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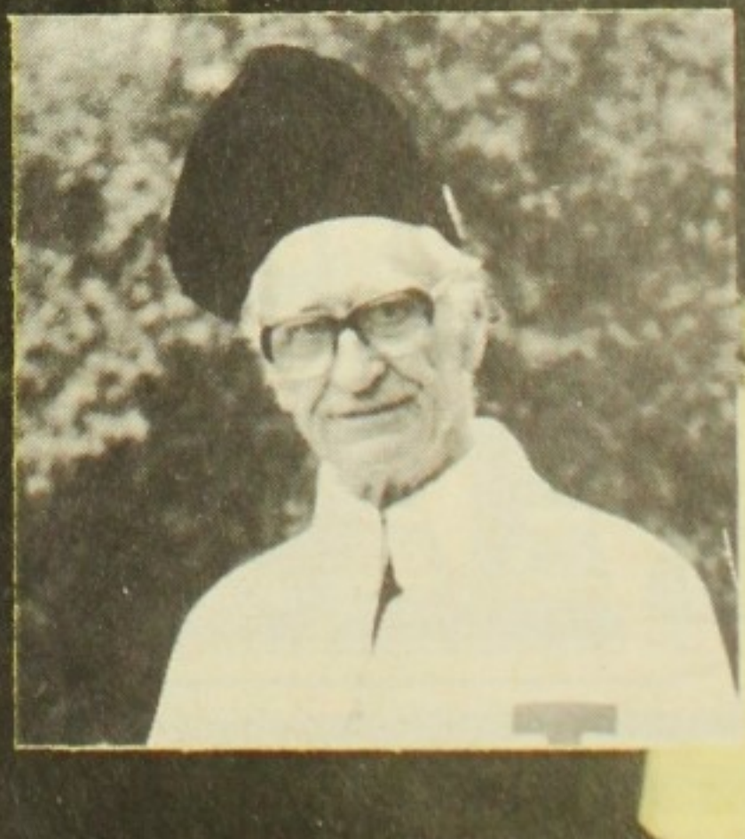

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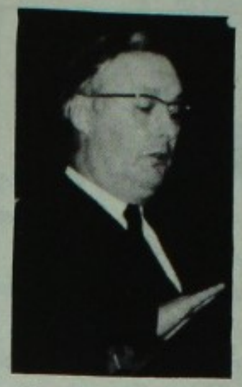

by Ted Keal, National Chairman

It is indeed a great privilege to be the chairman of the Guild as it celebrates its 75th anniversary. It is a proper time to look back and to reflect on all the events and achievements of the Guild during that time. Three generations of officers have passed through the service and the Guild since it was founded in 1914. I can remember some of those who were the officers of the Guild when I joined with just two years police service in 1960. I recall men like Dick Ford, Charles Sheaff and a particular friend of mine Charlie Dawson. There were many more too numerous to mention here who left their individual marks on the Guild. Some, thank God are still with us. Maurice Smith is researching the archives. Let us hope that he comes up with names and event from the Guild's earliest years. Of one thing we can be certain. They were all exceptional Catholics and loyal policemen who served the Church and police service well. Those of us who follow have much hard work to do if we are to emulate them. And yet there was never a time when the Church needed ambassadors more. The Guild should be providing those ambassadors, representing often unpopular truths to the police service and to the people we serve in our everyday duties. I hope and pray that whatever good works, or other activities we do as a Guild, above all we are seen to be the best possible example of the Church and its teachings. Of course that is a tall order, but unless we accept that as a mission and as our raison d'etre we will never be anything more than a social club for Catholic police officers .

Let us look to the future and to the next 75 years.We must be ready to act as the conscience of the police service and do our utmost by our example and work to help the young officer retain his or her faith and offer through the Guild Christian service to our colleagues and to those it is our duty to serve as police officers.

I wish all our members a happy 75th birthday!

Cover photographs: ***Main picture*** - Rev PC Ian Tilling *(See page 33)* and Fr. Tim Buckley *(see page 5)* at the Guild's Annual Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral. ***Inset*** - Andrea O'Halloran *(left)* and Brother Dennis Robert *(right)*, two of the stars of our Holy Land Pilgrimage *(see Grace Adamson's article on page 11)*

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A message from the Guild Chaplain
Fr. Tim Buckley

Every Christian should endeavour to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land at least once.

Naturally the most important Biblical places are in the Holy Land.

Throughout history Christians have drawn inspiration from the famous sites remembered for this association with important biblical events and personalities. Nowhere have I felt closer to the divine or gained a sense of the Spirit of the place or the atmosphere of events than in the Holy Land.

It was with a great feeling of expectancy that we set out on our epic spiritual odyssey, to see as close as possible the many great mystical events of our religion, Our Lord's institution of the Eucharist and the Priesthood, the Redemption of the world through his passion, death and resurrection, the descent of the Holy Spirit inaugurating the life of the Church, the Mount of Olives, the garden of Gethsemane, the Kedron Valley, the Shepherds Field the Via Dolorosa and of course Galilee, Tiberius, Capernaum, Nazareth, Cana, Magdala, and so on and so on.

It was a completely new experience to see as close as possible the twelve whom Jesus selected to carry His Word to the World, the thousands of disciples who followed him up and down the hill country - to understand why Annas the old man and Caiphas the younger man desperate to kill the Galilean - to probe into the self imposed limitations of Jesus - to understand more clearly his relationship with God the Father and God the Holy Spirit. To walk the way of the cross, kneel in Gethsemane, stand on the Mount of Olives, touch the spot where the Cross stood and see the part of the living rock on which Christ was crucified. To visualise the Holy City as it was in Jesus' time, a city arguably the most atmospheric, evocative and historic city in world history - a city conquered and destroyed countless times - a city of so much love and peace mingled with blood and rancour - a city that has affected Empires, Nations, races and individuals.

In the white warm sun of Jerusalem we did our best to keep pace with the spritely, bareheaded Bro Dennis as he guided us along the narrow blue shadowed streets saying: "Here is the 'pavement' where Jesus stood when Pilate said "Behold the Man" and here is where the natives played the "Kings Game". To walk in the footsteps of the Master from Incarnation through the Crucifixion to the Resurrection it is easy to see why his followers were quite plainly invaded by the spirit of their Master as they later described it as "Christ living in them."

A moral reformation, if we could think of a motive for one, could hardly explain this transformation and certainly the world around them offered little encouragement, a world of slavery and immorality of every kind, a world of cruelty, callousness to human suffering, a world of illiteracy and a low standard of public opinion - so we are driven to accept the explanation of his followers that their little hum-drum lives had, through Christ, been linked up with the very life of God. (The Bible cannot not be true in so many ways.)

The early Christians were on fire with the conviction that they had become through Christ, literally, Sons of God, pioneers of a new humanity, founders of a new Kingdom. They still speak to us across the centuries.

If we believe what they believed, we could achieve what they achieved. "If I forget thee, 'O Jerusalem, let my right hand wither." (Psalm 136 v.5.)

THE HOLY LAND 1989
by Grace Adamson

At 7.30pm on Saturday 20th May 1989, 48 pilgrims, members of the Catholic Police Guild, their families and friends, gathered at London's Heathrow Airport. Their destination was The Holy Land.

The Guild was founded on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1914 and the 48 pilgrims were heading for a celebration of the 75th Anniversary year, with the feast of Corpus Christi 1989 being celebrated during the trip to the Holy Land. I was fortunate enough to be one of those 48 people.

May 20th had been long awaited for the idea of a pilgrimage had been born at least 18 months previously and much thought planning and organising had taken place by the efficient 'Holy Land Committee'. It was with great anticipation that people renewed their friendships; many already knew each other well, but some introductions had to be made. Those of us travelling alone were quickly taken care of and friendships forged.

The political situation in Israel had been in all our minds, and although we had been assured of absolute safety, it was perhaps with a little trepidation that we made our way to the E1 A1 Security area where we were met and interviewed by Security Officers.

We boarded the plane in good time and took off on schedule.

We touched down at 5.15am at Tel Aviv airport after a 4 hour 40 minute flight. We collected our luggage and headed for the coach, just as the morning sun was beginning to break through.

The whole group gathered together for the first time on the coach and we were introduced to our guide and leader for the week, Brother Dennis Robert, a truly indefatigable character. During our days together we were to discover his great wealth of knowledge, his love of the English Language, his enormous popularity among the people we met, and his undying allegiance to his wrist watch! We were also very fortunate to have with us our Chaplain, Fr Tim Buckley, and Fr Leo Smith, both of whom played an active part in our spiritual journey and learning.

Our pilgrimage began as we drove away from Tel Aviv towards Jerusalem and Bethlehem, a journey of about 45kms and rising from sea level to 3000ft. By this time the sun had risen and the warmth enveloped us, dispelling tiredness.

We made a brief stop on our journey to Bethlehem at a hillside village called Abu Ghosh, a place where the Crusaders were beaten back. It is also reputed to be the place where Jesus met the disciples on the road to Emmaus. We were able to glimpse the church of Our Lady of the Arc of the Covenant on the hillside.

We arrived at our hotel in Bethlehem at about 8am. We were warmly welcomed by the owner and staff of this small, family run hotel called the Bethlehem Star. Breakfast was waiting for us and we tucked into a somewhat unusual meal of cucumber, tomato, cheese, olives, egg, bread and jam. This turned out to be a standard breakfast in all the hotels. After breakfast it was strongly advised that bed was the order of the day, with a suggestion that we rose at noon and met on the hotel roof for an introduction to the notable buildings that could be seen from this vantage point. Noon arrived and we gathered for a panoramic view of Bethlehem. A most enjoyable lunch followed, and refreshed in mind and body we set out.

