

Forget not all His Benefits (Part 1):

My Spiritual Journey
1955 to 1965



Adrian Hall

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Preface

“Forget not all His benefits...”

(Psalm 103 v 2)

Some stories are worth telling...

But why write ‘memoirs’? I think my reason is that I do not want to be forgotten, nor to be ‘mis-remembered’, as true memories can become distorted over time.

I feel the need to record good and accurate memories, in accordance with Psalm 103 v 2), and I can certainly filter out bad memories (“forgetting what lies behind”, Philippians 3 v 13) and celebrate the good ones...

So where am I going? What is my fixed point of reference for the future?

Simply this...

As Paul writes in 2 Corinthians 5 v 10:

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, so that each one may receive what is due for what he has done in the body, whether good or evil...

So there’s a sense in which we don’t need to keep records, as our deeds are remembered – and hopefully rewarded – in heaven...

So I pray (Psalm 25 v 7):

Remember not the sins of my youth or my transgressions;
according to your steadfast love remember me,
for the sake of your goodness, O LORD!

And I echo Nehemiah’s prayer in the last verse of his book (Nehemiah 13 v 31b):

Remember me, O my God, for good.

Paul elaborates the theme of ‘the judgment seat of Christ’ in 1 Corinthians 3 v 10 to 15:

¹⁰ According to the grace of God given to me, like a skilled master builder I laid a foundation, and someone else is building upon it. Let each one take care how he builds upon it. ¹¹ For no one can lay a foundation other than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. ¹² Now if anyone builds on the foundation with gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, straw— ¹³ each one’s work will become manifest, for the Day will disclose it, because it will be revealed by fire, and the fire will test what sort of work each one has done. ¹⁴ If the work that anyone has built on the foundation survives, he will receive a reward. ¹⁵ If anyone’s work is burned up, he will suffer loss, though he himself will be saved, but only as through fire...

Prayer:

Lord, help me – through your Holy Spirit – always to build upon the foundation of Jesus Christ – with gold, with silver and with precious stones... Amen.

1955

7 August 1955, Minster, Kent

I was born on Sunday 7 August 1955, in Minster, Sheppey, Kent UK. It seems strange that I am writing these notes on Saturday 28 March 2015, the day before Palm Sunday, and this afternoon we caught up with an elderly friend who was also born in Kent, but then evacuated from the London area during the Second World War.

I was born in the District Hospital, Minster, at about 10 o' clock on a Sunday morning ('Just in time for Church', as some friends would say later). Minster was the nearest town to where we lived, at Cliff House, a mile or two out of town and up the hill, on a muddy cliff overlooking the Thames Estuary. We lived there because my father, who was then a Commander in the Royal Navy, was based at Chatham Naval Dockyard. My sister Virginia was nine, and my brother Nicholas was about to turn six (on 17 August).

After the event my father was naturally keen to share the news with my sister and brother, and so he left the hospital and started to walk out of the town and up the hill to Cliff House, where Virginia and Nicholas were waiting anxiously. My father saw them standing outside the house, and in true Naval tradition he used semaphore flags to signal 'B-O-Y'. I'm told that Virginia was heard to exclaim "Bother!" I think she would have preferred a new sister!

Excerpt from my Birth Certificate dated 25 August 1955

I was born at the Sheppey General Hospital

My father's occupation was Commander, Royal Navy

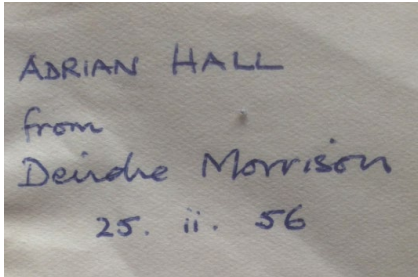
Our address was The Cliff House, Minster

1956

Christening

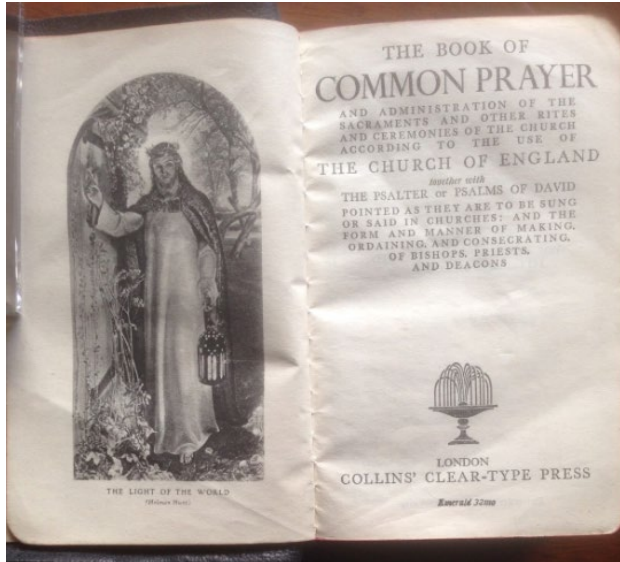
When I wrote this memoir (28 March 2015) I also looked inside the cover of my Christening Prayer Book, and saw this inscription:

ADRIAN HALL from Deirdre Morrison, 25 ii 56:



*The title page of my Christening Prayer Book shows Holman Hunt's *The Light of the World*, an illustration of Revelation 3 v 20:*

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in..."



I am assuming this was the date of my Christening, at Minster Abbey. The Morrisons were our neighbours, and my godparents. My uncle Roger was also my godfather, and Barbara Burns from Washington DC was also my godmother.

My father told me later that my Christening was one of the very few occasions when my two grandmothers actually met each other – so both Granny and Darsie were also there.



Minster Abbey, Sheppey



The Northern Aisle (the original church) with the Sexburgha chapel beyond the 12th century wooden screen. The North and East walls of this chapel are rough stone. The font under the nearest arch is Norman [perhaps this was the font where I was Christened].

1958

Iona

There is a photograph of me aged 3 (I think), dressed in summer shorts and shirt, sitting on some rocks with the beach and hills behind, and the sun on my right cheek. The beach may have been on the west coast of Iona, over the island from the Village. The photograph indicates that I was taken on holiday to Iona in the summer of 1958...

