

# PILGRIMAGE PROGRAMME

## Saturday 23rd August 2008

12 noon

Solemn Eucharist at **St David's Church, Llanthony.**

1.30pm

Assemble **outside St David's Church** for Pilgrimage Walk.

3.30pm

Ecumenical Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary at **St Mary's Church, Capel-y-ffin** with address by Fr Robin Ward, Principal of St Stephen's House.

This service is followed by the Procession to **The Monastery and Abbey Church** with stations at the **Wayside Calvary** and at the **Statue of Our Lady of Llanthony.**

Car parking is available in the official Car park at Llanthony Priory for the Eucharist at St David's and in the field at Chapel Farm, Capel-y-ffin by kind permission of Mr & Mrs Watkins, for the afternoon event.

The usual pilgrimage walk will take place in the afternoon. Stout footwear is essential and weather-proof clothing is suggested.

n.b. The Father Ignatius Memorial Society is on the web:  
[www.fatherignatius.com](http://www.fatherignatius.com)

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JESUS



ONLY

PAX

*The Father  
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# NEWSLETTER

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website at:  
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## The Pilgrimage Association

THE IDEA OF FORMING AN ECUMENICAL PILGRIMAGE ASSOCIATION has been well received. It would, I hope, be concerned with prayerful invocation of our Blessed Lady under the title 'Our Lady of Llanthony' which would take place all the year round, not just at the end of August.

At last year's pilgrimage 40 or more people signed up to the idea of an association and this year they and any others who would like to explore that possibility are invited to a brief meeting immediately after the Mass at Llanthony, so that we can begin to see in more detail what sort of association we may ask people to join.

In the meantime please continue to help us with your prayers.

Father Jeremy C. Dowding SSC



The postman brings the outside world to Llanthony

## From the Chairman...

The Vicarage, Mill Lane,  
Thorpe-le-Soken,  
Clacton-on-Sea,  
Essex

CO16 0ED

Feast of Saint Benedict, 11th July 2008

**FATHER IGNATIUS**  
**Joseph Leycester Lyne 1837 – 1908**  
**Centenary Year 2008**

My dear fellow pilgrims,

A couple of years ago I was on retreat with a number of other priests at the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. We began, before going into retreat properly, with a glass of sherry in the Shrine Administrator's cottage.

Here I found myself receiving unexpected attention because I had recently appeared on television in the celebrity family history programme, *Who do you think you are?*

I hasten to say that mine was a very minor role. The celebrity in question was the comedian, Julian Clary, whose great-grandmother had been baptised in the church where I serve in Essex.

One of the priests who had watched the programme was the Principal of St Stephen's House, Oxford, Revd. Canon (Dr) Robin Ward.

Fr Ward and I had been students at the 'House' together and he was very amused by the whole thing.

A couple of the other retreatants were regular members of our pilgrimage, and so the conversation came around to Father Ignatius and the 'Llanthony' Pilgrimage. I learned that Dr Ward not only knew of Fr Ignatius, but that he was quite a 'fan' of his.

The preacher at this year's Pilgrimage will be the same Father Robin Ward, Principal of St Stephen's House.

I am delighted to commend him to you as our preacher and know that we will hear something very worthwhile.

This year is the centenary of the death of Fr Ignatius, and so we are celebrating a very special anniversary.

I do hope you will join us for the centenary pilgrimage on 23rd August.

Much looking forward to seeing you.

Father Jeremy

## Fr Ignatius of Llanthony 1837-1908: A Centenary Appreciation

WITH THE DEATH in 1908 of Joseph Leycester Lyne, Father Ignatius of Llanthony, there came to an end the first revival of the monastic life for men in the Church of England.

Now, 100 years later, we have become accustomed to having, albeit in relatively small numbers, both men and women living out the religious life as Anglican monks, nuns, friars, and so on.

Not very long after Ignatius had revived the religious life for men, others began to open religious orders and houses. Soon Fr Benson founded the Society of St John the Evangelist at Cowley in Oxford, and others followed.

Many, like Benson, were given the encouragement of their bishops but Benson was already a priest and the Rector of Cowley when he began his great work.

