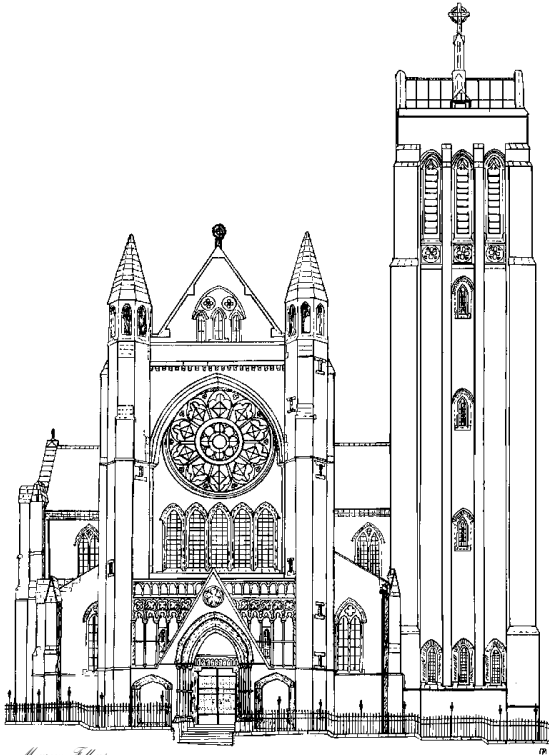




The Church of  
St Alban the Martyr  
Birmingham 12



# ST ALBAN AND ST PATRICK PARISH MAGAZINE



*Murree Fellows*

**April  
2021  
70p**





**Church of S Alban the Martyr**  
**Conybere Street, Birmingham**  
*(Traditional Anglo-Catholic)*

(www.saintalban.co.uk)

**Vicar:** Revd Dr Gerald Sykes,

The Vicarage, 120 Stanhope Street, Birmingham B12 0XB

☎: 0121 440 0404

**Sunday Services**

Choral Mass 10.00 a.m. Solemn  
Evening Service 6.00 p.m.

**Weekday Masses** *(Please note that weekday services are presently cancelled due to Covid-19.)*

Thursday 11.30 a.m. Low  
Saturday 9.00 a.m. Low  
Saturday 5.00 p.m. Multimedia Mass *(Term Time)*  
Holy Days of Obligation 7.30 p.m. Solemn

**Confessions:** By appointment

**Authorized Eucharistic Ministers** *(Bishop's Permission)*

Mr Dennis Clark ☎: 0121 430 3727

Mrs Verna Smith-Broadbent

Mrs Amanda Cadman

Dr Christopher Smith ☎: 0121 471 1301

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## *From The Vicarage*

Dear Everyone,

Easter is approaching fast as I write this letter. First, I'd like to give you the services for Holy Week and Easter. Clearly it will be different this year because of the pandemic and the necessary restrictions in place. I hope that this arrangement of services has both enough familiarity to give us comfort and enough difference to give us a fresh view of Holy Week.

### **Maundy Thursday**

Mass will be a simple said service at 6.00 pm. There won't be the usual feet washing but we will have a short period of music from Taizé to reflect on Jesus' example. Jeanne Conard-Jones, Jobe Baker and the violinist Edwin Podolski have recorded *Erbarme dich* from Bach's St Matthew Passion for us to use as we strip the church of ornaments.

*Erbarme dich, mein Gott,  
Um meiner Zähren willen!  
Schaue hier,  
Herz und Auge Weint vor dir bitterlich.  
Erbarme dich, mein Gott.*

Have mercy, my God,  
for the sake of my tears!  
Look here heart and eyes weep bitterly  
Have mercy, my God.

They are words put into Peter's mouth as he repents his denial of Jesus.

The sacrament will be reserved in S Patrick's chapel but there will not be the usual vigil in church. You may, of course spend time at home watching and waiting. You may wish to join the Baptist church for Tenebræ at 7:30.

### **Good Friday**

There are also some changes to Good Friday.

Stations of the cross will be on Zoom. As we are not in church and so need to have a single service we will split stations of the cross into two parts. Part one at 12.00 noon will be stations 1 – 11. We wait till the third hour when Jesus died to complete stations 12 – 14.

Instead of Ante-communion in the morning we will celebrate the liturgy of Christ's death and burial at 6.00 pm in the evening. At this hour we look back over the events of the day and reflect on the body of Christ in the tomb. This liturgy normally invites us to venerate the cross and an icon of Jesus in the tomb with a kiss and scattering of flower petals. Unfortunately we will not be able to do either of those this year.

### **Easter Sunday**

This year we won't have the Easter vigil on Saturday evening but will incorporate the Liturgy of Light into our 10.00 am Mass.

All of this needs to have new liturgies written, music arranged and videos made and edited. So, I will be taking the advantage of the fact that St Alban's academy is having 2 weeks holiday after Easter and having a rest (staycation seems to be the new word). Fr Andrew will be Presiding at Mass on the 11<sup>th</sup>. During these two weeks there will be no Zoom Evening Prayer.