Walking down through Bethlehem to the Church of the Nativity, an initial impression was one of poverty and oppression. We could see the graffiti daubed on the walls. It was of a political nature and as Bro. Dennis remarked 'today's graffiti is tomorrow's history'. Walking through the streets we were taken aback as local children began throwing stones in our direction. One of our group then realised why - we were all wearing yellow badges bearing the Guild crest and motto and, to the children, it looked like the Star of David and they mistook us for Israelis. It was a minor incident but it gave us an insight into the troubles of our host nation.

We arrived at the Basilica of the Nativity, to be met by a group of souvenir sellers, a sight that was to become both familiar and, at times, a nuisance. The cry 'only three shekels' will haunt our sleep for some time to come. The Church of the 'Nativity was built in 330 AD in the shape of a cross. Three main churches share the Basilica - the Armenian; the Catholic and the Greek. Two entrances lead to the Grotto of the Nativity, a rectangular shaped cave leading to the Holy Manger. We saw the spot where Christ was born which is marked with a silver star and the latin inscription 'Hic de Maria Virgine Jesus Christus Natus est'. We took the opportunity to see the rest of the Basilica and admired the Catholic Church of St Catherine before we had our first Mass in the Holy Land in the Grotto where Joseph was visited by an angel and told to flee with Mary and the newborn child. It was a lovely celebration and very fitting for the beginning of our pilgrimage. After Mass we had a welcome drink nearby before taking one of Bro Dennis' 'short cuts' back to the hotel.

Following dinner, the Scrabble board appeared and a precedent was set for a dedicated few 'scrabblers'. From then on a nightly competition was held.

Monday 22nd May saw us heading into Jerusalem, a short drive away from our hotel. Bro Dennis gave us a little history and geography of Jerusalem, and vital information about the lack of toilet facilities or 'powder rooms' as he so charmingly called them. Ladies were advised 'stagger your needs'. The previous night he had urged us to drink plenty of wine produced by local monasteries in an active form of support for the Church, we found that fluids were essential because of dehydration in the intense heat, and powder rooms were adequate. Our first stop was just outside the City walls at an excavation site uncovered only seven years ago. It was the spot where Abraham met Melchisidech 2000 years before Christ. We then proceeded to the ancient city walls, the oldest of which date from the 16th century and have extracts from the Koran inscribed in them. They were built by Suleiman, the Magnificent, the Turkish Sultan. We saw, in passing, the Jaffa Gate, Damascus Gate, and the Herodium Gate. We also saw the gate through which Mary passed to present Jesus

The view over Bethlehem from the Bethlehem Star Hotel

in the temple. We went into the Sacred area within where dress etiquette was strictly observed. We entered the Dome of the Rock, having first removed shoes, for the shrine is considered by Moslems to be the Holiest after Mecca and Medina. The 'rock' under the Dome is traditionally the spot where Abraham took Isaac to offer him up in sacrifice. The mosque was beautiful with marble pillars, stained glass windows and prayer areas. It also has a museum and library containing important manuscripts. After leaving the Mosque we walked down to the famous 'Wailling Wall' or Western Wall, where the orthodox Jews pray but women are not allowed to pray with the men. The men in our party, complete with cardboard skull caps, entered the sacred area whilst the ladies watched from behind the screened off area. We were also privileged to witness a Barmitzvah, the celebration of a 12yr old Jewish boy reaching manhood.

We left the ancient city via the Damascus Gate and headed to a nearby hotel for a welcome sit down and light lunch. We then had a short journey by coach to the Mount of Olives to the site of the Ascension where a small round chapel stands. Inside is a stone with a footprint which is said to be Christ's footstep; as he ascended into Heaven. Just outside the chapel area we met our first camel and many were persuaded to have a short ride on it, others had the less dubious pleasure of being kissed by it! On our way down the Mount of Olives we passed the Carmelite Convent and Church of the Pater Noster built on the traditional site where Jesus taught the disciples to pray 'Our Father'. Inside the church and on the walls of the cloister is written the Lords Prayer in 62 languages. We then went down to the Church of Dominus Flevit, the place where Jesus wept for Jerusalem. Here there was a small chapel with a beautiful glass window behind the altar, set in peaceful gardens. The view from the chapel was of Jerusalem with the Dome of the Rock dominating the landscape.

Ron Redmond heading for a bargain in the bazaar

We walked down to the Garden of Gethsemane and stopped outside the church to look at the Olive Trees which would have certainly been at least the shoots of those of Christ's time, as olive trees never die. We then entered the beautiful Church of All Nations, completed in 1925 and so called because it was built by 28 nations. The ceiling consists of 12 domes each containing a mosaic, gifts from 12 countries. The beautiful mosaic behind the Altar portrays Christ in agony being consoled by the angel. In front of the altar stands the rock on which Jesus prayed; 'Father if thou art willing remove this cup from me. Nevertheless not my will but thine be done'. The Basilica and Garden of Gethsemane will always remain a poignant memory when we hear the Passion of our Lord each Easter.

Leaving Gethsemane we walked down into the catacombs to the Tomb of Mary. Mary died on Mount Sion but she was brought down to the Kidron Valley for burial. In the tomb we said the Rosary.

Our final visit was to Ein Karim where we went to the Church of the Visitation which commemorates the meeting of Mary with her Cousin Elizabeth. We celebrated mass before leaving the place of the birth of John the Baptist. It had been an exhausting day and dinner was much appreciated.

The original schedule for Tuesday had to be altered due to it being a strike day and the proposed routes and destinations through outlying villages were considered dangerous by our excellent coach driver. Our personal safety was always uppermost in the minds of our considerate hosts. Our route took us out of Bethlehem, passing the tomb of Rachel, wife of Jacob and mother of Benjamin and Joseph of the twelve tribes of Israel. We made our first stop at Bethany, two miles east of Bethlehem on the slope of the Mount of Olives. This was the home of Jesus' friends, Mary, Martha and Lazarus and the site where Jesus brought Lazarus back from the dead. We were fortunate to find the chapel empty and were able to celebrate Mass. We then travelled along the road from Jerusalem towards Jericho stopping briefly to photograph a Bedouin Camp. Halfway along the road we came to the site of the inn of the Good Samaritan and again stopped briefly for a photograph, because commercialism had ruined this 'Holy Site'. We took a detour down the old Roman Road to Jericho, the road that Christ took with his disciples. We were well and truly in the wilderness of desert country. We had a short stop for a walk or donkey ride to the top of a hill to view the desert monastery of St George at a place called Wadi Kelt, a truly marvellous sight nestling in the rocky cliffs of the desert. We then continued our journey into Jericho, passing the sycamore tree where Zaccheus climbed to see Jesus. We stopped at the base of the Mount of Temptation to view the ancient walls of Jericho which were uncovered in 1907. We halted next at the ruins of Qumran and viewed the historical caves where the famous Dead Sea Scrolls were found in 1947.

Our lunch stop was at Ein Gedi on the Dead Sea. The River Jordan flows 233 miles to the Dead Sea, 1100 ft below sea level, from where it cannot escape. The fresh water evaporates leaving minerals, and chemicals a 'chemical quagmire' as Bro. Dennis says. The minerals are said to have healing properties. Ein Gedi is also the place where David took refuge from his persecutor, Saul, and where he spared his life. We were able to have a 'scriptural swim' and experienced the unbelievable gravity of the water. To look at, the Dead Sea was incredibly blue, very clear and very 'oily'. The sensation of floating was marvelous but it was necessary to avoid splashing as the water stung the eyes. The water also covered the skin in a slippery film and it was essential to shower off thoroughly before changing. We lunched at a small restaurant run by a kibbutz.

Mid afternoon we left the Dead Sea and returned to Jerusalem. Because of our dedication to Bro Dennis' time keeping we were able to enjoy an extra visit, to the Church of St Peter in Gallicantu built by the Assumptionist Fathers in 1931 over the traditional site of the house of the High Priest Caiaphas. It was here that Jesus was brought for his first trial and where Peter wept after the cock crew for the third time. To the left of the church, steps in the hillside have been excavated and it is possible that these are the very stones Jesus walked on. Inside the church we visited the prison which would have been under the High Priest's house. This was excavated in 1860

Kathleen Mason with Mike and Eileen Keville

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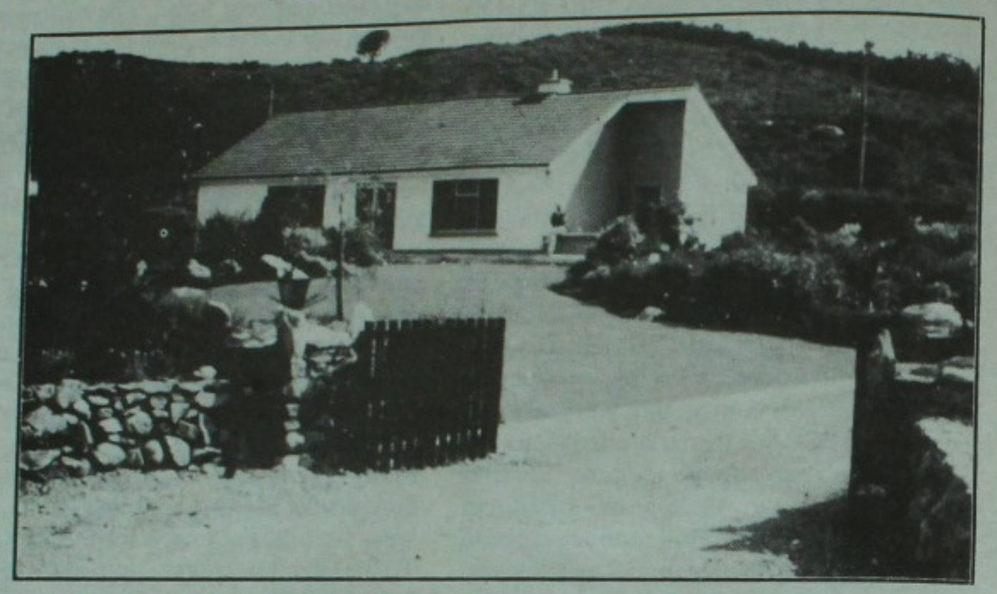

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and consisted of a small round room with a very high roof with a hole in it through which prisoners were lowered down, with no means of escape. Jesus would have been held in this prison and for many in the group this room evoked thoughts and fears and a sense of 'reality' and 'truth'. It was easy to imagine the desolation of being imprisoned in such a dark dank hole. It was quite a sobering feeling and almost a relief to leave the excavations, such was the effect on us. We returned to our hotel to a welcome dinner discussion about what we had discovered throughout yet another fascinating day.

