

Message from the Editorial Board

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The Editorial Board: Ronald Crane and Jackie Ottaway (Co-Editors), David Chapman, Cyril Wood, Fr Len Black, Fr Neil Chatfield and Dr Gill James

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THE PORTAL

THE PORTAL is the monthly review of the Ordinariate of Our Lady of Walsingham
Special Edition



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Thoughts on Newman Walsingham, Hope Patten, Charlotte Boyd and Newman



April 2016

Fr Stephen Morgan contemplates Our Lady

THE FIRST Tuesday in Passiontide had me in Walsingham on a day that would have met all the conditions for a glorious spring day - daffodils, snowdrops and crocuses popping through and even spring lambs gambolling in the field, oblivious to the coming paschal feast. I wrote "would have met all the conditions" because, in addition to these vernal indicators, one reminder of how early this Easter is, how close to winter, was a biting cold east wind and a stubborn layer of low cloud, cutting through the five layers of clothing I had donned in a passable imitation of Monsieur Bibendum, the Michelin Man.

For such an English place, Walsingham evokes in this son of Cambria a curiously Welsh emotion: *hiraeth*. The word *hiraeth* refers to a homesickness for a time or place that is now gone, or perhaps never quite was. It is not a spur, as nostalgia is, to try and go back, nor is it simply a wistful longing, but it is a profoundly unsettling emotion that recognises that the time or the place has gone, irrecoverably so, but a deep yearning to make present again what made that time or place so very special.

They set out, quite consciously, to reawaken the Christian imagination and reinvigorate its ethos. That's what Keble's marvellous small volume of devotional poetry, *The Christian Year*, and the series *Lyra Apostolica* that Newman himself brought out, were attempting.

It was what motivated that greatest of hymn translators, John Mason Neale and what led three generations of Anglican clergymen to spend their lives - and their fortunes, or those of their devotees - attempting to return something of their former beauty to the twelve thousand medieval churches in this land.

Often decried as a futile medievalism, snobbishly dismissed as the overflow from the Romantic Movement - or worse, condemned as a new idolatry and an un-English superstition kindled from the dead embers of Popery - these fruits of *hiraeth* were, in fact, the first shoots of the flowers of the New Evangelisation in this country.

These flowers, to be sure, are still only just beginning to show, and many of them, like many of the bulbs we

plant in the old year, will come to nothing. However, there will be those - like those planted by Miss Charlotte Pearson Boyd and later by Fr Alfred Hope Patten at Walsingham - that will have a glorious flowering in God's good time.

Newman could not fail to notice the profound disconnect between the sacred landscape of England and the expression of it in the dominant religious culture of his day.

As Vicar of the University Church in Oxford, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and as fellow of a college properly known as the Provost and Scholars of the House of Blessed Mary the Virgin at Oxford (commonly called Oriel College), he was daily reminded of the centrality in the faith and devotion of England of the remarkable woman, who through her *fiat* became the Gate of Heaven.

Each day, in his stall in that Church, he would sing her hymn, the *Magnificat*, as one of the cardinal pillars of such remnants of the worship of the undivided Church that that ecclesial body by law established had maintained. He had been dead six years when the former chapel of St Katherine, then a cowshed and now the Slipper Chapel at Houghton St Giles, was purchased and given back to its proper use.

He had been thirty years in the grave when Fr Hope-Patten first arrived in Little Walsingham, but we can have no doubt that he would recognise both as attempts at the re-enchantment of our land, creating heaven and earth in little space, as Mgr Burnham might put it, in England's Nazareth. ☺

Amoris Laetitia

May 2016

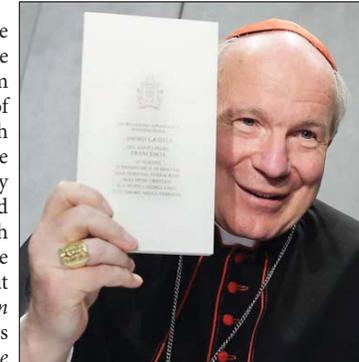
Geoffrey Kirk has been looking into this document and asks . . . How magisterial can you get? Or not, as the case may be



IN AN astonishing reaction to *Amoris Laetitia* (hereinafter <AL>) the doyen of Vatican conservatives, Raymond, Cardinal Burke has claimed that <AL> is not a document of the Roman Magisterium, but simply a few personal reflections by Pope Francis on the proceedings of the two extraordinary synods on the family.

A personal reflection of 58,000 words in the course of which the author quotes himself in his own footnotes might seem a trifle portentous - but no matter.

