



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

Dear Friends,

This is Cortland editing the Newsletter again this week. I hope, as always, that this Newsletter finds you well and safe. Laura and I have recently started to pick up the rhythm of our trips to the theatre, suspended for so many months by COVID. We always hesitate to recommend particular shows because tastes naturally differ, but we loved the musical *Come from Away* at the Phoenix Theatre, which we saw last week. It tells the true story of the people of Gander in Newfoundland, to whose airport 38 planes were diverted following the attacks on the twin towers in New York on the 11th of September 2001. Several thousand passengers and crew descended – literally – on a small Canadian town, where the local people took them into their homes and into their hearts. The uplifting story is told by a small cast who occupy the stage, with accompanying musicians, for 90 minutes without a break. It is an uplifting – but never sentimentalised - account of genuine loving-kindness in action. You can read the background here: [Come from Away - Wikipedia](#) . We commend it to you.

Sunday Service Details

21st November 2021 – The Sunday next before Advent

0915 Holy Communion (said) - St Peter ad Vincula

1100 Holy Communion (sung) - St Peter ad Vincula

Readings: Colossians 1:13-20 and John 6:5-14

Collect for the Twenty-Third Sunday after Trinity

Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Au revoir to Ali

On Sunday 14th November Ali Ponsford-Hill, who has sung in the choir for sixteen years, stepped down as a regular member, although we are delighted to know that she will be back from time to time. In recognition of her long service, she was presented with a token of appreciation by Colm Carey, Master of Music.





Remembrance Sunday



Sunday 14th November saw a Remembrance Sunday service with a difference. Instead of meeting in the Chapel, we gathered at 1050 outside by the Garden of Remembrance on Tower Green. The Governor was accompanied by the new Lieutenant of the Tower, Lieutenant-General Sir George Norton. The Yeoman Body were joined by a guard from the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME) and the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers (RRF). Members of the congregation stood outside the south wall of the Chapel and many visitors stopped to participate by the edge of the Green. Wreaths were laid by the Governor, the Chief Yeoman Warden, a representative of the Tower Wardens and the RRF. Afterwards the Officers of the Tower joined the congregation for refreshments at the back of the Chapel. All agreed that this new way of conducting our Remembrance Service was both dignified and effective.

Roger also attended a ceremony in Westminster Abbey, where he took this photograph of the Tomb of the

Unknown Warrior.



Thought for the Day

From the Reverend Cortland Fransella: <https://youtu.be/gChMkwFL5wM>

Poem: NO! by Thomas Hood

Thomas Hood (1799 – 1845) was an English poet, author and humourist. He wrote for, and edited, magazines and his works were praised by Charles Dickens, amongst others. A sickly man, he spent many years as an invalid and died before reaching his 46th birthday. William Thackeray, a friend of Hood's, gave this assessment of him: "Oh sad, marvellous picture of courage, of honesty, of patient endurance, of duty struggling against pain!... Here is one at least without guile, without pretension, without scheming, of a pure life, to his family and little modest circle of friends tenderly devoted." He loved London, saying in his *Literary Reminiscences*, "Next to being a citizen of the world, it must be the best thing to be born a citizen of the world's greatest city." The London of his day, however, was heavily polluted and especially affected by smog, adding to the general gloom of winter, as described in this, one of his most popular pieces:

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,—
November!

A Prayer

Please continue to remember those on our sick list, some of whom are very poorly, amongst whom we name especially: Lucy, Judy, Heather, Pat, Lorraine, Sue, Mark, Madeleine, Vivienne, Derek, Maria, Ann, Gordon and Bridget.

RIP

We remember all those whom we love but see no more.

Our Coronavirus Prayer

God of love,
We ask for your blessing on
those who are ill,
those who are vulnerable
those who are worried about
themselves and those they love,
and on those who mourn.
We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

With best wishes and prayers, Cortland



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