Wednesday 24th May started at 5.30am. Fr Tim celebrated Mass in the Church of Mount Calvary at 7.30am close to the spot where the cross was raised. Fr. Leo celebrated his Mass at the adjoining small altar but we all gathered round both priests, a truly wonderful occasion. The Chapel of Calvary stands in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected in 1149 by the Crusaders after the conquest of Jerusalem. Within the Basilica are the Churches of Roman Catholics, the Greek Orthodox and the Syriac. We were to see more of this wonderful church later in the day.

After breakfast we travelled by coach a distance to the Shepherds Field. To the right of the road we saw the Field of Ruth, where Ruth followed Naomi, her Mother in Law 'Your God will be my God, your land my land'. To the left is the Shepherds Field. Although not localised in the Gospel, the site run by the Franciscans is recognised as the original field where the Angel of the Lord appeared to the Shepherds. The fields are riddled with caves and we entered one which has been made into a grotto. The Church of the Shepherds was rebuilt in 1953 and in the last few years the remains of a Byzantine monastery of the 4th century have been uncovered. The Church today has been built in the shape of a shepherd's tent and houses some beautiful frescoes. We then headed out into the wilderness of Judea to Herodium, approximately five miles from Bethlehem. From a distance Herodium looks like the site of a volcano, but is man made. It was built by Herod the Great in memory of his victory over Antigonous in 42 B.C. Herod was an evil man, so intensely jealous of his throne that he killed his own sons. Excavations in the last five years have unearthed Herod's fortress at the foot of the hill and his palace on the summit. In Herod's time 200 marble stones would have led to the summit. After Herod died in Jericho, it is

On the via Dolorosa - "Way of the Cross"

thought that he was buried at Herodium but no tomb has been found. After lunch we went back to Jerusalem and entered the ancient walls through St Stephens Gate. Inside the gate we saw the excavations of the Probatic Pool mentioned in St John's Gospel and the Church of St Anne, which stands over the reputed site of the house were Mary was born. The Church was built by the crusaders and is one of the finest preserved. It is so beautiful that Saladin turned it into a school of theology and is the home of Moslem learning today.

We then started on a journey following the Way of the Cross, the Via Dolorosa, retracing the route Jesus took to Calvary. Our first station was at the Lithostratos Convent of the Sisters of Sion. Here excavations have unearthed the stone pavement of Christ's time. On one stone were the markings of the Game of Kings, played by the Roman Soldiers when a slave was chosen to be king for a week before being put to death, a game they played with Jesus 'King of the Jews'? We made our way along the Via Dolorosa stopping at each station. At the 9th station we entered the Russian Basilica to see the Mercy Gate, originally the gate from the city to Calvary outside the walls. It was at this gate that the custom was for followers of the accused to cry out 'this man is innocent' and a retrial would be ordered. There was no such cry for Jesus. The 10th station took us to an Abyssinian Monastery. This station is where Jesus is stripped of his garments. The monastery is still inhabited today and we saw the tiny cells and their occupants. We also visited their chapel and listened to a reading from their Holy Book. After leaving the monastery we found ourselves in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Our final stations were made at the sites where Jesus was nailed to the cross and his death on Calvary. We saw the slab of rock on which Christ's body was laid for annointing and the Tomb of the Holy Sepulchre. Whilst completing our Way of the Cross, we were privileged to see and hear the first mass of Corpus Christi being celebrated by the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

We returned to our hotel for our last evening in Bethlehem. We were saddened to see more of the troubles of this lovely Country for on our arrival at the Bethlehem Star we discovered bullet holes in the windows of the foyer where soldiers had fired shots in retaliation for stone throwing by local children.

Thursday 25th May 1989 was the Feast of Corpus Christi and the day of our 75th anniversary. At 8.15am we said goodbye to our friends at the hotel and promised to pray for peace in their land. We headed for Mount Sion and the Cenacle. We stopped first at the Tomb of David before going upstairs to the memorial site of the Upper Room where the Last Supper was eaten. We then went into the Franciscan Chapel with its exquisite altar depicting the Last Supper for a celebration Mass. It was a joyful Mass and we remembered our friends and colleagues at home celebrating in Westminster Cathedral. We prayed for the future of the Guild, for new members and for the development of a nationwide Guild. Mass ended with a lovely rousing rendition of 'And did those feet in ancient times'. Following mass we went to the Church of the Dormition which marks the site where Our Lady died. The Upper Church is decorated with beautiful mosaics on the floor and walls, and downstairs in the crypt lies the stone effigy of Mary in the peaceful sleep of death.

Our journey then took us back along the road through Jericho and Bet She'an to the Jordan Valley and on through to Tiberias. We stopped for a scriptural lunch at the Sironet Lido on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The adventurous ate the fish of the Sea of Galilee called 'Tapilea'.

Our next stop was at Cana of Galilee where Jesus began his public life with his first miracle of changing water to wine. The Greek Orthodox Church has two big stone urns believed to be two of the six waterpots mentioned in St John's Gospel. We went into the Franciscan Church which commemorates the site of the miracle. Here all married couples renewed their wedding vows. We left Cana to travel the remaining five miles to Nazareth, arriving at the Grand New Hotel at 6.30pm.

After an early start on Friday we visited

the beautiful Church of the Annunciation built on the ruins of the interconnected Churches. The upper Church contained beautiful mosaics and frescoes, gifts from many nations. We celebrated Mass in the Lower Church around a modern altar but with the Grotto of the Annunciation in front of us. From there we went to the Church built over the site of the home of St Joseph. In the 1920's excavations revealed a troglodyte home which is believed to be the home of Mary and Joseph.

Leaving the Basilica we walked through the market place or 'souk' to a small excavated site which was the synagogue that Jesus preached and listened in.

After lunch we went by coach to Megiddo to the excavations where at least 22 civiliations have been uncovered, and the site of many battles. The Acts of the Apostles refer to the Megiddo Plain or Armageddon as being the place where the last battle will be fought before the end of the world. The most amazing discovery at Megiddo was the water system where a long shaft was sunk into the ground and a tunnel hewn through the rocks, channelling the water into the city from a spring outside the city. We walked through this tunnel which is 3000 years old.

Andrea O'Halloran

We carried on to Caesarea Maritima, a port built by Herod the Great on the Mediterranean Sea. In the 1950's the port was excavated and the work carries on today with many interesting finds being discovered, one being a stone inscribed with the name 'Pontius Pilate'. We were also able to visit the magnificent amphitheatre now in full use.

At Caesarea Maritima we stopped for a short break and swim. It was here that we so nearly met with tragedy when one of the party was swept out to sea by fierce waves and got into difficulties. I know everyone will wish me to record here our deepest and most grateful thanks to Andrea O'Halloran for her prompt and courageous action in making a life-saving rescue. We will always remember her bravery.

After these dramatic events it was a somewhat subdued party that returned to Nazareth but heartfelt prayers of thanks were offered on the journey back.

Saturday saw us setting off early, heading once more towards the Sea of Galilee, stopping briefly to view Cana on the hillside. We then arrived at Tabgha, a beautiful peaceful place on the sea shores. We celebrated Mass outside, gathered round a small altar with a statue of Jesus and St Peter in front of us. This was the place where Jesus asked Peter if he loved him and where he said 'On this rock I will build my Church'. The setting was picturesque and the atmosphere tranquil and, for me at least, embodied the reality of Christ's existence. The peace was almost tangible and I think everyone will have special memories of this wonderful place. After mass we drove up to the Mount of Beatitudes to see the church which has one of the Beatitudes inscribed in each one of the eight windows. Leaving the Mount we again headed to the shores of Galilee where we visited the site of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. Those who wished were able to buy 'sanctimonious sardines'!

We then moved on to Capernaum, where Jesus spent a lot of time and performed many miracles. A lot of excavation work has been done and is still in progress. The remains of what is believed to be the home of Simon

6am on Sunday. We were given a warm farewell from our friends who had risen just to see us leave. For me it was a sad occasion, leaving the Holy Land which had opened up my mind to the life and teachings of Christ. A land of strife, now, as in Christ's time, but also a land of great love to those lucky enough to visit, and a land that proves that 'the historical Bible cannot not be true'.

Although my report of the pilgrimage actually ends here, I cannot resist writing the comment made by the young security girl at Tel Aviv airport on our departure. She was questioning Andrea, Rowena and myself about our activities during the week. With more than a touch of suspicion and disbelief she said 'You have been on a religious tour, I find that hard to believe, after all, these tours are always full of old people'. So on behalf of all my 'old' friends, a big thank you to Bro. Dennis, Fr's Tim and Leo for an experience of a lifetime to be remembered for a lifetime.

