

ANGLICAN ORDINARIATE FOR THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES THANKSGIVING 2013

BULLETIN/VOLUME 10, No. 3



BISHOP ORDINARY TO THE FORCES

THE RIGHT REV'D PETER COFFIN STB, MA, DD

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This bulletin is an informal document for the members of Clericus, intended as a means of communication and as an expression of our fellowship. It is issued under the authority of the Anglican Bishop Ordinary. To submit an article, please email madpadre@gmail.com.

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A Word From Our Archdeacon

Give thanks in all circumstances, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you. (1 Thessalonians 5:18)



Col. the Ven. Nigel Shaw
Ordinariate Archdeacon

Realizing that this newsletter will be sent out near to the Thanksgiving holiday my thoughts turned towards the theme of thankfulness and its place in our individual and collective lives. I have become convinced that thankfulness is one of the essential pillars, if not the most critical amongst them, of the spiritual life. The central role of thanksgiving within our faith, and within Anglican worship and piety in particular, border on self evident. At the heart of our weekly worship is the great prayer of thanksgiving and scripture abounds with passages commending thankfulness, one of which quoted above, is set as the Opening sentence for our worship this Thanksgiving Sunday, if not using the Proper set for Rogation and Harvest Thanksgiving.

The question that I find most troubling is that, given its importance, why is it that too often thankfulness is not present in my own life and I suspect absent in many of our lives. This is not a new problem; the numbers of passages of scripture berating a lack of thankfulness are about as frequent as those commending it. It is my concern though that today the lack of thankfulness transcends the impact on personal spirituality and morality and has global consequences. We have so much to be thankful for in our lives but paradoxically we, at least as a society, find it very difficult to maintain thankfulness. Part of the issue is the common habit of comparing our own situation to those who appear more fortunate and hence undermining our satisfaction. This is exacerbated by living in a world where we are deluged with messages reminding us of all that we don't have and encouraging us to aspire to possessing them. As one author has put it, the insatiable need for more has become the psychological basis of our entire civilization. There is a growing conversation challenging this basis to which I believe we as people of faith, and as faith communities, must effectively add our voices. It is not just that achieving greater and greater wealth is environmentally disastrous, and fails to make us happier, it is fundamentally pointless.

This is a spiritual truth that has long been held by our faith tradition but not always enacted in our lives. One of the traditional Gospel passages assigned for Thanksgiving (John 6:25-35) with its admonition "Do not labour for the food which perishes, but for the food which endures to eternal life, which the Son of man will give to you", makes this abundantly clear. This focus on what brings meaning and purpose to life is critical not only to our personal spiritual health but to the many organizations to which we belong and ultimately to the global community. Delivery of spiritual resilience and promoting the importance of religious faith are two of the key priorities of our Chaplain General which can be supported through our own emphasis on thankfulness and our upholding of this principle in our various ministries and interactions with those with whom we serve.

How then to live a more thankful life? Personally, I came to the realization, albeit rather slowly, that far too often I had taken the many blessings in my life for granted and allowed them to go unremarked and without influence on my own thoughts and behaviour. I have found that I

need to constantly work at increasing the degree of mindfulness with which I approach the various aspects of daily life. When I cease operating on auto-pilot my awareness of all that I have to be thankful for, and my capacity to express gratitude in meaningful way are both significantly enhanced. As a specific spiritual discipline I have found for some time now that the intentional inclusion of active reflection on thanksgiving within my daily devotions has been important.

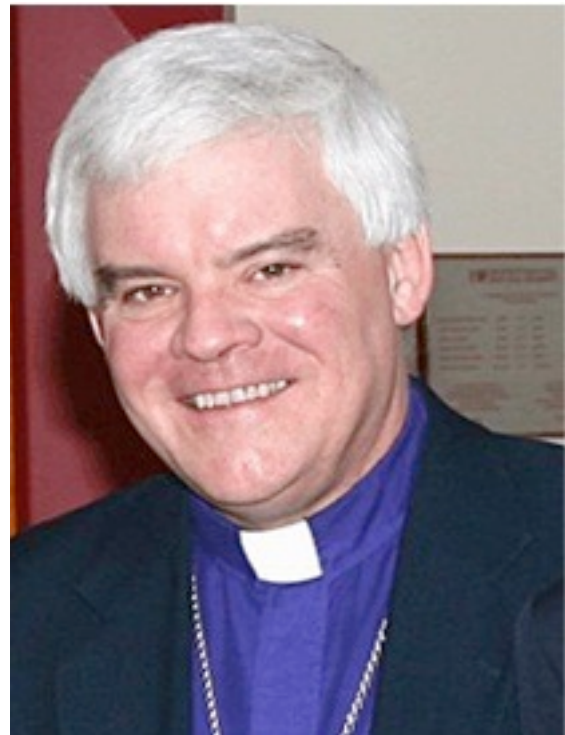
I pray that this season of Thanksgiving will be a time of joy and celebration for you and those you love and that the spirit of thankfulness will pervade your life and ministry.