Father Ignatius started as a young man, a deacon, with a strong sense of being called to this work and it was a calling that never left him.

In the eyes of the world he was foolish, unsuccessful, a crank, a charlatan, a mediaevalist, and a dreamer but never did he desert that to which he felt himself called and never did he desert the God

who called him. And, of Anglican men to take religious orders, he was the first. Let that never be forgotten.

Ignatius lived, as best he could, the religious life in a Church of England which wasn't prepared for him, with bishops unsympathetic to him and who didn't know how to encourage heroes; and Ignatius was a hero.

How many, facing the intemperate and hostile opposition which came his way, would simply have given up? Most, I think.

Ignatius was in this way not like most men. He may have been physically and temperamentally rather weak, but he had an amazing strength of faith and of character which gave him a determination to serve God with extraordinary fortitude and staying-power.

He was, however, not a good judge of character and took everyone who came to Llanthony Abbey at face value and so he was often surrounded by imposters as well as the genuine souls who came to try and follow the religious life.

Because of this lack of judgement, the community was often on the point of disintegrating. Another

problem was that to be the Superior of a religious house, more than faith and determination is needed. Efficiency in administration is essential and Ignatius was no administrator.

Of the Apparitions of Our Lady of Llanthony and associated happenings, there must be some mention and our readers, especially those who have read other accounts, may find the following of special interest.

Desmond Morse-Boycott, wrote in 1933:

There were some boys receiving their education in the Abbey. They were playing in the fields one summer evening, but abandoned their game and ran to Father Ignatius, crying out that there was a light burning in a bush. He calmed them and ordered a watch to be kept before the altar by the monks of the Abbey and the nuns of the Convent nearby... The next day one of the nuns sent word that Father Ignatius had left the monstern on the altar... Father Ignatius went to lock it up but it was not visible... On that evening the boys saw the light in the bush again. The monks were assembled in the porch where they sang an Ave... It was a foul night. The wind howled in the vast solitude.

The rain teemed down. A thick pall of cloud draped the hills and the heavens.

He quotes a witness, Brother Gildas (B.G.A. Cannell) who later became a bus driver [see below, pp. 7-11]:

A wonderful light appeared in the heavens. It seemed to open out, and in the centre there then appeared the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her hands were outstretched, and the light from her presence was so radiant that the monks could hardly look upon it. The walls of the massive monastery became like glass.

Morse-Boycott adds his own comments as simply: 'Ignatius hated a lie. Others might deceive him; he had no self-deceit.' And

Presumably a vision from heaven would be a reward for sanctity and heroism. Who among priests and prelates in his days had more than he? The splendour of his courage pales his contemporaries' valour (and there were giants in those days) into insignificance.

So Ignatius was not an able administrator or a talented Superior. He was faithful—full of faith and of grit and determination to do what he believed to be God's will.

This faith and determination also drove him as a great preacher,

perhaps the best of his day. Certainly he was the Billy Graham of his day. He drew great crowds and converted great crowds. He may not have been a theologian but he what he lacked in study of theology he made up for in spades with love of Jesus.

His message was simple, as in the days of his curacy at London Docks when he was known to go into halls of ill-repute and cry out that 'all must appear before the judgement-seat of Christ.'

Another extract from Morse-Boycott (the brackets are mine):

Ignatius died, as he had lived, a monk, albeit a quaint one. He made a fatal mistake, as far as his work was concerned, in accepting ordination (to the priesthood in 1898, thirty-eight years after being made a deacon by the Lord Auckland, Bishop of Bath and Wells) at the hands of a wandering Old Catholic bishop, who was

an adventurer. Thus he was finally discredited in the eyes of the Church that denied him the priesthood and ignored his appeals for the Sacraments for his flock. He died on October 16, 1908, murmuring, 'Praised be Jesus for ever and ever!' and was given a wonderful funeral, and a number of critical obituary notices in the press. A fool like St Francis, a hero like St Benedict, a revivalist like Moody, a lover of souls like General Booth, an ascetic like St Anthony the hermit, an orator as golden as Lacordaire, but withal a poor theologian, and as simple as a child, of whom his Church was unworthy. Alas! She is awkward in her handling of saints and her saints cannot breathe in 'Establishment.'