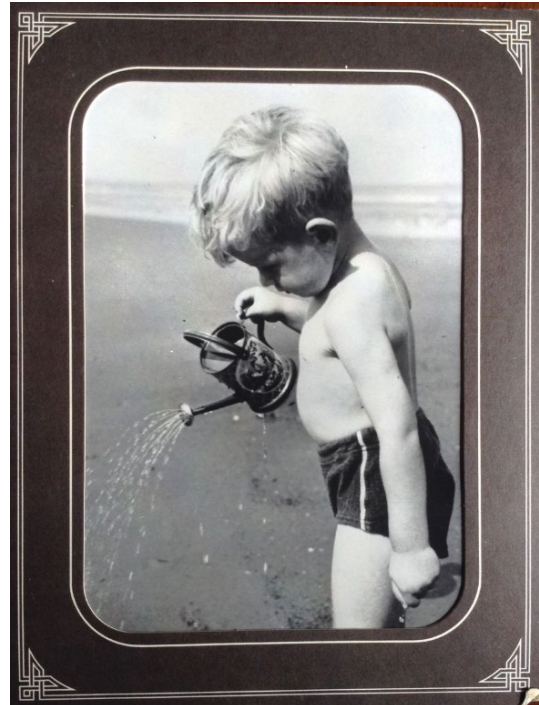


West coast of Iona

c August 1958

Watering can at the beach

c August 1958?



1959

I'm fairly certain we went to Iona in 1959, as I remember travelling along the road going north from Iona Abbey and running from telegraph pole to telegraph pole to hear them humming in the wind. I think we stayed with 'Mrs McFarland', but I don't remember Granny being there, so there may have been more than one family holiday there...

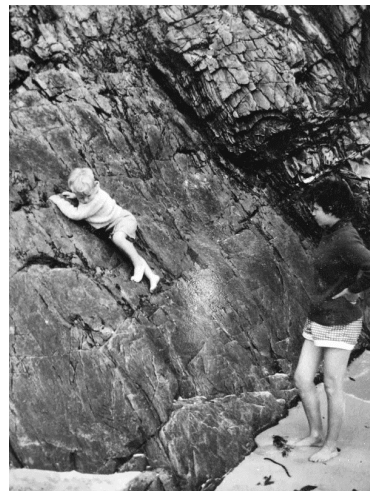
The following photographs tell the story of that holiday.

Photographs of Iona, 1959



Photographs of ferry voyage from the mainland to Mull and Iona...

Photographs of Iona, 1959 (continued)



Photographs of the Iona beaches...

1960

Entry for Elsie Carlisle from National Probate Calendar

England & Wales, National Probate Calendar (Index of Wills and Administrations), 1858-1966 for Elsie Maxwell Carlisle:

CARLISLE Elsie Maxwell of Ardlair Telegraph Road Heswall Cheshire, widow, died 23 March 1960 at The General Hospital Birkenhead, Probate Liverpool 24 June to Lloyds Bank Limited. Effects £57165 18 s 6d.

Memories of Granny

23 March 1960 – I remember the day (nearly 60 years ago now). I was 4½, so it was one of my earliest clear memories. We were at the rented house in Farnborough ('Highlands'), and I think I had started at the 'Locks Bottom' Nursery School, and that day my mother was up a ladder painting the kitchen ceiling, when the telephone rang and she received a call from her brother Iain, who told her that Granny had died. I did not understand what this meant, but I remember my mother was in tears, and said that she would sit down and make herself a cup of tea.

Elsie Carlisle with her daughter, Tony, and granddaughter Catriona on the beach at Iona, c1959.



Photograph of Granny a year or so before she died, on a beach at Iona

Later that year we made a visit to Ardlair as the house was on the market for sale, and I remember walking down to the end of the garden, which I was told was 100 yards long. Still later, I stood by the Old Mill at Legbourne, watching the water flowing along the millstream, and wondering what 'dying' meant. Was it something to do with falling into the river?

Being only 4 when she died I have only vague memories of Granny, but they were good and warm ones, and I know she loved her four children (Antonia, Mary, Iain and Griselda) and 11 grandchildren very much (this was before Fiona was born). I recall that her grandmother was no less than Annie Maxwell, who (around 1840) had sat at the feet of the great evangelical preacher Robert Murray McCheyne in Dundee.



Annie Ogilvie and her children left to right: Bessie, Andrew Jameson and William Maxwell. Photograph c. 1858

Photograph of Annie Ogilvie (nee Maxwell), with William Maxwell Ogilvie, my great-grandfather

I remember Granny had made some dark red jelly, which she had poured into silver or pewter goblets and kept in the fridge. I picked one up and was amazed that when you tipped it, the smooth jelly, which looked like a liquid, did not spill out as it had set. I also remember that on the top floor of Ardlair there was a room with a mirror on the dressing table directly opposite a wardrobe mirror, so that if you sat at the dressing table and looked into that mirror you could see an endless corridor of mirrors, getting fainter and darker as they receded into the distance.

Fifth birthday

7 August 1960 – I remember my fifth birthday! We were back at Cliff House, Minster, for a final few months over the summer, before we moved permanently to Legbourne. Dad gave me a brand new green metal swing, which he had set up at the bottom of the garden (near the hedge closest to the sea cliffs). He pushed me and I learned to swing!

It was around this time that our black-and-white Cocker Spaniel Jassy came to live with us – she was then 1 or 2 years old, a 'rescue dog' (of sorts), and very nervous at first. I remember the first night she stayed with us, in a basket in the kitchen or laundry area at Cliff House, and she howled all night...

Cliff House, Minster, 1960



Isle of Sheppey, new bridge on left, our car (black Morris Cowley) on right



Mother, Jassy and me



Virginia, a friend (Morrison?) and me, Cliff House



Playing with Jassy



Jassy



Toy boats in an old bathtub

Cliff House, Minster, and Glenburn, Heswall 1960



Cliff House



Mother and me at Cliff House



Glenburn, Heswall...



The beach at Minster and Dartmouth, 1960



Family and friends on the beach at Minster



Beaches at Dartmouth (above and below)



Legbourne, 1960



Nick mowing the lawns (pond on left)



Darsie and me



Dad ringing the bell



Flooded dyke, winter in the park at Legbourne

Arrival at Legbourne

Later that year we moved to Legbourne Abbey. I remember that when we arrived, Ivy (the maid) greeted us, and asked me, "Have you been to the zoo?" It seemed an odd question, as I had obviously not been anywhere near a zoo!



Legbourne Abbey in the 1960s

Inside the drawing room at Legbourne



All Saints School and Church, Legbourne

In the autumn of 1960 I started in the 'small class' at All Saints School, Legbourne, which was next door to the Church of the same name. My teacher was Mrs Ingham, who was nice, and the Headmistress was Mrs Mableson, who I thought was not so nice - she taught the 'big class' for the older students.

