

PART II: THE CREED

Haggerston Catechism



H. A. WILSON

Mowbrays

HAGGERSTON CATECHISM

PART TWO
THE CREED

BY
H. A. WILSON

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HAGGERSTON CATECHISM

AS IT IS

THE window of the room which was generally mine is so low that I could see the tree-trunks and the road as I lay in the feather-bed. Romney Marsh was so quiet at night that a car could be heard a mile and more away. It amused me to watch from my three pillows for its headlights to come sweeping round the bend in the road from Hope All Saints, and shine for a second or two on the tall green poplars, old grey church tower whose clock thinks it is always three minutes past three, thatched cottage with its garden of flowers and trim hedges. As I went to sleep there was no sound from the miles of flat fields around the Bell Inn at Ivychurch but the occasional bleat of a sheep, sleepy chirping of a bird in the eaves, distant bark of an uneasy dog. At dawn I woke to the singing of a thousand sparrows, house-martins, swallows; I would open one eye, see the pearl-grey of the sky flecked with pink and the tops of the poplars touched with gold, give a contented sigh, go to sleep again. All day, every day, I rejoiced in sunlight, bathed off the yellow sands of Dymchurch, roamed with my dogs over the fields to this quiet old village or that (Brenzett, Appledore, Burmarsh, Ebony, Snavé); until the sun went down behind the hills, and it was time to return to the little room with the large bed, coloured print of Queen Victoria, two framed texts, china candlestick ("Present from Margate"), and small low window looking down the white road to the sea.

So in August it was; perhaps may be again.

As it is—since the least an East London parish priest can do at a time like this is to remain at his post—I see search-lights from my bedroom window, long silver fingers poking their way among the clouds that lie over Haggerston's houses and ruins; the last sounds as I go to sleep may be the drone of bombers

or the eerie shrieks, as of babies being murdered, of a cat-fight. At times I am woken by the sound of guns over the river-estuary, followed by that familiar warbling of unblest sirens. I fumble my way out of sheets and blankets, into clothes and tin hat, mumbling the while my unchanged opinion of that Fuehrer and all his works; roam yet again through small streets and alleyways to visit this shelter and that, the wardens at their posts, the rest-centre, to see that all is reasonably well with my many valiant and enduring friends whose ages vary between one and may-be eighty.

As it is, I have spent much of these August days writing and drawing what is to be found within these covers. In the winter of 1940 a cockney charlady remarked that "The best of the blitz is that it takes your mind off the war." That goes too far an attempt to teach the Apostles' Creed to an imaginary Catechism; though I fear that I have not quite succeeded in keeping the war out of it.

In the introduction to Part One I detailed at some length what were my methods and customs when St. Augustine's Catechism was by no means imaginary, and it was my fortune to be every Sunday afternoon in the cheerful and lively company of that Peggy who wished, and doubtless still wishes, to "knif" Hitler, and her hundred companions. However, there may be some who are as yet unacquainted with Greta Garbo June Elizabeth Margaret Rose Luvaduck, Sarah Susannah Snatchpiece (who blotted her identity card), Uncle Percy's astonishing moustache, and the not at all Reluctant Dragon. So it may be well to repeat that:

(a) These instructions are intended not only for those who conduct Catechisms, but also for boys and girls who for one reason or another (like Peggy) have no Catechism to go to.

(b) Numbers in brackets refer to other instructions.

(c) Since it is good for both catechists and catechised to know their way about the Bible, such references (in italics and brackets) are frequent. Verse numbers are inclusive.

(d) Words in instructions printed in capitals are those written on the second blackboard; though these are not to be

found in every instruction, since "variety is the spice of" Catechism also.

(e) The table of contents I have only drawn up for fun. It is not to be taken seriously, and may well be ignored.

H. A. WILSON

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CLERGY HOUSE
YORKTON STREET, HACKNEY ROAD
LONDON, E.2

September, 1942.

16

Let's think about mum's shopping-bag, windows, and an accordion.

You remember that your second baptism vow was "to believe all the articles of the Christian Faith," and that an "article" is a "small piece" (like a link in a chain). "The Christian Faith" means "that which the Church [the society of Christian people (39)] has believed in all places and at all times, and still believes."

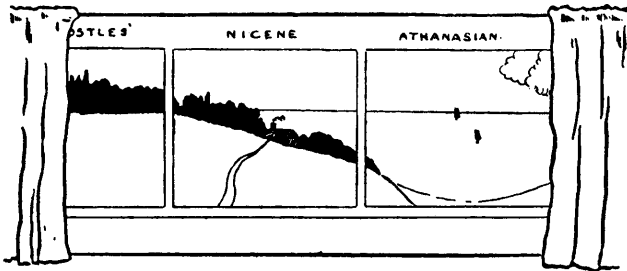
The power to believe is called Faith. Like all good things, it is a gift of God. At your baptism you were given the power to believe. The more you pray for it, the more faith God will give you. Remember that you did not promise, and are not asked, to *understand* all the articles of Christianity. We shall understand everything one day, when we are quite grown-up in heaven. Until then God says to us what he once said to St. Thomas the Apostle (*St. John* 20, 29).

Mum goes shopping in Hackney Road, of course with the family's ration books. She buys meat at Scott's; cheese and marg at Lawrence's; bread at Wazem's; milk at Davies'; and comes home with all she has bought in her shopping-bag. Like her the Church has collected together all the articles of her belief; and, to help you and me, put them together in the Creed (Latin "credo," "I believe"). There are three creeds of different sizes. The Athanasian, the biggest, which you needn't worry about yet; though, if you want to read it, it is in your Book of Common Prayer after Evening Prayer. The Nicene, the one said at Mass; made at a great meeting, or council, of the Church at a place called Nicæa over sixteen hundred years ago. The Apostles', the smallest, in your Catechism and in Morning and Evening Prayer; the Apostles did not write it, but it is what they taught in the first days of the Church; and I am afraid you must worry your poor old head a good deal about it, because you can't be confirmed until you know it.

But the three creeds teach the same one Faith. Like an accordion, pulled out or squeezed in, sometimes bigger than at other times, but all the time playing the same tune. Or like the picture: three windows, one view; **THREE CREEDS, ONE FAITH.**

16

THREE WINDOWS ONE VIEW



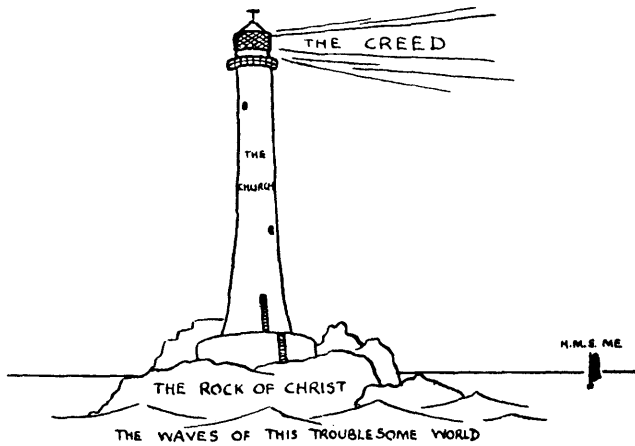
17

Sometimes grown-up people talk nonsense; or, as you might say, tripe, boloney. They say that it doesn't matter what you believe, so long as you do what is right. You can't do what is right, unless you have a right belief; nor can I, or any one. Suppose you were staying at St. Saviour's Orchard, Buxted, Sussex, our children's holiday home; you went into a field, and picked toadstools; then cooked and ate them, because you thought they were mushrooms. You would have at least a tummy-ache, perhaps something worse; because you had a wrong belief. Lots of people, grown-ups as well as children, have pains in their souls (far worse than tummy-aches), because they have wrong beliefs about God and the Christian religion.

Our Lord taught the right faith and belief to the Apostles, so that they might hand it on to others and in time it might reach you and me (like an enormous relay race, lasting for nineteen hundred years and more). They called it "the form of sound words" (2 *Timothy* 1, 13); "sound" here meaning "good," like a sound apple which isn't rotten inside. This was the first Creed, taught by the Apostles to people who wanted to be Christians in the days before the Bible was put together. (*Acts* 8, 26 to 39, if you have time to read it, is the story of one of these first Christians; verse 37 tells you what St. Philip made him say, before he would baptise him.) After our Lord had founded the Church and gone back to heaven on Ascension Day, God the Holy Ghost went on teaching this Creed to the Apostles, and is still teaching the Church to-day (*St. John* 16, 13).

You and I must know and understand The Apostles' Creed, "the form of sound words." (Every boy who is learning to be a printer knows what a "form" is, though it generally has an "e" at the end: it is the type set up and locked into the frame ready for printing.) In it are all the articles of the only right faith there is. It is like a bright light shining in a dark and stormy night, guiding His Majesty's ship "Me" through what the Baptism Service calls "the waves of this troublesome world" to the safe harbour of heaven.

17



18

I believe in God.

We can't see God yet, because he is Spirit (that is, has no human bodylike you and me) (*St. John* 4, 24). But we can know and believe in him, because he has given to each of us the power to do so. No one, not even the cleverest, can know *all* about him yet (*Job* 11, 7). But if you and I begin now, one day in heaven we shall know him perfectly (*St. John* 17, 3).

One evening, about a hundred and fifty-three years ago (more or less), when I was a small boy, my mother took me into our garden and showed me five stars which look rather like a W (Cassiopeia). "Whenever you see them," she said, "let them remind you that God, who made the stars and you and me, sees and watches over us W's wherever we are." I often thought of her words in night air-raids when I was going through the streets to have a look at you in your bunk in Baum's Shelter or at the Priory, and saw that same W above the searchlights and shell-bursts. Of course God loves and watches over you too, even if your name has no letter in the stars.

Sun: moon: stars: wind. Can any *man* make or control them? And you can believe in the wind, even though you cannot see it. Birds: flowers. Coal in the house to keep you warm (do you like a hot-water-bottle in bed at night? I do). Grain in the field under the straight furrows: snow, rain, wind, sunshine, before it can be reaped, stacked, ground in a wind-mill, become flour and bread. Fish, caught by men in boats. A steamer, partly over the horizon, taking people to Australia on the other side of the round world (I hope they will go to Adelaide: I know some nice people there). High and low tide. Night and day. These are SOME REASONS WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD.

Everything in Nature tells you that there must be Someone—a real, live, thinking, working, Person; far wiser and more powerful than any human being—who makes and controls it. That Someone is God. And the word "God" means "The Good One."

I think King David was right when he wrote the first half of the first verse of *Psalms* 14. Don't you?

18



19

I believe in God.

Not only things you can see tell you of God, but also the holy angels. They are usually pictured for us with wings, white robes, haloes of light round their heads; but this is only to help us to think about them. In our Bethlehem Play the angels wear white robes and have wings (though, as they are made of tissue paper and some of these angels are fairly fat, I doubt if they would be much use for flying): we can't afford haloes.

