

Seventy-Three

Vignette: Haileybury, Foxbury and Iwerne -
the story of early 1973



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1973

Introduction

1973 was an extraordinary year. It began by our seeing the New Year in on the ski slopes above Kitzbühel, Austria (skiers racing down the slopes with torches in their hands); and the year ended near the Equator, watching the sunset glowing on the snowy slopes of the summit of Mount Kenya, before climbing into our bunks with sub-zero temperatures outside.

1973 was a year of transition. I finally left school and started my 'gap year' in Kenya. Much happened during the year – but the highlight and key to the year was the sense of God's provision and grace. Throughout the year, and especially during the first few months, I felt the Lord was in control, giving me guidance, courage and strength – and in a way this same sense has been echoed in more recent years, such as during 2018 and 2019, when God's provision and timing has been so clear and real...

Spring Term 1973

My diary written a few years later records (edited):

Spring Term – back to Haileybury with a real desire to live the 'last 100 days' for the Lord, "making the most of the time, because the days are evil" (Ephesians 5 v 16). A term, freed from the pressures of work, of intense 'missionary' endeavour – as it was a real harvest time, and there were God-given opportunities for the gospel to be proclaimed. "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me" (Philippians 4 v 13) – determination to see revival established at the school, and for all eleven houses to have groups of Christians meeting for bible study and prayer. If anything, I was too intense and found myself unable to relax.

I had a prayer partnership with Trevor [not his real name]; 'churches' were planted in Allenby and Trevelyan – some very exciting 'pioneer' work. There was perhaps a blossoming of what had been sown the previous term. The Haileybury Christian Fellowship [was] like a tree with many branches, reflecting different patterns of belief and worship (like denominations). There was opposition too – against individuals, and in the form of another flu epidemic.

I applied to CMS to go to Africa. I also wrote to my parents explaining that my aim in life was not to be a (highly paid) Civil Engineer, but 'to serve the Lord Jesus Christ'. They reacted against the use of such 'excessively devotional language'...

[In July 1977 I wrote: "Events have turned out that I am to serve Christ first and foremost but, as it happens, in the capacity of a Civil Engineer."]

I was back at Haileybury for the first two terms of 1973. Although I had won an Exhibition to study for a degree in engineering at Clare College, Cambridge the previous November, I was 'young' (only 17) and wanted to delay my entry to Cambridge by a year, going up in 1974, so that I could take a complete 'gap year' in Kenya. It was therefore thought best that I should finish my final year at Haileybury by studying some more Mathematics, taking the London Pure and Applied Maths A Level exams in June. But my heart was not in the academic programme – it was in the 'missionary work' of helping to establish and grow 'Christian Union-like' Bible study and prayer groups in various houses across the school. This I felt sure was valuable preparation for future Gospel ministry...

Stepping back, and reminiscing during January 2020, some 47 years later, a few clear memories stand out. On a train returning from Austria I read 'Sit, Walk, Stand' by Watchman Nee, a commentary on Ephesians, and I remember being impressed and comforted by the message of Ephesians Chapters 1 and 2 (just as my great-great-grandmother Annie Maxwell and her sister had been moved by these same chapters in the 1840s).

It was an intense time, however, as the diary notes record. I am intrigued by the phrase "there was perhaps a blossoming of what had been sown the previous term" – the 'blossoming' was fairly obvious, with many Bible study and prayer groups flourishing

throughout the school, in preparation for the David Watson Lent Mission a year later (February 1974). But what was 'sown' during the previous term? I think this refers to the periods of intense and sustained prayer, beginning during the summer of 1972 and continuing into the Autumn Term, with 2-hour prayer walks through Goldings Wood.

Easter Holidays 1973

My diary written a few years later records (edited):

PHAB Course – perhaps the best thing I ever did at Haileybury. It made me aware of those suffering from physical handicap and coming from very different backgrounds. But it raised questions as to evangelism and healing: as Robert [not his real name] put it, 'When Christ met a sick man he healed him...'

PHAB [Physically Handicapped / Able-Bodied] Course, March to April 1973

Diary of Events

Wednesday March 28th

9.15 am	Term ends – boys leave. Haileybury boys on the PHAB week remain behind to prepare for the Physically Handicapped.
5.00 pm	Physically Handicapped boys (13) arrive from all over the country.
6.00 pm	"Welcome to Haileybury".
6.45 pm	Dinner – with Mr and Mrs Ralph Coates.
7.45 pm	"Life as a top-class footballer" – Mr Ralph Coates (Tottenham Hotspur and England).
9.15 pm	Prayers.

Thursday March 29th

9.00 am	Breakfast.
10.00 am	Car Rally through Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire, stopping at Biggleswade for a visit to the Royal Air Force Shuttleworth Collection of antique aircraft. Lunch on the 'backs' at Cambridge, punting on the Cam. Tea at Mr and Mrs Kitkat's farmhouse near Buntingford.
6.15 pm	Dinner.
8.00 pm	Theatre at Harlow: 'There's a Girl in my Soup'.

Friday March 30th

9.00 am	Breakfast.
10.00 am	Painting, pottery, chess and other activities.
11.00 am	Visit to the Jockey Club at Newmarket. Lunch at the Paddock Bar.
2.30 pm	The National Stud to see 'Mill Reef', 'Never Say Die', 'Tudor Melody'.
3.30 pm	Visit to Mr Humphrey Cotterill's racing stables.
7.00 pm	Dinner.
8.00 pm	Musical evening. Groups, Jack Hindmarsh, Eddie Harvey.

Saturday March 31st

9.00 am	Breakfast.
10.00 am	At Haileybury, painting, pottery, shooting on the .22 range, horse riding, drama group, music.
11.45 am	Lunch and afternoon in different friends' homes outside Haileybury.
4.30 pm	Return to Haileybury.
7.00 pm	Dinner.
8.00 pm	Film.