I have many memories of this school - most of them happy, but not all of them. But one happy memory was that for writing practice in our Scripture lessons we wrote in two blue exercise books – one featuring various well-known saints, the other containing Bible stories. There were two Bible stories I remember best – the first one was the story of Samuel as a boy, being called by God in the Temple ("Samuel, Samuel!", and Samuel replied "Here I am", and ran to Eli because he thought it was Eli that had called him).

The second one was the story of Ruth – I drew a picture of her gleaning in Boaz' field during the barley harvest. The Book of Ruth has been a favourite of mine to this day.

On Sundays we went to All Saints Church, and I attended Sunday School, which was taken by the Vicar's (Mr Entwistle's) grown up son, I think. I vaguely remember the Vicar or his son telling us about their time in Africa, and a story about a snake outrunning a car, winding itself round and round the axle and then getting up into the car – that was scary!



*All Saints Church, Legbourne
(Wikipedia image)*



The nave, looking toward the sanctuary



The altar and East window



The side chapel, where Sunday School was taught – the stained glass scenes are taken from Matthew 25: “[I was] thirsty and ye gave me drink; naked and ye clothed me; in prison and ye visited me”

1961

Six weeks with the Ogilvies

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 167):

The Dockyard had much work to do on the ship during her summer lie-up, which would take her at least four months. This meant we could all take our entitlement of leave – and Mary and I took a long holiday in Scandinavia. I had now reached the end of the Commanders' zone, so I had plenty of time to contemplate what could well be rather a bleak future. But when we reached Stockholm early in July, news arrived that I had been selected for promotion to Captain - which put a rosier complexion on the rest of our holiday.

I well remember this time. I was not yet six years old, and my parents left me for six weeks. I could have remained at Legbourne with Darsie, but my mother decided that was not a good idea (perhaps because I would have been too much of a handful for my elderly grandmother!). So I stayed with cousins David and Hillary Ogilvie, with their three young boys, John, James and Julian, who lived in Peterborough. I attended a 'home school' in their house, and it was generally a difficult time for me – I felt unsettled and homesick, and the Ogilvie boys tended to gang up and tease me. But I'm sure there were good times, and I was certainly well cared for.

From my point of view the highlight of that season was the day it ended, when my parents arrived to pick me up in a brand new Rover Three Litre. I loved that car so much! It was twin colour (which was fashionable in the early 60s), 'rush green' and 'shadow green', and the interior upholstery was dark red leather with varnished wood surrounds to the windows. The number plate was 855 PKN.

Sixth birthday

I have very clear memories of my sixth birthday, 7 August 1961. We were living at Legbourne, and I had a party for some of my friends at the Legbourne School (the small class), feeling very 'special' as I walked home along the lane carrying a birthday present. Apparently, as my mother said many years later, she had had great difficulty persuading Darsie to let me have a party at Legbourne Abbey, but I was blissfully unaware of this problem. I think we must have had some traditional party games, but the highlight of the afternoon was undoubtedly when Peter Cardno (a Naval Officer and friend of my parents, who must have been staying with us at the time) took a small group of us for a ride in his Land Rover. What was special about this ride was that the route took us along 'Watery Lane', which was a stream near Cawthorp just wide enough and with a firm smooth base that you could drive along. As we drove along this waterway at high speed, great plumes of spray rose up behind us! It was very exciting, and as a six year old child, I was in my seventh heaven.

And this story has an added poignancy, as recounting it was one of the very last coherent telephone conversations I had with my mother, shortly before she died in December 2010...

1962

Seventh birthday

I have only hazy recollections of my seventh birthday. I remember that we were living in Devon, as I remembered that 'seven' rhymed with Devon, and my birthday cake was in the shape of a '7' with white or cream icing and rows of smarties on top.

Salcombe and Saltash

This was part of the summer that we spent at Saltash, renting a cottage at a place called Wearde Quay, and it was situated across the harbour of Devonport, where many Aircraft Carriers and other Naval warships were anchored. HMS Owen was berthed there after the International Indian Ocean Expedition, and my father was busy writing up the results of the survey, before starting his course at Greenwich. I clearly remember him sailing in a small dinghy from our house to the ship each morning, by way of daily commuting to work. Dad used to wake me up in the morning with: "Show a leg! Show a leg! Rise and shine! Lash up and stow! The sun's burning your eyes out!" (Naval terminology)

We spent the summer of 1962 and part of the previous summer (1961) in Devon, and I remember warm sunny days, the scent of nasturtiums around the house, the view over the harbour, picnics on the beaches of South Devon and Cornwall, flying 'Artigas' my bird-like kite on Bodmin Moor, boat trips at Salcombe, and the view over Plymouth Town from the top of the Civic Centre. These were for the most part sunny, warm, happy, carefree days...



Kingsbridge estuary and Salcombe

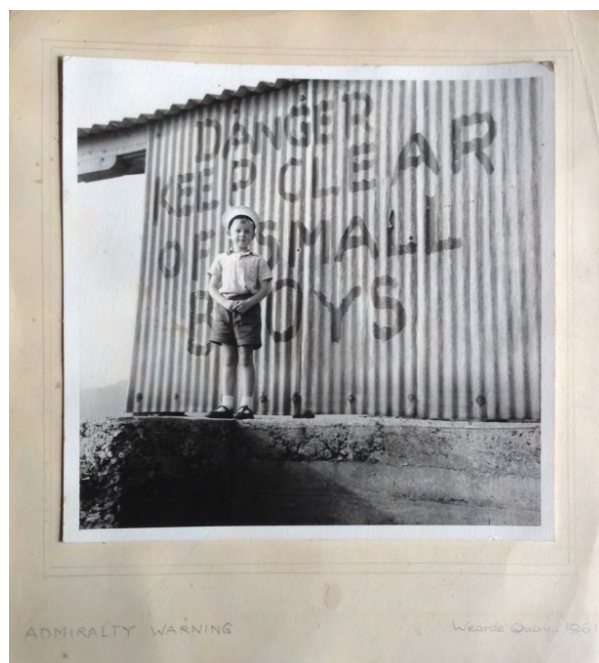


Salcombe waterfront (Wikipedia images)

The photo caption reads:

ADMIRALTY WARNING

Wearde Quay 1961



Move to Greenwich, September 1962

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 176):

I relinquished command of HMS Owen that summer, after working up the results of all our surveys and seeing the ship well into her annual refit. I was earmarked for another shore appointment, this time as Assistant Hydrographer at the Admiralty. However, as the post would not be vacant till the following spring, it was decided that I should fill in the time by undertaking the six-month Senior Officers' War Course at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, starting towards the end of September 1962. This would be the first time that an (H) officer had taken the course.

Mary and I went down to look for accommodation and found a suitable first-floor flat within reasonable walking distance of the College...