The holy angels too are spirits (*Psalms* 104, 4), not having bodies like ours (how lovely it must be never to grow tired, have a cold in the head or an earache!). The Bible is full of teaching and stories about them—Balaam and his donkey: our Lady St. Mary on March 25th: shepherds on Christmas night: our Lord's temptations in the wilderness: St. Peter in prison. Only God, who made them, knows how many millions and millions of them there are.

Some of their names end in "el" (Hebrew, "God"): Michael ("who is like God"), Gabriel ("hero of God"). Their greatest joy is to worship God in heaven (*Isaiah* 6, 1 to 3): a joy which we hope will one day be ours too, and of which we get a taste now every time we go to Mass and say or sing "Therefore with angels and archangels." [This week's picture is of Sarah Susannah Snatchpiece, in her best Sunday frock—how many coupons?—doing the same as an angel.]

The angels also come to this world, and bring messages from God ("angel" is a Greek word, meaning "messenger"); and every baptised person has a special Guardian Angel (*St. Matthew* 18, 10) to look after him or her all through life on earth.

As we think of, and read about, the angels (especially on September 29th); as we sing about them (English Hymnal 243, Ancient and Modern 335); as they come into our thoughts at Mass, they and we worshipping the same one God; each of us finds another reason for saying *I believe in God.*

19



IN EARTH



AS IT IS
IN HEAVEN

20

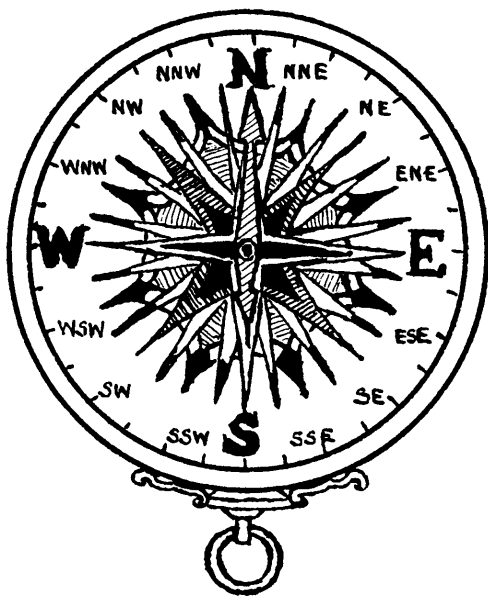
I believe in God.

Suppose your mother sent you with a shilling to the Co-op in Hackney Road to buy a shilling pot of marmalade, and you found that the price had gone down to elevenpence. On your way home you looked in Forecast's window in Dunloe Street, and saw a box of Mars, a penny each. "Buy it," one voice inside you might say; "mum won't know." "Don't," would certainly answer another voice inside you; "that would be stealing." It is another thing that tells us of God.

Everybody has been made by God "in his own image" (*Genesis* 1, 27). This means that each of us is something like God, not to look at, not in our outward bodily appearances, but in our inward souls. This is why none of us is really happy without God. Sin is often nice to think about, and sometimes rather fun to do; but afterwards we always wish that we hadn't done it. We are not happy when we have told lies, stolen (though I simply love Mars too), been unkind, or stayed away from the sacraments. Perhaps we pretend we don't care; but really, deep down inside us, we wish that we were truthful, honest, gentle, making our confessions and communions. For that is how we have been made by God, "The Good One."

Everybody has a conscience. This is God's Voice. It is, so to say, your heavenly compass. It does not tell you which is the north; but it does, and always will, tell you what is right and what is wrong. You can obey its still small voice, like Elijah (1 *Kings* 19, 9 to 13): or you can refuse to obey. But it always goes on saying "Don't do this," "You ought to do that." Some people say they can't believe in God, because they can't hear him. What is really the matter is that they *won't* hear him, refuse to listen to conscience. Like you, when you are playing cricket in Yorkton Street, mother calls you, you pretend not to hear her: (then she rolls up her right sleeve, and shouts "Come on, you; or I won't 'arf pay yer"—and I don't blame her). MY CONSCIENCE IS MY HEAVENLY COMPASS; and is another reason for saying *I believe in God.*

20



21

I believe in God.

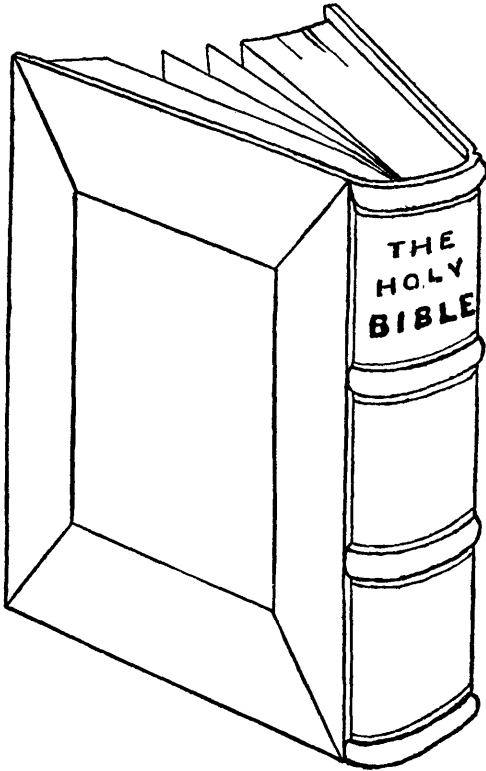
If I wanted to know all about Russia (which I should like to), and could not go there—for one reason because I haven't got enough money, am broke, skint, up the spout; for another because I must remain in Haggerston, at any rate while there's a war on—I should put on my hat, walk down Dunloe Street, turn to the right by The Brunswick Arms on which the oil-bomb fell, pass the Wardens' Post and the ruins of St. Mary's Church, turn to the left along Laburnum Street (where there are no laburnum trees), and go to the public library in Kingsland Road, nearly opposite burned-out St. Columba's clergy-house. There I should ask Mr. Jackson for books about Russia; and I should take them home and read them.

If I want to know (as of course I do) all that I can about God—more than I can find out from Nature, Angels, and Conscience—I read his book about himself, The Holy Bible. It is a large book: in fact it is sixty-six books, written at different times for God by holy men, collected into one book ("bible" is Greek for "book"). The copy which my godfather gave me when I was baptised—and, so they say, screamed and kicked all the time—is in small print; but it has two thousand pages. So it is not to be read in a hurry, if one wants to know and understand it.

All great Christians, wherever they lived, have been people who knew and loved the Bible. It is an international book, printed in every language. It is THE GOOD BOOK; God's own history-book about himself for all who want to know all there is to be known about him, until they reach heaven, are with him for ever, and so need no more books about him (*St. John* 20, 30 and 31).

It is impossible to read it without saying *I believe in God.*

21



22

Three men are looking at a house. "It is mine," says one; "because I made it." "True," says the second; "but it is also mine, for I bought it." "And," says the third, "it is mine too, since I live in it."

The first thing God taught people—the Jews, the Children of Israel, his "chosen race"—was that there is only one God (*Deuteronomy* 6, 4). This was not an easy thing for them to believe, for all the other nations believed in many different gods; in fact it took them many hundreds of years to learn it—to the end of the first part of the Bible, the Old Testament.

Then, when they really believed it, God taught people more about himself. The Son of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, came into the world to redeem and buy it back. He came from God, and himself was God (*St. John* 10, 30). And before he went back to heaven, he promised that he would send to every Christian God the Holy Ghost, to live in their souls. The Holy Ghost also came from God, and himself was God. So, in the New Testament, people learned that, although there is only one God, yet in the one God are three Persons—the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. (*St. Matthew* 3, 16 and 17: the Father speaks from heaven, the Son is baptised in the river by St. John Baptist, the Holy Ghost descends upon him in the form of a dove.)

This is called The Mystery of the Holy Trinity (a "mystery," Greek, is "something we cannot understand"; "trinity," from two Latin words, means "three in one"). You remember that I told you (16) that, although we must believe all the articles of the Christian Faith, we are not asked to understand them. This is one of them: that God is One, yet three Persons.

You are like that house. You belong to God the Father, who made you; to God the Son, who bought you; to God the Holy Ghost, who lives in you. God is always all round you, like a triangle whose sides are equal (equilateral).

So to-day's picture is of ME AND THE HOLY TRINITY.

22



OUR'S IS A NICE 'OUSE , OUR'S IS

23

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

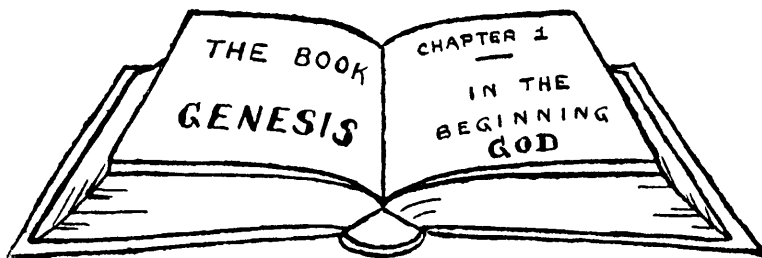
There was a time, twelve or thirteen years ago, when there was no such person as Bert Beelzebub Bubble, now monitor of row one; and, five or six years ago, when there was no such person as Bertha Belinda Bubble his sister, at the moment enjoying the Infants' Catechism in the hall. There was even a time—though nothing will induce me to tell you how long ago that was—when there was no Father Wilson. But there never was a time when there was not God. *Genesis*, the first book in the Bible, (it means “birth, source”) tells us how this world and the people and things in it began; but its first words say that God was before that. God never began (*Exodus* 3, 14): HE IS WITHOUT BEGINNING AND WITHOUT END.

One day God began to make this world and all that is in it. This is The Creation [to “create” means to “make something out of nothing”; a thing which only God Almighty (“all-mighty,” “able to do anything”) can do]. You can make things—a chair, a dress, a cricket-bat, a doll, a scooter, a picture of Father Wilson in Harold Lloyd spectacles; if you have the things to make them of. God made heaven, angels, world, man, animals, trees, sunshine, water, air, out of nothing (*Colossians* 1, 16 and 17).

When God finished his work of The Creation he looked at it all, and everything was perfect (*Genesis* 1, 31). In this fair world of his God never meant that there should be pain, illness, tears, cruelty, death, war; it is not God's fault that they are in it, as I will try to explain to you next week.

I begin my Creed by saying that I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our Father too because we have been baptised (*St. John* 20, 17), everybody's Father by creation (*Acts* 17, 28).

