



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

**The Funeral of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday 17 April 2021**

The Prince's funeral was an especially poignant occasion for all of us at the Chapels Royal, HM Tower of London. Here we see his coffin, draped in his personal standard, in St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. We mourn his passing and express our condolences to Her Majesty the Queen and all the Royal Family. May he rest in peace.



Dear Friends,

As you know, since Palm Sunday we have resumed our weekly Sunday morning services in the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula. For the time being, we are having only said Holy Communion at 1100, although we are delighted to have organ music to enrich our worship. I should like to summarise here what the Chaplain said to those who attended on Sunday 18 April. Whilst we all look forward to the time when we can once again have some or all of our choir contributing to our services, I am sure you will understand that we are proceeding cautiously and in accordance with guidance from the Government, based on advice from the medical authorities, for places of public worship. This can seem frustrating but the history of the pandemic in this country over recent months has shown the unwisdom of trying to rush back to normality. Looking back a year from now in what we all hope will be a far safer environment by then, a delay of a few weeks this spring and summer before having our choir back will surely seem insignificant. So, please be patient as we strive to ensure the safety and wellbeing of all who come to our Chapels.

Thank you for your continued understanding. Cortland.

## Poem

John Betjeman, later Poet Laureate, wrote this poem in 1940. His deceptively simple-sounding verse often had an edge to it and here he not-so-gently pokes fun at Christian self-righteousness, which he was always the first to admit to in himself.

### **In Westminster Abbey – by John Betjeman**

Let me take this other glove off  
As the vox humana swells,  
And the beautiful fields of Eden  
Bask beneath the Abbey bells.  
Here, where England's statesmen lie,  
Listen to a lady's cry.

Gracious Lord, oh bomb the Germans;  
Spare their women for Thy Sake,  
And if that is not too easy  
We will pardon Thy Mistake.  
But, gracious Lord, whate'er shall be,  
Don't let anyone bomb me.

Keep our Empire undismembered  
Guide our Forces by Thy Hand,  
Gallant blacks from far Jamaica,  
Honduras and Togoland;  
Protect them Lord in all their fights,  
And, even more, protect the whites.

Think of what our Nation stands for,  
Books from Boots' and country lanes,  
Free speech, free passes, class distinction,  
Democracy and proper drains.  
Lord, put beneath Thy special care  
One-eighty-nine Cadogan Square.

Although, dear Lord, I am a sinner,  
I have done no major crime;  
Now I'll come to Evening Service  
Whenever I have the time.  
So, Lord, reserve for me a crown,  
And do not let my shares go down.

I will labour for Thy Kingdom,  
Help our lads to win the war,  
Send white feathers to the cowards  
Join the Women's Army Corps,  
Then wash the steps around Thy Throne  
In the Eternal Safety Zone.

Now I feel a little better,  
What a treat to hear Thy Word,  
Where the bones of leading statesmen  
Have so often been interr'd.  
And now, dear Lord, I cannot wait  
Because I have a luncheon date.

There are so many delightful touches in this piece. Notice, for example, in the first line how she starts her prayer whilst still removing her second glove - she is clearly in something of a hurry and we find out why in the final line of the poem. Betjeman is not, I think, simply sneering at the woman in this poem but admitting his own shortcomings as a Christian with sentiments such as: "Now I'll come to Evening Service *Whensoever I have the time*". For me, this is not principally an opportunity to mock this figment of Betjeman's imagination but a reminder to examine my own interpretation of who God is and who I am in the divine scheme of things. It is a temptation to see God as made in our own image rather than to see ourselves as made in the image of God, with all that that entails for our behaviour towards others. But if that sounds too heavy, just enjoy a delicious poem by a master of gentle irony.

### **Thought for the Day**

From The Reverend Cortland Fransella

<https://youtu.be/Vej29ivSNHU>

### **Music for the week, from the Master of Music**

**Lo, the full, final sacrifice - Gerald Finzi (1901 - 65)**

The Choir of St John's College, Cambridge / Andrew Nethsingha, director

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e\\_tCGngwjpQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e_tCGngwjpQ)

Lo, the full, final sacrifice  
On which all figures fix'd their eyes,  
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram;  
The Manna, and the Paschal lamb.  
Jesu Master, just and true!  
Our Food, and faithful Shepherd too!

O let that love which thus makes thee  
Mix with our low Mortality,  
Lift our lean Souls, and set us up  
Convictors of thine own full cup,  
Coheirs of Saints. That so all may  
Drink the same wine; and the same way.

Nor change the Pasture, but the Place  
To feed of Thee in thine own Face.  
O dear Memorial of that Death  
Which lives still, and allows us breath!  
Rich, Royal food! Bountiful Bread!  
Whose use denies us to the dead!

Live ever Bread of loves, and be  
My life, my soul, my surer self to me.  
Help Lord, my Faith, my Hope increase;  
And fill my portion in thy peace.  
Give love for life; nor let my days  
Grow, but in new powers to thy name and praise.

Rise, Royal Sion! rise and sing  
Thy soul's kind shepherd, thy heart's King.  
Stretch all thy powers; call if you can  
Harps of heaven to hands of man.  
This sovereign subject sits above  
The best ambition of thy love.