I remember the flat at 58 Beaconsfield Road, Blackheath. It was a first floor flat, and the landlord was Miss Tappenden, who lived on the ground floor with her ageing mother. I remember Miss Tappenden as a very kind person, in a quiet sort of a way, and I think she had a strong Christian faith, judging from the messages she included in the many Christmas cards she sent us over the years. I can't be sure, but I have the feeling that she prayed for us.

Riverston

After our move to Blackheath I started school at Riverston, a small private day school on Eltham Road, near Blackheath Park. It was a good school in many ways, and I remember the uniform was light grey with red stripes, such as on the boys' ties. It was a mixed school (boys and girls) and I was in a class of about 25 students. I particularly remember the kindly headmaster, Mr Lewis, who taught Geography (and told us stories, including the story of Tuk-too, the Eskimo), and who was somewhat of a father figure. I also remember the elderly but indomitable Miss Grounds, who used to say "I may be blind, but I'm not deaf!"

I spent two terms at Riverston, covering the harsh winter of 1962 to 1963. I remember some of the other students, notably David Bratby, whose father was an artist, and who lived in the next street to us (his house was at the bottom of our garden), and Johnny Lowe, who told me he was shocked when he found out that David and his family "did not believe in God" and did not go to church. There were also girls, like Theresa Burn (whose name rhymed with "she's a bird"), Charlotte who drew curly hair using circle stencils, and two Roberts – Robert Ingram and Robert Mankiewicz (who must have been of Polish descent).

The Lowes were friends of my aunt Tony (Antonia) and uncle Ruari, who lived not far away (47a Blackheath Park?), and it was because John Lowe went to Riverston that Tony recommended to my parents that I should go there also. The Lowes were a great family, with four children – Edward was the oldest, then John, and then I think two younger sisters. There was also a French *au pair* girl staying, and I remember – it must have been during the spring of 1963 – they invited me to accompany them on a house-boat holiday (which was really just a long weekend). I can't remember exactly where it was, but the children's laughing chatter in the early morning with a cock crowing was a magical sound I will remember always. Just a sense of adventure, excitement and wholeness that is sometimes found in larger, well run families where there is much true love. When I got back to school, I was asked to write an essay about this holiday weekend, and I was so excited as there was so much to write about... but when the time was up, I'd only just got started, and sadly I was never able to complete my literary masterpiece!

Fog at Blackheath

I remember thick fog at Blackheath in December 1962. The bus home from Riverston got lost in the fog, and circumnavigated Blackheath several times before finding the correct turn-off. We were a little scared...



Archival pictures of London during the Great Fog of 1952 – the fog of December 1962 was similar

1963

Royal Naval College Greenwich

One of the highlights of our six months in Greenwich was the way we spent our Sundays as a family. Our 'local church' was the beautiful Chapel at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. I remember almost nothing about the services there, though I'm sure we followed the 1662 Book of Common Prayer; but I clearly remember that I first heard and learned the famous Naval hymn "Eternal Father, strong to save... O hear us when we cry to Thee, for those in peril on the sea!" – which has remained a favourite of mine ever since. After the Sunday morning service, we proceeded to lunch at the famous Painted Hall, with the magnificent painted ceiling.

Looking back, I realise that our six months in Greenwich was a very special time, and I have often wondered why. I think that one of the reasons was that my father was 'home' (rather than being away at sea, as in previous years) – and this season coincided with my also being at home, as I had not yet started boarding school. Such a time was not to last, of course, as I would be starting at Packwood in September 1963, but those six months represented perhaps one of the very few times when a 'father-and-son' relationship could flourish, and it was good to be able to spend times together. I particularly remember, in early 1963, the evening 'political' conversations of a grown-up kind, discussing Soviet Russia and the threat of nuclear war – conversations inspired, no doubt, by the Cold War and the recent Cuban missile crisis...



Royal Naval College, Greenwich – View from the River Thames



The Chapel



Ceiling under dome



The Painted Hall (Wikipedia images)

Move to Highgate, Spring 1963

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 177):

In view of the fact that I was to spend the next two years in Whitehall as Assistant Hydrographer, and that all our family interests seemed to lie to the north of London, Mary and I felt that it would save a lot of trouble if we could find a house on that side of the

metropolis. After looking in the Hampstead area, we found a delightful little house in a quiet cul-de-sac off Fitzroy Park in Highgate, which we bought and which turned out to be ideal for our purpose. It was in an entirely rural setting, yet only five miles from the Admiralty, which was easily reached by public transport...



The back of Westwind



Hampstead Heath



Highgate ponds (Wikipedia images)

Highgate Primary School

Soon after we moved to Highgate, I started at Highgate Primary School (London N6), where I spent the summer term. For some reason I did not feel as happy there as I had been at Riverston, and I did not feel it was such a good school. Maybe it was the sheer numbers – my class had 40 students, so there was almost no individual interaction between the class teacher and the students. And I think there was a fair amount of bullying that went on in the playground, such that certain items of playground equipment such as the 'giraffe' were out of bounds.

I have few clear memories of this time. I think we sang some of the songs from *The Sound of Music*, which was then being performed at London's West End (the live musical, not the film), and there was a hymn that went "Around the throne of God a band – of glorious Angels always stand..." We also learned about the planets and the solar system, and I was fascinated by Saturn's rings.

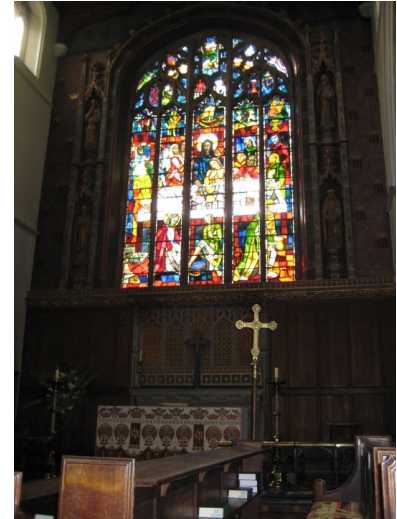
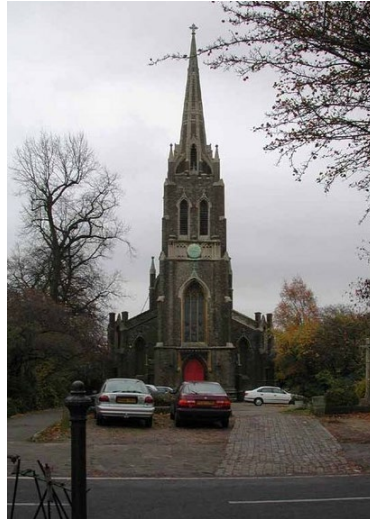
Palm Sunday Hymn

I think it was at Highgate Primary School that I first sang the Palm Sunday hymn with the words "All glory, laud and honour to Thee redeemer King; from whom the lips of children made sweet Hosannas ring!" I did not understand these words at all: I thought it said that the children made sweet *Hosanna's* (with an apostrophe) ring. I thought that if Jesus was the King, then Hosanna must be the Queen, but I could not understand why the children had to make a ring for sweet Queen Hosanna – presumably a royal ring that she

would wear on her finger. Anyway, I felt that Jesus should have all the glory and honour, not some queen that I'd never heard of. It was some time before I worked out what that hymn *really* meant!