So much for the practicalities this year. Easter is the main festival of the Christian year, remembering our christian hope. We need hope — it's been over a year since the first lockdown: Covid-19, though

reduced in Britain is still a real threat, and across Europe there is a third wave of infections. Hopefully success of the vaccination program will dull the effects of any third wave in Britain but there is still a long way to go. There was darkness and death before the first Easter and there

will be more darkness and death before this pandemic is over. Let us not lose our hope when we have setbacks and remember that the ultimate victory is Jesus'.

*Fr. Kerry*

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## The Church's Year — April

April 1<sup>st</sup> is Maundy Thursday, the first day of the *Triduum* (Latin for 'three days'), the three days which are the climax of Holy Week, which began with Palm Sunday, and which are also the climax of the whole of the holy season of Lent. Let's make the most of them! How far back Ash Wednesday — February 17<sup>th</sup> — may seem from us now! I believe that the more seriously we take these three days the greater will be our exultation at the glorious celebration of the Resurrection of Jesus on Easter Day.

'Maundy' (I shall never forget an excellent church worker in a parish I knew who consistently misspelt it 'Maunday' — no one had the heart to correct her!) comes from the Latin '*mandatum*' which means 'commandment' — the English word mandate, which of course is a direct derivative, really means the same. It comes from the Latin of Jesus' words

to his disciples at the Last Supper — "A new commandment (*'mandatum novum'*) I give you, that you love one another". It's a striking reminder of the love that filled Jesus throughout his life and which he showed supremely in these days.

Many churches have a Communion Service on Maundy Thursday evening, in remembrance of Jesus' Last Supper with his disciples, at which he instituted the great Sacrament of Holy Communion.

I know from my experience — and I know this is the experience of many Christians — how spiritually profitable it is to try to take part, as much as possible, in whatever services our churches may be able to offer during these three days, leading up to Easter.

The Maundy Thursday service is often followed by a Watch in the church, reminding us of Jesus' agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, that fateful and foreboding night in which the full horror of what lay in store for him came so vividly to his mind that he prayed to his



heavenly Father to ‘remove this cup from me’ — ‘but’, as he added, ‘not my will, but yours be done’.

So it was to be — that dramatic scene of his praying in the Garden, his betrayal by one of his own disciples, his arrest, the three-fold denial of Peter, Jesus’ being arraigned before the High Court of the Sanhedrin and then, early on Good Friday, being brought to Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor. In my first parish of All Saints’, in Poplar in the East End of London, a Watch was kept the whole night, on a rota system, in the beautifully candle-lit church, with the Altar of Repose ablaze with candles. I used to go deliberately in the middle of the night, at 2.00 or 3.00 am, to meditate before this altar. There were never less than several people there at any one time. The church was open the whole night — in the middle of this tough area of the East End we never had any trouble.

All this is a preparation for, arguably, the most important day in the Christian calendar, Good Friday, the day on which Jesus was ‘glorified’, to use his own words, by which he described his crucifixion, by which also was accomplished the salvation of the world, the purpose for which he came to us as the Son of God. A Christianity which flinches from facing up to the actual suffering which Jesus underwent because of his love for us is a Christianity which fails in its purpose. Hence the vital need to take as much part as possible in whatever service is offered in our church, or elsewhere, in which we can give thanks to God for the salvation accomplished for us at so great a cost. What a pity that so many people regard Good Friday simply as a ‘holiday’ and forget the immense suffering that was, at

the same time, the means of the greatest victory won on this earth, the victory over sin and death.

“The Dream of the Rood” (‘rood’ meaning ‘cross’) is a magnificent Anglo-Saxon poem — easily obtained on the internet — in which the unknown author movingly describes the scene as regarded from the point of view of the cross itself, which he sees in a vision, ablaze with gems and precious stones and yet still bedewed with the blood of the saviour. I shall be reading it again at this time.

Easter Eve — the last day of the Triduum — (sometimes called Easter Saturday, but that strictly speaking is the Saturday ending Easter week) — when Jesus was lying in the tomb is a day of quiet reflection. Being a Sabbath in the Jewish calendar, it was the day on which the women who had accompanied Jesus prepared their spices with which to anoint his body on the next day.

And then Easter Day! the greatest festival of the Christian year, the day of rejoicing because of the Resurrection



of Jesus. We need to remember that the Resurrection was not the victory itself, but the sign of the victory which had been — unknown to the world — won on the Cross on Good Friday.

At first the disciples could not believe those who said they had seen Jesus — but then gradually they became convinced of the truth, that he had risen. The most important passage on the Resurrection in the Bible is to be found, not in any of the Gospels, but in S Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians, chapter 15 — and especially the first eleven verses. Please re-read them, if you will! They are much earlier than the Gospels — the earliest text we have on the Resurrection of Jesus — and are likely to be historically more accurate than the Gospels, which were written many years later. The Christian Church stands or falls by the Resurrection — and by nothing else in comparison. “If Christ be not risen, then our faith is meaningless. But now Christ is risen from the dead”, as S Paul writes in this chapter. And he goes on to say that the power of the risen Christ is the power which can be found in each Christian, if we will only open ourselves to its working within us — this comes out especially in the first chapter of his Letter to the Ephesians.