Sunday April 1st

9.00 am	Breakfast.
10.00 am	Flying at Panshanger in a friend's Cessna 172.
1.00 pm	Barbecue at Wyddial Hall, Buntingford (Mr Boyd-Carpenter's home). Swimming in the indoor heated pool there. Croquet, boating, football.
4.00 pm	Service at Wyddial Church.
7.00 pm	Dinner.
8.00 pm	Games evening at Haileybury.
9.15 pm	Prayers.

Monday April 2nd

9.00 am	Breakfast.
10.00 am	Visit to Goldsmiths' Hall, London, to see their unique collection of antique Gold and silverware. Lunch at the Goldsmiths' Hall.
2.30 pm	Visit to Harrods. Shopping.
4.30 pm	Return to Haileybury.
6.45 pm	Dinner.
7.45 pm	Party for all friends who helped on the Week.
10.00 pm	Wheel-chair Dance.

Tuesday April 3rd

9.00 am	Breakfast.
10.00 am	Departures.
12.00 noon	Haileybury boys depart.

Our thanks are due to the Master of Haileybury, the Bursar, the Steward and the Caterer, the Chef, Mr Munn and Mr Marriott, the Art School, and many other enthusiasts and helpers in many ways.

Also outside the school our thanks are due to Lord Alport, the staff at Biggleswade, Mr and Mrs Kitkat, Mr and Mrs Boyd-Carpenter, Dr and Mrs Jory, Mr P Firth at Newmarket, the Goldsmiths' Hall staff and many friends.

A few weeks later I wrote a 'report' for The Haileyburian magazine (edited):

Impressions of PHAB 1973

From a purely sociological point of view, I found the course fascinating. After a single week with physically handicapped boys, I felt we had got to know more about their situation,

problems, prospects and attitudes than from any amount of reading or second-hand information. It was not only instructive but also stimulating to observe physical and social communication barriers gradually disintegrate, during the progression from the apprehension and tentative conversations of the first evening, to the freedom and relaxed enjoyment of the last – wheelchairs proved but little inhibition to their dancing skills and enthusiasm for Rock music! – followed by the saddened farewells of the next morning.

Perhaps more stimulating still was the discovery of how positive an outlook on life many of them had, and just how much some of the them had to offer: Paul has had a winning poem published in 'SHE', and Neil appears to be all but a genius at electronics. Interesting also, from our point of view, were the effects of three to five hours of sleep a night on our stamina, patience, temperament etc. – and (after my night up) to observe how two days could fuse so perfectly to form one long (grueling) experience!

Finally, the course, though demanding, was highly enjoyable – for us all. The Rallying, the Grand-National-Spot-the-Winner, the Punting (attempts), the Flying, the evening celebrities, games, music, films, plays, the chariot-races down Trevelyan, the jokes, the laughter – all combined to make the course very worthwhile and great fun.

Some memories stand out clearly, some 47 years later. Firstly, the 'high water mark' in my view was undoubtedly Sunday 1st April 1973, when we visited the Boyd-Carpenter's 'stately home' at Wyddial Hall near Buntingford. Here the famous team photograph was taken, showing all 13 physically handicapped boys (including 9 wheelchairs) accompanied by a veritable 'army' of able-bodied Haileybury boys, helpers and volunteers. I am standing tall in the middle, and many of my friends are there too, including Robert. The main organizer Mr Blakeway-Smith is standing on the extreme right, with his wife and family. The Diary of Events records that at 4.00 pm we attended a special service at Wyddial Church – I have no clear memories of this service, except a 'warm glow' – a feeling that it was a good and wholesome experience, bringing Christian truth and hope to all who were there...

Wikipedia provides the following general notes:

Wyddial is a village and civil parish in the East Hertfordshire district of Hertfordshire, England. It is located around a mile and a half north-east of Buntingford (OS grid reference TL 373 317), and lies due north of Greenwich on the Prime Meridian.



St Giles, Wyddial

The place name is first attested in the Domesday Book of 1086, where it appears as Widihale, and means 'willow nook'.

The parish church of St Giles dates from the 14th century when the nave was built. The tower and chancel date from the 15th century. In 1859 the nave was restored and the chancel and south porch rebuilt by Baillie & Co.



Wyddial Hall from the churchyard

Wyddial Hall is a Grade II listed building, which was originally built in the early 16th century. The hall is situated just north of the church and has access via the churchyard. In 1733 it was remodelled after a damaging fire for Francis Goulston. By 1780 it had been acquired by John Thomas Ellis, MP for Lostwithiel, who made alterations, and later changes were made by Charles Heaton-Ellis. Admiral Edward Heaton-Ellis, who fought in the Battle of Jutland, was born at Wyddial. The Hall was used as accommodation for the Land Army during the 1939-45 war. Sir Charles Heaton Ellis sold the surrounding farmland to the Hodge family in the 1930s. On his death in 1946 the Hall was bought by William and Christina Gibson, then in 1964 by Mrs Jennifer Boyd-Carpenter, the ecclesiastical embroiderer, and her husband Michael, a member of the Stock Exchange. The house was sold in 1995 to Michael Hatchard, an international lawyer.

I remember little of the other various excursions and activities, except that on Sunday night it was my turn to be 'night-nurse', keeping watch over the physically-handicapped boys who were sleeping in the ground-floor Trevelyan dormitory, and I think turning them over in their beds when required. I spent some of the night hours writing a long letter to a friend, and I remember the following (Monday) morning travelling to London by minibus for a visit to the Goldsmiths' Hall. I clearly remember the Dance on the last evening, at the Art School, dancing with wheelchairs – I even remember some of the Rock music that was popular at the time. Wheelchair 'chariot' races along the polished floor of the long Trevelyan dormitory were also memorable feature, and a lot of good fun!