St Michael's Church, Highgate

Our 'local church' at this time was St Michael's, Highgate, and it was there that my mother joined the prestigious Embroidery Group, where she created the amazing Celestial City (New Jerusalem), to a design by Sylvia Green. The vicar was the elderly Rev Canon Edwards, and I remember little of his sermons, except that he raised his voice when he got angry and worked up, and except for one particular sermon with the three point outline: "Cherish the past; Adorn the present; Create for the future..."



St Michael's Church, Highgate (Wikipedia images)

Personal note at the end of the Revelation Series

In July 2015 I completed an 18 part series of studies in the Book of Revelation, and at the end of Revelation Chapter 22 I added this personal note...

I would like to end this incredible series of Studies in the Book of Revelation on a personal note... During the 1960s we lived in Highgate, North London, and our 'local church' at this time was St Michael's Anglican Church, Highgate. It was there that my mother, Mary Hall, joined the prestigious Sylvia Green's Embroidery Group, where she created the amazing Celestial City (New Jerusalem), to a design by Sylvia Green, for a 'sedilia' (choir stall) cushion. My mother passed into eternity in December 2010, aged nearly 90.



Celestial City (New Jerusalem) – created by my mother

From Sylvia Green's Embroidery Group

Eighth birthday

I remember my eighth birthday took place while we were living in Highgate. I got up early on the summer's morning, and walked round the garden at Westwind feeling 'special'. My main memory was having some friends around, probably classmates from Highgate School, and playing a 'battle game' on Hampstead Heath. The game was like a kind of hide-and-seek mock medieval battle, featuring Knights with swords and spears, and Archers with bows and arrows. I made a 'banner' out of a sheet of plastic attached to a pole, and this helped me gain Victory over the enemies.

My first day at Packwood

About a month later, in early September 1963, I got up as usual, and then dressed for the first time in the light grey and dark green uniform that was to become so familiar. I remember doing my teeth, as I always did in the morning, and I remember even then thinking that this was going to be a momentous day that would change my life for ever; life was never going to be the same again. There had been elaborate preparations: my trunk and tuck box had already been picked up for transport and delivery to Packwood, using a scheme termed 'PLA' (Passengers' Luggage in Advance). I remember that included in my tuck box were many packets of sweets (such as 'acid drops'), to last me through the term...

My mother drove to Paddington Station, where we met several boys dressed in similar uniforms. I approached one boy, introduced myself as Adrian, and asked him what his name was. When he replied "MacPherson" I thought that was a very funny name, forgetting that from now on we had to address each other by our surnames, and not our Christian names. Someone walked up to the front of the train (it might have been my father, but I can't quite remember whether he was there to see me off) – anyway, with great excitement he reported that the train was going to be pulled by TWO diesel locomotives! Sad goodbyes, and we were off...

After travelling for what seemed like most of the day, we arrived at Shrewsbury Station, and boarded a decrepit old bus which seemed to have been a relic from the Second World War. I sat by myself near the back, on the right hand side near a window. Presently we rattled through the village of Baschurch, and there I asked myself the question "Is Packwood in sight yet?" Sure enough, on the far side of Baschurch we caught our first glimpse of the main school building, rising clear on a hilltop in the distance. Soon we reached the village of Ruyton XI Towns, passed the old red sandstone Church, past the Talbot Inn, turning right at the village pump, and then up the hill, past the dairy, then past the main gates with round stone balls on the pillars, and turned right into the secondary entrance which led straight to the Yard.

Later that evening I wandered around the school grounds, including the Headmaster's garden and the 'mushrooms' (topiary trees, still there more than 50 years later) at the far end of the garden, beyond which there was a fence, with a field dropping away back down the hill, with the village of Ruyton in the valley below. I suddenly felt very homesick, as the truth sank in that I was now a long, long way from home, and mother, and family, and all that was dear and familiar...



The original (Queen Anne) school building, southern façade, Packwood Haugh, early 1960s



Similar view more than 50 years later, little changed (Wikipedia images, 2015)

My reverie was interrupted by Mr Roe, the Senior Master, who was rounding up the 'train boys' for tea, and he asked me if I would like a boiled egg: "Yea, or Nay?" I was embarrassed, as I did not know what this meant, and was yet to learn that this was part of his somewhat eccentric sense of humour. (As Senior Master he was in charge of ringing the electric bell at the end of each lesson, a task he frequently delegated to a student, with the instruction, "Watson-Jones, go and tinkle the *tintabulum*", meaning "go and ring the bell"). Anyway, back to that first day: "Yes, or No?" he explained. I do not remember what answer I gave, but in any case I was far too upset to eat much.

Later that evening, Mr Roe ran the roll call in the Covered Courts, our main meeting hall next to the Yard. I was amazed, and momentarily confused, by the postscripts 'Ma' (pronounced 'may', short for Major) and 'Mi' (pronounced 'my', short for Minor), for brothers when their names were called out, as in Dutton Ma, Dutton Mi, Sweet Ma, Sweet Mi, Wallace-Hadrill Ma, Wallace-Hadrill Mi. I remember a similar beginning of year roll call, it must have been a year or two later, when Mr Roe was anxious that all the boys on his list were accounted for, and asked, "Does anyone know where Boville is?" One bright new boy piped up, "Sir, is it in Africa?"

I was in '2 Dorm', with several other new boys, including Elphinston, Tomkinson, Rees-Jones and Whately. Ridler, who had been at the school for a couple of terms, was the Dorm Captain. Once we were all in bed, Matron said "Goodnight" and turned the lights out. There was a stunned silence, then Tomkinson exclaimed in a loud voice, "It's jolly dark!" whereupon Ridler told him to "Shhhhh!" There was a rule of strict silence after lights out.