23



24

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

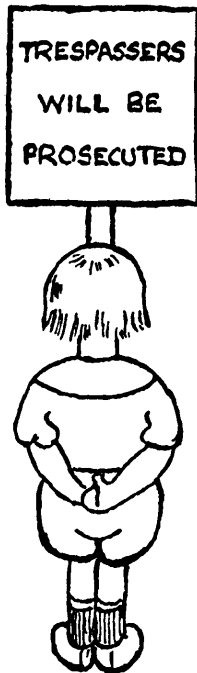
Man, when God made him, was "very good," like the rest of Creation. Then sin came into the world (*Genesis* 3, 1 to 6). So the beautiful world, and everything in it (including human beings), was spoiled and injured—as a clock, dropped on the floor, still tells the time, but gains or loses, is unreliable. Because of sin came pain, weary old age, sorrow, war, death. Because of sin, Adam and Eve were driven out of the beautiful garden, and had to live in a world of sorrow (*Genesis* 3, 23).

But this was not God's fault. When he made man he gave him what nothing else in the world has ever had, Free Will, the power to choose between right and wrong. God said to him, "There is one thing that you who live in Eden must not do." Man could obey him, or not, as he liked. SIN IS DISOBEDIENCE.

Thomas Tickletrout (whose hair, incidentally, needs cutting; and who has lost his gasmask) goes to Epping Forest on the Catechism Outing. He has the whole forest to play in except one part. A notice-board tells him quite plainly that he is not allowed there. He reads it, twiddles his thumb, says to himself, "Shall I?" He can, if he wants to; he has free will, the power to choose between right and wrong. But if he does, and is caught, he must not be surprised if he gets into trouble. The notice-board tells him that he will; but it is not the notice-board's fault if he does.

We are all descended from Adam and Eve. So each of us is born in the state of sin and misery which they brought on themselves. This is called Original Sin, Birth Sin. It is not our fault; we inherited it (like, perhaps, our parents' large noses, squints, ginger hair). It was washed off us in baptism. But it has left in each of us a fairly frequent wish to disobey what we know is God's Will, an inclination ("leaning," like a swerve on a cricket-ball) towards sin, a difficulty to listen to conscience and do what we know is right. Often, like T. Tickletrout, Esq., we think of sin and wonder, "Shall I?"

24



25

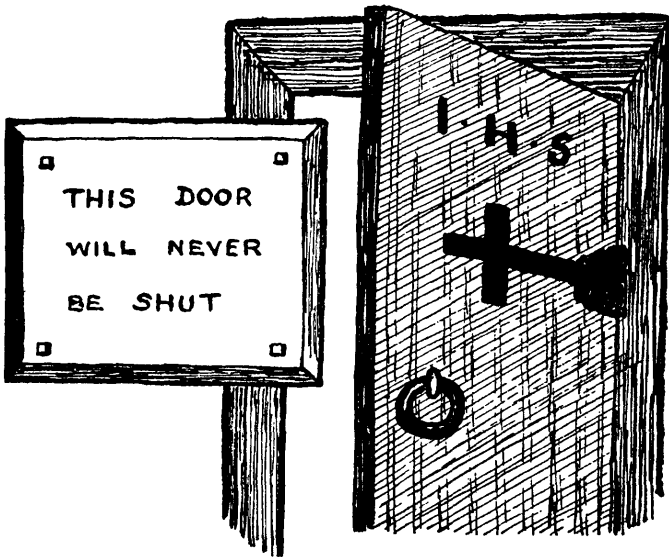
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord.

So man, made perfect by God, made himself imperfect (like the damaged clock) by sin. He was driven out of happiness by his own fault, and the door was shut against him (*Genesis 3, 24*). For thousands of years, all through the Old Testament time, no one could go to heaven. [So you will never say that sin does not matter, will you?]

But all the time God, who is Love (1 *St. John 4, 8*), kept on loving his world, and wanting men, women, boys, girls, to be with him in heaven. So he sent his only Son into it, to redeem it (*St. John 3, 16*). [“Redeem” means “buy back,” as people do with things they popped and pawned with “Uncle”—who has three brass balls outside his shop and a hooked nose on his face, finds it difficult to pronounce certain letters (“vot you tink?”), and has some fine old English name like Tholomon Ithaacthtein.]

God the Son, by his human life in this world and his human death on the cross, opened again the closed door between Haggerston (and everywhere else) and heaven: he redeemed the world. Never again will that door be shut. One day he said (*St. John 10, 9*): so to-day’s picture has in it a hinge like a cross, and three capital letters which you often see in church—they are really Greek, though they look like English, and stand for our Lord’s name written in short: a Greek capital J is like our I; and a capital long E like an English H. Underneath you write what you say so often at the end of a prayer, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD; because (*Romans 6, 23*).

25



26

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord.

Every word in the Creed is important. "And" means that whatever I do towards God the Father (believe in him, worship and trust him) I also do towards God the Son; because of the Holy Trinity (22).

Jesus is our Lord's earthly name. Before he became Man and was born a human baby at Bethlehem, his name was "the Word" (*St. John* 1, 1). St. Joseph his guardian (not his father, as I will explain next week) was told to give him this name Jesus by the angel Gabriel (*St. Matthew* 1, 21). It means "Saviour," as Gabriel explained at the same time. It is the same name as Joshua, the great Old Testament soldier who led the Jews to the Promised Land; for it is the Lord Jesus who leads us, and all who are willing to follow him, to the Promised Land of Heaven.

It is the holiest name on earth, and is especially honoured on August 7th. Like Selina Shovealfpenny, you always bow your head AT THE NAME OF JESUS, whether you say or hear it, in or out of church. And absolutely never do you use such a swear-word as "Gee," which means "Jesus."

Christ is our Lord's title, the same as Messiah in the Old Testament (*St. John* 4, 25); like *Lady Snooks, His Majesty King George, Doctor Pills, Mother Cicely, Mr. and Mrs. Soandso*. It means "anointed." A king is anointed with oil at his coronation: our Lord was anointed with the Holy Ghost (*Acts* 10, 38). It is the holiest title on earth; so you do not use it either as a swear-word, or say "Crikey" which means the same.

26



27

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary.

The Creed's second article tells you who our Lord is, and why he came to this world. This, the third article, tells you how he came.

He came in the same way as you, I, every one, because in all things (except only sin) he wished to share our lives: he was born a baby of a human mother. Yet he came in a different way. He had no human father. He was born by the power of God the Holy Ghost ("ghost" only means "spirit, a living person who has no human body") coming to the Virgin Mary (*St. Luke 1, 26 to 35*). St. Joseph was not the father of Jesus: he was his guardian (*St. Matthew 2, 14 and 21*), and a kinder, more unselfish gentleman never lived. Our Lord in his boyhood honoured and obeyed him as his father (*St. Luke 2, 48 and 51*); just as all nice Christian children honour their parents, and should always obey them (unless, of course, they tell them to sin).

This birth of Jesus is a miracle ("something to marvel and wonder at"), for no baby can be born without both a father and a mother except by a miracle. It was a new thing in the world. Jesus was born without original sin (24). He always was Perfect God; all through his human life, which began when the angel Gabriel talked to his mother on a March 25th, and which is still going on in heaven, he always was also Perfect Man. It was only by being without any sign or trace of sin that he could be the Saviour of all us imperfect and sinning people.

He was born, poor like so many Haggerston children, on December 25th, Christmas Day ("Christ's Mass," "Christ's Feast"). In a stable Mary wrapped him in swaddling clothes (*St. Luke 2, 7*) ("strips of linen," often wrapped round babies by their mothers in those days), and laid him in a cattle-trough ("manger").

He was, as he is, JESUS, GOD AND MAN.

27



28

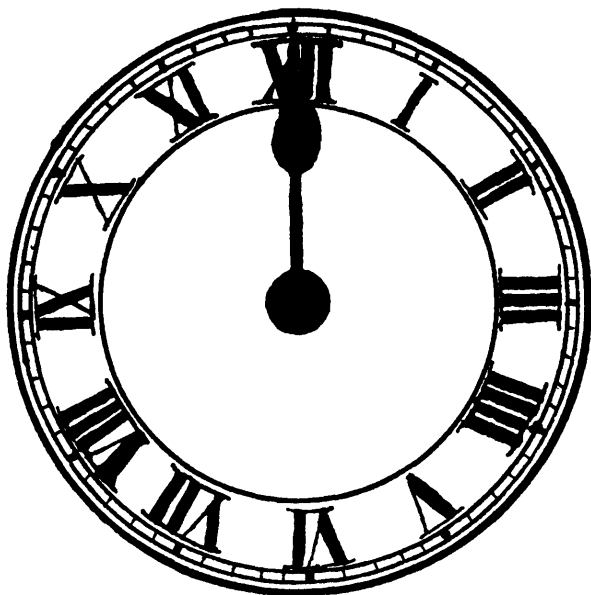
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary.

At present, as I have no doubt you have heard, there's a war on. But it won't last for ever. Nothing horrible and nothing bad can last for ever. When it is over, St. Augustine's one cracked old church bell will ring again (perhaps some day it will have a new one). Then, when you are leaving school to go home to dinner (lots of roast beef, spuds, greens, and "afters": no more ration-books), you will hear that bell ring at twelve o'clock three times three, and nine. This is the Angelus (Latin, "angel"). It is rung to remind us every day of our Lord's birth at Bethlehem, because of what Angel Gabriel said. It is a memorial of his Incarnation [Latin, "taking for himself a human body" (*St. John* 1, 14)].

On Christmas Day he was made Man, but from all eternity he was God. So the Church calls holy Mary "Mother of God." All the time, and all her life, she was a Pure Virgin (27): so another of her titles is "Ever Virgin." Therefore, because God honoured her so highly, we love and honour her above all the Saints, and call her our Lady. (I think that all swear-words are horrible, and "bloody" the most horrible: it may mean "by our Lady"). Of course we do not worship her: she would not wish us to do so, for she was always most humble (*St. Luke* 1, 38); and people only worship God. But we may, and like to, ask her to pray for us, as we try to be the sort of people her Son wants us to be. We have, too, her statue in church (why not? if Nelson's statue is in Trafalgar Square).

So, at midday (also in the morning and evening), many Christians all over the world say, when the Angelus rings, "HAIL, MARY, full of grace. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women. And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners; now, and at the hour of our death."

28



29

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried.