Nigel+

A WORD FROM OUR BISHOP

FEAST OF SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, 2013

As I write it is approaching the Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels (September 29th) when we recall the story of how they prevailed over Lucifer and the evil angels who rebelled against God. Regardless of your belief in such accounts it does, like all good stories, tell a truth and that is that good still triumphs over evil. Sometimes that is hard to believe. I like the hymn: "This is my Father's world: O let me ne'er forget that though the wrong seems oft so strong God is the ruler yet."



Archbishop Desmond Tutu, in the dark days of apartheid in South Africa, said: “I am not optimistic but I am hopeful.” It was a hope that turned out to be well founded but not without struggle and times of deep despair. Even when things do not look bright and seem to be beyond resolve it is hope that so often that carries us through. As Christians that hope is Jesus, the rock upon which we stand when all else is shifting sand.

I have lived and worked in the southern hemisphere – Malaysia actually – but my spirituality is attuned to the seasons in which we live. The feast of Saint Michael and All Angels begins an equinox when the days become shorter and all of nature is inclined for a rest. When the leaves fall and the garden dies down it is in the adverse environment of the roadside ditch that in some parts of Canada we see the Michaelmas Daisy – really an aster. With various shades of purple it is an affirmation of beauty and tenacity. In the cycle of nature, of which we are a part, there will be struggles and times of joy; dark and cold nights in which the stars seem brighter; and death and resurrection. Between now and the Feast of All Saints (November 1st) and into Advent with the affirmation of One who is coming as the light of the world and then to Christmas and to the Feast of the Presentation of Jesus in the temple – otherwise known as ‘Candlemas’ because of a tradition of candle lighting – there will be affirmations that “the light shines in darkness and the darkness has not overcome it”. (John 1:4) I believe that the Fall season and even the bleak mid-winter can be a mystical time. Even the simple act of putting out Christmas lights is an affirmation of light over darkness. These are affirmations that we need to hear and hopes to which we cling.

I often think of the military environment in which most of our readers live. Our military members see and experience difficult, even horrendous things and their loved ones share, in some way, in this experience. When things get tough it is sometimes hard to find solace in the affirmations of light in darkness so prevalent in our faith and yet there is a glimmer. That is when I find myself saying a prayer quoting the words of a man who came to Jesus to cure a sick child: “Lord, I believe; help my unbelief!” (Mark 9:24) In other words: “Help Lord! I’m having some difficulty here!”

Soon it will be Thanksgiving weekend and we will give thanks for so many things – the harvest, for family and friends and for personal

blessings. Let us also give thanks always and at all times to God who loved us so much that he, in the incarnate Jesus, came to dwell among us and promised to be with us always. He is a light in the darkness; a lamp unto our path; a strength in our weakness; a peace such as the world cannot give and our hope. And let us live thankful lives.

May this time truly be a blessed time in your heart and in your homes.

+Peter

CAMPAIGN FOR MARYAM

(By Bishop Peter)

Last week the Chaplain General and myself received an email from David Brook, whose family are members of All Saints, Sandy Hill in the Diocese of Ottawa. In consultation with Archdeacon Nigel Shaw we are supporting Maryam's studies with \$1,000 as part of our Anglican Ordinariate mission expenditures for 2013. Here is the story via David.

Maryam Sahar Naqibullah is an incredible young woman who worked as an interpreter for the Canadian reconstruction forces in Afghanistan. Even with significant risk to her own life and to her family, Maryam continued her dangerous work motivated by a strong sense of the importance of Canada's mission and of supporting human rights in her country. Her story is eloquently captured in this recent article by Teresa Smith in the Ottawa Citizen (August 4, 2013):

"Before she had turned eighteen, two of her best friends had been murdered by the Taliban for supporting the international forces and her eleven-year-old brother had been tortured to try to force him to reveal her identity."

Due to the increasing security risks that she faced in Afghanistan, Maryam came to Canada in October 2011 through the Afghan Interpreter Immigration Program. Because of her young age (she is only 19), and as the only female interpreter in the program, she has faced some unique

challenges. Most of the other interpreters in the program are older men who immigrated with their wives and children but as a teenager, Maryam was not eligible to bring her family with her to Canada. In addition, the very modest support that the program provided to her ran out in September of last year.”

Maryam has been accepted to study international relations at Carleton University beginning this fall but is struggling to afford tuition and living expenses. To acknowledge Maryam's contribution to supporting human rights in Afghanistan and to help her build a successful future here in Canada we have launched this fundraiser to help her to pay her tuition.