Stop Press: Andrea O'Halloran has been awarded a Bronze Medal from the Royal Humane Society for her actions.

We are sad to report the death of Fr. Leo Smith, RIP. Please remember him in your prayers (See p.17).

"The Primacy of Peter" by the Sea of Galilee

Peter and also a 4th century synagogue built on the site of the synagogue of Christ's time have been unearthed. In this synagogue we held the simple ceremony of 'laying on of hands' where we each offered up silent private prayers whilst our Priests laid their hands upon us and invoked the Holy Spirit to visit us.

We left Capernaum by boat for a very enjoyable trip across the Sea of Galilee to Tiberias where we spent a few hours lazing in the sun or swimming in the sea before taking the short trip to the River Jordan. We stopped at the Baptismal Pool where we stood in the water and renewed our Baptismal Vows.

After a lovely day we returned to our hotel for dinner, and for some a final evening in the Holy Land. For those travelling home on Sunday a Mass was said at 9pm in the Greek Catholic Church, but everybody attended whether travelling or not. Fr's Tim and Leo concelebrated Mass in this beautiful church robed in the ornate vestments of the Greek Catholics. We also partook of Communion in the form of unleavened bread which first had to be broken into pieces. It was a lovely Mass and a fitting goodbye to the Holy Land for the nine of us.

Those of us returning home breakfasted at

Blessing for the sick at Capernaum

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Catholic Police Guild - HOLY LAND - from 28th May

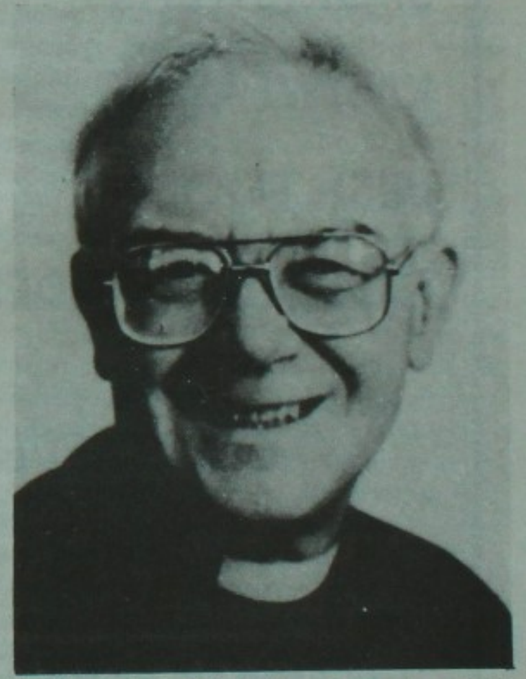
Bill Wright reports on the second week

The Holy Land Pilgrimage has today come to an end. It will remain in the memory of us all for the rest of our lives; the knowledge and guidance given by Brother Dennis throughout the whole Pilgrimage far exceeded the expectations of any of us as I'm sure anyone reading the previous pages of this Souvenir Magazine will realise. Sunday 28th May is, in a way, a sad day, as some of our party are returning to England. We shall miss them all. The rest of us arose early this morning to assemble in the Lobby of the Hotel to bid them farewell. There was comparative quiet as the other 39 of us sauntered back into the Hotel for breakfast with those who had now gone well in our minds and all thanking God for the great heroism of Andrea O'Halloran, (who you will have read about in an earlier paragraph).

After breakfast it was our turn to pack to prepare for our move to our holiday Hotel in Netanya for five days. We looked forward to a well earned rest after what can only be described as a proper Pilgrimage.

We left 'The Grand New Hotel' at 9am for our one and a half hours drive for Holy Mass at Mount Carmel (80 Kilometres). We were due at the Minor Basilica, a Church named "Stella Maris" at 10.30am and we arrived on the dot. Holy Mass was Concelebrated by our National Chaplain Fr. Tim Buckley with Fr. Leo Smith. The Church was built over a grotto in which Elijah was said to have lived, our Holy Mass was celebrated in that grotto. Above the grotto was the High Altar and high above the altar was a beautiful Statue of 'Our Lady of Mount Carmel'. The paintings in the dome were by Bro. Luigi Poggi (1924-28) a lay-brother of the monastery. They show Elijah elevated in his Chariot of Fire, King David playing his harp, the Saints of the Order of Carmelites, the Prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and the Holy Family. Below them were depicted the four Evangelists. The base of the cupola bears two texts from the Old Testament used in the Mass of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The beautiful stained-glass windows portray Elijah in the desert and his Elevation in a fiery chariot. Brother Dennis once again poured out his tremendous knowledge explaining all the above. We were privileged to have him join us on our holiday for a couple of days. Also in the Church was a beautiful Statue of St. John of God and St. Teresa of Avila, who was the foundress of the Carmelite Convent. A beautiful painting of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus hung over an altar erected in her honour. There was also a picture of St. Simon Stock over an Altar erected in his honour.

After Mass we continued our journey to Natanya, arriving at 'The Hotel Residence' at 12.45pm. Lunch on this occasion was by invitation of Brother Dennis and gratefully accepted by us all, we wondered what this



Fr. Leo Smith of The Salvatorians, born 24th July 1916, Professed 11th October 1937, Ordained Priest 24th June 1942, died 24th March 1990. May he rest in peace.

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great man would do next. The menu was indeed a pleasant change from the local menu's we had consumed at our previous hotels, (although no harm seemed to be done). The menu was pastry with mushroom sauce, followed by soup - the main course was steak and chips, followed by melon and ice cream. After this welcome near English meal, and in a way, the somewhat comforting thought that we were now to enjoy a few days holiday in what is known as the Israeli Blackpool, trying to realise that time didn't matter any more, we weren't under the threat of having to be on a coach at a certain time (or before), most of the party disappeared to their rooms to unpack. All the rooms were bright, airy and very comfortably furnished and had a beautiful sea view.

Not many of the party were seen during the afternoon, most retiring to their beds for a siesta. A few of the more energetic ventured out to explore the town and a couple went for a dip in the Sea. Dinner was arranged for 7.30pm and it was then that the party converged like ants into the dining hall, we were all together once again. About 8.30pm, the sun having disappeared about 7pm, the evening had become a little cooler but still warm enough for shirt sleeve order for the men, and the women in their colourful light weight dresses, almost everyone converged on the town, in friendly groups, each heading to do their own thing. We had a party of twelve and descended on a Pub come Restaurant in the town square (every other shop was similar all with seats and tables under great awnings). We parked ourselves in the chairs and the waiters kindly pushed the tables together. They then took our orders mostly beer for the men and Brandy etc for the women, and noisy chatter became relevant. Another order, the chatter became more relevent, then another order and the chatter was put to music, a sing song commenced and from them on Irish Ballads, Cockney songs etc could be heard echoing through the night air, the locals stopping to listen to us much amused; even the waiters enjoyed our singing, and it was obvious that they had not encountered such a happy social gathering as ours before. We decided to stroll back to the Hotel at about 1.30am for a bit of shut eye and found the other groups returning too; this was the end of our first day in Natanya.

Monday 29th May

Breakfast from now on was flexible, to the relief of us all, available from 7am to 9.30am. Needless to say most of the party strolled wearily into the dining room between 8.30 and 9am. The 'Residence Hotel' had a sister Hotel called 'Galil' situated about two miles away and transport was laid on from one Hotel to the other, and the residents at our hotel could avail themselves of all the facilities at the 'Hotel Galil', which had a large open air swimming pool and games such as table tennis. A number of us decided to pay it a visit and we found it a great way to relax in the deck chairs under awnings to protect one from the blazing sun, and to swim in the clear green water of the pool, fetching the occasional beverage from the bar. The word soon reached the rest of the party and during the days ahead most spent their mornings at the 'Hotel Galil'.

Brother Dennis was leaving us next morning and the Committee, Bob Mann, John Riche and I, arranged a farewell drink with him. At about 8.30pm Brother Dennis was hijacked and told to come with *us* for a change; he gladly agreed, (and was no trouble your worship, handcuffs were not needed). Almost the whole party gathered at 'The Clock Bar' and once again the staff arranged the tables along the footway to seat all thirty three of us. (Just for interest the name of the street was Ussishkin Street, - try saying that after a few pints). We were all seated on both sides of the length of tables with Brother Dennis seated next to Fr. Tim in the centre; a kitty was organised which covered the first two rounds, after which the cost of drinks was met by all sharing and the flow seemed continuous. Needless to say it was not long before our vocalists, led by Vince and Hazel Simmons, burst into song, mainly Cockney songs which everyone joined in. Our Supreme guest, Brother Dennis appeared to be enjoying the evening immensely, I don't think he had ever experienced the company of such a mad crowd, there was quite a large Irish contingent, who

Continued on page 22

THE CATHOLIC

POLICE CLUB

1: Patrick Buckley
2: Grace Adamson
3: Katharine Mann
4: Christina Mann
5: Hazel Simmons
6: Rosemary Redmond
7: Ron Redmond
8: Bernard Drew
9: Maurice Twomey
10: Tom Coffey
11: Brenda Drew
12: Mary Croghan
13: Irene Smith
14: Kate Keal
15: Margaret Hore
16: Betty Carlin
17: Valerie Mann
18: Beryl Little
19: Fr Leo Smith
20: Bridie Wright
21: Eileen Keville
22: Rowena Simon
23: Andrea O'Halloran
24: Desmond Carlin
25: John Little
26: Albert Mason
27: Kathleen Mason
28: Tessa Goldband
29: David Goldband
30: Anne Williams
31: Ted Keal
32: Vince Simmons
33: Fr Tim Buckley
34: Michael Croghan
35: Danny Buckley
36: Alex Smith
37: Bernard Edmonds
38: Michael (BSH)
39: Bob Mann
40: David Williams
41: John Riche
42: Sheila Riche
43: Betty O'Brien
44: Tom O'Brien
45: Terry Ireland
46: Bill Wright
47: Mike Keville
48: Bro Dennis Robert
49: Margaret Twomey

were determined to make it known that dear old Ireland was also represented in Israel, and the air was filled with Irish songs for a while. About eleven o'clock Brother Dennis rose to bid us all farewell as he would be returning home in the early hours of Tuesday, thanking us for a wonderful evening after which we all sang 'For he's a jolly good fellow'. We tried hard to find out what time he would be leaving the Hotel in the morning. Our aim of course, was to all be up to give him that royal send off that he so deserved, but he would not devulge his secret to anyone. The party at 'The Clock bar' went on until about 2.30am when we returned to the Hotel, all extremely happy but surprisingly enough, all on our feet.