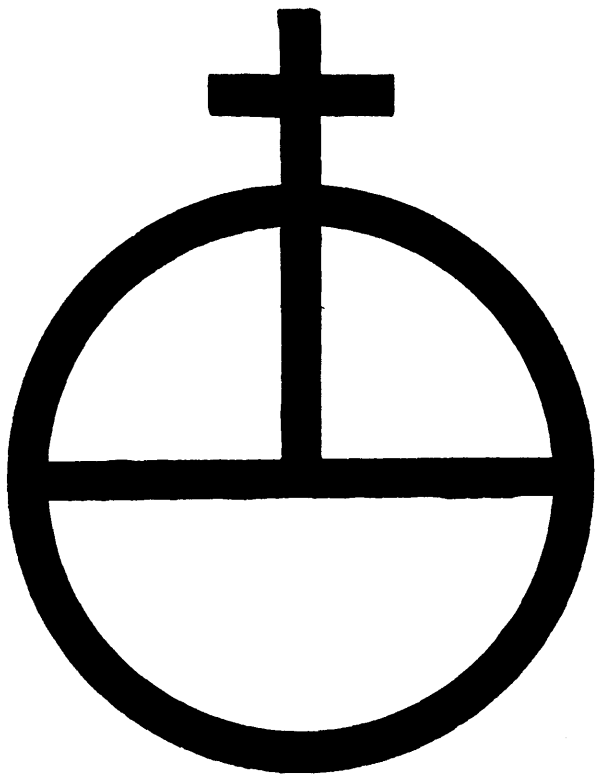
If you live in Yorkton Street (as many of "the best people" do), or in Tuilerie Street (naturally pronounced *Too-ler-ee* by some of the other best people who live there), you pass on your way home from Scawfell Street School St. Saviour's Priory, where the Sisters live. In its red brick wall in Dunloe Street are blue bricks in the pattern of the Sisters' badge, the Cross standing on the World.

Our Lord came to this world, both to show us what God is like, and to redeem us, to open again the door to heaven closed by man's sin (25). "There was no other good enough, To pay the price of sin; He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in." He could only do this by suffering willingly the most terrible pains of body and mind (*St. Matthew* 26, 38; *St. Luke* 22, 44; *St. Matthew* 27, 26 and 29); by being crucified for six hours; by dying on the cross. Man brought sin into the world; only man could redeem the world, redeem it, "pay the price of sin."

We think especially of our Lord's sufferings in Lent (the forty days when we try to be extra sorry for our sins): its last two weeks are Passion ("suffering") Week and Holy Week. Good Friday, the day on which he died, is for all us Christians the most solemn day in the year. But never, even at the happiest times in the year, do we forget THE CROSS THAT SAVED THE WORLD. Always in St. Augustine's the rood (old English, "cross") looks down on us as we worship. A crucifix is on every altar. On the priest's vestments as he says Mass is the cross. Its holy sign is made on every baby's forehead in baptism; often we make it on ourselves. Round the church hang on the walls the fourteen Stations of the Cross, pictures of what happened on Good Friday. The blue bricks are never taken out of the red wall.

"Under Pontius Pilate," when he was Roman Governor of Judaea in Palestine, our Lord, in his manhood thirty-three years old, made the cross the glorious badge, not only of the Priory Sisters, but also of every Christian.

29



30

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried.

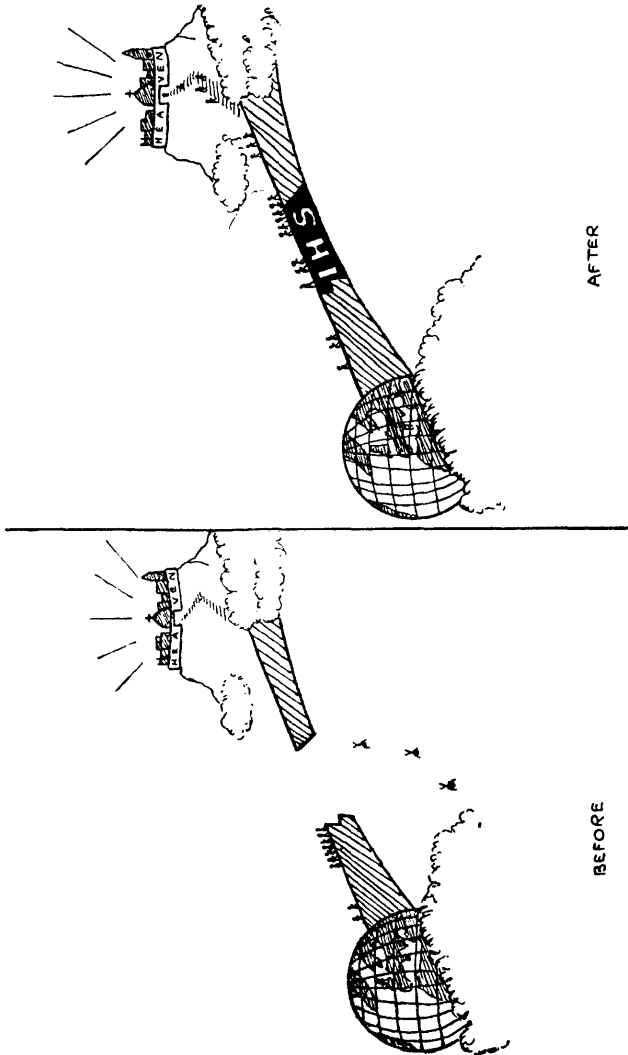
By his perfect human life, and by his sufferings and death, our Lord brought together again what had been separated— God and man, heaven and earth. This is called **THE ATONEMENT** (“at-one-ment,” “making at one two who were apart from each other”). There was once a man who had a tremendous row with his wife, left her, and went and lived somewhere else. Both were my friends, and I don’t like to see my friends unhappy. One evening he came to see me in the clergy-house : the next evening she came : on the evening after that they both came together, and they made up the quarrel, were “at one” again. What I did for them was something like what our Lord did for the whole world.

Only he, both God and Man, could have done it. Only he knew the holiness of God and the awfulness of sin. Only he could make a perfect act of sorrow for the sins of the whole world, for only he could know them all. In the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane (*St. Luke 22, 39 to 44*), and during those three hours on the cross when, although it was midday, it was as dark as midnight (*St. Luke 23, 44*), of his own free will he took into his pure and sinless soul all the sins of the whole wide world, including yours and mine (for there is no Time with God). This was so awful that he even thought God the Father had left him ; and cried (*St. Mark 15, 34*).

But he made at-one-ment for you, me, and all who will have it.

All our hope of heaven one day comes from Good Friday “through Jesus Christ our Lord.” So now you know why we love the crucifix.

30



31

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried.

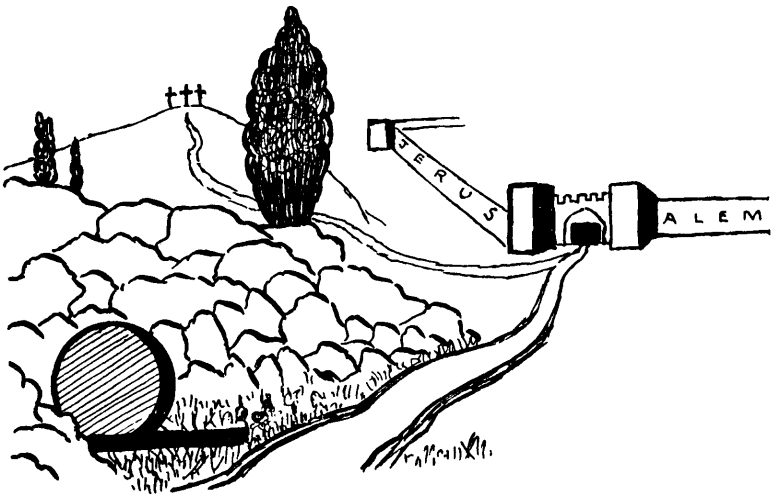
Our Lord died at three on Good Friday afternoon (*St. Matthew* 27, 45 to 50: "ninth hour" means nine hours after six in the morning, when people then said each day began). He died of his own free will (*St. John* 19, 30, "gave up his life"); as he had said that he would (*St. John* 10, 17 and 18).

At death soul and body are separated. The body dies, and is buried. The soul, which can never die, leaves it, and goes into life in the next world (1). The two whom I love more than any one else have died. When I go to the grave in which their bodies lie, to see if it is clean and tidy, and if the daffodils planted in its earth have blossomed, I know that they are not there under the ground; their real selves, their souls, never were and never could be "dead, and buried." They are to-day as alive on the other side of death as ever they were on this side.

This was so with our Lord; as you would expect, since he came to share all our life. At three on that afternoon his soul left his crucified body, and went into the next world. (*St. John* 19, 38 to 42) tells us about the funeral. In the evening, before six o'clock, two men who were his friends climbed ladders resting against the arms of the cross, pulled out the nails, lowered his dead body to the ground. It was washed and "embalmed" (*St. John* 19, 40). Then it was carried down Golgotha (the crucifixion-hill) to a nearby garden. There it was laid in a new tomb, which belonged to Joseph his friend and was cut out of the rock. The door of the tomb was a large heavy round stone, which moved in a groove made for it. When all possible had been done, his friends rolled the stone door shut. The holy human body of Jesus, Saviour of the World, was DEAD AND BURIED. In the tomb it lay, still, cold, lifeless, alone; through Friday night, through the next day and night (Holy Saturday), until an unknown moment early in the following morning (Easter Sunday).

Be sure to read (*St. Matthew* 27, 62 to 66): very important.

31



32

He descended into hell.

On Good Friday afternoon our Lord's soul left his body: he died. His body was buried, as yours and mine will be when we die. His living soul went to that place which lies between earth and heaven, and is neither; the place to which all departed souls go at death.

The Creed calls this place Hell. Nowadays this word means the place of torment and punishment, where the devil and the wicked will always be. But when the Creed was written it did not mean this at all. It meant "the hidden place, the covered place, the place out of sight."

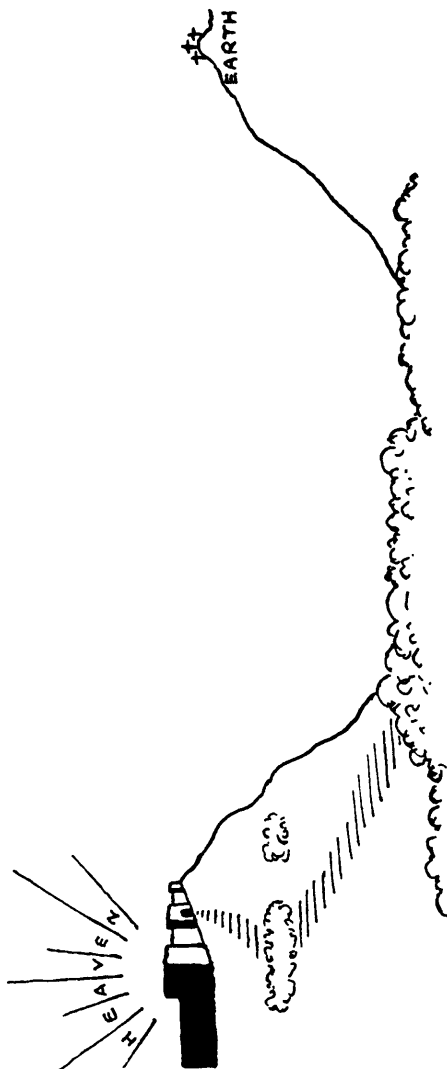
The Bible, in the language in which it was first written, had two different names for the two different places of departed souls. Gehenna; which meant the place of eternal punishment for the wicked, as we now mean by Hell. Hades: which meant the place of waiting for those not yet fit to go to heaven, but who one day will be. Hell in the Creed means the second, not the first. Of course it would be unthinkable that the sinless soul of Jesus should go to the place of the wicked to be punished.

