June 6th was especially appreciated by around 25 Collegians who enjoyed Pork Normandy, Tarte Citron and Normandy Pommeau -an apple aperitif. Many thanks to Jill's team for enabling us to share in this way with the 80th anniversary of the D-Day landings.

Paul Allton



Camino to Santiago de Compostela 2024

It was with excitement, yet some apprehension, that I set off to go to Gatwick on Saturday 15th June, en route for Santiago de Compostela. I was due to take part in a pilgrimage walk for the last 100 km from Sarria to Santiago, which is the least distance acceptable to qualify as a walking pilgrim. It was something that I'd thought I'd like to do for years, but had never managed to organise to



do it, and then as I aged, had thought that I couldn't travel with a backpack and stay in hostel-type accommodation and do the walk. So the McCabe Pilgrimage fitted the bill and I decided to go for it.

We flew to Santiago airport and then were taken by coach to Sarria where we began. We had two priest leaders – Canon Jane Winter and Fr Jeff Risbridger and a local Spanish Guide called Xulio (pronounced Hulio), who was full of enthusiasm, showing us places of interest along the way and making sure that we were in the right place at the right time. He also explained that we had our Camino 'Passports', which had to be stamped each day in the morning and then at least twice in places we

visited on the way to ensure that we were walking the route.

Each day we set off soon after 8am having had breakfast, re-packed our cases, which were then taken to the next place we were going to stay, and having said Morning Prayer together. This included the prayer:

*Spirit of Wisdom,
take from us all the fuss,
the clattering of noise,
the temptation to dominate
by the power of words,
the craving for certainty.
Lead us through the narrow gate of not knowing,
that we may listen and obey,
and come to a place of silence and stillness,
of true conversation and wisdom.*

Each day we also had a parable from St. Luke's Gospel read.

Then at the end of the day, having arrived at our next Pension, we freshened up, went out, or had a meal in the hotel at about 8pm, met for Compline and went to bed at about 10.30pm. So it was a very full timetable.

We tended to stay in a group, although as soon as we started walking up hills, I found myself dropping back! To begin with I was definitely the tortoise of the group! But we were encouraged to go at our own pace and

someone was always there to make sure we were not forgotten. I walked on my own at times and with different people the rest of the time and had some very interesting and profound conversations. We were all struggling at different times and in different ways, and so I think that shared vulnerability helped us to gel as a group.



It was mainly cool and wet, which if I had to choose between that and hot, I would have chosen, as it was easier to walk in the cool. (But I might have chosen slightly less wet!) The Galacian countryside is beautiful and we mostly walked through woods, some with eucalyptus trees, and along country lanes with an abundance of wild

flowers. There were many places en route to have refreshments and we tended to stop about three times during the day.

On the wettest day I read this 'Thought for the Day' from Iona:

*Give me all the bent and broken Christians
The ones who know they're weak and full of strife.
Who walk in spite of rain and embrace the joy and pain*

as they celebrate the wonder of this messy life.
(David McNeish, from *Living Letters of the Word*)

We realised on the first day that the wayside markers were indicating 120km, so we had a bit to spare! Consequently, when there was an offer to have a half day on the third day, I jumped at the chance, which gave me some extra rest and chance to recharge my batteries and then I managed to do the rest.

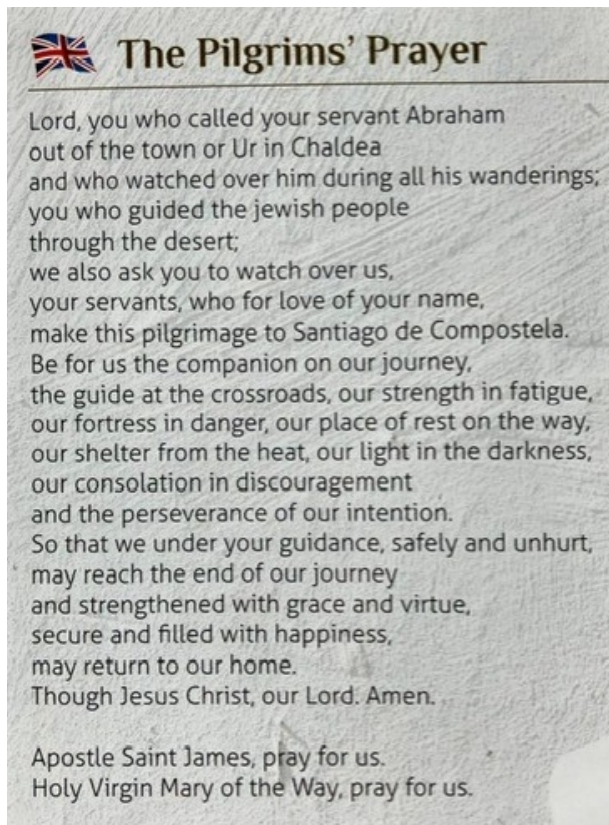
So, finally, on the morning of the fifth day, we stood on a hill and saw the spires of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela in the distance before us! We walked together into the square in front of the Cathedral and after lunch visited the museum there and visited the statue of St James behind the High Altar.




The next day we arrived at the Cathedral for the 9.30am Pilgrim's Mass, which felt full of significance having walked the Camino together. They have a special dispensation from the Pope to offer Communion to all pilgrims, so we were all able to receive.