Burke's view may simply be a clever ploy to undermine the 'Francis Revolution' from within. But it leaves members of the Ordinariate with a ticklish problem. When we entered the Catholic Church we solemnly pledged ourselves to uphold 'all that the Catholic Church holds and teaches'. And in case we were in any doubt about what that meant, *Anglicanorum Coetibus* defined it for us as acceptance of the *Catechism of the Catholic Church*, <CCC>.



in the first instance, eventually the individual conscience. In the absence of centralised institutional enforcement, the exception becomes the rule, and no decision about change is, in the end, needed. In effect, it has become redundant. A generation later, most people will simply have forgotten that there ever was a rule; and those who do remember it will be no more than a minor embarrassment.

That, you will remember, is how the Church of England dealt with the remarriage of divorced people. And it is no doubt the way in which it will handle same sex relationships. ☺

So the question for us has to be: does anything in <AL> contradict <CCC>, or any other major document of the Magisterium (*Familiaris Consortio*, for example)? Or what precisely was it that we signed up to?

Wise men, it seems, find it hard to say. But when a principal author of <CCC> (the estimable Christoph Schönborn, Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna) starts to talk about 'development of doctrine' - and misrepresents our own John Henry (*An Essay on the Development of Doctrine*, 1845) into the bargain - there is reason for anxiety.

Schönborn was trying to assure us that there has been no change in doctrine, but that the 'development' lies in the pastoral application of traditional teaching. Ex-Anglicans can be forgiven if they detect the faintest smell of rodent.

Alteration by atrophy is an old Anglican ploy. Because it is not easy - or even possible - to get the consensus required for a change of doctrine, pastoral decisions about its application are devolved to the lowest possible level ('subsidiarity') - the parish priest

“ After the fever of life
- after wearinesses,
sicknesses, fightings and
despondings, languor and
fretfulness, struggling and
failing, struggling and
succeeding - after all the
changes and chances of this
troubled and unhealthy state,
at length comes death - at
length the white throne
of God - at length the
beatific vision. ”

Bl John Henry Newman



September 2015

Scalan: Scotland's Hidden Seminary

Jackie Ottaway and Ronald Crane discover another Glenlivet secret

MANY OF our readers will have heard of Glenlivet. We visited this remote place, but not for one of the many single malts produced there. We were there to see a 'Hidden Cottage'. Hidden it is. As we drove up the Glen we came to the beautiful church of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, Chapeltown of Glenlivet.

The redoubtable Sylvia Toovey was on hand to show us round. The Catholic Mission here began when Paul Macpherson arrived in 1829. Colin MacKenzie rebuilt the church in 1896. At that time there were six hundred and eighty two Catholics in the village. Today there are thirteen; depopulation indeed. People began to leave when famine came. They went to Glasgow seeking a better life. As Sylvia said, "They didn't find it". We were interested in the church because some of the vestments we saw at Blairs come from Chapeltown.



Scalan

But this was not the purpose of our visit. We were interested in the 'Hidden Cottage'. Hidden it certainly is. As we drove up the Glen we could see hills, a stream, fields, all one would expect to see in the Highlands; but no cottage. Finally, there it was.

Right at the end of the Glen was a small cottage. This is a lonely and isolated place, just right for a Seminary in 1717 when the Catholic Faith was proscribed in Scotland. Young men were trained for the priesthood here until 1799. Sylvia's husband, John, was there to greet us with his faithful dog.

The house is called 'Scalan'. In 1715, the Rev John Gordon responded to the collapse of the Jacobite Rising, and with Government soldiers scourging the countryside for priests, by moving to this place. He found shelter in an old barn. He built himself a cottage by a spring, but was not to enjoy it for long.

Bishop James Gordon

For many years it was Scotland's only Seminary. The founder of the Seminary was Bishop James Gordon, who was born on 31st January 1665. He studied at the Scots College in Paris and came to Scotland in 1692. He was chosen as coadjutor to Bishop Nicolson and ordained as such on 11th April 1706.

There were four Scots Colleges abroad – in Paris, Rome, Madrid, and Douay; but none in Scotland and therefore under the control of the Vicars Apostolic.

A short-lived Seminary was founded at Loch Morar. But persecution forced its closure. By 1717 Scalan was open, which included the house for the Seminarians and a farm to feed them. In those days it would be even more remote and hidden than today, with a lack of transport and the Glen full of shrubs and scrub. Anyone approaching the place would be seen well before they got near.

