



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

Dear Friends,

'The Lord Mayor's Big Curry Lunch'

After serving in the forcers for over 30 years and still helping out where I can, anything we can do to help our veterans is close to my heart. As chaplain to several Livery Companies the Lord Mayor's Curry Lunch is an event I always go along to along with the Livery's. The Curry Lunch, held in the Guildhall raises funds to help veterans who have served in Iraq and Afghanistan. The impact of those military campaigns is still being felt today by veterans and their families.

As a result of the continuing lockdown it is not being held in its usual way with 1,500 people in the Guildhall. Instead, there will be three months of virtual events and activities between the middle of March and the middle of May. These include talks by leading authors, wine and champagne tutored tastings, celebrity chefs showing you how to cook curry with tips from leading wine experts, a 55-lot On Line Auction and a 12-item Draw.

Whilst what is now planned for 2021 is very different to previous years, the cause for which we are raising funds has not changed. In fact, the need has increased. Employment is an issue which has ballooned across the nation as a result of the pandemic. It has created difficulties for many people including military veterans seeking a job in the civilian world. More than ever, support is needed to help veterans and in particular those suffering from the debilitating impact of pain - physical, psychological or both - manage the pain and, as a result, be able to seek and hold down a job.

The support for the *Veterans' Pain Management Programme* at the King Edward VII Hospital helps transform the lives of individual veterans and their families; the ambition for 2021 is to fund 18 veterans waiting to go on the Programme.

Could you spare ten minutes to look at the website and the booking 'hub' and see if you'd like to join in any of the Zoomed events? You might like to bid in the Auction or buy a few Draw tickets.

Go to <https://events.soldierscharity.org/event/the-lord-mayors-big-curry-lunch-2021/home> to find out more. Thank you.

I hope that Lent is going well for you, whatever you are doing. I am continuing to keep you all in my thoughts and prayers and look forward to welcoming you back to the chapel. With my best wishes, thought and prayers. Roger.

Poem

This week's poem was suggested to me by Beth (my eldest daughter who lives in Hong Kong) as a result of reading last week's poem. She teaches English and keeps an eye on her dad

This evocative and nostalgic poem is about the speaker's father and his work in his scrapyards garden. This image of the father as a scrapyards melter is transformed, despite the father's best efforts, into the sorrowful metaphor of his melting mind at the end of the poem. But the poem is also about the nature of beauty and what we can find beauty in. The speaker begins the poem with aggressive imagery describing the father's scrapyards but by the end of the poem, there is a newfound sense of appreciation for the 'prizes' his father brings home. This is so powerfully brought to life through the imagery of the scrapyards as a beautiful garden in the eyes of his father and the poet's use of magical language to describe 'rusty rockeries' and 'grottoes of sewing machines and refrigerators' makes this scrapyards seem like a place full of treasures..... Something like the cellar here at 1 Tower Green?

My Father's Garden

On his way to the open hearth where white-hot steel
Boiled against furnace walls in wait for his lance
To pierce the fireclay and set loose demons
And dragons in molten tons, blazing
Down to the huge satanic caldrons,
Each day he would pass the scrapyard, his kind of garden.

In rusty rockeries of stoves and brake drums,
In grottoes of sewing machines and refrigerators,
He would pick flowers for us: small gears and cogwheels
With teeth like petals, with holes for anthers,
Long stalks of lead to be poured into toy soldiers,
Ball bearings as big as grapes to knock them down.

He was called a melter. He tried to keep his brain
From melting in those tyger-mouthed mills
Where the same steel reappeared over and over
To be reborn in the fire as something better
Or worse: cannons or cars, needles or girders,
Flagpoles, swords, or plowshares.

But it melted. His classical learning ran
Down and away from him, not burning bright.
His fingers culled a few cold scraps of Latin
And Greek, *magna sine laude* for crosswords
And brought home lumps of tin and sewer grills
As if they were his ripe prize vegetables.

David Wagner

Thought for the Day

From Canon Roger Hall

<https://youtu.be/Z0hziiRV4Ec>

Oxslips from Tracey's garden



Music for the week, from the Master of Music

Komm, Jesu, Komm - Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 - 1750)

Vocalconsort Berlin / Daniel Reuss, director

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mJospfuv5po>

Text

Komm, Jesu, komm, mein Leib ist müde,
Die Kraft verschwindt je mehr und mehr,
Ich sehne mich nach deinem Friede;
Der saure Weg wird mir zu schwer!
Komm, komm, ich will mich dir ergeben;
Du bist der rechte Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben.

Drum schließ ich mich in deine Hände
Und sage, Welt, zu guter Nacht!
Eilt gleich mein Lebenslauf zu Ende,
Ist doch der Geist wohl angebracht.
Er soll bei seinem Schöpfer schweben,
Weil Jesus ist und bleibt der wahre Weg zum Leben.

PAUL THYMICH (1656–1694), 1684

Translation

Come, Jesus, come, my body is weary.
My strength fails more and more,
I long for your peace;
the bitter path becomes too hard.
Come, come, I will yield to You;
Thou are the way, the truth and the life.

So I give myself into Your hands
and say: World, good night!
Just as my life's course is hurrying towards its end,
the spirit is opportunely healthy.
It hovers next to its creator,
as Jesus is and remains
the true way to life.