CMS Selection Conference, Foxbury

My diary written a few years later records (edited):

CMS Selection Conference at Foxbury, Kent – I found myself a ready talker but a poor listener. It seemed I was anxious to 'give' but not so ready to receive. I realized I had a lot to learn from CMS. I was accepted for service in Africa (Kenya), with the proviso that I did not try to impose my particular brand of Christianity and did not despise those with a different Christian experience. Returning to Lincolnshire via London I missed my train by a few seconds [I was busy praying and did not get off the Tube at the right station]. Something snapped in me [I burst into tears] – I'd put myself under too much strain...

I don't remember many details about the Selection Conference at Foxbury, but I do remember the relief I felt when I was told I had been accepted! I remember I was full of enthusiasm and zeal, but I was also arrogant – more eager to speak than to listen. I think the 'proviso' I was given was a lesson to be learned, that this lesson has stood me in good stead over the years.

A website provides the following historical notes on Foxbury:

The house and 30 acres of land including the farm, was valued at £30,000, and later sold to the Church Missionary Society. In 1938 they established a women's training centre here which, apart from a period of military occupation during the war, it was to remain for 30 years.

Both the ATS and the Army occupied Foxbury during the war. There was some initial link with Kemnal Manor in the early part of the war, but this stopped when the REME moved into Kemnal Manor. Foxbury is said to have been the Headquarters of the 3rd Battalion of the London Scottish Regiment, and there was a photograph, sadly now lost, which showed the Massed Bands playing retreat on the Foxbury lawn below the terrace, when the 1st and 2nd Battalions visited the 3rd Battalion at its "Baronial Headquarters" on 13 July 1941.

Foxbury was twinned with the men's training centre based at Liskeard Lodge at Woodlands on Ashfield Lane (whence the name Liskeard Close). The training centres both moved to Birmingham in 1968, and Foxbury became a retreat. In 1976 the Woolwich Building Society bought Foxbury as a training centre for £145,000, but had to spend another £750,000 to refurbish the house. In 2003, it was acquired as a private home...

From <<http://www.kemnal-road.org.uk/Pages/Houses/Foxbury.html>>

An historical picture of the Foxbury House is shown below:



Iwerne Easter Camp, April 1973

My diary written a few years later records (edited):

Iwerne Minster House Party – my friend Robert was nearly killed during a rock climb. The Lord miraculously intervened and protected him. I was shaken myself very much and was able to share in some of his 'delayed shock'...

The How's and Why's of the Christian Life

1. "How to Rejoice" – 11 April
2. "How to Serve Christ Effectively" – 12 April
3. "Why did Jesus have to Die?" – 14 April
4. "How to Know the Power of the Holy Spirit" – 15 April
5. "Why is only the Bible God's Word?" – 16 April

These Iwerne talks were given by various 'officers', including Mr Nash ('Bash') and Mr Eddison. But the main thing I remember about the Iwerne Easter Camp was the near fatal accident of my friend Robert. About half way through the camp I noticed that he just wasn't around. During a walk through the countryside I caught up with his younger brother, Henry, and asked whereabouts he was – but I just got an evasive answer. Then, on the last day of the camp, he turned up, with both knees bandaged and his arm in a sling – I took a couple of photographs, together with a Iwerne 'officer' and another boy (from a different school) with his leg in plaster (see photographs at the end of this document).

But it was some time later that I heard the full story. Apparently, Robert and a small group of boys had gone 'rambling' above the limestone cliffs of the Dorset coast, accompanied by the officer in the photograph. For some reason, Robert missed his footing, tripped, and started falling uncontrollably down the cliff. Fortunately, the cliff was not vertical, just very steep, so Robert just rolled, instinctively curled up into a ball, before crashing into a rock at the bottom of the cliff several hundred feet below. He was knocked unconscious, but miraculously survived major and life-threatening injuries, escaping with just a broken arm and scrapes to his knees, elbows etc. He was taken to hospital for treatment but discharged a few days later – apparently the officer and his brother Henry worked hard to help Robert fully regain consciousness by constantly talking to him. In camp there was a general 'sense' that God had protected him and spared his life – but it was a close call...

A website provides the following historical notes on Iwerne Minster:

Titus Trust grew out of the Iwerne Trust which was created in 1932 by EJH Nash, popularly known as "Bash", in the village of Iwerne Minster in Dorset, to promote evangelicalism in the Church of England and in senior leadership positions in the British establishment. The Iwerne camps produced many men who became influential church leaders such as John Stott, David Sheppard, Michael Green, Dick Lucas and Justin Welby among those attending.

The keynotes of Iwerne were always very simple bible teaching and pastoral care through strongly developed friendships at all levels. Attendance was by invitation only and limited to boys at major public schools, at least boarding schools. The unofficial, sotto voce, slogan of the 'Bash Camps' (Bash being the very affectionate name given to EJH Nash) was 'key boys from key schools' and, whilst this strategy of creating a patrician, elitist Christian society was criticised by many, the results were most remarkable,

The Titus Trust was set up in 1997 and took over fundraising from the Iwerne Trust. In 2000 it took control of the running of the holidays from the Scripture Union.

From <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Titus_Trust>

A comparatively recent picture of Iwerne (Clayesmore School) is shown below:



Summer Term 1973

My diary written a few years later records (edited):

Summer Term – I started the term with a great sense of peace (and tiredness), with the assurance: 'There is *no condemnation* for those who are in Christ Jesus'. Weekend at Virginia Water with Robert. Experiences of the Lord 'working things out' in practical ways.

Last term at Haileybury. Christian Union [CU] activities inevitably 'collapsed' rather, because of exams. Last meetings with friends [final CU meetings during the last week of school]. The exhilaration of leaving the security and restrictions of school for the excitement and freedom of AFRICA...