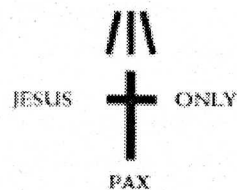
#### **Father Jeremy C. Dowding SSC**

The full article by the late Fr. Desmond Morse-Boycott, SSC, can be found on the internet at the following address: <http://anglicanhistory.org/bios/kindly/ignatius.html>

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### *The Motto used by Father Ignatius*

Y GWIR YN ERBYN Y BŶD



ALL THAT Ignatius did in his life, all that tried to do and persisted with trying, every success and every failure were all sanctified by his love of God summed up in his own motto and that of his Abbey: Jesus Only.



# Pilgrimage to Llanthony Tertia

## AN INTRODUCTION TO A MONASTIC BUSMAN

Two glimpses of the Abbey of our Lady and St Dunstan over a century apart, setting the scene for an extract from an out of print account of life with Father Ignatius

ON Wednesday 25th October 2006, the honorary Archivist of the Father Ignatius Memorial Trust (FIMT) Douglas Lyne, had the good fortune to be accompanied by his daughter Deborah Lyne (also a Trustee) as driver and Pol O Moran (Paul Moran) who was kindly acting as his amanuensis on a major mission of exploration to the Abbey church of Father Ignatius of Lianthony OSB to view for the first time the renovations which were undertaken under the personal supervision of Mr Stanley Knill, the current owner of the monastery and the special delegate of the Trustees for the elaborate negotiations and works involved over the last decade or so.

It was an exhilarating and somewhat alarming enterprise made all the more so by the pools of brackish water which were lurking on the narrow roadway at intervals, to an unknown depth. Only the intrepid driving of Deborah and the encouraging missionary assurances of Paul made it possible for us to complete the journey in the sheets of water which were descending

continuously from the Welsh Heavens. For myself, I could only hope and believe that – as ever – my notable kinsman Joseph Leycester Lyne would see us through—and so it was!

On arrival at the abbey church the rains eased for a while and enabled us to appreciate the full magnificence of the work which has been undertaken in hugely difficult circumstances.

All this by way of introduction to an entirely different form of pilgrimage – only semi-voluntary – made by a young teenager of 16 years named Bertram George Aubrey Cannell who had been sent at the behest of his father (a London doctor) in 1892 to become a Postulant Monk with Father Ignatius (in other words, he was under no obligation to take final monastic vows)

The main difference between the young Cannell (as related in his autobiography *From Monk to Busman*) and our journey was that whereas we had the benefit of mechanical transport, Bertie had only the use of Shank's Pony (i.e. his legs as conveyances) for the whole ten

miles that lie between the nearest railway station at Llanfihangel Crucorney and Capel-y-Ffin/Llanthony. Truly a monumental initiation to an amazing adventure.

I do not think that I need to elaborate on the text in any way. Bertie Cannell, who made the strange transmogrification from monk under Father Ignatius to busman under the London Passenger Transport Board of the 1920-30s, writes with an astonishing ironic and affectionate edge, which needs no amplification.

The blurb of his book (i.e. his autobiography) also gives an excellent summation of his purpose, as does the characteristic foreword by The Right Rev, and Right Hon Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Lord Bishop of London who concludes his recommendation written at Fulham Palace in 1935 with the words

I am sure that a good many people will be interested to read the story of his life, and see how a man who was for four years a lay brother with Father Ignatius can keep firm hold on his religion as a busman.

Cannell describes his experience like this:

Just before Easter 1892 a letter arrived, announcing

that I was to journey to Kensington again. I could then accompany the Reverend Father on his return to the Monastery the following day. The great adventure had begun!

The following morning we drove in cabs to Paddington Station. The Reverend Father had a reserved compartment on the train, and I noticed all the railway officials made a great fuss of him. He laid down on one side of the carriage, and looked tired out. I bought a penny book to read, and he immediately said: 'Let me see that, dear child!' I thought 'Why, he is worse than my own father!' He would not let us read or sing anything that was not religious on Sundays.