The next morning, we were allowed to lie in until 07:45, which was the rule for the first day of term (normally we got up at 07:15). The Headmaster, Mr Pease-Watkin, led us all up to the top bathroom, where we each had a cold bath (quick in and out), then dried ourselves, put our dressing gowns back on, then back to the dormitory to dress. Breakfast was porridge with 'sand' sugar...

Sometime later, a second year student, (Richard) Cowan, who would later become my best friend, took me on a guided tour of the school. I remember, it wasn't a very good tour! He took me to a classroom, then pointed randomly to a desk, and mumbled "This is LM." I had no idea what he meant, as I thought he had said "This is Helen"! Anyway, I learned later that 'LM' stood for 'Lower Middle', a class predominantly for second year students. After about two weeks at Packwood, I was 'promoted' to this class as the Headmaster assessed me as being bright, and LM was to become my new home. But for the first few days my class was 'LS' ('Lower School'), and on the first morning of the new term we were introduced to our teachers: including Mr Bevan for Latin, and Mr Edwards for French.

It was somewhat heart-warming when I met one or two folk who welcomed me to the school because they remembered my brother, Nicholas, who had left at the end of 1962 – notably Goyder, an older boy, and Mr Harrison, who would later teach me English and History.

Assassination of JF Kennedy, November 1963

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the 35th President of the United States, was assassinated at 12:30 p.m. Central Standard Time (18:30 UTC) on Friday, November 22, 1963, in Dealey Plaza, Dallas, Texas. Kennedy was fatally shot by a sniper while traveling with his wife Jacqueline, Texas Governor John Connally, and Connally's wife Nellie, in a presidential motorcade. A ten-month investigation from November 1963 to September 1964 by the Warren Commission concluded that Kennedy was assassinated by Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone, and that Jack Ruby also acted alone when he killed Oswald before he could stand trial. [Wikipedia, 23/03/15]

I remember the day President JF Kennedy was assassinated, with Matron announcing this dramatically as she emerged from her room that evening, having seen the News on television.

1964

Iceland 1964 – Recollections

We left for Iceland around 9 August 1964. I remember my ninth birthday (7 August 1964) at Westwind, Fitzroy Park, Highgate N6, was a somewhat hurried affair, one of my presents being a Brownie camera. Some two days later I took my first ever photograph – of SS Gullfoss, berthed at Leith, Edinburgh. On a summer's evening we embarked and then set sail – all five of us: Dad, Mum, Virginia (18), Nick (almost 15) and me. I remember standing on the upper (first class) deck, facing aft, watching the ship's wake as we steamed along the Firth of Forth – I was so happy and I just kept saying to Dad, "This is ideal!"



SS Gullfoss, berthed at Leith, Edinburgh



Passing close to Dyrhólaey

As we sailed into the North Sea however, the sea got rough and the ship began to pitch – up and down – and I felt sea-sick! For the next two days I slept it off in the cabin, taking Dramamine (that makes you drowsy). I made friends with the Purser and acquired a collection of bottle-tops (including ones from Jolly Cola bottles). A couple of days later in the morning, feeling much better, I saw from the deck a long, grey line on the horizon. I exclaimed, "Methinks the land is ahoy!" Later we could make out ice and snow on the top – this was Vatnajökull (Europe's biggest glacier) in south-eastern Iceland, and as we drew nearer to the coast, we could make out mountains, valleys, rivers and waterfalls. The Gullfoss passed close to Dyrhólaey, the rock with the hole through it, and made a point of coming in close to Surtsey, the volcanic island that had literally been born just a few months before. It was foggy, but I clearly remember seeing the molten lava meeting the sea in huge clouds of steam.

The next morning, Reykjavik – the calm sea of the harbour was like dark blue-green velvet as we berthed and then disembarked. There were some delays in unloading the Land Rover ("They've lost the Bill of Lading!"), but we toured the streets of Reykjavik while we waited. As we climbed up some steps to a Government office I had a *déjà vu* – I was convinced I'd been there before! In the afternoon we headed inland to Borganes and the next day we drove to Buðir. Sitting in the canvas back of the Land Rover (looking out from the open back) I was struck by the strange 'unearthly' beauty of Iceland – rugged mountains, bare hillsides with no trees, fantastic tall thin waterfalls descending from volcanic lava and basalt ridges.



Coast of southern Iceland, from the SS Gullfoss



... fantastic tall thin waterfalls descending from volcanic lava and basalt ridges...

After Buðir, we went to the coastal town of Stykkisholmur – and I remember the pier and the jetty (with a seagull sitting on top of a bollard). Some fair-haired Icelandic children were playing, counting chairs, “*fem stola...*” (five chairs). Memorable was a trip to Snæfellsjökull – the conical mountain at the western end of the peninsula. We went to a beach overlooked by the glacier and we all swam! The sea, being warmed by the Gulf Stream, was a lot warmer than you might expect (e.g. much warmer than North-West Scotland) – we have many family photographs of this event – perhaps the only photograph of us as a family together: Dad (48), Mum (43), V (18), Nick (nearly 15) and me (just 9).



Snæfellsjökull

(Google images)



Virginia (18), Nick (nearly 15) and me (just 9) in front of Snæfellsjökull



Family group, with Snæfellsjökull in the background

Somewhere Mum bought us “jerseys all round” – beautiful Icelandic jumpers made from natural wool colours. Nick’s birthday (17 August) was a very cold affair – camping at Haukadalur – snow fell on to our tents during the night. Bjarkalundur was the most northerly point in our journey. We visited Geysir, watching several eruptions, and Thingvellir where there was a wishing pool some 30 feet deep, but the water so clear (translucent blue-green) that you could see the bright silver *kronur* coins at the bottom. I wanted to dive down and get them, but I was told it was too deep.

I remember the Bifrost hotel, with the distinctive conical mountain Baula (pronounced 'boiler') nearby. At Thingvellir, I remember trekking on Icelandic ponies, which were small like Shetland ponies but ran smoothly instead of trotting or cantering. We rode among grey/black basalt ridges, bright green moss, lichens and grass, and softly falling rain. I pretended we were on another planet – Saturn or somewhere. We visited the famous waterfall Gullfoss, and the region around Mount Hekla.

The camp at Haukadalur – snow fell on to our tents during the night...



Near Bjarkalundur, in north-west Iceland



An eruption of a geysir



Two views of the famous Gullfoss waterfall

Then south to Myrdralsjökull and Eyjafjallajökull (which is now erupting as I write this in April 2010, after lying dormant for 200 years), where the others went fly-fishing in the rivers while I played in a stream with my favourite blue and white toy boat, making dams, harbours and waterways with the large smooth stones. The water was clear as crystal, and good to drink (“like wine”, Dad said). Camp fire – and later that night, Aurora Borealis (though I slept through it!) – and a feeling of 'belonging' to this perfect place, which I never wanted to leave... a foretaste of Heaven!

