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FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR GOOD THINGS

Allison Steinberg

Teacher at St. Andrew's Academy

A country shows its character in concrete ways as well as more abstractly. In England this past spring, three concrete tokens of British culture together served, for me, as metaphors for British culture as a whole, showing how unique this small island is. They are the British tea, the London Underground, and Durham Cathedral.

First, as one of our travelers who has lived in Britain for a year noticed, somehow the English have managed to build this grand civilization, with cathedrals and universities and highways and indoor plumbing, yet they take breaks for tea at any time of day! How have they built a culture amid so many breaks? That I can't completely answer, but I think British tea is at the heart of it. A nation who has made tea, humble tea, into its own event has hit on something: comfort in simple things, a time for refreshment right on schedule, no need for rush. A cathedral takes centuries to build, but it will get finished, and it will be finished by those who have had their tea.



Allison Steinberg & Colleen Woolsey at the River Cam

However, do not suppose for all this leisure that the English rail system operates on a more southern-European style of time, in which trains run late or simply never arrive, with no particular reason or explanation; or where you wait for Bus 34 for hours to no avail. Not so the London Underground. It is on time with the same detached, methodical, civil manner as the English who ride it, urging you politely to "Mind the gap." It is on time without insisting, in the manner of other European nations, that the entire world must run precisely on time, or all will be lost. No, if the trains run on time, this is enough. The English seemed punctual without being tyrannical, accommodating without being careless, and courteous without being familiar.

Finally, the English dwell among ancient and magnificent monuments, and they dwell among them with that same civility and affection and ease with which they regard tea and trains. Young people lounge in the mild English sun on the lawn in front of Durham Cathedral, comfortable beneath its gaze. "It is rather nice, isn't it?" one might nod toward the stone edifice. The reverence in this society for such holy monuments runs deep enough (at least did at one time; now is a different matter) that it need not, simply did not, show in ostentatious outward ways.

St. Augustine of Canterbury wrote once to St. Gregory, and asked him what customs he should impart to his new converts in England, seeing that Roman and Gallican customs varied. Gregory's famous response is instructive in all ages: "Things are not to be loved for the sake of a place, but places are to be loved for the sake of their good things." Writing as a worshiper within the Anglican tradition, the English church has a good deal of my affection, but not only because physical place.

Just as we as individuals can offer our own particular gifts to the church, so churches seem to have distinct characteristics and emphases. The English church, ancient and venerable, could offer the Church as a whole much that is distinctive and valuable. It has, or did have, a singular beauty all its own. In England, much of this heritage has been squandered away in trying to keep up with modernity. Can it be reclaimed? That is the question. But let's not give up yet, she also brought forth many children when she was stronger; before faithlessness made her weak and plain. Some of her beauty and faith may still be present in the world for future generations. ❁

Chapel of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge



TRAVELLING LIGHT & OTHER SURPRISES

Colleen Woolsey

Intern at St. Andrew's Academy



Students taking the Tube



Allison Steinberg, Colleen Woolsey & Peter Bartel

Almost a year ago, Fr. Foos told me about a wonderful trip to England St. Andrew's would be taking in the summer of 2010. I was thinking about interning at St. Andrew's at the time, and hearing about this trip interested me even more. Through the providence of God I did in fact become an intern and participate in this wonderful cultural/choir trip to England and Scotland. I had never experienced this kind of travel in my life! I had traveled before to both England and Germany, but we didn't sleep on the hard wood floors of parish halls, or wash our hair in kitchen sinks and bathrooms because we had no showers. I definitely hadn't experienced going on a trip for nearly a month and bringing a couple shirts and a pair of pants (I'm exaggerating just a little). I realized how little it takes to survive. I think everyone should experience travelling like this at least once in their lifetime.

Fr. Brian Foos and Fr. John Boonzaaijer were our priests and leaders through this trip, with Allison Steinberg and Erica Banek as their sidekicks and female chaperones. They took all twenty-two of us (St. Andrew's and Good Shepherd combined) through many of the towns and cities of England, traveling up through East Anglia, into Scotland, and circling back down West England. I never knew you could pack in as much as our group did in three weeks.

The highlights for myself were the British Library, Canterbury, Cambridge, Withorn and Preston. The British Library had extraordinary works on display. I felt like I needed a day to soak everything in. We weren't able to spend much time in Canterbury, unfortunately, but I loved the beautiful Cathedral, and we were able to hear the tail end of an Evensong there. After touring Cambridge I wanted to

move there and attend Kings College! I think just about anyone would if they saw the campus. While in Scotland the priests took us to see St. Ninian's cave and the remains of his Cathedral. To get to the cave, we walked about a mile through gorgeous woods until we came to the ocean. Quite incredible. One of our last concerts was in Preston at St. David's Church. I really enjoyed visiting with all the parishioners. The priest of St. David's is also a friend of my family's.