A few memories stand out clearly, some 47 years later. In May 1973 I stayed with Robert and his family at Virginia Water, Surrey. It was a welcome weekend away from Haileybury, and I remember the weather was warm and humid – a light rain or drizzle fell that first evening, as we walked across the lush golf course greens, noting that the famous singer Donovan lived nearby.

Sometime in late June or early July, just after my London A Level exams, I took a trip to London with a friend, Jim, to visit a young ‘missionary’ family (Paul and Betty and their young children, friends of Chris, an Old Haileyburian Christian leader) – they were about to emigrate to New Zealand. They were definitely ‘turned on to Jesus’ – it was a very hot summer’s day, and their suburban house had ‘Jesus’ posters all over the outside walls and windows, and the children were pointing out the posters to passersby. The worship music was exhilarating and inspiring, led on a guitar by Nigel, another Old Haileyburian who had recently left Melvill: “Oh, Oh, Oh, How good is the Lord (x 3), I never will forget what he has done for me!” After singing, worship and prayers, Paul started to lead a Bible Study – but by that time it was getting late, and Jim and I decided we’d better hot-foot it back to Haileybury! Jim had the bright idea of telephoning his father (who lived nearby), who kindly met us off the train at Broxbourne and drove us back to school – but I got into trouble from Jim’s Housemaster the following morning, as I hadn’t realized that Jim had an exam that day...

The final week in July was joyous and moving. The final CU meetings were times of celebration, thanksgiving and praise – a wonderful ‘send-off’ before my gap year in Kenya. Those times were truly a foretaste of ‘Heaven on Earth’.

Iwerne Summer A Camp, July 1973

Teachings of St John

1. “The Teaching on the Bible” – 21 July
2. “Christian Behaviour” – 22 July
3. “The New Birth” – 23 July
4. “The Person of Jesus” – 24 July
5. “The Cross” – 25 July
6. “The Second Coming” – 26 July
7. “The Character of John” – 27 July
8. “The Holy Spirit” – 28 July
9. “Winning Others to Jesus” – 30 July

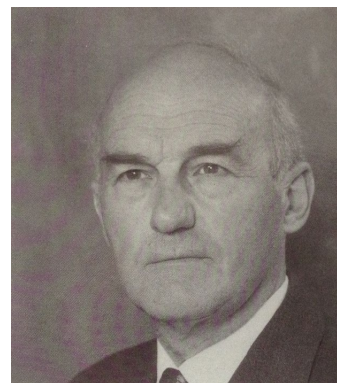
Again, these Iwerne talks were given by various ‘officers’, including ‘Bash’ and the Reverend David Fletcher. I don’t remember much about that camp, except that (having left school) I was now a ‘senior camper’, and so had to do lots of humble servant-type work – preparing meals, washing up dishes etc. One of the hymns I remember clearly that we sang at Iwerne in July 1973 was to the tune of Finlandia:

We rest on thee, our shield and our defender...

Haileybury Revival Notes by Richard Rhodes-James

Excerpts from The Road from Mandalay (2007)

... we were a Christian school. This framework instructed the boys in the faith and in the worship patterns of the Church of England, but it was not signally designed to instill zeal for this faith or personal commitment; that in the opinion of some was to bring excessive pressure on one's pupils. But once a year we invaded their hearts. This was the Lent Mission in which a speaker was invited to come for several days to expound the Christian faith and invite response from the boys. Each evening they were offered the chance to come and listen, and if they wished to have an interview with the missionary. The impact of these talks varied with the quality of the speaker, but they always aroused interest.



In 1966 remarkable things happened. The speaker was the Reverend David MacInnes, a very gifted proclaimer of the Gospel. And he set the school alight. Eh? I repeat: he set the school alight, unearthing a huge hunger for the truth. My house prefects, in whom I had not detected any great religious zeal, came to me and asked if I could suggest a way in which they could hold Bible studies. I contained my surprise and made suggestions. Many sought David's counsel and I believe found faith. The Christian Union which met under my auspices found itself crowded; and many were eager to go further in their faith by attending the Christian house party that I had helped to run for many years. Something had happened to the school which delighted some but perplexed others: what was going on? Was this zeal healthy? There was that word that sat so uneasily in the minds of the mainstream of the Church of England – emotion. The fact that I appeared to be sane helped matters and the boys affected seemed to have been strengthened.

The revival – for that is what I was bold enough to describe it – continued unabated. In 1974 the Lent missionary was the Reverend David Watson, that most remarkable and charismatic figure of modern times who held spellbound all who listened to him – he had filled the Albert Hall – and he did it without histrionics, just a compelling and totally focused conviction. The boys flocked to hear him. He had interviews with 135, and he believed that 61 found faith. I have the names in front of me as I write. The Sunday meetings, gatherings for Bible study that I had been presiding over for some years, became so crowded that they filled two large rooms in the flat which I now shared with my wife and we had to install a relay. I watched amazed as the movement of the spirit continued, as it did for many years.

But was this a passing emotional phase, the zeal of youth? On the 11th of May 1996 about seventy old boys met at Haileybury for a Christian reunion, a day of remembrance and thanks. We met in the school chapel and sang and remembered those days of epiphany and heard testimonies from those who told of their coming to faith and we lunched and prayed and talked to each other and wondered if any school had witnessed anything like this. Many others wrote and said they were sorry they could not come. Their faith had stood the test of time in many places and in many callings. And one wrote in terms which warmed my wife and myself in moments of doubt. "The Rhodes James', whose ministry seems to have had such a profound significance over the years for so many of us." 'Over the years.' It was for real...