On our way home, in Reykjavik we watched the first Beatles' film, A Hard Day's Night, and on our sea voyage home on the SS Gullfoss we saw Surtsey island by night – very spectacular with glowing molten lava....



*Thingvellir
(Google images)*

Gullfoss waterfall

(Google images)



The launch of HMS Hecla (December 1964)

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 181):

Then on 21st December, Mary and I (as CO designate) were invited up to Yarrow's yard at Scotstoun, on the Clyde, to attend the launching ceremony of HMS Hecla, the first of new class of Ocean Survey Ships. Margaret Irving, wife of the Hydrographer of the Navy, named and launched the ship, and became her 'Sponsor'. It was a very happy occasion, the first time either of us had witnessed the launching of a ship, but it was not to be the last!

I was there too and I remember the occasion well. I even appeared on Scottish television as part of the crowd of onlookers! Here is the photograph I took...



The launching of HMS Hecla

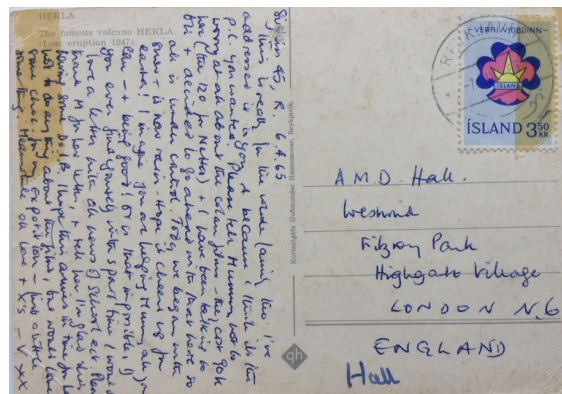
21 December 1964

1965

Postcard from Virginia, 6 April 1965

Postcard from Virginia to me dated 6 April 1965 from Sigtun 45, Reykjavik, Iceland:
“HEKLA – The famous volcano HEKLA (Last eruption 1947)”

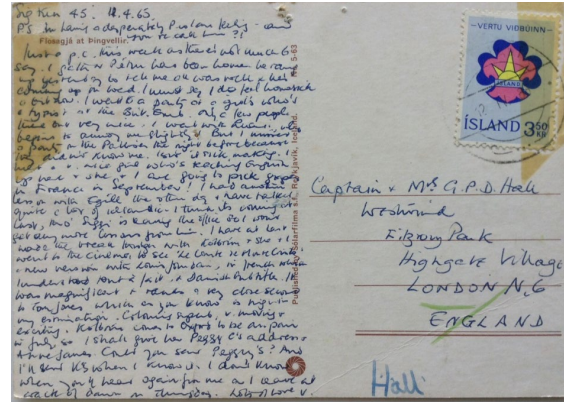
This is really for the whole family, tho' I've addressed it to you A, because I think it's the PC you wanted. Please tell Mummy not to worry at all about the colour films – they cost 90k [kronur] here... and I have been talking to Oli and decided to go ahead with that here, so all is under control. Today we began with snow and is now rain. Hope it cheers up for Easter! I imagine you are helping Mummy all you can – and being good! Or is that impossible? If you ever find yourself with spare time I would love a letter with all news of school etc. Please thank M for her letter, and tell her I'm glad she's having some D's I B [days in bed, after her operation]. I hope this arrives in time for her not to do anything about the films, but would love some choc[olate] for my expotition [sic] – just a little something. Meanwhile all love and X's – V xx



Postcard from Virginia, 12 April 1965

Postcard from Virginia to Captain and Mrs GPD Hall dated 12 April 1965 from Sigtún 45, Reykjavik, Iceland: “Flosagjá at Þingvellir.”

Just a postcard this week as there's not much to say. I gather Petnu [?] has been home. He rang up yesterday to tell me all was well, and he's coming up on Wednesday. I must say I do feel homesick a bit now. I went to a party at a girl's who's a typist at the British Embassy. Only a few people there but very nice. I went with Ruari, who begins to annoy me slightly, but I missed a party at the Pallisers the night before because they didn't know me. Isn't it sick making? I met a very nice girl who's teaching English up here and she and I are going to pick grapes in France in September! I had another lesson with Egill the other day and have talked quite a lot of Icelandic. I think it's coming at last, tho' Siggí is leaving the office so I won't get any more lessons from him. I have at last made the breakthrough with Kolbrím and she and I went to the cinema to see *Le Comte de Monte Cristo* – a new version with Louis John Cain [?], in French which I understood *tout à fait*, and Danish subtitles. It was magnificent and ranks a very close second to Tom Jones which as you know is high in my estimation. Colouring superb, very moving and exciting. Kolbrím comes to Oxford to be au pair in July, so I shall give her Peggy C[ordy]'s address and Anne James'. Could you send Peggy's? And I'll send K's when I know it. I don't know when you'll hear again from me as I leave at crack of dawn on Thursday. Lots of love, V.



Hampstead Heath, July 1965

Part of the summer holidays was spent at Highgate. I took these photographs (dated July 1965) of Hampstead Heath and the Highgate ponds. Dad and I would often take our black-and-white Cocker Spaniel Jassy for walks on the heath...



Hampstead Heath, Highgate ponds, Dad and Jassy

Tenth birthday

I took several photographs on my tenth birthday, and looking through them brings back memories. One of my presents was a 'water rocket', in which you half-filled the fuselage with water, and then pumped it up with air, using something like a bicycle pump – when released the compressed air would force the rocket upwards. There's a picture of Nick launching my rocket from the sundial in the side garden at Legbourne. We lit the candles on my birthday cake on the beach at Huttoft, sheltering them from the wind using a cake tin and a beach towel.



View over Legbourne front garden towards the pond, from balcony



Nick launching my water rocket from the sundial, Legbourne



Canoeing on Legbourne pond



Tenth birthday cake, Huttoft



Sand castle and moat, Huttoft



Mum, Dad, Nick and Jassy, Huttoft

Carsaig, August and September 1965

In late August 1965 my mother and I travelled north for a holiday in Carsaig on Mull and Iona. This was to be my last trip to Iona and my only visit to Carsaig.

We must have taken the night train from London to Glasgow, and I remember my mother injured her back trying to pull a heavy suitcase from underneath the railway compartment seat. I think she had a slipped disk, which must have been extremely painful during the entire holiday. With hindsight I should have been more sympathetic and aware of her suffering.