It's one of the hardest things to summarize everything we did because we did so much! I was so incredibly blessed to have been a part of this amazing experience! ❁



Punting on the River Cam

Erin Hemstreet
Teacher at Good Shepherd School

May 30, 2010, London

This third morning there was no rush to reach Westminster Abbey cathedral for matins (though the sermon turned out not to be worth the walk). But from there we had to hoof it to make the Holy Communion service at Temple Church. Temple Church was built by the Knights Templar, which is where the church gets its name, and still follows the 1662 Book of Common Prayer in its services. Several of the knights are buried there.

The church employs a superb choir, and has a Christopher Wren altar screen, made of dark wood panels and carved with the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer.

After looking round at the knightly graves and grimacing gargoyles of Temple Church, we spent a lovely afternoon at St. James' Park, eating our sack lunches, entertaining the strolling masses with hymns, plaiting daisy chains, taking pictures and playing with a group of young traveling French types, and playing duck-duck-goose (or, duck-hedgehog-toad). Here, at last, Lucas relieved his urge to capture pigeon flesh, and the pigeon relieved . . . never mind.



The Groundlings watching Macbeth at the Globe Theater



The Choir

The wind made the walk through London less than convenient, though the sun was shining and the construction of the pedestrian bridge quite intrigued some of us. We made our way to "The Anchor" pierside pub, for an outdoor dinner of burgers and dogs beside the Thames River.

What could be a better way to wrap up such a day than to see the play *Macbeth* at the Globe Theatre? I won't be very good at describing the ground-level set-up--if you've heard of the game *Whack-a-Mole*, this is what others have been comparing it to. A black sheet with head-holes every eighteen inches or so had been extended at neck level out from the stage, and it was intended that the audience duck under the sheet and pop their heads through the holes, and from this vantage observe the actors (see photo above).

I, never having read the play did not know what to expect, other than vague warnings that the black sheet might be to protect the audience from flying blood. The other hypothesis was that we were supposed to look like the damned in Hades, which is more likely the case. At any rate, I can say in retrospect that it was worth the shocked and shaky feeling I had afterward, to be able to say I watched a Shakespearean play performed in the Globe!



Christopher Hoyt

Tyler, Texas



The Temple of Mithras in Northumbria

Here are a few highlights of the trip:

- Trotting along Hadrian's Wall in single file, watching the feet closely to avoid stumbling. It was at this point that I first realized the folly of thinking "Aw, it's June already. Everything will be mild and sunny up north. No need to pack a jacket." Wrongo. Most days of the trip were cloudy, drizzly, and on the nippy side. For a while I toughed it out with my umbrella, but eventually one student loaned me a poncho.

Hadrian's Wall was also the site of one of our several mishaps. The wall decided that it wanted a souvenir of our visit and took a chunk of Christian Anderson's index finger, splitting it to the bone. We promptly drove to the nearest hospital and the doctor was able to stitch him up without reconstructive surgery.

- Haggis. Many ate. Some liked.

- Singing for BBC Lancashire. This gave us all an inside look at the world of radio. We warmed up a bit, then took our seats in the studio. A panel of three guests and Sally Naden, the talk show host, assembled at a table in the same room with us.

The three panel members were: someone who was promoting sports as a means of helping people, someone who taught fitness at the local gym, and someone who promoted the local produce (veg, that is) of Lancashire. After she briefly introduced each, we sang "O Praise God." Sally then interviewed the three members of the panel, who talked about their vocations for a few minutes. What followed included a traffic update, three minutes of interview with members of the choir, two minutes of speculation about who would win the World Cup, and a rendition of "The Day is Past and Gone." A microphone was thrust under my nose and I found myself being asked for my opinion on the problem of swearing in our culture. By the time the hour was up and we left the studio, I was dizzy.

- Standing in the ruins of a Mithraic temple in a sheep pasture in northern England, saying the Lord's Prayer together.