Lo the Bread of Life, this day's  
Triumphant Text provokes thy praise.  
The living and life-giving bread,  
To the great twelve distributed  
When Life, himself, at point to die  
Of love, was his own Legacy.

O soft self-wounding Pelican!  
Whose breast weeps Balm for wounded man.  
All this way bend thy benign flood  
To a bleeding Heart that gasps for blood.  
That blood, whose least drops sovereign be  
To wash my worlds of sins from me.

Come love! Come Lord! and that long day  
For which I languish, come away.  
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,  
And drink the unseal'd source of thee.  
When Glory's sun faith's shades shall chase,  
And for thy veil give me thy Face.  
Amen.

## Jigsaw Puzzle

This week's jigsaw puzzle is a snap of the Tower of London's very photogenic Cyril the squirrel.

<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=052a01d6a722>



## Historic Royal Places

The tulip festival at Hampton Court Palace has been a great success so far, and continues to the 3<sup>rd</sup> May. More information and tickets are available at the link below.

<https://www.hrp.org.uk/hampton-court-palace/whats-on/tulip-festival-2021/>



## Wordsearch

Here is a Wordsearch of words about desserts. Print it off and see if you can find them all. Words may run in any direction, including diagonals. You may find other real words in the grid but you do not get any credit for them! Solution next week.

A	G	R	I	U	S	I	M	A	R	I	T	R	U	E
S	U	G	A	H	E	A	D	N	U	S	Q	U	I	K
L	F	E	J	U	E	T	A	L	O	C	O	H	C	O
E	P	G	I	R	W	E	V	I	B	M	U	X	I	O
P	L	I	C	K	Y	G	E	Q	U	O	C	R	O	C
U	I	F	K	I	R	N	N	U	K	U	L	K	I	L
D	K	R	I	K	I	A	O	O	I	S	A	R	I	K
D	O	U	P	R	U	M	I	C	C	S	F	I	M	P
I	R	X	R	Y	T	C	L	R	I	E	O	U	A	E
N	B	A	U	V	E	N	G	Y	B	L	U	C	X	Y
G	L	B	T	R	K	A	A	P	R	R	T	R	R	H
I	E	A	V	S	N	L	B	I	H	T	I	H	O	Q
A	R	J	I	B	U	B	A	L	L	Y	S	O	H	Y
T	O	I	P	U	J	C	Z	F	R	I	B	A	D	Y
E	O	S	E	L	O	R	E	T	I	F	O	R	P	X

BLANCMANGE  
 CHOCOLATE  
 CLAFOUTIS  
 CREAM  
 CUSTARD  
 JUNKET  
 MOUSSE  
 PUDDING  
 PASTRY  
 PROFITEROLES  
 SUNDAE  
 SYLLABUB  
 TART  
 TIRAMISU  
 TRIFLE  
 ZABAGLIONE

## Solution to last week's Wordsearch

V	E	L	C	K	V	E	L	C	J	V	E	L	C	W
E	V	Y	B	L	O	E	E	P	Y	N	G	G	Y	P
L	Y	V	U	M	P	Y	L	O	O	G	L	U	V	S
H	U	F	V	A	E	C	R	T	O	F	X	I	P	P
C	Z	A	B	L	I	L	T	C	F	L	E	J	Y	T
O	U	Z	K	Z	I	U	G	P	R	I	H	G	L	Y
O	O	C	R	Y	B	W	E	G	L	O	F	N	E	K
R	U	R	I	T	N	S	N	Z	O	X	S	I	J	L
E	L	A	C	B	R	I	J	H	T	T	L	H	Y	E
R	P	R	R	L	G	P	P	P	R	Y	Y	C	C	P
K	N	O	T	G	E	L	P	A	T	S	P	T	H	Y
O	K	O	O	H	L	Y	P	R	Y	P	V	I	J	W
R	Y	R	F	L	E	M	B	I	J	R	Y	T	Z	I
O	F	F	I	S	I	A	L	E	C	A	L	S	S	Y
K	X	Y	C	E	F	M	I	T	Y	B	L	I	K	Y

## **A Prayer**

Please continue to remember those on our sick list – some of whom are very poorly:

Isabelle, Rory, Lucy, Judy, Neil, Heather, Fiona, Pat, Lorraine and Ben.

RIP: Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh; Baroness Shirley Williams; Jo Allred and Helen McCrory

We continue to pray for those affected by the Coronavirus

**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.



The Reverend Cortland Fransella  
Deputy Priest in Ordinary to HM the Queen  
HM Tower of London  
[Cortland.Fransella@hrp.org.uk](mailto:Cortland.Fransella@hrp.org.uk)  
<https://www.thechapelsroyalhmtoweroflondon.org.uk/>

If you would like to make a donation, or catch up on your giving, the easiest way is online at:  
<https://www.thechapelsroyalhmtoweroflondon.org.uk/donate/giving-by-direct-debit/>

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Or alternatively you can make a bank transfer to: The HM Tower of London Chapels Royal Foundation  
Sort Code 40-52-40 Account number 0027597