Tuesday 30th May

Like the previous day the majority of our party strolled into the dining room for breakfast (where most of them seemed to gradually wake up). We all realised that our bedesman, or guardian Angel, Brother Dennis had gone, we were on our own, no more Hi Ho's or tinkling of a glass in the dining room to inform us of what time the coach was leaving or some other instruction. Gone, yes, but not forgotten, if we would or ever could. He had, unbeknown to us, made a discreet call at the 'Pitza Flip' (a Restaurant in Haatzmaut Square), and arranged with the proprietor for lunch as his guests. The crowd assembled at 1.30pm accepting his generous offer, all seated under the awnings protecting us from the rays of the blazing sun, our thoughts and most of the chatter during lunch were centred on Brother Dennis wishing him a safe and protected journey wherever he was. After lunch the group dispersed all going in different directions, some went back to the Hotel for their afternoon siesta. I have failed to mention that we had arranged to have Holy Mass each evening of our holiday in the conference room. Our service took place at 6.30pm each evening, Fr. Tim and Fr. Leo being the Celebrant on alternate nights. Fr. Tim informed the group that he would include the blessing of any religious objects that any of the group had bought. Fr. Leo, whose turn it was to be Chief Celebrant that day, gave us a short Homily before the blessing of the objects, telling us not to do what a woman did in one of his congregations when he was blessing religious objects. He said "Now hold up your Crosses and any other Religious objects you may have" and the woman held up her husband. Needless to say it did not happen on this occasion, but we will never know how many of the women in our group were tempted. After Mass we all went down to dinner at after which everyone went their own way, some back to what was now popular, the pedestrianised Square, for the various beverages etc. that were available at the many Pubs-come-Restaurants situated throughout Netanya. Often you would be seated with your little group next to young men and women in uniform with their Sten guns casually slung behind them, complete with loaded magazine, but they were all friendly and enjoyed the antics of the mad English and Irish.

Wednesday 31st May

After breakfast, a free trip had been arranged by coach to the famous Netanya Diamond factory. On arrival we were greeted by a courier who invited us to have a cold drink and then took us into a studio to show us a film. We were then taken on a conducted tour and demonstrations were given of the diamonds being cut and polished ready for being set into jewellery. We eventually reached the shop where the finished articles were on display and for sale. The prices were all marked in Dollars, the cheapest ring was about £150 up to £5000 and more. Some of our group did purchase a couple of items of jewellery but most were just happy to look and admire it (one of the few times when husbands tried hard to loose their wives). We then went to a Blind Institute, a place called 'ORA', to watch the blind people, male & female, working side by side on antiquated weaving machines, but how they worked, making cloth. We then went into the shop where you could buy the finished product - Table Cloths - Dresses - Tea Cloths etc - all very well made. After lunch, some of us met for another visit to the 'Hotel Galil' where we lounged about and enjoyed the cool of the swimming pool. We all met back at the Hotel for Mass at 6.30pm followed by Dinner. The evening was again spent by most of the group descending on the town. The little group that I was with intended doing just that, but on the way to the town, just a couple of hotels away, we heard the sounds of dance music, we stopped and listened and saw within the complex of the Hotel, that a party was in progress. Our little group consisted of my wife Bridie, Maurice and Margaret Twomey. To the surprise of Maurice and I, Bridie and Margaret ventured off up the steps of the hotel onto the patio and sat down in chairs at a table under an umbrella, both watched for a while, and no one approached them to ask them to leave so we decided to join them. We ordered a drink, which we got, and sat to enjoy the music. We found out that we had gate crashed a Barmitzvah Party, but no one seemed to mind at all, of course we were sat outside enjoying the entertainment. The dancing was so good with music befitting it, that Margaret decided to go back to our hotel to tell those still there. She returned with Patrick and Danny Buckley - David and Tess Goldband - John and Beryl Little - Mike and Mary Croghan, we sat and enjoyed the festivities for a while, but the Irish feet having tapped to the beat of the music for so long, could resist no longer, and Margaret got up inviting Patrick Buckley to join her and they both started dancing, but to our amazement, they gradually worked their way in through the open large French windows into the hall where the party was in full swing, everyone inside seemed amused and didn't seem to mind. After a while most of our little group were on our feet, but we hadn't got the nerve to follow Margaret and Patrick, so we enjoyed our jigs out on the patio. Even Bridie discarded her stick; it was a real laugh to see her enjoying herself so much, dancing on her good leg and waving the injured leg about. People from the Barmitzvah gradually began to leave, the hour was late, but they all bade us goodnight as they departed. We left much later returning to our hotel at about 1.30am. after a night we shall remember. During the earlier part of the evening Bernard and Brenda Drew had been walking in that well known square when they came across an Israeli gentleman with a dog. The dog was attacking the ankles of another gentleman, and Bernard and Brenda stood back for a while, (well, wouldn't you) but the Israeli gentleman, who was trying to get his dog to heel, turned to them and said "It's

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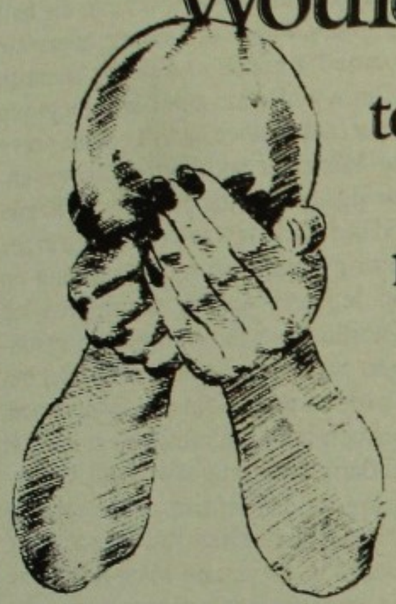

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alright, you can pass, he only bites Arabs".

Thursday 1st June

Now nearing the end of a Pilgrimage that we shall never forget, and a holiday that allowed us to unwind, we come to our last day. Breakfast as usual, again 8.30am - 9am seemed favourite with most. Bob Mann arrived nearing 9am and partook of his usual orange juice. This you helped yourself to. It was in a big container and diluted. The Israeli waiters, some could not speak much English, and Bob would have to pick one of them. He complained that the orange had too much water in it. The waiter said 'OK', and Bob went and sat at his table to consume his breakfast, when, after a few minutes, the waiter he had spoken to bought him a large jug of water (pity it hadn't been whisky instead of orange Bob). After breakfast the groups all went their own way, some of us again went for a last fling to the 'Hotel Galil' for a final swim. Rose Redmond had asked me if she could arrange the altar for the last Mass we would be having in Netanya, as she wished to decorate the altar with a few flowers. I went into the conference room at about 6.15pm to see how she was getting on and was faced with a sight beyond all expectations: the altar was bedecked with beautiful flowers, and they had also brought a carnation for each member of the group, and a Card reminding us of Cana, where we renewed our marriage vows, a beautiful thought. May God Bless Ron and Rosemary and our grateful thanks are extended to them both for making our last Mass in Natanya such a memorable occasion. At the conclusion of the Mass, Bernard Drew took the opportunity of saying a few words on behalf of us all, to thank most sincerely our National Chaplain Rev. Tim Buckley and Rev. Fr. Leo Smith for their dedicated service to us all throughout the pilgrimage and holiday, for their tremendous spiritual guidance throughout we shall always be so indebted to them both.

Again dinner was scheduled for 7.30pm after which most of us returned to our rooms to commence packing our cases for our journey tomorrow. We arranged that at about 8.30pm we would all congregate on the walkway behind the hotel which overlooked the sea and beach, and bring with us a bottle, full of course, to celebrate our last night. During the gathering, Bernard Drew read to us the rest of the poems that he had composed.

Friday 2nd June

Alas, today we lost our lie-in, breakfast was for most of us near 7am as our cases had to be in the lobby by 8.30am ready for our journey to Tel Aviv Airport for our flight home. But wait, what has happened. AWlast minute crisis: Valerie Mann has been seen leaning over the veranda on the 8th floor, Please don't jump Val, was our first thought, we are sure Bob will forgive you whatever the problem. Well, after extensive enquiries, all was revealed but suffice to say no one else could boast that they lost top and bottom, during a pilgrimage. Ask Val about the full story sometime.

We took our last glimpse at the 'Hotel Residence' as our coach pulled away at 8.45am for the airport where we had two hours to wait before our Jumbo Jet was to take off for our return journey to England, but that two hours were taken up with security checks, and examining of passports. We did however find a few brief moments to visit the Duty Free Shop before boarding the massive Boeing 747. We had a wonderful flight home all during daylight and arrived at Heathrow airport at 2.50pm.,After collecting our luggage the group departed in different directions. What wonderful memories we shall all have for the rest of our lives.