Excerpts from ‘The Pioneer’ by Richard Rhodes-James

(from Eddison, J (Ed) (1983), Bash: A study in spiritual power, Marshalls, UK):

In 1940 it was clear that Eastbourne was no place for a camp. It lay in the path of the German bombers and possible German invaders. So Bash with others toured the south to seek a new site. They found it in the little Dorset village of Iwerne Minster, in the lovely rolling country between Blandford and Shaftesbury. The buildings that the camps were to occupy from that day on were those of Clayesmore, originally the home of a wealthy shipowner. Here we came (the writer recollects vividly that first arrival when he had just been made an officer) and here we stayed, planting the name *Iwerne* firmly in the Christian’s vocabulary.

We must examine Bash’s vision a little more closely. He aimed to concentrate his mission on a highly select clientele, the privileged and largely speaking the rich, who made up perhaps five per cent of our school population; not just the public schools but the top thirty or so. This was his field. He knew no other. He staked everything on this one work. Why this intense concentration? The first answer is a simple one. These schools contained a high proportion of the future leaders of the country. Therefore to reach them with the gospel opened the possibility of reaching our future leaders, men with an immense influence over their contemporaries. A phrase often used was that our converts could be ‘multiplication tables’. Such reasoning is open to, and has been exposed to, much criticism from two quarters, from Christians and from egalitarians. The Christian response has often been: the gospel knows no class distinctions, every man is as valuable to God as any other. Indeed, to quote scripture, ‘God is no respecter of persons’. To which Bash would reply with that quiet assurance that could at once mollify and frustrate, ‘Yes. Of course.’ He left it to others to articulate a detailed defence of the work to which his spiritual instincts and his passion for souls was calling him. If he did not reach the leaders, who would? The fact is that the public schools were a largely un-evangelised field. Others were catered for by the Boys Brigade, the Crusaders, the Pathfinders and similar organisations. No one was reaching the people who would most influence the way this country was going. Why should the top people be passed by? ... There was another compelling reason for this work, and that lay in the nature of boarding education. The boarding school boy falls between two religious schools. He sees little of his home parish and so misses the kind of pastoral care that is available to the boy at a day school. He receives Christian teaching at school – indeed the English public schools were founded on a strong religious basis – but in an environment in which conformity is the norm and religious enthusiasm not always welcome. School religion is institutional, and although heroic efforts are made to inject meaning into both chapel and RE, circumstances are against the emergence of a strong, informed and committed Christian faith. There was a need for a work to fill the gap. And so Bash committed his life to this work.

Having seen the vision, he also saw with devastating clarity the means by which it could be realized. It involved the use of manpower more lavish than had ever before been seen in Christian work, and an attention to detail that startled those who entered the work. It also involved a total devotion to the cause. From the start there was a very high ration of officers to campers. With other Christian work sometimes seriously short of manpower, this has not always been easy to understand. It was due to Bash’s insistence on the highest quality of pastoral work. He learnt early the lesson that the Christian world as a whole took some time to digest, that the difficult part of Christian work is not leading people to Christ but nurturing them in a faith that lasts. Counting the saved is in one sense a less significant exercise than counting the sanctified. If Bash’s aim was to win Britain’s leaders for Christ and his strategy was to work in the top public schools, the tactics were to lavish huge resources in the battle. This manpower Bash used to see that no boy was ever overlooked, no camp activity ever undermanned. He sought perfection and he saw its price. It was not only quantity he sought. His officers he chose with great care. They had to meet his standards on at least three levels: totally committed Christians, totally devoted to the work of camp, able to mix and deal easily with boys between thirteen and eighteen. At camp they should be willing to take part in any activity, oversee any department, look after those in their dormitory with ceaseless care, seeing that they were happy and trying with tact and encouragement to nurture their faith. After camp they were to keep in touch by letter, recalling for the boys their fun and Christian fellowship together, at a time when perhaps discouragement was wearing them down. It was a standard of ‘man management’ that set new patterns for Christian work. All this gave future Christian leaders a grounding that they have acknowledged; and the present Bishops of Aston, Liverpool, Norwich, Southwell and Thetford all

passed through the Camps, and would admit their indebtedness to them and to Bash. It is an impressive list, and to it could be added well over two hundred others who are now in the ordained ministry. Bash had put his unmistakable print on the Church of England. The new officer entering the officers' room for the first time saw a meticulous attention to detail. This was particularly true of the talks. The titles and the sequence of the talks were the result of endless thought and discussion. Those chosen to speak were exactly briefed and they were chosen because they came up to the required standard. Eternal truths demanded exceptional care. Everything in camp must be right. Each day the officers met, once for prayer and once for a detailed review of how things were going, how they could be better done, how the day in question could be arranged. No issue was too small to be raised. It was God's work, and it must therefore be done properly. And on all these little things the minds of a number of able young men were concentrated. Was this extravagance? Bash did not think so. And to make sure that the paperwork was equally faultless he engaged the loyalty over a number of years of a secretary of spotless efficiency, Philip Thompson [FPT].