In 1720 four Seminarians sailed for Rome. They were ordained seven years later after studying at the Scots College. Yet, Scalan was to be an all-through college. On Ember Saturday, September 1725, Bishop Gordon raised two Scalan seminarians to the priesthood. These two, George Gordon and Hugh MacDonald, were known as "heather priests". They were the first of a long line of priests formed at Scalan.

No-one was ever discovered

There were times when the soldiers came. But sufficient warning allowed the people there to scatter into the heather and into the isolation of the Glen. No-one was ever discovered at Scalan.

At the close of the century the Seminary was transferred to Aquhorthies on Donside, three miles from Inverurie. Today it is a small reminder of the days of persecution, and is open all the time. During the summer an annual Mass is held at Scalan, when many Catholics come to offer the Holy Sacrifice in this most holy of places.

Find out more at www.scalan.co.uk

February 2016

An Inspirational Group

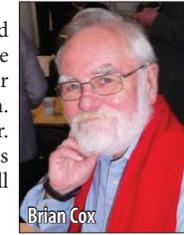
Jackie Ottaway and Ronald Crane visit Hemel Hempstead

IT WAS the day of the first snow of the year. Nevertheless, we made it to St. Mark's Hemel Hempstead in time for mass at 8.45am. The Ordinate Group that meets there is a lovely group. Yet, it has been through the mill somewhat. Fr Bugby retired to Norfolk, and the group has been without a priest for some time now.

Despite this, they are in good heart and numbers have remained stable. On the Sunday we attended, there were forty or so present at mass, this included children. After mass refreshments were on offer. Because of our visit, these included cake as a special treat. A treat, of which we took full advantage!

Brian Cox, a company secretary; John Worley, a local funeral director, and two old friends of ours did as much as anyone to keep things stable during the long interregnum.

John told us that things had not been smooth, "We have been tested," he said. Brian added, "Yes, but two years without a priest – it has been fun and we have had wonderful priests doing duty for us, some at very short notice. Many have travelled some distance to be with us." John told us, "We were one of the first groups to lose their priest, that is to say, he moved on. As it was the first time the Ordinary had to act, it was all new. But we set up a rota and it all worked well. We did find, until it got into a regular pattern, that we had been forgotten. Communication is so important. The group



kept together, we had to just survive." Brian said, "We are pleased to have Fr Simon now."

They told us, that what really helped them to get a priest was to find accommodation for him. The group raised the cash, which was added to by various grants, and they were able to purchase a house. Brian took up the account, "It now has an extension. Our group is smaller than when we began. Two families have moved away and one person has sadly died. But we are growing. Two people were confirmed last year and a family is waiting to join us."

With Fr Simon now firmly installed, he wanted to meet the group away from church, so the next day they were all meeting at the Three Horseshoes for a social. All the while the group had no priest, they kept the practise of have post-mass refreshments. This was so much the case, that one Sunday they were accidentally locked in! This group is most fortunate in having people who can take the lead.

The article continued on the page following in the February 2016 issue of THE PORTAL.



Ordinariate Pilgrimage to Saint Winefride at Holywell

 June 2016

The first of a series of pilgrimages to commemorate the Year of Mercy reported for us by Jackie Ottaway and Ronald Crane

HIS HOLINESS Pope Francis has, as you will all know, designed the Year of Mercy. Pilgrimage and confession are important elements in the celebration of this very special "Year". To help members of the Ordinariate of Our Lady of Walsingham keep this "Year", several pilgrimages have been arranged. They are all around England, Scotland and Wales, as well as one to Rome and Loreto.

The first of these pilgrimages was to Saint Winefride's Well at Holywell, North Wales. We arrived at the church in good time and were pleasantly surprised to find a goodly number of people already there. They had travelled from Sheffield, Coventry, Birmingham, Manchester and Hemel Hempstead - about fifty of them. There were children, adults and those who were not so mobile; a true cross-section of the Ordinariate. Fathers Starkie, Burch and Stafford assisted Mgr Keith Newton as our leaders.

The day started with a short liturgy of penitence. This led quite naturally to a time of silence during which we all had the opportunity to make our confession. We sat in our seat wondering if anyone would actually have the courage to get up in front of everyone and go to the place where the priests sat waiting to hear our confessions.

One brave soul made the journey and was immediately followed by others. We had worried needlessly. There was no courage needed, and no embarrassment at all. Those who were making their confession were supported in prayer by those who were still waiting, or who had already been to the priest. It has been said that confession is the

Catholic Church's forgotten sacrament.