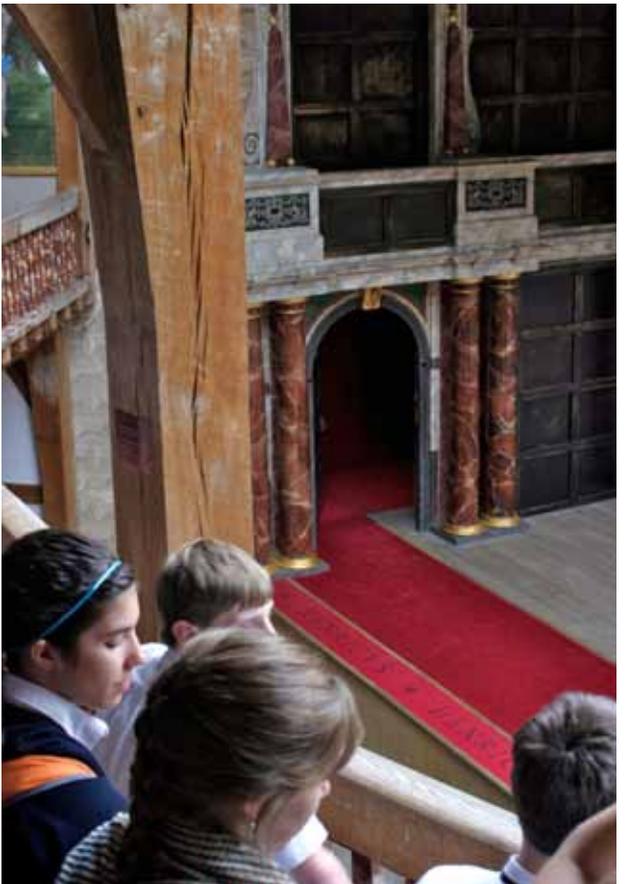
- A hymn-sing in the chapel of the Ruthwell Cross. The empty sanctuary housed a small electronic organ, so I took the liberty of firing it up. We sang Parry's *Jerusalem*, and the words never rang truer:

*I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land.*



Sr. Peter-on-the-Wall, Essex







Left Page:
 St. James' Park, London
 Lindisfarne
 St. Bride's, Dunmries
 Students & Faculty in front of Big Ben
 At the Globe Theatre

Right Page:
 Students from Good Shepherd School
 Lucas & Alexander at Bamburgh Castle
 Cross at Durham Cathedral
 At the British Museum
 The cheeriest skull & crossbones in England