What a wonderful message of consolation, especially during this pandemic — and at the time of writing this article it does seem that Easter Day will mark a time when the power of this pandemic will, we hope, be very much on the decrease.

So we enter into the glorious season of Easter, which extends for the seven weeks between Easter Day and Pentecost — (also called Whit Sunday) — in this year on Sunday May 23<sup>rd</sup>, when we celebrate



the coming of the Holy Spirit upon those few disciples gathered in the upper room.

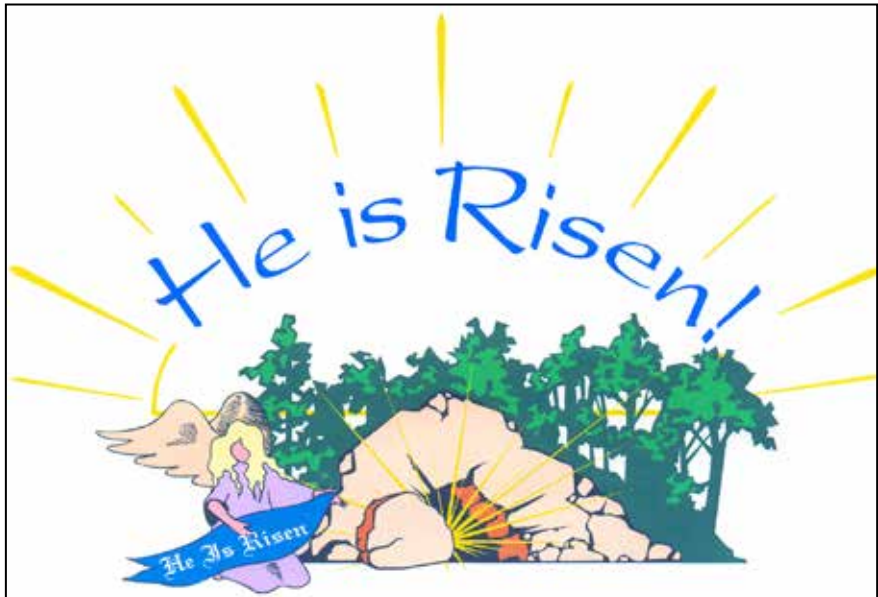
We have two ‘Red Letter’ days — days of the highest importance — in the rest of April. The first is on Friday April 23<sup>rd</sup>, the Feast Day of S George, a martyr and, of course, the Patron Saint of ‘Merrie England’. He was believed to have given his life for Jesus in the last, and the most ferocious, of the persecutions in the Roman Empire, that of the Emperor Diocletian, at the beginning of the fourth century. Only a few years later a young man named Constantine was acclaimed Emperor on the site of where York Minster now stands, who became the first Christian Roman Emperor and Christianity became, for the first time, a ‘legal religion’. The Christian Church had triumphed because of its martyrs — truly *‘sanguis Christianorum semen’*, ‘the blood of Christians is seed’, as the African theologian, Tertullian put it — often popularly rendered, ‘The blood of

the martyrs is the seed of the church.’  
The second great Feast Day is that of S



Mark, the Evangelist and reputed author of the earliest Gospel, named after him. His day is April 25<sup>th</sup>, but because that is a Sunday, the celebration of it is officially transferred to the next day, so, in this year, to Monday April 26<sup>th</sup>. His Gospel is by far and away the shortest of all the Gospels — consisting of only sixteen chapters — and forms the basis of the Gospels of S Matthew and S Luke. Mark’s Gospel is characterised by a sense of urgency and immediacy — the words ‘immediately’ and ‘straightway’ and other such words occur again and again, and the Gospel has a wonderful impetus about it which richly rewards those who are prepared to read it through from beginning to end in one go. May his Gospel, perhaps, be part of our Easter reading as we continue to celebrate the glorious Resurrection of Jesus!

*Fr Andrew*



## Mary Dorothy Goodman RIP 1918 – 2021

This month we publish a tribute to a great lady who was one of the stalwarts of Saint Alban's throughout her long life. The following passages have been submitted by those of us who worked with or knew Mary either within the church or in other circumstances, and who gained much from her advice and wisdom.

We intend to publish further tributes in the May issue, and if anyone would like to add anything which they believe may have been missed, please do not hesitate to write a piece which could be included.



### ***Canon David Hutt writes:***

When I came to Saint Alban's in 1982 I had no idea what lay ahead. From a Woodard School chaplaincy in the West Country to an inner city parish in Birmingham — a contrast hard to imagine.

Mary Goodman (others will tell of her family and professional career) was a life-line. Apart from not being the favoured successor to Fr Lawrence Harding I brought with me a threat of change. It was the influence of Mary that encouraged the development of the Saint Patrick's rooms and, together with Rachel Waterhouse, the Saint Alban's Festival which drew upon the talents and resourcefulness of the many parishioners (and many others) that made it the success it undoubtedly was.