Hades has other names. The Jews in our Lord's day called it Abraham's Bosom (*St. Luke* 16, 19 to 31). Our Lord's name for it was Paradise (*St. Luke* 23, 39 to 43); a Greek word meaning a garden. The Church to-day also calls it Purgatory; that is, a place of purifying, making clean (42).

There, on that first Good Friday night and Holy Saturday, our Lord visited all the good people who had died before he came and "mended the bridge" to heaven (30). He gave his life for them, as well as for every one else. He made Atonement for them also. So, naturally, he went and told them what he had done, and how the way to heaven was now open to them (1 *St. Peter* 3, 19).

So in what, perhaps, looks like either cotton-wool or steam, but is meant to be clouds, you write THE HIDDEN PLACE.

32



33

The third day he rose again from the dead.

There was once a Frenchman who invented a new religion. It seemed to him that it was the best religion there ever had been. The only trouble was that nobody but himself would believe in it. He asked a friend why this was. This is the answer he received. "I agree with you, mon cher" (that is how French friends always talk to each other), "that it is a splendid religion. In fact it only has one fault. We cannot tell whether it is true. Now there is quite a simple way by which you can prove its truth for us. If you will say, 'At a certain fixed time after my death, I will come back to life: you shall all see me, talk to me, eat and drink with me'; then, after you have died and we have put you in your grave, you do come back to life *at precisely the time when you said you would*—well then, mon cher, I promise you that you will find plenty of people to believe in your new religion."

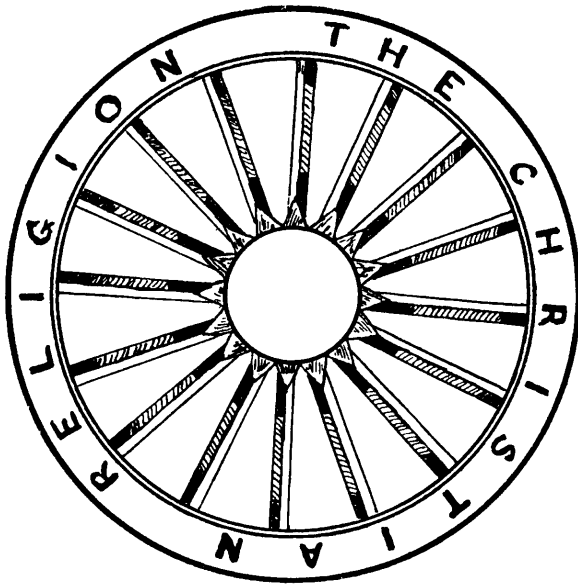
This is exactly what our Lord did. He made his Resurrection (rising again) from the dead the proof of his new religion, Christianity. THE THIRD DAY—which you write in the hub of the wheel—was to be the proof on which the whole of The Christian Religion depended (take away the hub and any wheel falls to pieces). Many times during the year before his crucifixion he said that he would die, be buried, and return to this life again at a certain fixed moment (*St. Luke 18, 31 to 34*). But not even his disciples could believe it would happen; though he said so clearly that it would that his enemies (*St. Matthew 27, 62 to 66*).

Then it did happen; *exactly when he said it would*.

Therefore The Christian Religion is true. Jesus Christ really is The Son of God (for only God could do such a wonderful thing). He really did give his life to redeem us and bring about our atonement (30).

There are many religions in the world, but only one gives proof that it is true. That is Christianity. The proof is the Resurrection.

33



34

The third day he rose again from the dead.

. . . Friday, . . . Saturday, . . . Sunday (can you fill in the missing words?). It was very early in the morning of The Third Day that holy women returned to the tomb in the garden. To their surprise they found it empty, and an angel said, "He is risen" (*St. Mark* 16, 1 to 8).

On that first Easter Sunday the friends of Jesus saw him six times; and St. Mary Magdalene, once a sinner who was sorry, was the first of all (*St. Mark* 16, 9). [However greatly you or I may sin, always our Lord will forgive us, if only we are sorry, and say so.]

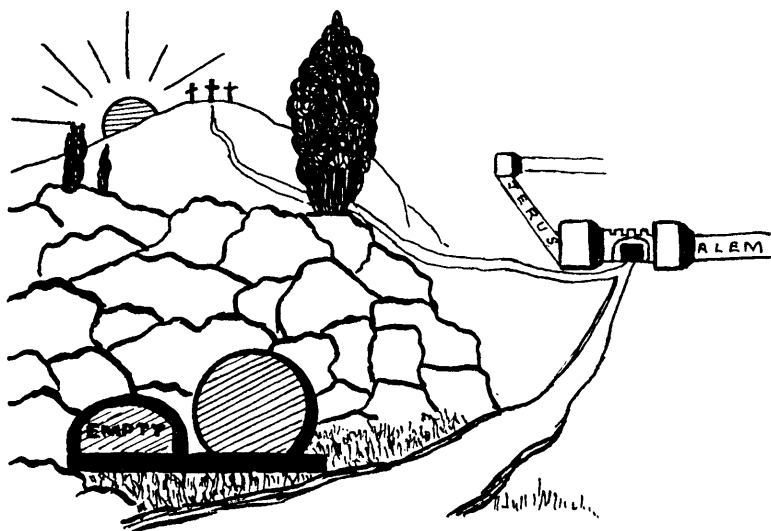
His risen body was the same body, and it was a real one (*St. Luke* 24, 36 to 43: ghosts don't eat, and you can't handle, touch them). But it was a spiritual body (*St. John* 20, 19): locked doors could no more keep Jesus out, than a sealed tomb could keep him in.

During the next six weeks, almost (forty days between Easter Sunday and Ascension Day), many saw, touched, spoke to, ate with our risen Lord (*Acts* 1, 3); on one occasion they numbered more than five hundred (1 *Corinthians* 15, 6); for it was most important that everybody who believed in him should be quite sure that on "the third day he rose again from the dead." If he had not, after saying that he would, all his teaching would have been false; the Apostles would have gone back to their money-making and fishing; The Church would never have been started; and after a few years everybody would have forgotten both Christ and Christianity. The wheel would have had no hub.

But on that wonderful third morning, when the sun rose over the hill of death, the round stone had been rolled away by angels, there was nothing and nobody in the tomb. Our Lord had won. Satan was beaten. You and I were saved. Heaven can be ours.

EASTER DAY IS VICTORY DAY.

34



35

He ascended into heaven.

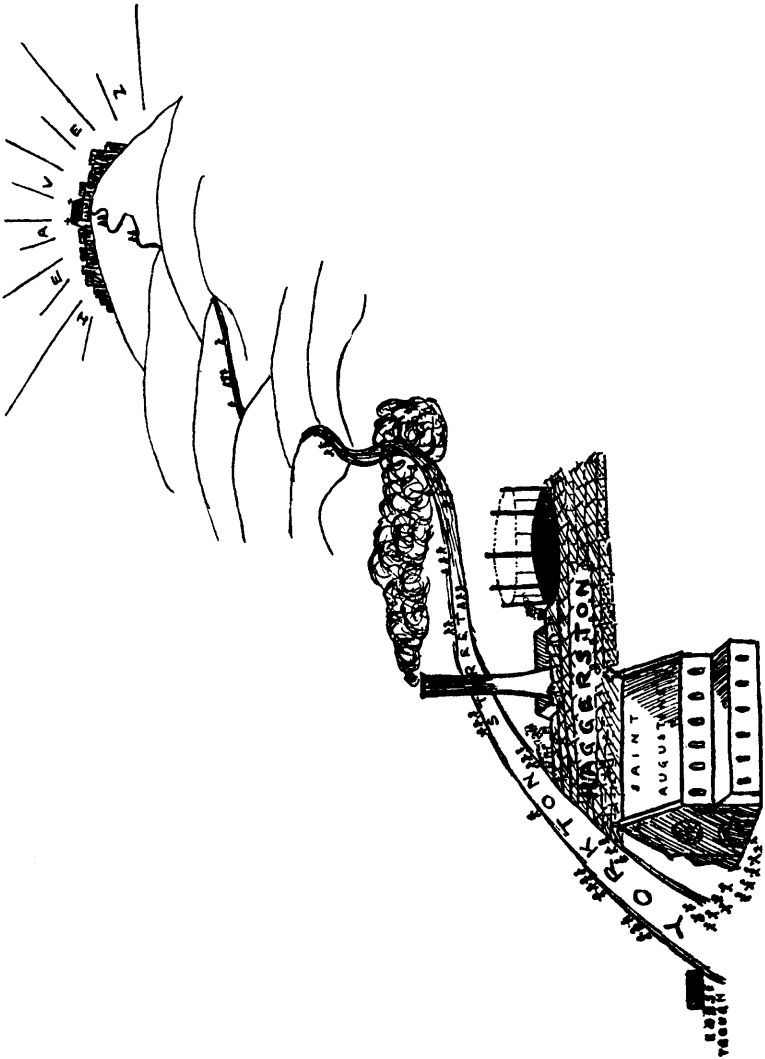
On a Thursday, forty days after Easter Sunday, our Lord went back from Bethany (*St. Luke 24, 51*) to the heaven from which he had come thirty-three years before. A cloud hid him from human sight (*Acts 1, 9*).

During this first Eastertide he had proved to his eleven Apostles (why only eleven? *Acts 1, 15 to 26* tells you how the number was made up again to twelve—though I always feel a bit sorry for Joseph Barsabas, don't you?) that he was really risen from the dead, had told them to take Christianity to every one (*St. Matthew 28, 19*), had taught them about the Church and the Sacraments (*Acts 1, 3*), and had promised them that although they would no longer be able to see him on earth he would never be far from them (*St. Matthew 28, 20*).

Then, with hands still marked with the scars of the wounds made forty-three days before, he blessed them, and returned on Ascension Day to heaven his home.

When he left heaven, to go to his Mother Mary and Bethlehem, he was God: when he went back, he was God and Man. It is most important that you and I should never forget this; that we should always remember that on Ascension Day the Lord Jesus did not leave behind at Bethany his human body and his human soul. Because, you see, it means that in heaven now, on this Sunday afternoon more than nineteen hundred years after, he is still Man, one of us, our Brother, our Man as well as our Lord; and that it is in our power to follow him there. Heaven is our home, as well as his, because of Ascension Day. EVERY ROAD MAY BE A ROAD TO HEAVEN: even if it is a not particularly clean small street in which are a horse-trough, a number of little houses, The Mother Kate Homes, gasworks, The Duke of York, and a St. Augustine's Church.

35



36

He ascended into heaven, And sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty.