The most important and perhaps the most delicate part of the work was the relationship with the schools. It is from there that the camps draw their boys, it is there that the boys return and where they seek to practise their newly won faith. In the jargon of the work, it covers both recruiting and follow-up. The delicacy of the relationship is obvious, but it took some time to learn. For an outside organization to enter a boarding school, seek to gather boys for holiday camps and then, when they return, to visit them and sustain them spiritually requires much mutual understanding. In the early days the zeal of Bash and his helpers sometimes outran their discretion, and misunderstandings arose, some of them quite serious, though in most cases they were resolved by friendly confrontations. You could not talk for long with Bash without being disarmed. Housemasters naturally wanted to know the credentials of the organization so that they could inform and reassure parents; and they would not be happy to find that their charges had been taken out by strangers without leave. School chaplains did not want to feel that their own work was being by implication criticized. Bash quickly learned that in this Christian work, while the gospel is free, the way in which it is spread abroad can have at times quite severe constraints. Bash also learned that if he was to win the confidence of the schools among which he worked, the surest way was to have as his officers those who taught at these schools. It was a plan that has had a quite remarkable success. Somewhere around 150 of those who have helped run the camps have taught or are still teaching at public schools. A number of these have become housemasters, and six have become headmasters. This has given the camps a secure base from which to operate, and it has reassured the schools themselves about an organization that has puzzled many and antagonized a few. At times when there were dark words about emotional pressures, it was reassuring to know that the camps were staffed at least in part by remarkably sane men, most with a well-developed sense of humour. It has also given the schools a body of men who are not only committed to a strong Christian faith at a time of increasing spiritual uncertainty, but who have also infused the schools with a sense of vocation and pastoral concern that has been more and more recognized and appreciated.

Bash's vision, and the logic of his work, took him in other directions. When these boys left school, what would happen to them? It was assumed, rightly in many cases, that they would go to university, probably Oxford or Cambridge. Their faith must be nurtured, too. From 1944 Bash started inviting undergraduates to camp to continue the teaching they had received at past camps, or in some cases inviting them there for the first time through contacts made at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1950 there came an important development, the creation of the 'senior camper'. They were largely undergraduates. They came to help, to do the chores that a camp demands, to serve tables, but also to receive teaching geared to their age and experience. An increasing number of people found their faith at university, and many of them came to Iwerne. In 1957 there were no fewer than 145, in 1977 139 and since then about 80 a year. Many of them became officers, some of them went on to other Christian work, all received teaching at a time when they most needed it. Back at the university they continued to receive spiritual guidance from camp officers and encouragement from each other. On arriving at the university they often found that the first to greet them were those whom they had known at Iwerne. Bash's vision of a complete Christian work was becoming a reality.

In the war years, when many enterprises had to cease, the camps at Iwerne thrived as they had never done before. This was largely due to the fact that they undertook farming and forestry which the country at war demanded, and which parents were only too willing for their sons to participate in. Numbers grew. In the Easter and summer camps of 1941 there were 226, in 1942 261, in 1943 331.

Numbers remained round the 200 mark, rising in 1948 to 322. The work widened further. Winter camps were started, largely to consolidate the evangelistic work of the summer and Easter camps and to build up young Christians. From 1941 these took place at Iwerne, but Iwerne is hardly cosy in January, and in 1960 it shifted to Eastborne. In 1962 it split into two separate house-parties, one for sixth formers and one for undergraduates. There were few 'activities'. The young men went there to be instructed in the faith. To the charge that the camps exposed adolescents to emotional pressures, Bash could reply that he was submitting them to more solid teaching than any other comparable Christian work. Growing numbers caused the Easter camp to be split into two in 1949, when the total at Easter was 105, and in 1955 the summer camps were increased from two to three, though sadly that year the third camp had to be cancelled because of an outbreak of glandular fever. The numbers at Easter have dropped quite sharply in recent years for a number of reasons. Summer numbers reached a peak in 1976 and 1977 of 283 and 285, declining since to about 185...

This was the remarkable family that Bash fathered. Over seven thousand boys have passed through Iwerne alone and many hundreds in other camps. Bash officially retired in 1965 and handed over to David Fletcher, who has continued to carry out and develop the methods that he pioneered. Bash himself continued to come to Iwerne, to speak and to counsel and to reflect with what must have been profound gratitude how God had used him down the years. His name appeared for the last time in the address lists in summer 1979. Others have taken up the work that Bash started those many years ago. They have made changes to suit the passing years, the changing tastes and interests of the public schoolboy, refusing to get stuck in a cultural posture or a frozen idea. But they have also refused to relinquish the principles that Bash pioneered: concentration on a carefully chosen objective, meticulous attention at every stage and in every detail of the operation, the ceaseless care of those in their charge and total faithfulness to the gospel. Some have questioned these methods; none have been able to deny their fruit.

Bash – a man of prayer, a man of power...

Tribute to Bash (Excerpt from sermon preached at Memorial Service in All Souls, Langham Place, and Epilogue and other quotations from Eddison, J (Ed) (1983), *Bash: A study in spiritual power*, Marshalls, UK):

Do you not know that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel this day?" (2 Samuel 3 v 38) Yes, 'a prince and a great man is fallen this day'. But let us allow Daniel, another of Bash's favourite Bible characters, to have the last word: Daniel whom, as many of us will remember, he used to regard with affection and respect... Daniel who most obligingly 'purposed', 'prayed' and 'prospered', thus furnishing Bash with the outline of one of his most famous talks; Daniel who also said this: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Daniel 12 v 3).



I have often tried to analyse the texture of his greatness, and the secret of his far-reaching influence. Ultimately, of course, it lay in his whole-hearted and single-minded devotion to Christ, and his determination to put him first at all times and at any cost... (John Eddison)

The source of every work of God can be traced to one kneeling figure... It was quite clear to me that as far as the work of Iwerne was concerned, he was that kneeling figure... Bash did kneel in prayer – but not often: his position was sometimes sitting, but more often lying on his bed. The sources of the blessing of Iwerne can be traced to that one recumbent figure... In his praying two notes were struck. The one was devotion to Jesus: 'We come to thee as lovers of thine'. The other was that of business: 'We come to do business with thee Lord Jesus'. He would love... to claim the fulfillment of Biblical promises: his prayers would be framed round such a promise and he would plead for its fulfillment, or he would quote a statement from the Bible and argue from that for a particular request to be granted... On another occasion as he was sitting in his car outside a school, the boys were walking past. 'Lord, save these boys' Bash suddenly prayed. There has since been a remarkable revival in that school... (David Fletcher). [I suspect that the school Bash prayed for was indeed Haileybury, because I can think of no other school where there has been such a revival!]