You must go to Peter Marsh's "Faith In The Inner City" (Brewin Books 2013) to find a fascinating account of the fortunes of Saint Alban's School. I think "Redemption" is not an inappropriate term. Mary was ever on hand to propose, support and carry through ideas for the future. Its present status and success is a lasting tribute to her memory.

Dear loyal, kind and generous Mary, together we planted daffodil bulbs round the church, in the rain. Thank you.

May you rest in peace and rise in glory.

*David Hutt 03.02.2021.*



## **From a former choir member**

I first met Mary in September 1960 when I was a very nervous 'new girl' at Edgbaston Church of England College for Girls, where she was Secretary to the Headmistress, Miss Marjorie Going. Although she was very pleasant and welcoming, Mary was nevertheless someone to be respected and obeyed, so initially I think we were all a little in awe of her. But she also showed us her caring side. One friend recalls that when she was in a nursing home in Edgbaston after a nasty operation on her teeth, Mrs Goodman was also a patient and when Mary visited her mother she would also pop in to see Sue. I wonder how many other school secretaries would have done that in their spare time for a 12 year-old girl in her first year at the school? But that, we came to realise, was Mary's Christian, caring nature. As we grew older and progressed up the school our relationship with the staff underwent a subtle change, but Mary remained 'Miss Goodman' to us. However, we all benefitted from her care and support and, in these last few weeks since Mary died and I have been contacting old school friends, the recurring comment has been 'I was really fond of Miss Goodman when we were at school'.

I next encountered Mary, as I then came to know her, when I came to worship at S Alban's. She remembered me without any prompting and again was cheerfully welcoming. No one was happier than I was when she became the first lady Churchwarden, a job for which her many Christian, social and organisational skills so befitted her. Even when I moved on to pastures new, she and I kept in touch right up until last Christmas, when I thought it a bit odd that I hadn't heard from her. I was saddened to receive the news of her passing at the incredible age of 102. As several of my friends have said 'That was some innings'!

In recent days I have contacted old school friends with whom I am in touch and they in turn have contacted other friends, so Mary's legacy to us has not only been her friendship and support, but also the means of putting so many of us back in touch. I hope we don't crash the internet, as I think we are all intending to watch her funeral, even those as far away as Canada and the USA. I hope she would be pleased that she has united us by her death as she did during our schooldays. It's not a bad legacy to leave, is it? May she rest in peace and rise in glory.

*Mary Priday*

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## **From a former Churchwarden**

I have had the privilege to know the Goodman family for many years. I worked with John as a Trustee and spent several hours talking to Denys about cricket, and of course Mary, as a Trustee, has given me some sound advice from time to time. It is through Mary that both Pauline and I are part of the S Albans family.

Some years ago I was not happy with the vicar at S Albans and I had made up my mind that it was time for Pauline and I to leave and go elsewhere. I confided in Mary that I was thinking of leaving and she felt that I was making a mistake. A week or so later after our talk, she asked me to go and see her as her brother

Denys was visiting Birmingham for the test match at Edgbaston. During my visit to Mary's, Denys and I talked about the test match but, unbeknown to me, he was aware of my intentions to leave S Albans. The advice that he gave me was that

vicars come and go but the church family stays on, and suggested I bide my time.

I, like so many others, have lost a great friend and, like many others, I will miss her dearly.

Fond, fond memories.

*Dennis Clark*

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## **From another former Churchwarden**

### **The Roads Not Taken?**

We all know of the great capabilities that Mary always exercised in the various rôles she undertook in the governance of our church. But even if we didn't know of them, Mary's physical presence, with her trim figure and immaculately coiffed hair, her clipped, clear annunciation and her keen gaze, gave a great sense of solid purpose and assurance. This sense was only intensified when we remembered that the Goodman family had been part of Saint Alban's history almost since the beginning, her father even having been churchwarden in the last years of the Pollocks' ministry. He too, we understand, exuded that great sense of order and stability.

Mary's embodiment of a sense of competent order and continuity is not surprising given the background from which she came. Hers was a stable, comfortably off Moseley family, socially conservative but also socially conscious, with life centred around her father's architectural practice and her parents' lifelong support of the Church and particularly Saint Alban's and its parish. We associate her very much with this background, from which she derived many of her virtues and competences.

Her family was important to Mary and she was strongly attached to all its members — and they to her. But she was

not very much in the habit of reminiscing about her youth. This was not from any distaste — far from it — but, I think that she was always more concerned with the world of today rather than of yesterday. But she would occasionally reflect on her young life, remembering, for instance, that it had always been assumed that her brothers would go on to higher education — both, in fact, became priests in the Church of England — while it was just assumed that she, as a girl, would not. She did not recount this with any resentment, but only with a sense of “that's how things were then”.

Today we might think this upbringing, however warm and loving, to be a bit narrow and restricted. Mary, though, seems to have been happy enough to live within the conventions and restrictions of the time, place and society in which she had been brought up and Mary's own life would follow in that pattern. Eventually she moved, though only from Moseley to Edgbaston, and her professional life as wartime civil servant and then as Secretary of Edgbaston Church of England College, followed a conventional path, as did her work with the Girl Guides and her active membership of the Soroptimists.