The train went via Hereford, and we had to change there, and wait some little time for a local train to take us to a little station called Llanvihangel Crucorney, which was supposed to be nearest the Monastery.

On our arrival there was a cab waiting to take the Reverend Father up the valley. There was no room for some of us, so I was politely informed I had a ten-mile walk in front of me! The roads are none too good, but I thought the scenery above

words. What I could not understand was the clouds touching the mountains, rivers seemed to be running everywhere, and there were masses of flowers growing by the roadside. After walking some time. I spied a village church, and thought that must be the place: my heart went down when they told me we had still miles to go, and all up hill. As we trudged along you could see the ruins of the old Llanthony Priory in the distance. What is left of the place is used as an hotel. I saw Llanthony Abbey on a board, and thought surely this must be the place. No,' they said. Our goal was about another four miles, I understood there was no road beyond this place until Father Ignatius came. It became more, lonesome as we wended our way, just one or two farm-houses dotted about the valley. Your only companions were the sheep bleating on the hills.

Eventually I noticed the top of another church, and as we rounded the corner I saw the monastic buildings, looking very uninviting. I was ushered into the kitchen, the Reverend Father's secretary donned a white apron, and became the cook. Some of the monks had a look at me, I felt horribly homesick, and

cried like a child. After having a little food, the bell rung for Compline then Solemn Silence everywhere.

They did not take long to find me a cassock and little cape with a hood to it. My fears left me somewhat when I saw the glories of that church, with its altar forty feet high, and the glittering tabernacle. I could not help thinking then, 'it's good to be here.'

After Compline I followed the others to the dormitory. The sleeping cells were in darkness, save for a solitary red lamp in the passage outside. By the subdued light from this I saw a small iron bedstead with a straw mattress, two blankets, and a red counterpane, marked with a great white cross. A strip of coconut matting, a chair, and a crucifix on the wall relieved the bareness.

My heart sank, and I could not have slept much, for soon after I heard bells ringing. A monk came along, knocking at each, except mine, saying 'Benedictus Domino', and they replied: 'Deo Gratias'. They then rose: now there was more light, for I found afterwards they all had tapers, and lit them at the little lamp.

As I was still very young, I was classed with the

monastery boys. I had no particular rules to keep. except Silence, but one could not get very excited over dry bread and coffee for my first breakfast.

After this I was soon found a job. We all had to help to keep the place as clean as a new pin, was given a paper with my 'Distribution'. Make the beds, and keep the cells clean, also the Sacristy and the Community Room. The latter were very large rooms, covered in red tiles, which had to be scrubbed every week, and woe betide you if the Reverend Father came along, and found a speck of dust anywhere. No carpets or stair covering, floors and stairs were varnished. We had to polish these with home-made 'beeswax': candle grease mixed with turpentine.

I might say here that I had no idea of becoming a monk I thought my father had let me go there with the idea of becoming a priest. We had an excellent tutor, an M.A. of Oxford. I will give him his credit, he taught me more than I had ever learnt before, he lived in the visitor's quarters of the Monastery. and only came to Church at noon and Vespers.

I never saw much of the Reverend Father, he used to stay in his cell, attending to correspondence. He generally

came to Church twice a day. On Sunday. if it were fine, perhaps he would take us for a walk over the mountain at the back of the Monastery. We used to call the place the Echo: we had a little Bible reading there. It was very curious, as we sang our hymns, voices in the distance seemed to be repeating the same, He used to talk with me by the way. The others taught me to ask him in Welsh if we could speak at tea. The granting of this request was a great concession!

We looked forward to Sundays and Saints Days. for we had butter and jam with our meals. We had cows, and used to make our own butter. There were plenty of chickens, and, as a great treat, we used to have one for dinner on Sunday...very seldom!

Sometimes, there was too much milk, and we were supposed to drink this instead of tea, I never did like milk: my father used to say 'Cow's milk was for cows.' I think he was right!



#### Next Issue

**More from the Monk/Busman:**  
'After some time it was decided that I should become a Postulant...'