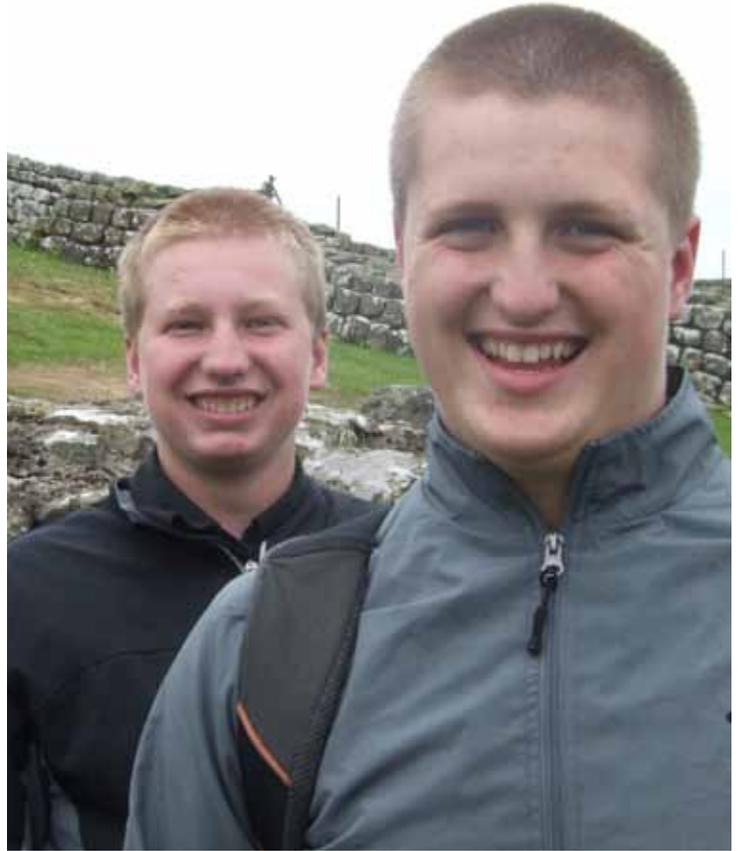


5.29.2010 - DAY 2

Josiah Bartel

Junior

Today we went to the Globe Theatre, after a breakfast of cereal, bagels, and tea. We had a tour, and learned that it is about half the size of the original Globe Theater, and that it was built with the same materials and the same techniques as the original. It had a thatched roof, which now has fire prevention sprinklers on it. Altogether it could hold about 1500 people, including the groundlings, who stood in the space between the stage and where the other viewers sat. We then went down to St. Paul's cathedral for a communion service, which was held in the transept, where the two arms of the cross-shaped building meet. After the service we climbed the dome of the cathedral, which was about five-hundred seventy steps (I heard, I didn't actually count them) and saw a higher view of London. We could see the Thames river, and some of downtown London. There was also a little hole in the top level of the cathedral, and so we were able to look straight down at the floor. We also walked around the whispering gallery, which is above the transept. It is called the whispering gallery because you can whisper across it and still be heard. Then we went to Lambeth Palace library. Lambeth Palace is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury when he is in England. I saw a huge 2 ½ foot by 2 ½ foot illuminated Bible, and the death warrant for Mary, Queen of Scots. We then went back to St. Agnes', where we had spaghetti for dinner before going to bed. ❁



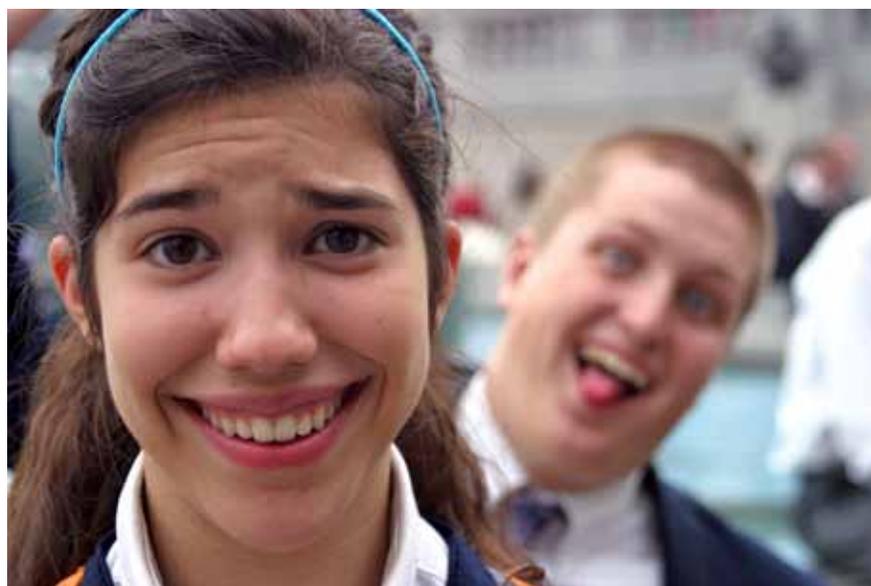
Josiah & Peter Bartel in front of Hadrian's Wall



The group on the Millenium Bridge over the Thames



The Lions of Trafalgar Square



Carinne Cook & Peter Bartel

5.31.2010 - DAY 4
JoAnna Waterman
Senior

Fr. Foos made an English fry for breakfast. Eggs, tomatoes, sausage, bacon, mushrooms, and bread all fried in a ridiculous amount of oil. Then, after a quick choir practice, we went to the British Museum. We saw the Rosetta Stone, Cuneiform writing, parts of the Parthenon, Roman artifacts, and other very old things. We got to eat lunch on the steps of the museum.

Then on to the British Library, where we saw Beowulf, Alice in Wonderland, original Beatles lyrics on napkins, the Magna Carta, original Mozart, Handel, and other composers, and Beethoven's tuning fork. Unfortunately, the Lindisfarne Gospels were not there. We sang outside the Library for Fr. and Mrs. Houser, whom we met up with briefly.

Then to Trafalgar Square, where we took many pictures and attempted to climb on the lion statues (some of us were successful). The priests went shopping, and when they came to collect us, they brought CHOCOLATE! Dinner was pizza, meat pies, and spaghetti, with entertainment by Abbott and Costello. ❁

HADRIAN'S WALL

Peter Bartel

Sophomore



Erna Sampey & Peter Bartel

In 122 AD Emperor Hadrian ordered a wall to be built across England. This wall had three main purposes: it kept the enemies of the Romans out of the southern part of Britain, set the boundaries for the Roman Empire, and worked as a customs check point. The wall spanned from Tyne to Brownsea. It was wide enough for a Roman chariot to ride on it and was around 14 to 16 feet high. On the northern side there was a big ditch. This ditch discouraged attacks on the wall because it made the wall look taller and more menacing. On the southern side there was another ditch. This ditch was much shallower than the ditch on the northern side of the wall, but it was still a ditch. This ditch was probably to mark the beginning of a military zone, and to keep people from stealing supplies from the army. At first the wall had small forts along the wall. These were given the name milecastles, because they were a mile apart from each other. The problem with this design is that the reinforcements were not kept on the wall, but were kept in big forts several miles away. The way the Romans fixed this was to abandon the old forts and to build new forts on the wall. These forts were spaced six miles apart.