She did, recall, however, a couple of times in her early life in which she broke

out — or almost broke out — from this comfortable pattern. I mentioned to her once that I had visited the church of St Mary's, Somers Town, near Euston Station in London. It was then that she told me, rather to my astonishment, that she had been for a while, a parish worker there, lodging with a local family. This was before the war, when Mary would have been in her late teens. The connection may have been made through her parents' wider church interests, or perhaps through her godfather, Fr Underhill.

At that time St Mary's, Somers Town, was a very famous parish indeed for it was at the forefront of Anglo-Catholic interest in propounding the Social Gospel, which held that the Incarnation should be witnessed by the Church's direct engagement with improving the lot of the poor in slum parishes like Somers Town.

This was the age of the slum ritualists and "slum padres", beloved of the popular fiction of the time. The great figure at St Mary's had been the charismatic Fr Basil Jellicoe. In the early 1930s he had formed the Saint Pancras House Improvement Society, the forerunner of some of today's Social Housing Associations. Fr Basil's social connections and his flair for publicity attracted celebrity attention and this, in turn, attracted newspaper headlines. Living conditions improved immeasurably and Fr Jellicoe launched other well-planned and well-funded programmes to improve nutrition, child care, play facilities and employment opportunities within the parish. He even became licensee of a pub, The Anchor, bringing the church even further into the centre of parish life.

Fr Jellicoe died, aged only 36, in 1935, but his work lived on, as his reputation

still does. It would have been in the late 30s that Mary was working in the parish, when his memory would still have been fresh, though the parish would still have been riven by poverty and deprivation. Mary would have known a poor parish from her association with S Alban's but, perhaps, only as a Sunday outsider. It might have been a different experience actually to live, if only for a short time, in the heart of the London slums. I only wish I had asked her more about what she actually did in Somers Town and what impressions she had taken away with her. As is so often the way, now it is too late. And that will always be a regret.

Eventually though it was back from grungy Somers Town to the comfortable Birmingham suburbs. But Mary told me of another time at which she had at least considered spreading her wings far beyond the comfort zone of her Birmingham family and upbringing. With all their long-standing church connections, her parents would often offer hospitality to visiting ecclesiastical dignitaries. On one occasion — presumably, again, in the late 1930s — they had as a guest the bishop of a missionary diocese in West Africa. He was much impressed by the daughter of the house, both by the seriousness with which she took her faith and by her great practical gifts — apparent even then — for administration and organization. So much so that he suggested that Mary might like to join him, to help with the practical side of his diocesan affairs. Mary was much taken with this idea, experiencing something of a "call", even though it would have meant a great upheaval in her young life.

I'm not sure how far this plan ever progressed but it never came to

completion. Either because of the difficult international situation or because of more general maternal concern, Mary's mother did not want her daughter to take that path, and Mary, never temperamentally a rebel, acceded to family imperatives.

She did not go to the part of the world then known as the "white man's grave" but remained in Birmingham throughout the war years and after. Africa's loss was, as we all know, Saint Alban's enormous gain.

*Stephen Wycherley*

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## **Mary's Second Home**

While remembering Mary, we might also remember her good friends Margaret and Celia Joice, both of whom often attended services at S Alban's when they were visiting Mary.

Margaret had come to Birmingham as Headmistress of Edgbaston Church of England College, when Mary had already been well established as School Secretary. Mary admitted that at first they had eyed each other warily, sensing the possibility of a genteel power struggle, but they soon became firm friends, often spending holidays together and with Mary frequently visiting Margaret and her sister Celia, teacher and musician, at their family home in Bawdeswell, Norfolk, a village famous for its mention in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Mary said that it soon became her second home and she had many happy times there, both while she was working with Margaret, and after both sisters had retired. Mary became well-known in the village and at services in the parish church, where Celia was churchwarden.

Bawdeswell is only 12 or so easy miles from Walsingham and it would often happen (perhaps it was not an accident) that Mary's visits would coincide with the weekend of our parish pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. So often a small group of Saint Alban's pilgrims would be invited on our free

Saturday afternoon, to indulge in tea and some highly secular fruit cake as a break from our pilgrimage devotions.

The sisters' house, May Tree Farm, was extraordinary. From the outside it appeared to be a large, conventional 1950s detached house but the 20<sup>th</sup> century brick exterior enclosed a building that went back to at least the 17<sup>th</sup> Century, with its beams intact and the interior as it had been adapted and altered over the years, delightfully unmodernized. We had a certain amount of fun finding our way through the warren of small rooms and skew-floored corridors. Mary obviously had found her sea legs long since and acted as our navigator!

However picturesque the interior of the house it was situated rather bleakly between a main road and a busy, machinery-strewn farmyard. This was actually the business end of what was once the Joice family farm, now tenanted, apart from the farm house itself. And in a true country manner the machinery, either working or awaiting repair, was interspersed with obviously well-fed cats and a few somewhat vicious ponies. It was all rather fun and certainly must have made a change for Mary from her own home in well-tended Chancellors Close in Edgbaston.