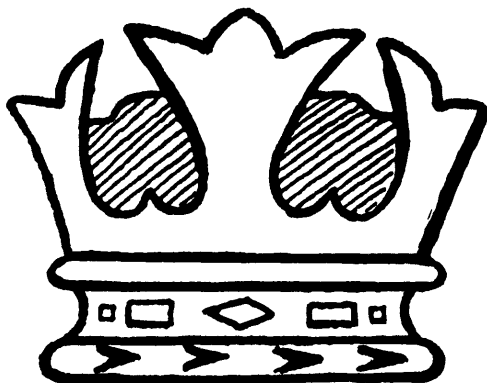
This article of the Creed does not mean that since Ascension Day our Lord has been sitting on a gold throne or in a comfortable armchair in heaven. It means that, not only is God the Son equal in all respects to God the Father, but also that, as Man, Jesus is king of all this world (*Revelation* 19, 11 to 16). Always, when we talk or think about God and heaven, we know that even our best words and finest thoughts are not really suitable (try to describe a sunset; still less can we describe the Holy Trinity and eternity).

When a Roman General—not one of Mussolini's Wops, but a real soldier in the days when the Roman army was the finest in the world—had won a war, he was given a Triumph. At the head of his victorious soldiers he marched through his home-town, the streets of which were thronged with cheering people paying him honour. Our Lord's Ascension was his Triumph. Not with a great army, but alone—alone he had won the greatest victory there ever has been—he returned home. His glorified human body, still marked with the wounds received in the Battle of Golgotha, is adored in heaven by its inhabitants, the archangels and angels (*Hebrews* 2, 9). He is head of the whole Church (*Ephesians* 1, 22). His glory adorns even heaven (*Revelation* 21, 22 and 23). For ever CHRIST IS KING.

In his glory and honour you and I share; since he is Man, our elder brother, still one of us. When some of London's first bombs fell on Haggerston, and people were killed, one of St. Augustine's boy scouts was so brave in rescuing people that he received a Scout Honour. His parents, brother, and sisters, shared in Bob's distinction. We are members of Christ's Family the Church; the glory of King Jesus is our glory too.

The last Sunday in October is the Feast of Christ the King; but all the year round we share the honour of our victorious elder brother, who said (*St. John* 14, 2).

36



37

From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

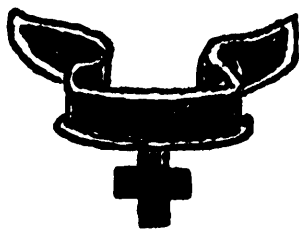
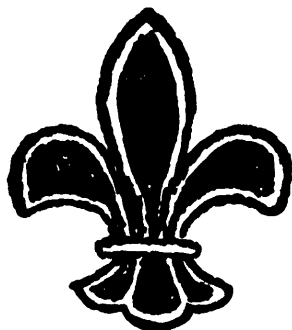
“Thence” means “that place,” heaven. “Quick” is an old English word meaning “living” (like the quick of a finger-nail; or, as a boy once said, “The quick are the people who cross the road safely; the dead are those who don’t”).

At our Lord’s Ascension angels said that he will return to this world (*Acts* 1, 10 and 11). This will be The Second Advent (Latin, “coming”); The First was on the first Christmas Day. Of this Second Coming we think especially during Advent, the four weeks in December. But as nobody knows when it will be, a million years from now or next week, WISE CHRISTIANS ARE PREPARED, living always ready to go to God at any moment.

At the Second Advent this world will cease to be; and there will take place The Judgment, when all who have ever lived in it (including the “quick,” those living in it at the moment) will be judged by our Lord as fit for either eternal heaven or eternal hell. As he is both perfect God and perfect Man he will be a fair and just judge, having no favourites, loving us all. He will judge our thoughts (*1 Corinthians* 4, 5), words (*St. Matthew* 12, 36 and 37), deeds (*Revelation* 20, 12 and 13), and duties left undone (*St. Matthew* 25, 42 and 43); all our secrets; every sin that we thought nobody knew anything about, that we had even ourselves forgotten. But we shall have nothing to fear if the motto of the Seventeenth Shoreditch (or any other Scout Group) has been ours.

Hell is the place of unending separation from God, meant only for the devil and his evil angels (*St. Matthew* 25, 41). Heaven is the place of unending happiness with God, meant for every one of us (*St. Matthew* 25, 34). There is only one heaven, only one hell: to one or the other we must all go one day. It is common sense for Christians to “Be prepared.” [In to-day’s picture, instead of a bit of wire there is something else to remind you of your promises.]

37



38

I believe in the Holy Ghost.

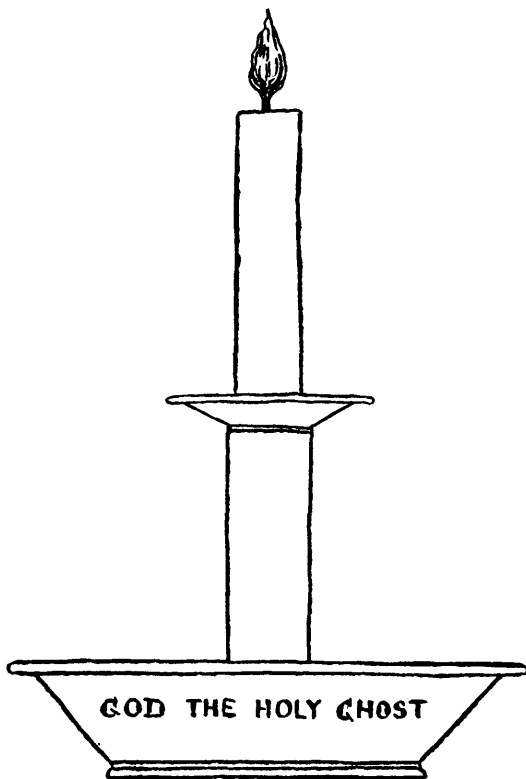
This ninth article of the Creed begins a new paragraph. The first paragraph was about the work of God the Father, the second about that of God the Son: the third is about God the Holy Ghost, and what he does.

He is the Third Person of the Holy Trinity (22); a real person, as truly God as are the First and Second Persons (*Acts* 5, 3 and 4). He is the Life-Giver (*Genesis* 1, 2). He lived in Adam until sin drove him out. He returned to the human race in our Lord's sinless manhood (*St. John* 1, 32). On the first Feast of Pentecost, or Whit Sunday (ten days after Ascension Day; "pentecost" means fifty, fifty days after Easter Sunday), he came to the young Christian Church to be its life and guiding light (*Acts* 2, 1 to 4: "tongues of fire," "rushing mighty wind"—light and life). He lives in every Christian soul.

You go out in the black-out. If you have no torch you bump into a lamp-post, knock yourself against a Belisha Beacon, run into other people, trip over the curb-stone, perhaps fall into the horse-trough. Life is rather like walking in the black-out; temptations all around to trip you up, easy to lose your way and take the wrong turning, doubts and questions to worry you, and often God seems very far away. But, since you are a Christian, you have God the Holy Ghost, LIGHT IN DARKNESS. He speaks to you through The Church, by The Holy Bible, in your Conscience: leading you through all the difficulties of life on earth to life in heaven where there is no night. It is he who puts good thoughts into your mind, helps you to go to confession, brings our Lord to you in Holy Communion, teaches you how to say your prayers, and is the life of your undying soul.

He comes to you in full at your Confirmation. So I will tell you more about him later.

38



39

The holy Catholick Church. (Nowadays the k is left out.)

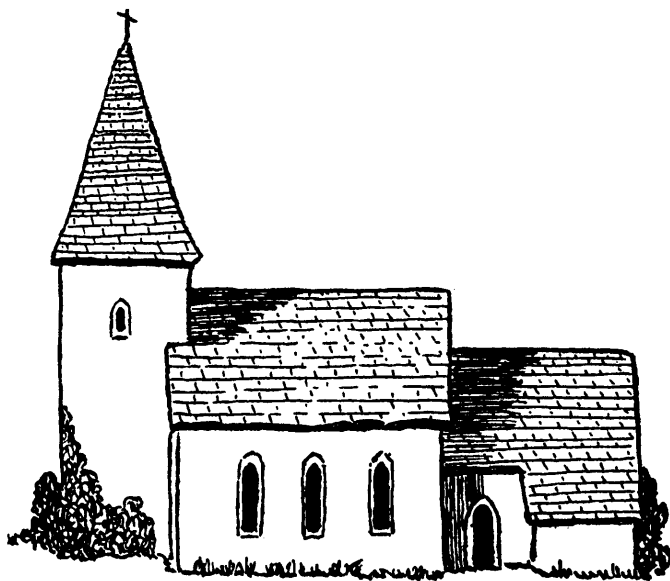
It was about two in the morning when the bomb fell on St. Mary's Church, Haggerston. A great black column of smoke and dust rose into the moonlit sky; windows in St. Augustine's clergy house, half a mile away, were broken. I went to see if any one had been hurt. Nobody had; but the church was just a grey heap of ruins. Overhead Hitler's aeroplanes droned on. Bombs fell. A barrage-balloon caught fire and drifted slowly away.

A church is a building ("church" means "something belonging to God," "God's House"). It can be destroyed. **THE CHURCH IS THE SOCIETY OF GOD'S PEOPLE** (a school means the boys and girls in it, as well as the building in which they learn lessons). It can never be destroyed (*St. Matthew* 16, 18).

The Church is God's Kingdom (*St. John* 18, 36). Our Lord is the king (36). All who have been baptised are his subjects. In The Church on earth we learn the rules of the kingdom (*Ephesians* 4, 11 and 12), and receive grace and the sacraments to keep them. But God's Kingdom is not only on earth (42 and 43).

The Church's birthday is Whit Sunday ("White Sunday," because it used to be the principal Baptism Day), or the Feast of Pentecost (38). On the first Whit Sunday there were only a hundred and twenty Christians in the world. Then came God the Holy Ghost. As he made the first man a living soul (*Genesis* 2, 7), so he made The Church a living and growing society. At the end of the first Whit Sunday there were more than three thousand Christians (*Acts* 2 tells you all about it). God the Holy Ghost is The Church's life and light to-day; and always will be, so long as there are days.

39



A CHURCH . BUT

40

The holy Catholick Church.

Abe and his small son Mahershalalhashbaz had waited a long time in the queue for the bus that would take them home down Whitechapel Road. At last they reached its head and were about to step gladly on to the conductor's platform, when a large Gentile pushed them aside and the bus moved off without them. "Daddy," said young M., "wath it not wrong of that man to take our plathe in the buth?" "Yeth, my thon." "Daddy, do you think God vill punish him?" "My thon, God hath already punished him. I have hith gold vatch." And showed him the hallmark.

