



The Chapels Royal of St Peter ad Vincula and St John the Evangelist HM Tower

Dear friends,

When we think about what distinguishes our Christian beliefs from the secular values that surround us, it is not only the glaring examples that matter. Child poverty and homelessness are obvious evils, for example, but sometimes seemingly banal words or phrases in common use, and which we might even find ourselves using, ought also to bring us up short. Most of us make use of Wikipedia to find out facts about people, living or dead, and Wikipedia generally sticks to biographical details and notes on people's achievements. Search-engine results also, however, throw up other websites which routinely refer to the 'net worth' of an individual. This means no more and no less than how much money they are assessed to have. Banks and tax authorities routinely refer to 'HNWIs', meaning 'high net worth individuals', generally defined currently as those having available at least one million pounds of disposable income. What is insidious here is, of course, the restriction of the word 'worth' to the accumulation of money. We acknowledge that money is not in itself either good or bad. In his First Letter to Timothy (1 Timothy 6:10) St Paul famously wrote that "... the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil...", and not that the accumulation of money is evil in itself. We need not have a problem with people being described as 'high net wealth individuals' because it would be a simple statement of fact. Where we find ourselves as Christians at odds with secular values is when the possession of money is equated with a person's 'net worth'. Our response to such language should surely be that all are of equal worth in the eyes of God.

With all good wishes,

Cortland.

Sunday Service Details 26th May 2024 Trinity Sunday

0915 Said Holy Communion, Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula
1100 Sung Holy Communion, Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula

Coffee after church.

Readings
Revelation 4: 1-11 and John 3: 1-15

Collect for Trinity Sunday

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who hast given unto us thy servants grace
by the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in
the power of thy Divine Majesty to worship the Unity;
We beseech thee, that thou wouldst keep us steadfast in this faith,
and evermore defend us from all adversities,
who livest and reignest, one God, world without end. **Amen.**

Poem of the week

Some dismiss Sir John Betjeman as a second-rate rhymester, but I know I am not alone in enjoying the deceptively artless tone of his poems, which seldom fail to hit their mark. Sir John Betjeman, [CBE](#) (1906 – 84), the 40th anniversary of whose death fell last Sunday 19 May, was an English poet, writer and broadcaster, being [Poet Laureate](#) from 1972 until his death. He was, quite apart from his poetic work, a founding member of [The Victorian Society](#) and a passionate defender of [Victorian architecture](#), helping to save [St Pancras railway station](#) from demolition, which alone makes him a hero in my book. Betjeman was an [Anglican](#). In a letter written on Christmas Day 1947, he said: "... my view of the world is that man is born to fulfil the purposes of his Creator i.e. to Praise his Creator, to stand in awe of Him and to dread Him. In this way I differ from most modern poets, who are agnostics and have an idea that Man is the centre of the Universe or is a helpless bubble blown about by uncontrolled forces." His views on Christianity, never free from doubt, were expressed in his poem 'The Conversion of St. Paul', a response to a radio broadcast by a humanist:



But most of us turn slow to see
The figure hanging on a tree
And stumble on and blindly grope
Upheld by intermittent hope.
God grant before we die we all
May see the light as did St. Paul.

Betjeman read English at Oxford but failed to take a degree. He later moved in the highest literary circles but a youthful sense of social insecurity, arising from the facts that he grew up in suburban north London and his father was a manufacturer without landed wealth, never left him. In this touching poem, written later in life, we see how untrue it is that "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me".

False Security

I remember the dread with which I at a quarter past four
Let go with a bang behind me our house front door
And, clutching a present for my dear little hostess tight,
Sailed out for the children's party into the night
Or rather the gathering night. For still some boys
In the near municipal acres were making a noise
Shuffling in fallen leaves and shouting and whistling
And running past hedges of hawthorn, spiky and bristling.
And black in the oncoming darkness stood out the trees
And pink shone the ponds in the sunset ready to freeze
And all was still and ominous waiting for dark
And the keeper was ringing his closing bell in the park
And the arc lights started to fizzle and burst into mauve
As I climbed West Hill to the great big house in the grove,
Where the children's party was and the dear little hostess.
But halfway up stood the empty house where the ghost is.
I crossed to the other side and under the arc
Made a rush for the next kind lamppost out of the dark
And so to the next and the next till I reached the top
Where the grove branched off to the left. Then ready to drop
I ran to the ironwork gateway of number seven

Secure at last on the lamp-lit fringe of heaven.
Oh who can say how subtle and safe one feels
Shod in ones children's sandals from Daniel Neal's,
Clad in one's party clothes made of stuff from Heal's?
And who can still one's thrill at the candle shine
On cakes and ices and jelly and blackcurrant wine,
And the warm little feel of my hostess's hand in mine?
Can I forget my delight at the conjuring show?
And wasn't I proud that I was the last to go?
Too overexcited and pleased with myself to know
That the words I heard my hostess's mother employ
To a guest departing, would ever diminish my joy,
I WONDER WHERE JULIA FOUND THAT STRANGE, RATHER COMMON LITTLE BOY?

Sir John Betjeman (1906-84)

The Whitsunday State Parade on Sunday 19th May



Our Congregation

On Saturday 18th May Sophie and Jack were married in the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula.



Jigsaw

This week's jigsaw brings you a view of the Yeoman Body outside the King's House before the Whitsunday State Parade, courtesy of Denise Speight.

<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=04d435ca37f2>



Prayers

Please continue to remember those on our sick list, some of whom are very ill, amongst whom we name: Stanley, Claire, Dom, Barbara, Ann, Ros, Mark, Dan, Clare, Ian, Florence and Kofi.

Please continue to pray for Ukraine, Israel and Palestine:

God of peace and justice, we pray for the people of Ukraine, Israel and Palestine today.

We pray for peace and the laying down of weapons.

We pray for all those who fear for tomorrow,
that your Spirit of comfort would draw near to them.

We pray for those with power over war or peace,
for wisdom, discernment, and compassion to guide their decisions.

Above all, we pray for all your precious children, at risk and in fear,
that you would hold and protect them.

We pray in the name of Jesus, the Prince of peace. Amen.

With best wishes to all,
Cortland.



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