After Margaret's death, Mary continued to visit Celia and Celia would

come to stay with Mary until ill-health prevented her. Then Mary's visits would be a great comfort to Celia, whose only other pleasure seemed to be following the snooker on TV (Mary's favourite viewing was Alan Sugar's *The Apprentice!*).

Now, sadly, they all are gone, three

proud single ladies who took the world as they found it, made their own way through it, and, through their own contributions, left things just a bit better than they had found them. This was Mary Goodman's generation. We are in its debt.

*Liz Wycherley*

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## **Mary Goodman — A Glimpse Back in Time**

Mary featured prominently at S Alban's all her life. She was equally at home serving in the important offices of the church or, literally serving, behind the counter at the annual Christmas Bazaars held in the old school in Dymoke Street.

She was a member of the PCC for a great many years, Assistant Treasurer, Electoral Roll Officer, Churchwarden, and took a prominent position as a trustee of the Aspinal Trust Fund, and on the committee of The Friends of S Alban and S Patrick.

She served for many years on the Governing Body of Saint Alban's School.

She also helped S Alban's in perhaps less obvious but nevertheless very important ways. A few years ago the large handmade carpet in the Sanctuary had become dangerous because it had been cut almost in half at the level of the bottom High Altar step simply by the action of the priests' shoes whilst they were standing at the foot of the steps for services, particularly Benediction. The carpet had originally been given to the church by Mary Goodman's grandmother, and it was realised that it must have been in position for 100 years. So a carpet specialist was engaged, who repaired the good useable half of the carpet, which is now placed every year in front of the crib, and as a specialist he was able to source a replacement hand-made Persian carpet of the same size, which is the one we see

in the Sanctuary today. Mary insisted that because her grandmother had given the original, then Mary herself would provide the new one, with the hope that it would last another hundred years. Such hand-made carpets cannot be found in the average carpet shop and are definitely not cheap, and her gift to the church was substantial. Every time we look into the Sanctuary we have a perfect memorial of Mary.

It is hard to imagine how things change over 102 years. Mary told us about an incident when she was very young when the family were travelling from Moseley Village to church one Sunday and had a traffic accident. Possibly a wheel came off the carriage. Although the carriage collapsed none of the family members or the horse were injured. I remember that even in the 1940s many deliveries were made by horse and cart, so this mode of transport was not unusual before the war, and their house in Salisbury Road possessed a coach house.

In the latter part of her life Mary obviously slowed down, but still involved herself deeply in the church activities, and was always ready to give advice if asked. We really will miss her so much, but should be grateful for the many ways in which, by her freely given help, she has, over the years, been such a great asset to S Alban's.

May she rest in peace.

*Edward J. Fellows*

## **Kneelers in Saint Alban's**

One of Mary's hobbies was cross stitch / tapestry. Having seen the kneelers in All Saints', Bawdeswell, when staying with her friends Margaret and Celia Joice, Mary thought it would be a good project to replace the kneelers in the Lady Chapel and S Patrick's Chapel.

I had access to books of designs and a powerful computer, so I could make the basic charts needed. We worked together to produce the final four designs used. Mary chose the colours and arranged the purchase of the wools and canvases from the shop she used in Holt, Norfolk. She then made these into kits with the canvas

and wools needed to complete each design. People were asked to purchase these kits and stitch them, donating the finished canvas, perhaps in memory of a relative. We made one ourselves for S Patrick's Chapel, and Alban another for the Lady Chapel.

When the needlework was completed Mary arranged for each of them to be turned into the kneelers, which can be seen in use in each of the chapels.

An example of one of the many ways in which Mary was involved in the natural development and life of the church, and why we all shall miss her so very greatly.

*Maureen Fellows*

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## **Memories of Mary Goodman**

Although Mary Goodman never married, her 2 brothers John and Denys were both married and as a result she was Auntie Mary to 7 nephews and nieces, 12 great nephews and nieces and 9 great great nephews and nieces.

She never missed a birthday, she knew us all by name, and was always on hand, either in person or by 'phone or email for any of us to bounce ideas off her or to be a listening ear. She always seemed to come up with the right answers.

We have had many 'significant' family birthday celebrations over the past years and were able to celebrate with her on her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday in December 2018. Little did we know that she would reach 102 and still be living at home with help from devoted carers from Audley Care, and practical help given by Frank Taylor and Chris Leach.

Mary's life was never dull. Her dedicated life of work as secretary at Edgbaston Church of England College, membership of the Soroptimists, the Trefoil Guild, her

faith and involvement in church affairs were important to her, along with her interest in music and nature. She took great delight in being able to sit by her large window and look out into the garden, not only to the birds, but to those squirrels and others who had to be prevented from stealing the bird food.

I had the privilege of being able to be her social bubble once the first covid lockdown restrictions were lifted last year and over the past year have been able to spend more time with her, our conversations and my memories of which are now so precious.