Saturday 3rd June

Today we had a bonus when fifteen of the group met at Southwark Cathedral to witness our beloved Brother Dennis Robert receiving the greatest award of his lifetime, an award that no one deserves more than he does, for his devoted and loyal missions to the Holy Land. Brother Dennis was invested and robed in the order of 'The Knights of The Holy Sepulchre'. What a wonderful finale to a Pilgrimage led by such a man; he looked grand and proud in his regalia. May God bless him and give him the health and strength to continue his mission for many years to come.

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A Trip of a Lifetime

A Younger View of the Trip by Katharine Mann

How often does a person have the opportunity to go, on pilgrimage, to the Holy Land? Once in a lifetime? Well, I was given the option of going with my family and a group. My father was asked to be on the organising committee so I was able to meet the guide, Brother Dennis Roberts (a De La Salle Brother), before our trip. Brother Dennis had led more than 50 pilgrimages to the Holy Land. He was very helpful and gave us maps and leaflets about Israel to prepare us for our trip. We planned to stay for 5 days in Bethlehem and 4 days in Nazareth.

Eventually the day arrived on which we were going to undertake our journey to the Holy places. There was an atmosphere of excitement and anticipation on the coach to Heathrow. Everyone was introducing themselves and questioning their new acquaintances about a variety of things. There were no delays at the airport and everything ran smoothly. It was only the security checks that were a bit boring and monotonous. At each security point the same questions were asked. We understand that it was for our own safety but these checks highlighted for me the risk we were taking in going to Israel.

My first sight of Israel was in the early hours of the morning when we touched down at Tel Aviv airport. All the passengers were wearily loaded onto coaches and taken to the main building where we were greeted with the stamping of passports and the tedious wait for our luggage. We sleepily made our way to the coach for the last part of our journey. I awoke to find we were passing through some very narrow roads with, to my surprise, walls covered in graffiti in Arabic. Apparently the messages, which we could not read, were of a political nature. I could not believe that in the town where Jesus was born there would be graffiti: this brought home to many of us the difficult and tense situation that exists between the Israelis and Arabs.

That afternoon our tightly scheduled pilgrimage commenced. It is impossible for me to describe all the places I saw so I will choose just a few which are particularly memorable. The grotto of the Annunciation was a cave-like room where Mary is said to have seen the angel Gabriel. Everywhere was decorated with flowers and the atmosphere reflected the scene of the First Joyful Mystery. The church of the Nativity and the Holy Manger were situated in Bethlehem. The place where Jesus was born is found by descending many steep steps down

Christina and Katharine Mann with Bernard Drew

into a dull cold cave-like room where there are many signs of devotion - tapestries cover the ugly stone and the birth place is adorned with a red border. The manger is an arm's stretch away and is decorated in a similar manner. The atmosphere was prayerful, thoughtful and relaxed. People just sat round the edge and meditated on this place and how humble it must have been.

We visited the Dome of the Rock, in Jerusalem, which contains the massive rock on which Abraham was going to sacrifice his only son until God stopped him and a ram was sacrificed instead of Isaac. This gigantic mosque was a sight to behold:- It has an 18 carat gold dome, which can be seen for miles, and there is intricate mosaic work on the walls. The inside was just as impressive - lovely carpets covered the floor and the dome seemed to reach up miles above us.

The Dead Sea is the lowest point on the earth's surface - 1300 feet below sea level. It is called the Dead Sea because of the absence of any animal life in its waters. It contains a huge concentration of chemicals, as Brother Dennis put it "a chemical cocktail", since it has no outlet. Owing to the salt we just floated on the top. It was a very strange experience - when I tried to put my feet down they just sprung up behind me, some people did not like it as they felt they had lost control of their bodies. As soon as I got out the water started to evaporate leaving deposits of salt on my skin which had to be washed off immediately. The Sea of Galilee, on the other hand was a lovely fresh water lake with no salt or chemicals. We swam in it twice to cool off.

During the pilgrimage we visited the reputed scene of the feeding of the 5000, and nearby celebrated a peaceful outdoor Mass on the banks of the Sea of Galilee.

The Way of the Cross, for me, brought the whole pilgrimage together. To my surprise we had to walk through the back streets and alley ways of Jerusalem where there were stones to mark the site of each of the Stations of the Cross. At each stop we heard a reading and we all reflected on the importnace of each place. Although I felt surprised at first I soon realised that this is how it must have been when Jesus was making *his* way to Calvary - everyone going about their everyday business and life not stopping for the crucifixion of an innocent man. The place that was the most outstanding was the "mercy gate" through which every person going to be crucified had to pass. As they did so anyone could shout "he is innocent" and the person in question would be retried. In Russian orthodox surroundings there are the stones which led to the mercy gate in Jesus' time - Jesus must have set foot on these very stones some 2000 years ago.

Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, the tomb where Jesus was laid, are in close proximity. Also nearby is the marble stone on which Our Lord was laid he was taken down from the cross.

As Brother Dennis remarked: the pilgrimage really begins when you arrive home because the experiences you have had and places you have seen have an effect on you. For me, the readings at Mass really come to life and I found it easier to see Jesus Christ as a man having visited the place where he lived and died.

We had among our number
one whose legs were rather wonky,
so on the road to Jericho
Fr. Leo rode a donkey.

OH! TO BE A PILGRIM

IF YOU ARE THINKING PILGRIMAGE, READ THIS

In 1989 The Catholic Police Guild, to celebrate the SEVENTY-FIFTH birthday, set up a team to study the Holy Land pilgrimage market. After extensive research they unanimously reached this conclusion:-

CATHOLIC
POLICE GUILD
1989
Holy Land Pilgrimage
Organizing Committee's Report

"Of all the pilgrimages to the
Holy Land which we have examined,
Brother Dennis Robert's
on every count are
intellectually,
scripturally,
spiritually
and
economically
superior"

The Council accepted the recommendation and Brother Dennis was asked to organize and to lead our pilgrimage in May 1989.
(The follow-through to the pilgrimage was that Brother Dennis was asked to be Guest of Honour at the Catholic Police Guild's Annual Dinner - an appreciated tribute indeed.)

"Superlative", "A revelation", "The outstanding spritual experience of my life" were typical comments from the pilgrims.

Other LaSallian pilgrimages - Rome, Shrines of France, etc - are organized and led annually by the team. Every effort is made to make these "intellectually, scripturally, spiritually and economically superior" and forever memorable.

If you are thinking of organizing a pilgrimage, or going on a pilgrimage, do write for details of LaSallian pilgrimages, to:

BROTHER DENNIS ROBERT, F.S.C., B.A., B.Sc.,
Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre
Official Guide of the Patriarch of Jerusalem
De La Salle House
405 Beulah Hill, London, SE19 3HB
Telephone 081-670 6666

The Guild's Annual Retreat

This Annual exercise in the Guild's Calendar began on Friday 1st to Saturday 2nd December 1978 commencing from 6pm Friday to 6pm Saturday.

The venue chosen for such an exercise was "Maryvale Pastoral Centre" Snowdenham Lane, Bramley, Surrey, a beautiful setting in the Surrey countryside where peace and tranquillity is abundant, and ideal for the occasion.

The stately house was designed by the architect Ralph Nevill in 1884 who was commissioned by the wealthy descendant of a family of French Huguenots, Robert Courage, the grandson of John, founder of the famous firm of Brewers. Robert later became the firm's first Chairman.

No expense was spared in the building of this beautiful Hall, and in 1886 it became the home for Robert, his wife Anne and their four sons, and was then called "Snowdenham Hall". Perhaps the best of the beautiful features is the 'Great Hall' which was decorated by John F. Bentley, the architect of Westminster Cathedral. It is magnificent with its two-way oak staircase.

Robert sadly died in 1893, just seven years after moving into his new house. In 1901 the property was sold and Robert's dreamhouse passed from the hands of the Courage family to those of complete strangers.

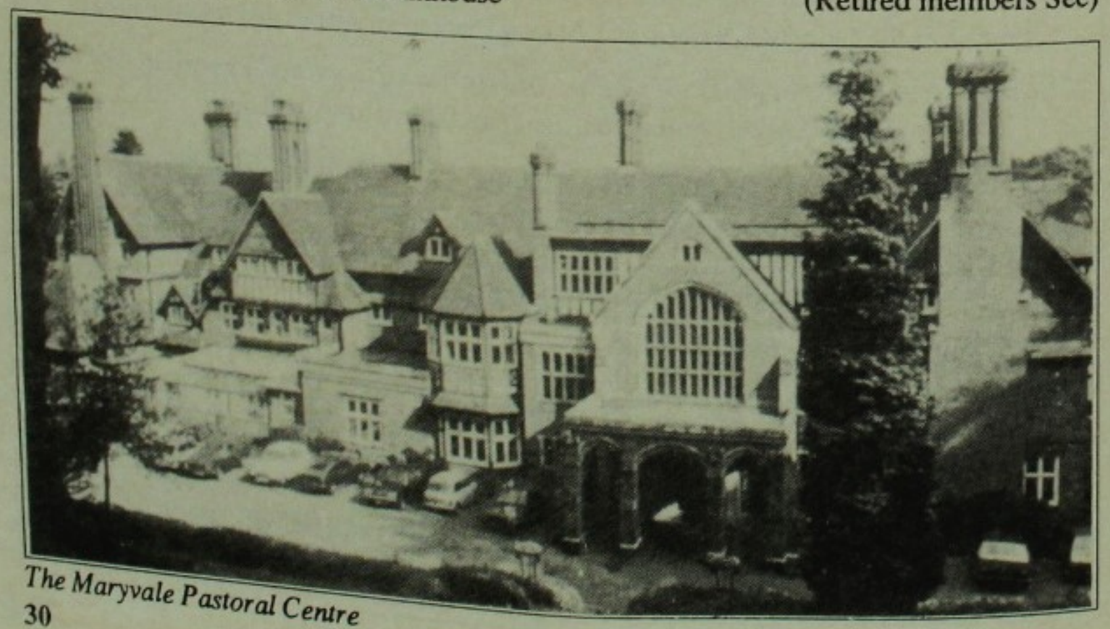
However, 67 years later, in 1968 the Franciscan Missionaries of the Divine Motherhood bought the property to use as a house of studies for young sisters and they renamed the house "Maryvale", the name which stands today.