People have made other "churches" (The Baptist Church, The Methodist Church, The Church of Christ Scientist). How can you be sure that you belong to The True Church, founded by our Lord? By making certain that it has The Four Marks. These are ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC; which I should like you to write in the four quarters of the flag in this week's picture.

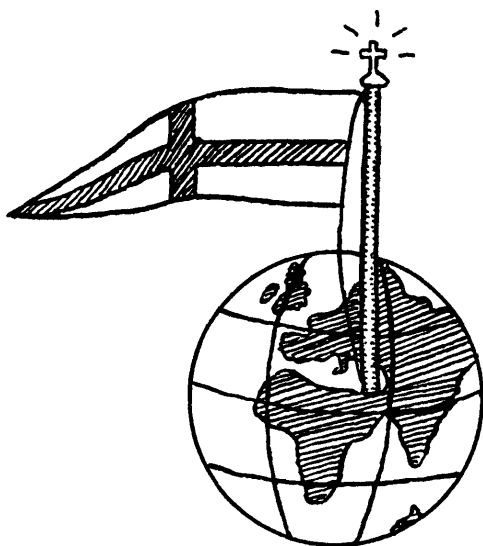
The Church is One; because she has one head (*Ephesians* 4, 5), and one head can only have one body; also because she has the same seven sacraments all the world over.

The Church is Holy; because God the Holy Ghost lives in her (*Ephesians* 2, 22), and because her work is to bring people to God.

The Church is Catholic (Greek, meaning the same as Latin "omnibus," "for every one"). She is for all people at all times (*St. Matthew* 28, 19); as a Number Six bus is for all people who want to travel down Hackney Road. She teaches the whole truth everywhere.

The Church is Apostolic. She can trace her descent back to the Apostles. A man is ordained priest by a bishop, who was consecrated by a bishop, who himself was consecrated by a bishop; and so on, in an unbroken line to the days when the Apostles ordained the first priests. In St. Paul's Cathedral is a list of the Bishops of London; the first lived fifteen hundred years ago. The first Archbishop of Canterbury was consecrated in A.D. 597.

40



41

The holy Catholick Church.

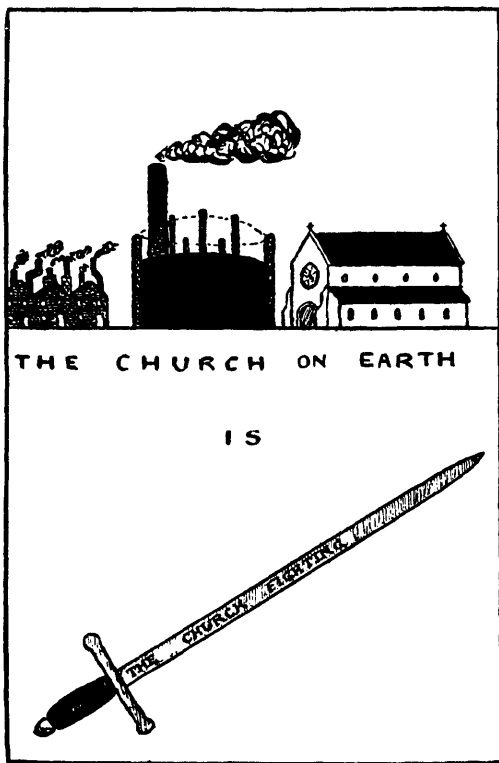
Araminta Appleyard, twelve, sitting in row three, pushed up in her Sunday best, surreptitiously sucking the remains of a toffee-apple. Leonard Lionel Longshanks, fourteen, Catechism bellringer, proud of his first long trousers. Father H. A. Winkle, in his old black cassock and large spectacles. Old Mrs. Snodgrass in the Mother Kate Homes, deaf, crooked with rheumatism. They don't look much like soldiers in battle-dress, do they? But they are. For at their baptism the priest said :

We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him (or her) with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.

The Church in this world is The Church Fighting. "Let us pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant (military, fighting) here in earth," says the priest at Mass as he begins the long prayer after the offertory (the offering of the bread and wine to be consecrated The Body and Blood of Christ). Every baptised person in it (and baptism is the only means of admission) is Christ's soldier and servant, faithful or otherwise as he or she wills. The "battle-dress" is the sign of the cross made on the forehead at baptism. The enemy is the devil and sin. Satan is as real as Hitler. The war is longer and fiercer than that against the Axis, it will go on so long as the world lasts; but its victorious end also is sure (*St. Matthew* 10, 34).

Until we leave this world you and I, if we are not ashamed of being known as Christians, will have to fight against those three enemies, two outside, one inside, of which we learned in instructions about Holy Baptism (10, 11, 12). It is hard to be a good Christian (*St. Luke* 9, 23); and, for most of us, the older we grow, the harder it seems to be. But there is an end to everything of this world, even war; and The Church is not only militant, and not only here in earth.

41



42

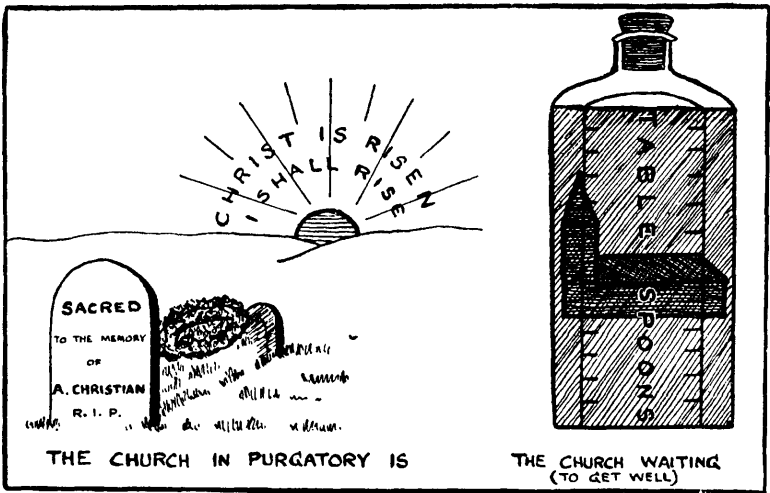
The holy Catholick Church.

When someone in Haggerston has died I sometimes hear people say, "He has gone to heaven." Now and then, when I am taking the burial-service at Bow or Chingford, I see white flowers on the coffin arranged like open gates, with "Heaven" written across them in violets and a dove (the departed person) flying through them. Or at times the flowers are made to look like a broken pillar, as if life had broken off and ceased. But death is no more than the separation of soul and body. The body dies and is buried: the soul does not die, is not buried at Bow or anywhere else. Life has not been broken off, does not cease (31); though life in this part of God's Kingdom, The Church Fighting or Militant here in earth, has ended. And if heaven is, as it must be, the place of absolute perfection (*Revelation* 21, 27), it seems unlikely that human souls go there *immediately* their bodies die.

A good man's life on earth ends. He certainly does not deserve to go to hell. Because he is good he would be the first to say that he does not deserve heaven—*yet*. Our Lord teaches (*St. Luke* 16, 19 to 31 and *St. Luke* 23, 43) that "the faithful departed" go at death to a place between earth and heaven, that is neither; and that there they are made fit for the perfect heaven which they have earned. This The Church calls Purgatory (32) ("purging, purifying, cleansing"). But "once a Christian, always a Christian." The good man has not left The Church, is still a member of God's Kingdom (*St. Luke* 23, 43). He has passed from The Church Fighting to The Church Waiting (expectant).

So we go to Requiem ("rest") Masses for the dead, and remember them in our daily prayers. We pray that they may R.I.P. ("requiescant in pace," "rest in peace"); that they may be made pure of all imperfections; and so pass joyfully, still in The Church, to the perfection of heaven. We may think of them as in God's Hospital, being made well by him.

42



THE CHURCH IN PURGATORY IS

THE CHURCH WAITING
(TO GET WELL)

43

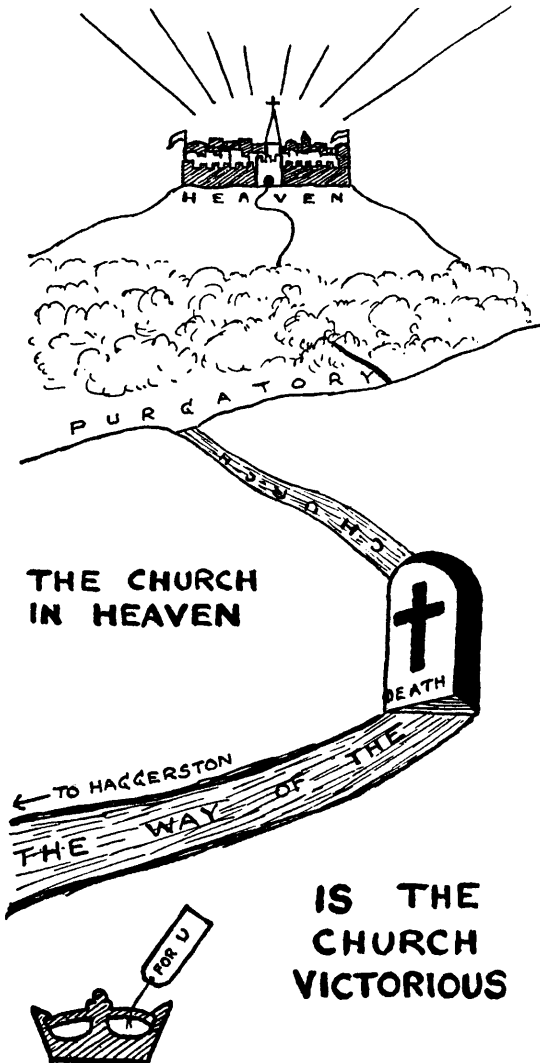
The holy Catholick Church.

The Church, God's Kingdom, The Society of God's People, is not only fighting and militant in earth, waiting and expectant in purgatory. It is also triumphant and victorious in heaven. There, as here, it is the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. St. John, whom our Lord called his best friend (*St. John* 13, 23), to whom at his death he entrusted his mother (*St. John* 19, 25 to 27), saw it before he left this world. His book, Revelation, is a description of it; you will especially like Chapter 21.

In The Church Victorious are the Saints (French, "holy"; Latin, "sanctus"). They once lived in this world; were men, women and children exactly like us (*Hebrews* 11, 37 and 38). They were baptised into the same Church Militant; and had to fight throughout life here against the same three enemies. Many of them sinned and failed often; but none of them ever gave up trying. They had the same seven sacraments to help them; had no more, and no less, of the same grace of God that you and I have; loved the same Blessed Sacrament; were led and strengthened by the same Holy Ghost. In fact they really were people exactly like us. I shouldn't be surprised if some lived in Haggerston. Now they have passed through purgatory and are in heaven, victorious over all temptations, triumphant over every difficulty, eternally happy, seeing God's lovely face (*Revelation* 22, 1 to 5).