It was not forgotten on this pilgrimage! Most of those present availed themselves of the chance to wipe the slate clean. There is indeed a resurgence of the sacrament during this "Year of Mercy". Having been "shriven" we sang Psalm 136 as we made our way into church for mass. Saint Winefride's Parish Church at Holywell is an interesting building with rather lovely Stations of the Cross and some beautiful stained glass windows. It has an eastern or Mid-European feel to it. The mass was beautifully celebrated, using our very own *Divine Worship*.

During his homily, our Ordinary reminded us that pilgrimages represent our Christian journey from baptism to heaven. Like the prodigal son, we arise and go to the Father. "I am not worthy to be called your son". Mgr Keith told us that St Winefride lived about 660 AD and was restored to life. (See below.) Holywell has been a place of pilgrimage for hundreds of years. Because of its well, it has been called the Welsh Lourdes.

The article continued on the page following in the June 2016 issue of THE PORTAL. 



Low Sunday

 April 2016

... the Last Day of the Easter Octave, Quasimodo Sunday, but now Divine Mercy Sunday
Fr Julian Green takes us deeper into these names

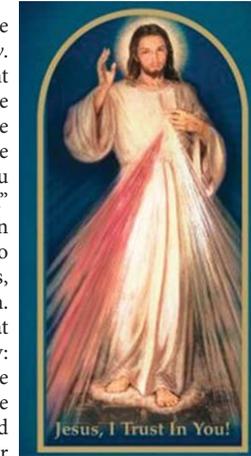


OUR EARLY celebration of Easter this year means that the first Sunday of itself is fairly self-explanatory after the high feast of Easter Sunday, though, as the last day of the Octave, those "eight days which are but one day", it is still a day of great solemnity.

Odd to our ears may be another name given to this Sunday: *Quasimodo Sunday*. Like *Gaudete* and *Laetare* in Advent and Lent, this name is derived from the first words of the introit antiphon of the Mass, which is a verse of the first epistle of St Peter: "Like newborn infants, you must long for the pure, spiritual milk..." (I Peter 2:2). The newborn infants in mind are the neophytes - those who were baptised at the Easter Vigil Mass, newly born from the waters of baptism. It is in reference to the neophytes that we receive another name for this day: the *Dominica in albis depositis*, or the Sunday of the laying aside of the white garments in which the newly baptised were clothed immediately after their baptism.

In the Great Jubilee Year of 2000, Pope St John Paul II caused consternation among some and joy for others when he gave official approbation to the devotion to the Divine Mercy when he canonised the visionary of Divine Mercy, St Faustina Kowalska. In response to the request made by Our Lord in his messages to Sr Faustina, the Holy Father renamed the Second Sunday of Easter "Divine Mercy Sunday". The devotional practice is to begin a Novena of Divine Mercy on Good Friday, the day on which the mercy of God stooped down to us sinners in the sacrifice of the Son of God upon the Cross.

Having completed the nine days of prayer, the feast day follows on the Sunday. The designation of this Sunday as the Feast of the Divine Mercy caused some annoyance to liturgical purists and to those who were sceptical of the claims of St Faustina to have had these visions of the merciful Lord. However, in reality it caused no actual change to the liturgy of the day, as the texts of the Mass were unchanged. However, it gave sanction to the devotion, previously known mainly in Polish circles, but now increasingly popular especially



among the young and movements of the New Evangelisation.

It was remarkable that the Pope who was so dedicated in his ministry to Jesus Christ the Saviour of the World and merciful Lord, gave up his mortal life to the Lord on the eve of the very Feast which he himself had initiated in 2005.

To the purists it seemed that this holiest and inviolable time in the liturgical calendar - the Easter Triduum and the Easter Octave - were being overlaid by this new devotion. They treated 'the Divine Mercy' merely as a private devotion, focussing entirely on the locutions to Sr Faustina found in her

diary. But the devotion and the private revelations are merely instruments used by God to speak to this age, the twentieth and now twenty-first centuries, an age of violence, warfare and the cheapening of human life. In these he speaks of his merciful love, which is eternally for those who come to receive his grace and mercy.

The Divine Mercy devotion is a form of veneration for something which runs through the writings of St Paul, the Gospels, the great Tradition of the Fathers of the Church and the Spiritual Masters of the Catholic tradition in every age: the merciful love of the Father revealed to us in his Son, Jesus Christ. The highest moment of that revelation was the moment when the Lord offered up his life for us on the Cross, and allowed that his Heart should be pierced with a lance.

The blood and water which flowed from that Heart are represented in the image of the Divine Mercy by the white and red lights radiating from his breast. This symbolically reveals the full meaning of the Divine Mercy: that he who was God became Man and died for us, so that we sinners could experience the fullness of the merciful love of God, and be changed and made children of God ourselves. 