In 1974 the Sisters had the stable-block converted into a Convent, and "Maryvale" was opened to the public as a House of Prayer.

Finally, in 1978 as the result of an arrangement between the Bishop of the Diocese and the Franciscan Sisters, "Maryvale" became the first Pastoral Centre for the Diocese of Arundel and Brighton.

What better venue could we have possibly have chosen for our Annual Guild Retreat, where many of our members and friends gather each year to recharge their spiritual batteries, and to exchange talk in the bar in the evening to socialize after a day of talk, Holy Mass and Prayer. 1990 will be our twelfth; why not join us? The dates are Friday 9th and Saturday 10th November 1990 and in 1991 the Retreat will be 20th/21st September.

Bill Wright
(Retired members Sec)



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P.C. Reverend or Reverend P.C.?

How does a serving, atheistic police Officer, married with four children, come to be ordained into the Permanent Diaconate? "*God* only knows"! There is more truth in that last statement than one would suspect. *As far as I am aware, I'm the only Roman Catholic, serving police officer in the country, who has been ordained a deacon.* This then, briefly is my story.

I joined 'The Job' in September, 1969, having first served as a cadet at Hendon. I had joined the 'Met.' and was posted to Gerald Road where I undertook both uniform and C.I.D. duties. I married my wife, Cecilia, in 1971 and transferred to Kent the following year as my first son, John, was to be born. Before leaving, Cecilia who was a 'cradle' Catholic, had contacted some nuns and had asked them to pray for my conversion. In 1974 I was transferred to Sheerness on the Isle of Sheppey. It was the start of ten very happy years where we met some very good life-long friends. I worked hard, as all my C.I.D. colleagues did, but I also played hard. I was convinced that only the 'job' could give me fulfilment in life. Although I had been baptized into the Church of England, I had never been a regular church-goer. I had only been asked seriously about my faith on two occasions, once when I undertook marriage preparation and when I joined the police.

During those island years I came to know some damn good priests. Very humble, very modest but above all, very honest. How do these priests have that uncanny knack of making you feel like a saint when you've spent so long selling yourself under as a committed sinner with little or no will power to alter your ways?! In 1980, John received his first Holy Communion, followed by his dad who had been received into the Church the day before! A couple of years later I was commissioned a Eucharistic Minister.

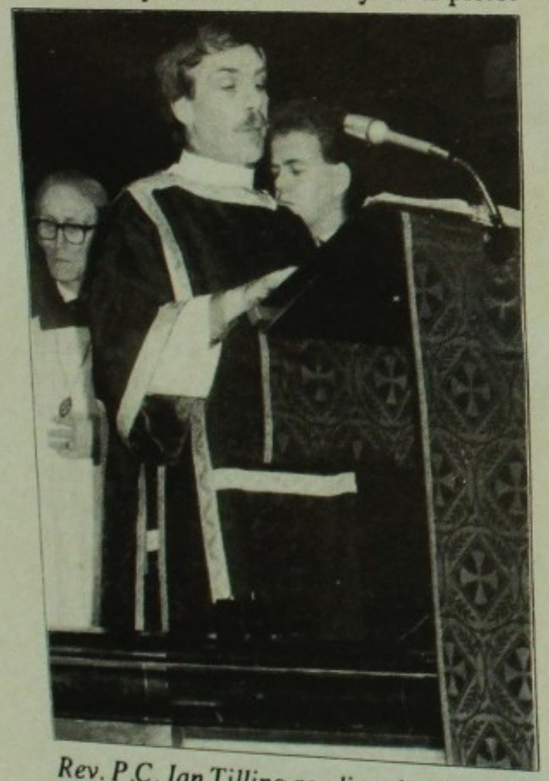
Before I joined the Regional Crime Squad in 1983, John had been joined by his brothers, Andrew and Peter. The hours were long and I was forced to spend periods away from home. Our fourth child (will it be a girl?) was due to make its entry soon but Cecilia became very ill and was admitted to hospital quite a few weeks before the birth date. The baby was to be born by caesarian section which Cecilia was not looking forward to! The operating staff very kindly allowed me to go into theatre. It was a girl! The excitement that surrounded Mary's birth soon turned to anxiety when it was discovered her lungs were under developed and were having to fight off pneumonia. Mary was transferred to the Special Care Baby Unit and Cecilia, who was still quite ill, remained an in-patient. Slowly both recovered and returned home.

About 12.30am on the 5th September, 1985 (half an hour into my 35th birthday!) I was at home when there was a knock at the door. It was the local priest who gave me a booklet on the "Permanent Diaconate". He asked me to read and pray about it. I had only been received into the Church a few short years and had thought, quite wrongly, that he meant me to think about the diaconate as some service I could do after I had retired from the Police. I noted (as far as Southwark was concerned) that an applicant had had to have attained his '35th year'! After several follow up visits and a great deal of discussion I agreed to apply for training. (I always had in the back of my mind that I would not really be accepted anyway - not me)!

I already had the blessing of my Parish Priest so my first interview was in London with the Assistant Director of the Permanent Diaconate, a deacon himself. The afternoon was very informative and comfortable, marred only by the speeding ticket I collected whilst doing 43mph on the Purley Way prior to the appointment. The second interview was with Canon John Morris, the Director. Cecilia, who accompanied me on all these interviews, kept him busy talking about schools and school transport and I survived the second round! It was then back up to London for a thorough medical. My drinking and smoking habits were criticised and I promised to try harder! Round four saw us with Bishop John Jukes. This interview took place on our wedding anniversary and

we enjoyed a celebratory meal in West Malling afterwards! I felt by this stage that my chances of being accepted for training were bleak. It was then off to the deanery clergy. They all seemed very enthusiastic about the whole thing and I was left in no doubt that they would actively support my application. The last interview was with Archbishop Michael Bowen. Mention was made of my age and that of my children. Could I afford the amount of time the diaconate would require of me? After Cecilia had pointed out the time I had devoted to the 'job', it seemed the diaconate would be a bonus! We drove back to Folkestone convinced that I would not be accepted. Later, the same evening, the 'phone rang - I had been accepted!

The study days took place, on one Sunday a month, throughout a 3 year period. These days were held at St John's seminary, Wonersh, near Guildford and the wives of those training were actively encouraged to attend. Study included theology, scripture and Church history and was supplemented with weekly sessions with my own priest tutor. A spiritual director, again selected by the student, was active in our formation. Each year we attended a study weekend at the seminary and a weekend 'retreat'. Most of those in training were mature men who would be near retirement by the time they were ordained. It very soon became apparent that the vast majority of study was done at home, in my spare time. Although various essays were set and the studying was demanding, I found that, if I paced myself, the workload could be handled satisfactorily. After the first year of training and provided all was well, the student received the order of 'Reader'. Thereafter, at six month intervals, we received the order of 'Acolyte' and were then accepted for candidacy to the diaconate. The following year, we were ordained deacon. During these three years 'service' was stressed (indeed, the deacon is the minister of charity and service) and any ideas one may have had of grandeur were very quickly dispelled.

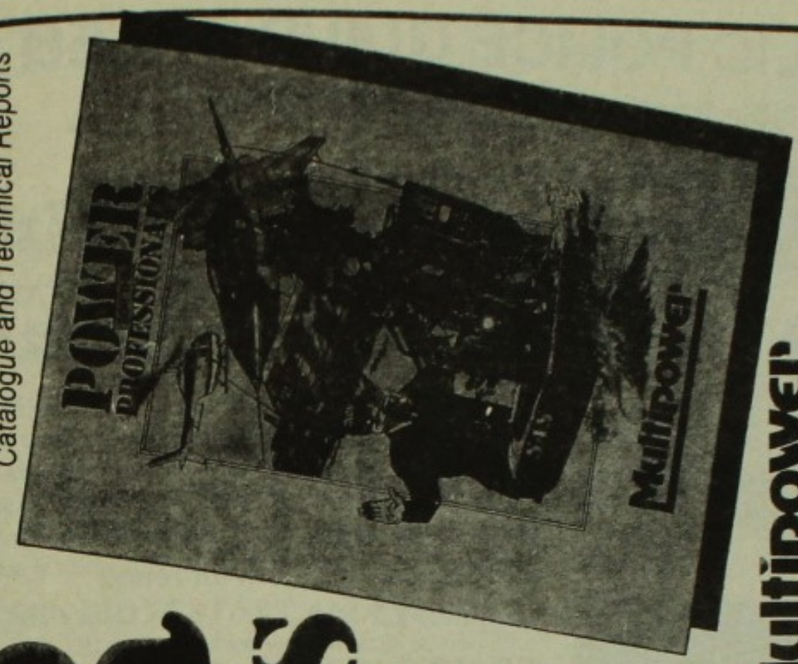


Rev. P.C. Ian Tilling reading the Gospel at the Annual Requiem Mass in Westminster Cathedral

I was ordained, in my own parish, on 12th July, 1989. Since then, I have conducted a baptism and some funerals. I have been active in the pastoral needs of the community and visit the sick and house bound, with Holy Communion. I still await my first marriage! As an ordained minister I am obliged to read the office of the Church, each morning and evening. Cecilia has now asked the nuns to stop praying for my conversion!