As her executors, my cousin Stephen and I have had to deal with all the practicalities following her death and I would like to share one item that we have found amongst her papers. I think Auntie Mary would have approved! We have not been able to find out what the outcome of this misdemeanour was! but she was still driving up to the age of 99.

*Philippa  
Mary's niece*

## What Was The Resurrection Body Of Jesus?

Christians believe that Christ rose from the dead some days after his crucifixion (whether literally ‘on the third day’ or not is irrelevant) and the Christian faith, as I point out in an article on the Resurrection, is based on this belief. He was seen and experienced by his disciples and others. But what kind of body did he have?

Contrary to what many well-intentioned Christians believe, it was obviously not a ‘physical’ body, for the obvious reason that had it been Jesus would have had to have died again. We have accounts of physical resurrections in the Bible — the children raised by the prophets Elijah and Elisha and, in the New Testament, we read in the Gospels that Jesus brought about at least three physical resurrections, that is, he brought people back to life who had been dead — the son of the widow of Nain (in S Luke’s Gospel), the daughter of Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue (in the first three Gospels) and, perhaps most famously, the raising of Lazarus in S John’s Gospel. All these people really had died — as far as we know — and were restored to life by Jesus. Those were obviously ‘physical’ resurrections, but all those people would eventually have died in the natural course of events, perhaps just in old age.

Jesus’ resurrection was certainly a bodily resurrection — and on that belief we explicitly say in the Apostles’ Creed that we believe in the resurrection of the body — but the body in which he appeared to his disciples was a spiritual body. Those who insist it was a ‘physical’ body may be misled into thinking that ‘physical’ means ‘real’ and that if you deny that Jesus’ resurrected body was a physical body then you are denying the resurrection itself. But, in practice,

the opposite is true in the Christian faith. What has ultimate reality must be what is permanent — and nothing physical is permanent, as we know very well.

The basic text for our understanding of all of this is chapter 15 of S Paul’s First Letter to the Corinthians. In that chapter — one of the most significant in the Bible, if not the most significant for our understanding of the resurrection — Paul makes a clear distinction between two types of bodies. There is a (to transliterate the Greek) ‘*soma psuchikon*’ (a ‘psychic’ or ‘natural’, by which he means our ‘physical’, body) and a ‘*soma pneumatikon*’ (a ‘spiritual’ body) — chapter 15, verse 44. Those are the essential words, clearly differentiating between two types of bodies. (Those who insist that the body in which Jesus appeared after his resurrection was his ‘physical’ body need to explain what they would understand by a spiritual body, as defined by S Paul).

It is a spiritual body which we shall, by the grace of God, receive at our own resurrection. Who, in their senses, would want to continue in their physical body, with its various ailments and weaknesses, after this life?! The spiritual body would be recognisably ‘our’ body — a kind of continuum with our physical body — but free from all the weaknesses and impediments which can assail our physical nature. The life to which we shall pass after this life is life in all its fullness, compared with which this present life, glorious though it is in many ways, will seem a lesser form of life.

That is why I object to the word ‘afterlife’, which vicars sometimes use at funerals to describe the life which follows this life, since it implies that the real life is this life, whereas

the Christian point of view is completely the opposite. It would be more accurate to describe this life as the 'beforelife'. S Augustine, as usual, puts it well when he says of heaven, *Ibi non vita mortalis, sed vita vitalis*, 'There, there is not mortal life, but life in all its fullness'. (How can one translate *vitalis*? 'Vital', the word which directly comes from it, is far too feeble a translation in this case.)

The nature of our future body is, I think, excellently and poetically described in the famous hymn *Hierusalem luminosa*, known to us as 'Light's abode, celestial Salem', which

has been attributed to Thomas à Kempis:

O how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and free,  
Full of vigour, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!

It is the resurrection of Jesus, which we celebrate at Easter, which gives us the hope of receiving this kind of body after this earthly life.

*Fr Andrew, Passiontide, 2021*

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## Why Is The Resurrection Of Jesus Important?

Many people find that they cannot accept the Christian faith because of their difficulty in believing in the resurrection of Jesus. This is a perfectly understandable position and I hope that the following may help to explain why Christians believe this.

It has to be made clear at the outset that the whole of Christianity, and of the Christian Church, whatever its obvious weaknesses, depends on the truth or falsity of the resurrection — nothing else one may believe in is of comparable importance.

Belief in the resurrection is the belief that the crucifixion of Jesus was not the end of everything but that he rose from the dead — which is what the word 'resurrection' means — a few days later (whether literally 'on the third day' is irrelevant) with a resurrected body, in which he appeared to his disciples and to others in such a way that they were convinced that he really had risen from the dead, i.e. that he was not a ghost. For a period of about forty days, he continued to be intermittently with them until eventually he was seen no more, by which they understood that he had 'ascended into

heaven.' A few days after this the disciples received an outpouring of power, which they believed came from the Holy Spirit — promised by Jesus — which filled them with a courage and joy which was in complete contrast to their feelings immediately after the crucifixion. They went out and began to proclaim that Jesus was both the Christ, the Messiah, of Jewish expectation and the Lord of all creation — and the Saviour of all who come to him, regardless of their nationality or background. This was the beginning of the Christian Church, the progress of which is graphically described in the Acts of the Apostles in the New Testament. Of that original Church all the various denominations in our own century are the descendants.