To our delight at the end of the Service the very large thurible, the Botafumiero, was swung! We were sitting in the South Transept and it swung over our heads. Evidently it originated from the days when pilgrims used to sleep in the Cathedral and were dirty, smelly and vermin-ridden, so it was a form of fumigation!

And so to the return home! It was an experience like no other in my life and I shall be pondering on this experience for some time to come. On 24th July, I will share more of my reflections at the Theology Group, to which all are invited.



 **The Pilgrims' Prayer**

Lord, you who called your servant Abraham out of the town of Ur in Chaldea and who watched over him during all his wanderings; you who guided the Jewish people through the desert; we also ask you to watch over us, your servants, who for love of your name, make this pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela. Be for us the companion on our journey, the guide at the crossroads, our strength in fatigue, our fortress in danger, our place of rest on the way, our shelter from the heat, our light in the darkness, our consolation in discouragement and the perseverance of our intention. So that we under your guidance, safely and unhurt, may reach the end of our journey and strengthened with grace and virtue, secure and filled with happiness, may return to our home. Though Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Apostle Saint James, pray for us.
Holy Virgin Mary of the Way, pray for us.



I am the Way, the Truth and the Life - will always have more resonance with me now that I've walked the Camino!

Valerie Pearce



The Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela

The Lavender Path to Heaven!



...rather than the primrose path to hell! Peter Morris has done sterling work to nurture the beautiful lavender borders on either side of the path to the Chapel in the Old Quad. The bees thank him too.

When Rob and I came to visit the Colleges for the first time, I remember someone working on these borders, who I'm fairly certain was Peter Morris!

We are lucky to have so many who tend our beautiful grounds in so many ways!

Photo by Paul Allton



Clare's Visit to Johannesburg

After Harare I flew to Johannesburg to spend Palm Sunday weekend with my niece who is married to an Anglican priest, rector of St Martin's-in-the-Veld, a well known parish in Rosebank which is an old established suburb of Johannesburg. When it was founded in 1912 it was surrounded by 'veld', or open



uncultivated land. I have had connections with the church in the past and was keen to have the opportunity to worship there one more time. My niece's husband will be retiring at the end of the year having reached the age of 66, retirement age in the Church of the Province.

On the Saturday before Palm Sunday I joined a group of parishioners in the hall to make the 150 palm crosses ready for Sunday. It was a team effort involving 3 different manoeuvres. One person stripped the individual segments from the palm fronds which had been brought in from the rectory garden. Then a group of helpers made the first fold of their crosses as demonstrated by the rector, while the last group skilfully looped and threaded to achieve the familiar shape of the palm cross

we know, the difference being the ones we made were green! On Palm Sunday we gathered in the hall and processed into the church following the children carrying palm branches. Inside the nave was decorated with palms.



In the afternoon we went for a walk in the 'veld' where cosmos was in bloom. It grows wild in parts of South Africa, the seeds having been brought from Mexico in horse fodder during the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902. I also visited St George's church Parktown where my parents were married and I was christened.



*Palm Sunday –
about to process*



Easter in the Cape.

In Holy Week I flew to Cape Town to spend Easter with my other sister-in-law in Hermanus, a small town on the coast about 70 miles south west from Cape Town. It was originally a small fishing village but now is a sought after retirement place and holiday destination. It has an attractive rocky coast and also a fine sandy beach and a lagoon.

I was able to attend all the usual Easter services at St Peter's church and also celebrate my sister-in-law's 86th birthday. My brother died in 2020 and due to Covid I was not able to attend his funeral so I was glad I could spend time sitting on the bench that has his name and look out over the sea. The nature reserve in the hills behind the town is an attractive place for a walk with a waterfall and wild proteas in bloom. Proteas are the

national
flower of
South Africa.

*Clare
Preston*



*Easter
Evening*



Waterfall in the hills

Wild protea



Stratford-Upon-Avon

Rob and I had a very enjoyable holiday in Stratford. It started well with the most beautiful bar and cafe on Leamington Station as we waited for our connection.



So many wonderful sights, including this lively statue of the Fool,



and a (genuine?) Tudor Kebab House, We were thrilled by the Mechanical Art and Design Museum, with so many wonderful and ingenious automata and other moving pieces! Sadly you can only see a still photo of one of my favourites, a jolly dancing skeleton and his donkey friends.



We saw the preview evening of the "Merry Wives of Windsor at the RSC. Not only was the play so good, we drank our interval gin and tonics, sitting on their terrace by the river, with a beautiful swathe of wild flowers, which is pictured on our back cover.

We walked along the river to Holy Trinity Church, which is both very beautiful and welcoming to tourists and the spiritual alike.



Holy Trinity Stratford-Upon- Avon

We stayed in a comfortable ground-floor flat, in the road behind Shakespeare's birthplace.

We found an excellent second-hand bookshop, drunk lots of fine tea and coffee, and had a thoroughly good time.

Brandy Pearson

"Wives may be merry, and yet honest too. I hope good luck lies in odd numbers.

O powerful Love, that in some respects makes a beast a man, in some other a man a beast.

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire."

*From The Merry Wives of Windsor
by William Shakespeare*



Cecil Heatley – 60 Years a Priest

On Friday June 28th, we celebrated with Cecil, the 60th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Paul Allton lead the Eucharist, which was followed by prosecco and cake in the Common Room.





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