The only conflict I have found between the 'job' and the diaconate is one of time! As a result, I transferred to uniform duties and found that it enabled me to plan ahead more effectively. I have been elected as secretary to the Deanery and am also the Deanery Youth Chaplain. The diaconate doesn't suit all men and it certainly needs a great deal of praying about. It must be discussed in full with one's wife *and* children, and all areas of ministry explored, ie. if a deacon's wife were to precede him, he could not remarry. What you receive with the gift of ordination however, would take a book! I would encourage any man, married or single, to at least reflect on the Permanent Diaconate and, if he considered himself ready, to pray about it.

Ian Tilling



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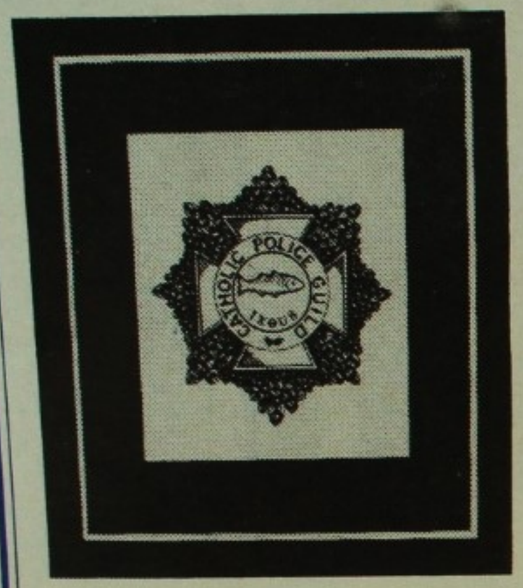

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THE CATHOLIC POLICE GUILD ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW

WHAT IS IT?
An organisation of Catholic police men and women, in England and Wales.

WHAT IT IS NOT
It is not a secret society, its members are NOT bigotted religious maniacs, members of an imagined oppressed minority, it is NOT a promotion machine.

WHO ORGANISES IT?
The Guild is run for police officers by police officers, elected anually by the Annual General Meeting of members and operates under a constitution and rules approved by the Bishops of England and Wales. There are Diocesan branches controlled by committees elected by branch members meeting monthly in a parish hall, community centre, pub or their own homes. Each branch has a chaplain and there is a national chaplain.

WHEN DID IT START AND WHO CAN JOIN?
In June 1914, just before the outbreak of the First World War the Metropolitan and City Catholic Police Guild was formed. In 1974 it became a National Guild for England and Wales and is now the Catholic Police Guild, Membership is open to all serving and retired Catholic police officers, men and women, special constables and cadets.

WHAT DOES IT DO?
It provides a fraternal organisation through which police officers may obtain a greater understanding of the Christian faith; by strengthening our love for the family; by helping others and encouraging police officers to take their responsibilities conscientiously, by setting a good example.

YES, BUT WHAT DOES IT ACTUALLY DO?
Through the executive committee or diocesan branches the Guild organises:

1: An annual Mass for all deceased police officers, at Westminster Cathedral in November, attended by members in uniform.
2: A summer outing to Aylesford Priory in Kent for the sick, handicapped, deprived and house bound. Catholics and non-Catholics come in ambulances, buses, coaches and cars from hospitals, hospices and homes for the elderly and children.
3. An Annual retreat for members and their spouses and friends at Bramley, near Guildford. Over 24 hours, which includes seminars, we recharge our physical and spiritual batteries.
4: Stewarding a National pilgrimage at Walsingham in July and the sick to Lourdes.
5: A summer camp, under canvas, for under privileged boys and girls from the East End of London.
6: A Mass attended by members and their families and friends in the Crypt of Westminster Cathedral on every Feast of Corpus Christi to celebrate the foundation of the Guild.
7: An annual dinner/dance as well as numerous other events for themselves and fund raisers for others,.....and much more.

Visits, such as that of Mother Teresa of Calcutta, conferences and other religious events, make a regular call on the Guild's services in these times of public disorder, dishonesty and terrorism. At such times we operate as a practical link between the Church and the Service. In 1982 the Guild was honoured when Cardinal Hume invited us to organise the stewarding for the visit of the Pope to London.

HOW CAN I JOIN? I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME
Police officers, more than many in the community, are often deeply involved in activities such as assisting youth clubs, the handicapped, parent teacher associations, parish councils, scouts, clubs, guides and brownies and other worthwile roles and feel they don't need to join other organisations. Fine! So are many of our members! Don't give up these activities if you are really committed. The Guild can take up as much or as little as time as you wish to give. If you haven't time to help us perhaps we have time to help you.

WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?

Try these:.....

Practical comradeship with fellow police officers who share a common profession and belief, regular communication through its activities, magazine and literature. The satisfaction from giving help where it is really needed. Members may be distinguished by a tie and lapel badge. Wall and desk plaques featuring the Guild badge are also available from the Membership Secretary.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF ME?

Participation in the Guild's activities and endeavours.

WHAT DOES IT COST?

The Guild is financed by members' subscriptions, a minimum of £6 per year (Life membership £60). Independent auditors are appointed at the AGM.

FUTURE OF THE GUILD

We believe that there is an increasing and desirable link between churches, including immigrant religious organisations and the police service. It can be seen in the growth of community liaison groups and neighbourhood watches, and in the appointment of police chaplains. Pope John Paul II in his message to all the members of the police forces of England and Wales told us 'Yours is a work of service and brotherhood'. To sustain this brotherhood requires for a professional, vocational Guild. There is a Guild in Scotland, the Strathclyde CPG founded in 1942. We believe there are similar organisations elsewhere in the world. It has been estimated that there are some 15,000 Catholic police officers in this country. The guild at present has many members throughout the country. It is always looking to increase its membership.

We would very much like to hear from those who are not members. If you wish to join or require further information please contact the Membership Secretary, Catholic Police Guild, 42 Francis Street, London, SW1P 1QW.

If you would like to become a member of the Catholic Police Guild please complete and detach this page and forward it to:
The Membership Secretary, The Catholic Police Guild, 42 Francis Street, London, SW1P 1QW.

Please send me details of membership

Surname.....Christian names.....

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Force.....Rank.....

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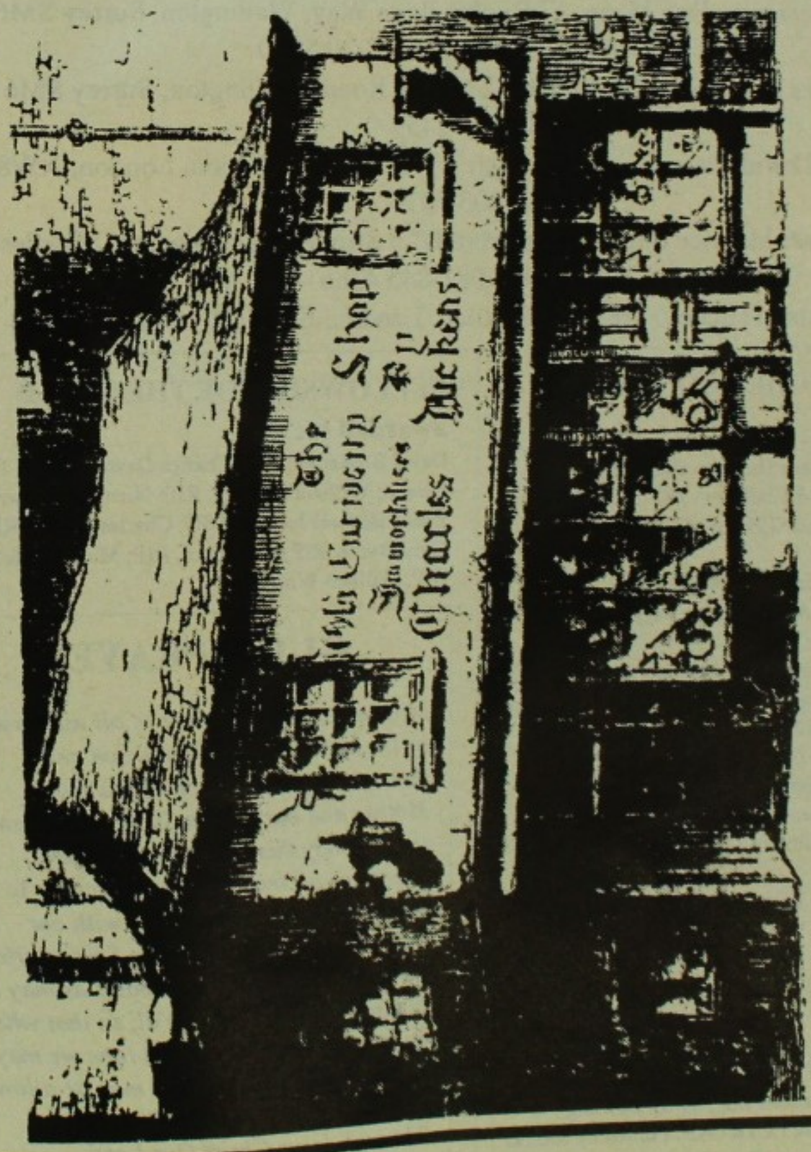

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GUILD PRAYER

Most merciful God, giver of all authority, by the merits of Thy Divine Son and through the intercession of His Holy Mother and our patron St, Michael, grant that we may this day, and every day, overcome all temptations, especially to injustice and disloyalty, and with our minds inflamed by Thy Holy Spirit perform all our duties in such a manner as may be pleasing to Thy Divine Will, so that when called to report for the last time we may not be found wanting, and may be allowed to remain forever in Thy Presence. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord.....

Amen