Johann Sebastian Bach - BWV 229 Komm, Jesu, komm

Komm, Jesu, Komm is the most intimate and touching of Bach's four surviving motets for double choir. Bach's exploration of the dialectical possibilities of eight voices deployed in two antiphonal choirs goes far beyond the manipulation of spatially separated blocks of sound pioneered by the Venetian polychoralists; instead, it builds on the rhetorically conceived dialogue procedures of Gabrieli's star pupil, Heinrich Schütz. Here above all one can appreciate Bach as a way-station between Schütz and Brahms. Having learned the expressive force of word repetitions and exchanges from his older cousin Johann Christoph (who had studied with Jonas de Fletin, himself a pupil of Schütz), Bach finds new ways of weaving all eight lines into a rich contrapuntal tapestry with extended cadences and dragging appoggiaturas on the words 'müde' (weary), 'sehne' (yearn) and 'Friede' (peace) that anticipate the world-weariness and nostalgia one finds in the double-choir motets of Brahms a century half later.

The opening invocations to Jesus – single word treatments by both choirs, first alternately and then conjointly – are couched in the physically explicit language of a love song. Bach's inventive, phrase-by phrase approach to the rhymed metrical text of this funerary hymn, the way he finds a distinctive musical character appropriate to each line, is immensely striking. The melodic outline of 'die Kraft verschwindt' (my strength deserts me) inscribes an arc that hints at life's downward journey, beginning energetically in crotchets before the sands of life run out ('je mehr und mehr') then regaining temporary impetus as one choir interrupts and augments the expressive eloquence of the other. The basses lead the evocation of 'der saure Weg' (life's bitter path) with the anguished falling interval of a diminished seventh given in slow minims and in canon. By the time this figure has passed through all eight voices, interleaved in a dense contrapuntal web, Bach has achieved an overwhelming depiction of personal and collective distress. But he is not done yet. With two choirs in play he can give one the fragmented text and have the other interject with just two poignant words, 'zu schwer!' – life's path being 'too much' for anyone to bear. Then he rounds this section off with a few bars of a pedal D with passing harmonies of ravishing pathos.

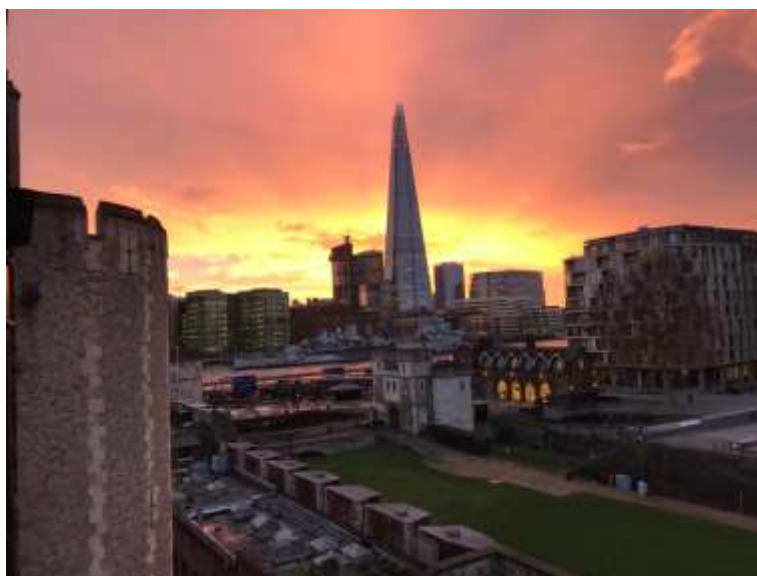
Release comes in the unexpected form of a fresh fugal exposition starting in the altos at the words 'Komm, komm, ich will mich dir ergeben' – suddenly it feels more like a madrigal than a funerary motet – to which the second choir provides a syllabic commentary, chirpy and eager. Now Bach switches to 6/8 metre, passing two-bar segments of a French minuet from one choir to the other. Any other composer hitting on the idea of a dance movement at this point might have been happy to let it run its course and then move swiftly on to the second stanza of Paul Thymich's hymn. But Bach has barely begun. For the next eighty-eight bars he elaborates one glorious extended sequence after another, first for one choir then the other, all turned to good account to convey the balm and promise of Christ's words, 'I am the way, the truth and the life'. The conclusion – two bars of antiphonal exchange, followed by eight more of eight-part imitative counterpoint – is then repeated as an echo, a fitting envoi and one that stretches the technical control of his (and every subsequent) choir to the maximum.

Just where one might then expect a chorale, Bach calls the second stanza an aria and sets it for the now united four-voiced choir. It conforms perfectly to Johann Mattheson's description of a choral aria for voices, 'moving in equal steps with no voice attempting what the other voices cannot to a certain extent equal.' That, however, does scant justice to Bach's lyrical summing up here, at life's end, of submission to Jesus' protection, with soaring vocal lines and admirably supple, word-driven bars.

Programme note by Sir John Eliot Gardiner

Jigsaw Puzzle

<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=1d660e8d9898>



Wordsearch

Here is a Wordsearch of types of civil aircraft. 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.

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

AIRBUS
BRABAZON
CARAVELLE
COMET
CONCORDE
DREAMLINER
FALCON
GAZELLE
GULFSTREAM
JETSTREAM
KINGBIRD
LEARJET
MARATHON
MUSKETEER
SKYHAWK
STRATOLINER

Solution to last week's Wordsearch

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

A Prayer

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

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

RIP Dr John McGrath and for all those who have died from 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 for those who mourn.
We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

With best wishes and prayers, Roger.



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