The most important textual evidence for the resurrection is, contrary to what one may think, not to be found in the accounts of the resurrection appearances of Jesus in the Gospels, which may well have been 'written up' a bit in the forty or so years between the Crucifixion and the time the Gospels were written — at any rate, in the



form in which we now have them. The most important passage is S Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians, chapter 15, verses 1 to 11. This passage is much earlier than any of the Gospels and is likely to be historically much more accurate.

Paul says there were six appearances — of experiences (the Greek word can mean both things) — of Jesus, which people had at various times. The first was to Peter the apostle — we find that mentioned in the Gospels. The second was to all the apostles — also mentioned in the Gospels. The third was to 'five hundred brethren at one time' — this could only have happened after the Day of Pentecost (seven weeks after Easter — also known as Whitsunday) when the Holy Spirit came upon the 120 or so disciples and, in effect, the Christian church began. It seems that the increase in numbers was astonishing from that date. The fourth appearance was 'to James' — this is probably James, the head of the Church in Jerusalem, and a half-brother of Jesus — and a highly respected character in the Early Church. The fifth was 'to the other apostles'. When I was in Heidelberg, I spent some time looking up in various commentaries to see what was meant by this and nobody seemed to know! We know, however, that some disciples received the title of 'apostle' (which simply means 'someone sent out', i.e. to preach the Gospel) who were not part of the original twelve apostles — Paul himself was eventually one of them, Barnabas another. The sixth appearance — in this case, experience — was, Paul says, to himself, that is, on the road to Damascus, where he was going to arrest some Christians. This happened about three or four years after the Crucifixion. One has to accept that Paul must have had a pretty shattering experience to turn him from being the most active and notorious

persecutor of the Christian Church into its leading defender and protagonist. How can one otherwise explain that total 'turn about'? He was not likely to have been converted by a mere hallucination or illusion, judging from the rest of his life.

It has fittingly been said that, whether Christ did or did not rise from the dead, there is no doubt that it is a historical fact that the belief that he did rise from the dead and that people had experienced him was — whether rightly or wrongly — the belief of those first Christians from the earliest days. On the day of the Crucifixion, they were a depressed, utterly disillusioned group of people, as one would expect. A few weeks later they were a completely transformed group of people. Something must have happened. They were a hard-headed lot — those first Christians — no intellectuals among them! and were not likely to have been taken in by a mere illusion or wishful thinking.

The best small book I have read on Christianity is titled simply 'Christianity' by Edwyn Bevan in the Home University Library series and came out about 1937. I would also recommend 'The Screwtape Letters' and 'Mere Christianity', both by C.S. Lewis.

I make a point of reading the works of 'the enemy' — as I would light-heartedly describe them — that is, of anti-Christians and have read — among other works, including works on Marxism — Professor Richard Dawkins' 'The God Delusion'. I think it's important for Christians to read works putting the other side — I find, however, that very few atheists or agnostics bother to read books giving the Christian point of view. Perhaps they are frightened of what might happen if they did.

*Fr Andrew, March, 2021*

## Calendar for April 2021

Date	Feast		
<b>1st</b>	<b>Thursday</b>	<b>Maundy Thursday</b>	
<b>2nd</b>	<b>Friday</b>	<b>Good Friday</b>	
<b>3rd</b>	<b>Saturday</b>	<b>Holy Saturday</b>	
<b>4th</b>	<b>Sunday</b>	<b>Easter Sunday</b>	Parish of Highgate
5th	Monday	Easter Monday	
6th	Tuesday	Easter Tuesday	
7th	Wednesday	Easter Wednesday	
8th	Thursday	Easter Thursday	
9th	Friday	Easter Friday	
10th	Saturday	Easter Saturday	
<b>11th</b>	<b>Sunday</b>	<b>The Second Sunday of Easter</b>	Parish of Highgate
12th	Monday	Feria	
13th	Tuesday	S Martin P Mr	
14th	Wednesday	Feria	
15th	Thursday	Feria	
16th	Friday	Feria	
17th	Saturday	Feria	
<b>18th</b>	<b>Sunday</b>	<b>The Third Sunday of Easter</b>	Parish of Highgate
19th	Monday	S Alphege Mr	
20th	Tuesday	Feria	
21st	Wednesday	S Anselm B Dr	
22nd	Thursday	Feria	
23rd	Friday	S George Mr	
24th	Saturday	S Fidelis of Sigmaringen Pr Mr	
<b>25th</b>	<b>Sunday</b>	<b>Fourth Sunday of Easter</b>	Parish of Highgate
26th	Monday	S Mark, Ap Evangelist	
27th	Tuesday	Chistina Rossetti	
28th	Wednesday	S Peter Chanel Pr Mr	
29th	Thursday	S Catherine of Siena V Dr, and Pandita Mary Ramabai	
30th	Friday	S Pius V, Pope	

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