I remember clearly the train journey from Glasgow to Oban. We travelled in the Observation Car, which was at the rear of the train, with full length windows on three sides looking backwards. It was a very scenic and enjoyable journey, and I remember we went through a place called Callander where Dr Finlay's Casebook was filmed (the fictitious Tannochbrae). We took the ferry from Oban to Craignure, and then travelled by car to Tony (Antonia) and Ruari's cottage at Carsaig near Pennyghael on the south coast of Mull.

With my Brownie camera I took my first ever panorama, two photographs stuck together in the album, showing the view looking southwards from 'Pier Cottage', Carsaig. In the foreground on the left is the famous 'Dog Rock', in the centre is the reef, and panning round to the right, in the distance is the western headland of Carsaig Bay, with the upper cliff forming the vertical and horizontal sides of a right-angled isosceles triangle. On a clear day you could see Colonsay, the Paps of Jura, and Islay further to the west.

There's a nice family group photograph in front of Pier Cottage, with my mother, my first cousin Catriona (standing in the middle), Tony and Ruari, and (I think) cousin David on

the far left. Judging from the way people are dressed, with David wearing a straw hat, it must have been one of those rare warm sunny summer days, although mother is wearing her brown and white Icelandic Jersey. Behind the cottage the forest can be seen rising steeply upwards.

One day in early September, Tony, Catriona, mother and I made a day trip to Iona. There's a photograph of the three on the jetty at Fionnphort, waiting for the ferry. The island of Iona, with its distinctive low hill, can be seen in the distance. Everyone looks rugged up with coats, suggesting it was a chilly, overcast day, certainly not conducive to swimming! Another photograph is taken from the Fionnphort ferry, with Iona Hill (the highest point on the island, towards the north, some 300 feet high) clearly visible, and Iona Village in the distance.

The other photographs I took show Iona Abbey, and the white sandy beaches on the north and north-east coasts, in particular featuring the famous 'battleship' and 'submarine' rock formations. I don't remember visiting any other parts of the island.

I don't remember much else about our holiday. There's a lovely picture of Ruari rowing their boat 'Piaf', with Catriona in the stern, and I'm sure I took some boat trips in Piaf. And I'm sure I went swimming in Carsaig Bay a few times when the weather permitted.

I do remember a 'film evening' in a nearby community hall – the films included a documentary about a mobile library travelling in a van around Mull, and the 1945 film "I know where I'm going!", parts of which were filmed in Carsaig.

And there's a picture of the steam ferry 'Columba' at Craignure, on our way home, before we embarked for Oban and the Scottish mainland.

Carsaig Bay

*(Google images,
2015)*



Photographs of Carsaig, 1965



Family group in front of Pier Cottage



View south over Carsaig Bay, with the 'Dog Rock' on the left



The Fionnphort ferry to Iona



Iona Abbey



Waiting for the Fionnphort ferry



Uncle Ruari and Catriona in 'Piaf'



The north coast of Iona



The 'Columba' at Craignure

Hecla's commissioning (September 1965)

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (pp 184, 185):

In August I sent up to Scoutstoun to look over *Hecla* as she was fitting out, and to meet the officers who had already joined, as well as key ratings of the pre-commissioning crew. The ship was most impressive, and although there seemed to be a great deal of work outstanding, the general consensus was that she would meet her scheduled commissioning date.

Meanwhile, up in Iceland, my daughter Virginia had commissioned the Professor of Art at Reykjavik University to paint a large water-colour picture of Mount Hekla for me to hang in the ship, and, quite independently, Petur Sigurdsson (the Icelandic Hydrographer) had also presented the ship with a picture of Hekla, already framed, as a Commissioning present. This one would be fixed in a prominent position in the Chartroom, while the water-colour (which I much preferred) would have a place of honour above the fireplace in the Captain's cabin.

The great day came on September 8th, when *Hecla* was commissioned. The ceremony and religious service, conducted by three Naval Chaplains, and attended by much of the Navy's 'Top Brass' and their wives, was held on the dockside, with a Royal Marine Band to accompany the hymns and provide suitably stirring music for the occasion. I read out the Commissioning Warrant from a flag-bedecked dais, and afterwards the assembled company repaired to the ship's Flight Deck for the traditional reception. Using my sword, Margaret Irving (the ship's Sponsor) and I cut the Commissioning Cake, I made a light-hearted speech, and the champagne starting flowing freely. There were other speeches too – by Sir Eric Yarrow (whose firm had built the ship) and by the Hydrographer of the Navy. It was a fitting start to an eventful commission.



Picture of me riding 'Tim', dated September 1965

Favourite Hymns – December 1965

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.

With His seraph train before him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Ye holy angels bright,
Who stand at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at you Lord's command,
Assist our song, or else the theme
Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this heavenly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound, as in His sight
With sweet delight you do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives and praise Him still,
Through good or ill, Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love;
Let all my days till life shall end,
Whate'er he send be filled with praise.

Disposer supreme, and Judge of the earth,
Who chooseth for Thine the weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels and things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail, though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree, are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven the lightnings have shone.

Like clouds they are borne to do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go;
The Word with His wisdom their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth, Christ Jesus the Lord;
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall;
As when the dread trumpets went forth at Thy Word,
And one long blast shattered the Canaanite's wall.

O loud be their trump, and stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, from slumber of sin;
The lights Thou hast kindled in darkness around,
O may they illumine our spirits within.

All honour and praise, dominion and might,
To God, Three in One, eternally be;
Who round us hath shed His own marvelous light,
And called us from darkness His glory to see.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of his passion
still his dazzling body bears;
cause of endless exultation
to his ransomed worshipers;
with what rapture, with what rapture, with what rapture,
gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own;
O come quickly! O come quickly! O come quickly!
Everlasting God, come down!

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation
By water and the Word.
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one Hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song!

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee:

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great Name we praise.

Unresting, unchanging, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above,
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest — to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed,
I know not,— oh, I know not,
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toll released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that see'st no sorrow,
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realm and home of life!

Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest!

Light's abode, celestial Salem,
Vision dear whence peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
O, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the Prophets sing.

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within these walls is stored.

There no cloud of passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noontide, glorious noontide,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
There unknown are toil and care.

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, thou shalt be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally.

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, coeternal,
While unending ages run.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your head.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Eternal Father, Strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty Ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee,
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low est deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

O Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine. Amen.

Father, hear the prayer we offer:
not for ease that prayer shall be,
but for strength that we may ever
live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
do we ask our way to be;
but the steep and rugged pathway
may we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
would we idly rest and stay;
but would smite the living fountains
from the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
in our wanderings be our guide;
through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.