The wall was built with stone and concrete. The Romans made two walls of cut stone then they filled in the inside of the two walls with concrete and uncut stone. This was easier and much faster than building the whole wall out of cut stone. Unlike the Roman roads, Hadrian's wall is not straight but follows the highest ground so it can take the best tactical advantage. The wall was built by Roman legions, while the ditches were dug by auxiliary units. Auxiliary units were soldiers who were not Roman citizens. They were paid less than the normal legion. But at the end of their service they were granted a piece of land and Roman citizenship. The forts along the wall were 3.5 acres to 7 acres. In the middle of these forts is the Principia or headquarters. The Commanding Officers' quarters and the bath houses would be placed on one side of the Principia, and on the opposite side the storage building would be placed. On the two other sides of the Principia were the Barracks and any other buildings needed for life. The forts just acted as a marching camp. They had a gate through

the wall so people could get through. These forts then also controlled trade. They were able to tax the trade and to decide what came into the Roman controlled area and what came out.

The wall was a clear boundary of the Roman controlled land. The enemies of Rome were forced into the outskirts of Britain.

The Romans were the police and the defense of Britain. So when the Romans left, Britain was left defenseless. The Roman forts were too hard to keep up so the people took the stone from the forts and built smaller buildings easier to upkeep. Hadrian's wall fell into ruins and the stones were taken from the wall to build smaller sheep walls. But Hadrian's wall still is visible after 1800 years. Now that says something. The ancient civilization of Rome builds buildings that last longer than this modern civilization's buildings. That is not right. We need to change that. ✿



Hadrian's Wall

THE APPLE TREE

Fr. John Boonzaaijer
of Chapel of the Cross, Dallas, TX

The stone pillars bordering the Norman apse surround the altar and encircle the choir stalls, where two dozen young souls nervously finger their music, ready to sing. Quiet tombs checker the floor. A chalice and paten, worn and dented from centuries of hopeful fingers and fervent lips, reflects the candlelight. The early gray light filters through stained glass windows as they tell stories of damaged souls whose faith was kept alive.

At another parish, built in 675 by Irish priests with their wives and children, the students chortle over the irony of breaking forth the Te Deum between these walls made of abandoned Roman stone, Minerva lying on her side. Elsewhere we see the corner church now a repair garage, a restaurant—or a mosque.

And then the voices begin, of the priests, the teachers, and the students, singing the ancient prayers and canticles of the Church, followed by more recent music expressing the same faith in “Jesus Christ the Apple Tree”—enjoyed this past Lent by our own Chapel family, and sung by the same students. The harmonies weave together the voices of the choristers, who listen for each other that they might sing with one voice.

The tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green.

The trees of nature fruitless be compared with Christ the apple tree.

*I'm weary with my former toil, Here I will sit and rest awhile;
Under the shadow I will be of Jesus Christ the apple tree.*

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dying faith alive;

Which makes my soul in haste to be with Jesus Christ the apple tree.

The final note climbs to the farthest arch and canters from side to side, making sure each corner of God's holy space has been filled, before settling, never to leave, into the cracks and crevices and tombs of stone and the broken hearts above them in their pews. These voices, too, have now forever added themselves to all that have sung here before.

We heard often, “We do not have much reason for hope, but today your students cause us to pray again,” accompanied with the searching eye of many a parishioner, during the recent combined singing/study tour of St. Andrew's

Academy and Good Shepherd School. Both schools are parochial day schools of Reformed Episcopal parishes, committed to classical education and to historic Christian orthodoxy under the shaping power of Truth, Beauty and Goodness. The students went to sing and study, and as pilgrims always have, to return other than as they left – to shed a burden and purge the soul, and to bring some of the goodness that Christ has given elsewhere to the problems of their lives at home.

Will these hands and voices be the rebuilding of a decaying Church and culture? They are weak and sinful, and they, too, drink deeply from the poisoned well of secularism; can they find older, faithful company under the shelter of Jesus Christ the Apple Tree? Can dying faith be kept alive?

Now these three remain: Faith, Hope and Charity. ✱



Walking barefoot toward St. Peter-on-the-Wall

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