Bash had other Monty-like [Montgomery] qualities such as the extraordinary confidence that defeat was out of the question... so that coming into his presence your morale lifted immediately, and you could not imagine why hitherto you had been so dreary and doubting... (Dick Lucas).

In the classical tradition of all great evangelists, Bash prayed as though everything depended upon God and preached as though it all depended upon man...

Bash realized that the scriptural doctrine of the atonement is not merely subjective, but objective; for not only did it affect people's feelings, it altered facts about them. By dying on the cross, Jesus 'opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers'. The great cry of desolation ('My God, my God...') showed what our sins did to Jesus; while the cry of triumph that followed ('It is finished') demonstrated what Christ had done to our sins – put them away forever, out of sight, out of reach and out of mind...

One of Bash's foundational beliefs was this: 'Unless a man is born again, he cannot enter (he cannot even see) the kingdom of God'... This was the discovery that made Bash the most dedicated evangelist to public schoolboys that the twentieth century has known. He realized that they might be athletic, well bred, intellectual, able, religious, baptized and confirmed, and still be strangers to the kingdom of God... Bash knew full well that 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked', and that nothing short of a radical new birth could bring any of us into the presence of God; and this he taught fearlessly, quietly and thoughtfully and with tremendous effect throughout his ministry. He led hundreds of boys and young men into

the experience of the new birth; and to bring people to this discovery, and to nourish them in the new relationship it introduced, were the twin passions of his life... (Michael Green)

Bash's funeral took place on a lovely spring afternoon in April (1982), in the parish church of St Mary's, Maidenhead, where his father had for so many years been the vicar; and his ashes were later interred in the family grave. It was a curious fact that his executors were unable to trace a single member of his family still living, and no one came forward claiming even distant relationship; and yet... he has left behind him a host of men and women to whom he was a spiritual father; and they are linked together, not only because they regard themselves as his children in the faith, and indeed his debtors, but by their many joyful memories of a good and great man, and by the abiding eloquence of his Christian life. Their feelings are well expressed in the words which have been inscribed on the stone at the foot of his grave: "Remembered with love and gratitude by the many whom he led to Christ and nurtured in the Christian faith."

[I am one who remembers Bash with humility, thankfulness and affection...]

Favourite Iwerne Choruses – 1972 and 1973

All that I need is in Jesus,
He satisfies, Joy he supplies.
Life would be worthless without him;
All things in Jesus I find.

Be valiant, be strong,
Resist the power of sin;
The foe is strong, the fight is long,
But you shall win;
For through the power of Christ,
The stronger than the strong,
You shall be more than conqueror,
Be valiant, be strong!

I have a loving saviour
Who has died for me,
Who gave himself
In his own body on the tree.
And now I free to live,
My life to him I'll give,
And learn to love and
Serve him in the days to be.

There's a way back to God
From the darkness of sin;
There's a door that is open
And you may go in.
At Calvary's cross is where you
begin,
When you come as a sinner to
Jesus.

Jesus bore my sins on Calvary;
In my place he took the penalty;
He came down from heaven above;
How great my sin, how deep his
love!

Jesus my Saviour, Jesus my
Saviour,
Greatest of all friends he is to me.
When I am lonely, I trust him only;
Constant companion I'll prove him
to be.

There's a fight to be fought and a
race to be run;
There are dangers to meet by the
way;
But the Lord is my light and the Lord
is my life,

And the Lord is my strength and
stay!

On his word I depend, he's my
saviour and friend,

And he tells me to trust and obey;
For the Lord is my light and the Lord
is my life,

And the Lord is my strength and
stay!

Cleanse me from my sin, Lord,
Put thy power within, Lord,
Take me as I am, Lord,
And make me all thine own.

Keep me day by day, Lord,
Underneath thy sway, Lord;
Make my heart thy palace and thy
royal throne.

Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in his wonderful face,
And the things of earth will grow
strangely dim
In the light of his glory and grace.

More precious than the finest gold
the Bible is to me,

And like a rock beneath my feet
its promises can be.

It is the rock on which I stand,

The map to show what God has
planned,

The lamp by which I see.

Pray, pray without ceasing,
Ask what you will in his name;
Trusting in perfect assurance,
His faithful promises claim.
Pray, pray without ceasing,
Since in your heart you believe,
Faith shall at length be rewarded,
You shall the answers receive.

At the cross of Jesus
pardon is complete,
Truth and mercy mingle,
love and justice meet.
Though my sins condemned me,
Jesus died instead;
There is full forgiveness
In the blood he shed.

Trust and obey,
For there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus,
But to trust and obey!

Behold, I stand,
I stand at the door and knock.
Behold, I stand,
I stand at the door and knock.
If any man hear my voice
And open the door I will come in.

Open thou mine eyes,
That I may behold
Wondrous, wondrous things
Out of thy law!

Make the book live to me, O Lord,
Show thyself within thy word;
Show myself and show me my
Saviour,
And make the book live to me.