It is in the power of each one of us to be with them one day, if—however often we fall and fail—we always get up and start again, never give up trying. The Way of The One Church runs from Haggerston, or anywhere else, through the dark gate of death (though, because of our Lord's cross, it is not so dark as it was), and through the hidden place of purgatory, to The Church Victorious. It is not an easy way (*St. Matthew* 7, 13 and 14); but it is a possible way, because of God the Holy Ghost. At baptism there was set apart for you in heaven a Saint's crown: so (*Revelation* 2, 10).

43



44

The Communion of Saints.

“Communion” means “fellowship.” “Saints” means “the baptised—those called to be holy—in whatever part of The Church they are” (*Ephesians* 1, 1) : say, saints with a small “s” in this world, and Saints in heaven. Put shortly this article of the Creed means:—The Church is God’s Family. The Lord Jesus is our elder brother. All the baptised, in this world, in purgatory, in heaven, are brothers and sisters in Christ (*Romans* 12, 5).

Think, as our Lord did, of The Church as a house (*St. Matthew* 7, 24 to 27). It has three floors: militant, expectant, triumphant. At present you and I are on the ground floor.

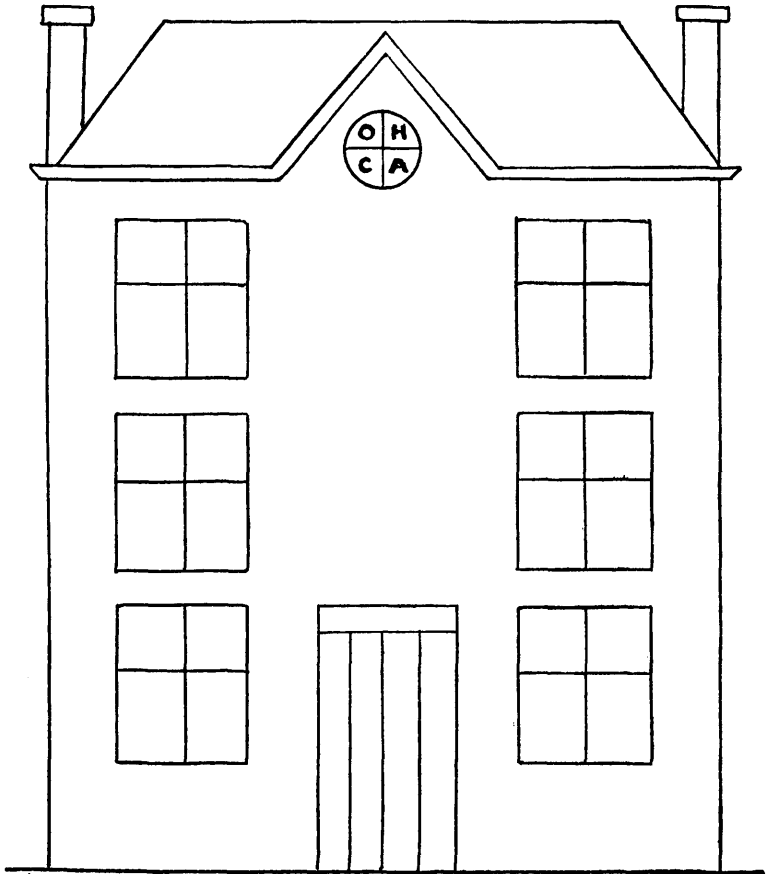
We are in communion, fellowship, partnership, with the saints (the baptised, the faithful Christians) all the world over. We have the same one God and the same one faith (*Ephesians* 4, 5 and 6); the same sacraments; the same ten commandments. We help each other by our prayers (*Acts* 12, 5) and by our good deeds (*St. Matthew* 25, 40).

On the first floor are the faithful departed, who “sleep in Jesus” (1 *Thessalonians* 4, 4); still in The Church; still “members of Christ” by baptism. We help them by our prayers and Masses [as St. Paul did his dead friend (2 *Timothy* 1, 16 to 18)]. It may be—we do not know, yet—that they too help us by their prayers.

On the top floor are The Church’s heroes and heroines, the Saints of God, members of The Church Triumphant. We are in communion and fellowship with them too. We do not pray for them: there is no need. We ask them to pray for us, that we may one day be where they are.

There are not three Churches: but one Church. ONE FAMILY WE DWELL IN HIM; ONE CHURCH ABOVE, BENEATH. Though I think the hymn which best explains The Communion of Saints is English Hymnal 500, Ancient and Modern 538.

44



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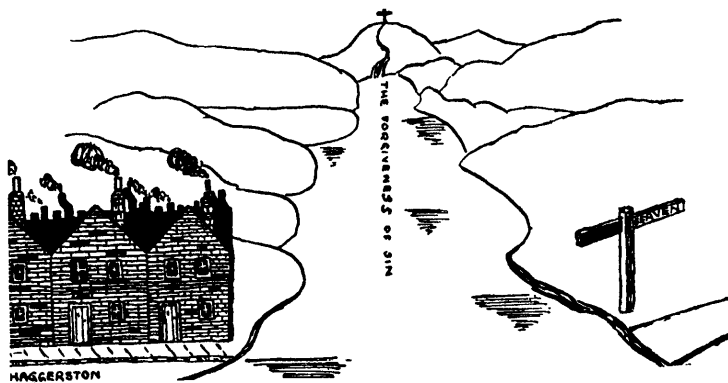
The Forgiveness of sins.

There was once a king who did something which he ought not to have done: even kings do, sometimes. So a bishop "ticked him off"; told him that, even though he was king, he had no right to do such a thing. The king lost his temper (kings don't always like bishops); had the bishop arrested and put into jug, chokey, clink, quod (I beg your pardon, I mean prison); summoned his Cabinet; told them what he had done; said, "Tell me, please, the worst possible punishment I can give this blank blank parson." "Keep him in jug for the rest of his life," said the Prime Minister. "Pinch all his money," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Wring his rotten neck," said the Lord High Executioner. "No," said the wisest Cabinet Minister; "you are all wrong. If you keep him in prison, you will only give him more time to say his prayers. If you take his money, you will only rob the poor; for he gives them all he has. If you kill him, you will send him to heaven. If you really wish to punish him in the way that will hurt him most, you must make him sin."

He was right. In The Church we are brought into fellowship with God (1 *St. John* 1, 3). Sin breaks that fellowship (1 *St. John* 1, 6); if unforgiven it can cut us off for ever from God (*St. John* 15, 6). Sin is the worst thing in the world. Nothing is more important than that you and I should know all about The Forgiveness of Sins; for there is NO OTHER WAY to heaven.

Later on I will tell you all about the sacrament provided for this special purpose. Now I want you to realize, and to remember all your life, that whatever sin you may have done, God is willing to and can forgive it. There is nothing greater than the love of God the Father. On the cross God the Son bought, with the shedding of his life-blood, forgiveness for us all. In The Church God the Holy Ghost brings that forgiveness to all who will have it (1 *St. John* 1, 7). It is not God's fault if we are unforgiven, is it?

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46

The Resurrection of the body.

The last two articles of the Creed tell us of the final, sure and certain, results of going on and on trying to be a good Christian. (You realize that, when you say this article, you mean, not our Lord's body on Easter Sunday, but yours. "I, Edward Ethelbert Eighteen or Florence Fatima Finkelstein, believe that my body will rise again from the grave in which it was laid at my death, and will be joined again for ever in heaven to my immortal and undying soul.")

This will happen at the last day (2 *Corinthians* 5, 10). How it will happen, I cannot tell you; for I am not dead yet, and the last day is still to come. But I believe that God, who made human bodies out of dust (*Genesis* 2, 7), can again raise them out of dust.

Our resurrection bodies, says St. Paul, will be like our Lord's on Easter Sunday (*Philippians* 3, 21). Real and our own (*St. Luke* 24, 39). But spiritual (*St. John* 20, 19); and very beautiful and glorious (1 *Corinthians* 15, 42 to 44: 4th verse of *English Hymnal* 431 or *Ancient and Modern* 232). Yet, somehow, God knows how, still our own; like a chrysalis and a butterfly.

Sometimes I am sad when I see in Haggerston friends of mine who are old, deaf, blind, bent up with rheumatism; children who are hungry, crying, very tired; and when I go to them as they are dying I could often cry. Then I put on my radio-gramophone one of two records, Walter Widdop singing (*Isaiah* 40, 4) or Clara Butt singing (*Isaiah* 35, 5 and 6). [One day I hope you will like Handel's "Messiah" as much as I do.]

It is because we Christians believe in both our Lord's resurrection of the body, and its result—the resurrection of our own bodies—(1 *Thessalonians* 4, 14), that we are not too frightened of death, and not too sad when our loved ones die.

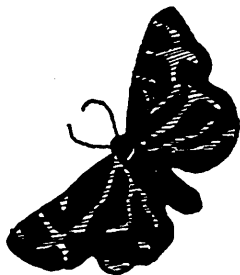
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THIS



WILL BE

THIS



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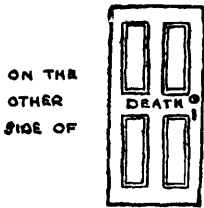
And the Life everlasting.

This last article of the Creed is what all its previous articles have led up to, the final and glorious end—that-has-no-end for which every Christian was made by God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, lived in and led by God the Holy Ghost (*St. Matthew 25, 34*): ENDLESS JOY IN HEAVEN.

We cannot yet understand how perfect this joy will be (*1 Corinthians 2, 9*); nor can we yet truly imagine what heaven will be like. So I have drawn a circle, the figure of endlessness, in which you write the four words above. But the old Saint in exile on the island, to whom God showed (“revealed”) heaven before he died, has told us something about it and its joy (*Revelation 7, 16 and 21, 4*). When our souls and bodies have come together again after our resurrection—and we shall not have *perfect* joy until then, for until then we shall not be our whole selves—there will be no more Time. So we shall have done with such things of this life as illness (Jeremiah Juniper Jones looks very unwell, with his toes turning up and his temperature-chart rising; don’t you think?), and Dismal Desmonds who give us the hump, and air-raids: to name, and draw, only a few of them. But principally we shall be utterly happy in heaven because we shall see, love, and be with, God for ever; and know that it was for this that we were made (*Psalms 17, 15*).

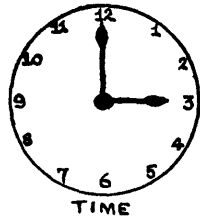
All this can be yours and mine, if we want it now, while we are in this world, and go on wanting it all the time. A great English priest, Dr. Pusey, said, “None will be lost who wills to be saved”; and a greater than he, St. Paul, wrote (*Romans 8, 38 and 39*). So far as heaven is concerned, it is true to say, “It all depends on me.”

47



ON THE
OTHER
SIDE OF

IS NO MORE



TIME



THEREFORE
NO MORE

ILLNESS

OR



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AND
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NO MORE



BOMBS

BUT