*Christ Jesus stands among us,
and call us to begin
A life of joy and purpose,
with power to conquer sin;
He offers his forgiveness
to all who turn to him.*

*There upon Calvary's cross my
Saviour died,
Pierced by those cruel nails the
crucified;
Lord Jesus thou hast done all this
for me;
Henceforward I would live only for
thee.*

*Oh the love that drew salvation's
plan;
Oh the grace that brought it down to
man;
Oh the mighty gulf that God did
span at Calvary!
Mercy there was great and grace
was free;
Pardon there was multiplied to me;
There my sinful heart found liberty,
at Calvary!*

*Wounded for me, wounded for me,
There on the cross he was wounded
for me;
Gone my transgressions and now I
am free,
All because Jesus was wounded for
me.*

*All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned everyone to his
own way;
And the Lord has laid on him the
iniquity of us all.*

*Once I was blind, now I can see;
Once I was bound, but now I am
free!
That's how I know there's a Saviour
for me – Jesus, my Saviour.*

*Come and serve the master, he
alone is true,
He will pardon sinners, therefore
pardon you.
He has promised power, power to
all who ask,
Power to conquer Satan, power for
every task.*

*Master speak, thy servant heareth,
Waiting for thy gracious word.
Waiting for thy truth that cheereth,
Master let it now be heard.
I am looking Lord to thee,
What hast thou to say to me?*

*Fear not, for I am with you,
Be not dismayed, for I am your God;
I will strengthen you, yea I will help
you,
I will uphold you with my right hand.*

Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me;

All his gracious compassion and purity.

May his Spirit divine all my nature refine,

Till the beauty of Jesus is seen in me.

Jesus supreme in my heart,

Bid every rival depart;

Have your own way,

Give me strength to obey,

Jesus supreme in my heart.

When the road is rough and steep,

Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

He alone has power to keep –

Fix your eyes upon Him!

Jesus is a faithful friend,

One on whom you can depend.

He is faithful to the end –

Fix your eyes upon Him!

On Calvary's tree, he died for me,

That I his grace might know;

On Calvary's tree, he died for me,

That's why I love him so.

Mine are the hands to do the work,

My feet shall run for thee.

My lips shall sound the glorious news –

Lord, here am I, send me!

Thank you Lord for dying for me;

Thank you Lord for setting me free;

Thank you Lord for giving to me

Your great salvation so full and free!

Living for Jesus, working for Jesus,

Seeking in this life others to win;

Loving him wholly, serving him only,

This is what gives me true joy within.

When cords of sin encompass me,

When tempted not to trust in thee,

Open my eyes that I may see

Jesus is nearer and stronger!

I can do all things through Christ,

all things through Christ,

Who strengthens me hour by hour;

For he himself and his word

Are my shield and my sword,

And I 'm kept by his mighty power.

Thou dost keep him in perfect peace

Whose mind is stayed on thee;

Because he trusteth in thee,

Because he trusteth in thee.

Lord help me to please thee

Throughout every day,

In all that I do and in all that I say;

That filled with thy Spirit

Each moment may be

A blessing to others

And pleasing to thee.

Photographs of PHAB Course and Iwerne, March and April 1973





The Haileybury PHAB team, Wyddial Hall, near Buntingford, Hertfordshire (home of Mr and Mrs Boyd-Carpenter), Sunday 1 April 1973





Photographs of Haileybury Chapel



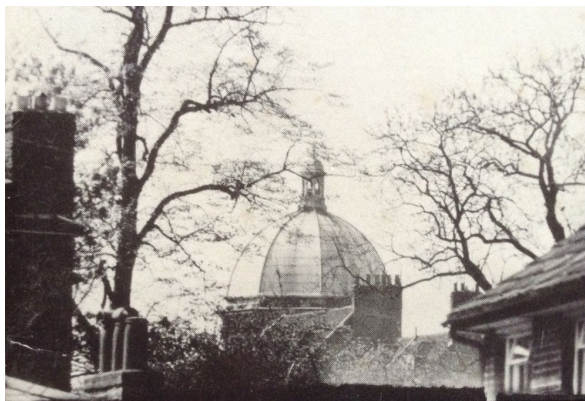
Above: Haileybury Chapel in winter (Source: Google images)

Right: Interior of Haileybury Chapel (Source: Google images)

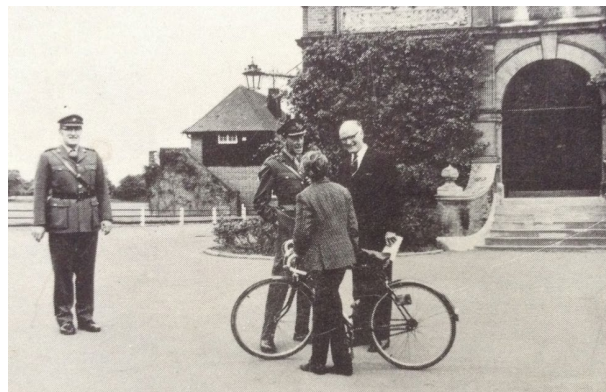
*“O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Bow down before Him, His glories proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name!”*



Photographs from *The Haileyburian*, June 1973



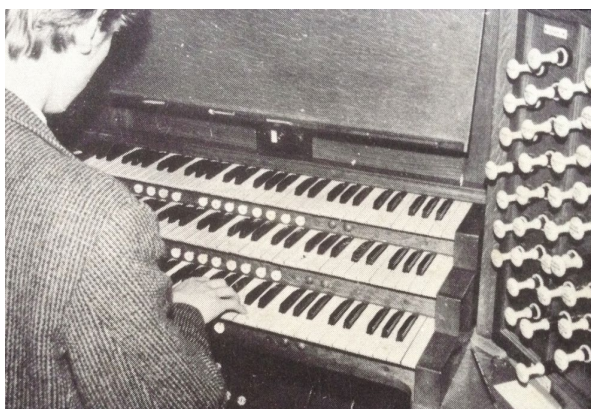
Chapel dome from rooftops



The Master...



Music School



Chapel organ



Orchestra practice in the Bradbury



Class in progress

Photographs from *The Haileyburian*, June 1973 (continued)



Outdoor class at the Art School



Big School



On the way to the Form Rooms



Typical study



Outside the Notice Boards



Book Room

Photographs from *The Haileyburian*, June 1973 (continued)



Outside the Art School



Cross country run



Dramatic production



Pottery at the Art School



The Grubber...