The Goal

The campaign set a minimum goal of \$10,000, which we have met! This will cover Maryam’s tuition and books for at least her first year of university. We are now pushing hard to meet the final goal of the campaign, to raise \$30,000. This will cover Maryam’s full tuition for a four year degree, allowing her to take the weight of the world off her shoulders and focus all her energies on her studies.

Who We Are

The Brook Family is launching this campaign on Maryam’s behalf. All funds raised will be transferred directly into an education fund that has been set up for Maryam at **TD Canada Trust (TD Bank Branch 3312, Account Number 6401626)** to help pay for her tuition and other associated university costs. If folks are inspired to provide ongoing support once the campaign has finished this would also be a good vehicle to do so.

Holy Sacrament On The High Seas

By Padre Rob Parker, HMCS TORONTO,
OP ARTEMIS ROTO 3

A few years ago, a Sub Lieutenant sent me an e-mail which contained a copy of the British Article of War 1749, Article One:

Article 1. All commanders, captains, and officers, in or belonging to any of His Majesty's ships or vessels of war, shall cause the public worship of Almighty God, according to the liturgy of the Church of England established by law, to be solemnly, orderly and reverently performed in their respective ships; and shall take care that prayers and preaching, by the chaplains in holy orders of the respective ships, be performed diligently; and that the Lord's day be observed according to law.

That the first article for the fighting of a war at sea should mention the worship of God, and should demand respect for the Lord's Day, shows that shipboard religious observances have a long and hallowed history.

The worship of God in theatre is unique. It can be described by many words, but unique describes it best. As I have never been on a land deployment, I can imagine that many of you have felt that same uniqueness that surrounds the celebration of Holy Communion in a theatre of land operations. It's unique because this worship cannot be duplicated or repeated anywhere else except while on operations. It can't be duplicated while training either, because those who take part in it lack a sense of urgency. After a week or two on exercise, our people know that in a week or two they will be back at home doing their own thing again.

There is singular earnestness about worship in theatre. It is honest, and unpretentious. People from all different walks of the Christian faith find comfort in something they do not find sitting in the Mess, or lying in their racks. Those who gather around the table *want* and *need* to be there,

regardless if they take Communion or not. Everyone finds something. They find it in the readings or in the message. They find it in the bread and the wine, and find it in gathering as a community within the already close knit crew of a warship at sea.



This particular community was started as HMCS ST JOHN'S back in March of 2013. We started with Work Ups, or WUPS. The crew is tested in just about every wartime and damage control scenario possible to get us ready for a deployment. Through the test of WUPS, this ship becomes a crew, and a community is forged. Our church community comes from that close knit community. We then came to Kuwait and became HMCS TORONTO.

Of course, with only one chaplain onboard it makes for interesting worship, at least from my perspective. There are Pentecostals, Roman Catholics, Anglicans, United Church, and one Coptic Christian. There are those who come because they need a break from the everyday routine of a warship patrolling the same patch of sea over and over again. We call this

routine “Ground Hog Day”, in honour of that Bill Murray movie of the same name. We have two services on Sunday and a book study on Thursdays. Our services are spread out over the watches: one at 1030 and the other at 1330, one on Port



Watch and the other on Starboard Watch. We have good numbers at both services. I consider myself fortunate that I have several people who like to do the readings every week, and I have not be stuck doing more that one reading myself in a service. I am still trying to cultivate an Intercessor for the Prayers of the People, but no takers as of yet. We have a ship-wide prayer cycle where, each week we pray specifically for one of our Departments and everyone who work in that particular Department. This has been a pleasant surprise to people when they find out that we took the time to remember them and their co-workers.

From a more practical aspect, celebrating the Holy Mysteries on a ship that is NEVER, EVER still and NEVER, EVER stops moving can be very interesting challenge. Most of the flat surfaces get a custom rubber, no-skid mat to keep things from sliding off the edge. This works for the most part, and is quite adequate in keeping the fair linen and all the ‘holy hardware’ in one place during the service. However, there are times when you must put way the linen and use just the rubber mat. Only once have I ever had to ask someone to help me hold everything in place for the Eucharistic Prayer. It was an amazing feat of hands moving around the table as we endeavoured to keep things from sailing off into the lap of a

worshiper as we hammered our way across the North Atlantic on one particular nasty Sunday in early April.

As for this current deployment, it has been very interesting so far. At times I have been very busy, almost over-whelmed, by people and issues that arise when you leave home for close to 8 months. But there have also been times when I have felt I am kept behind glass, with a sign that reads, "Break Glass in case of Emergency". Sometimes that's the way of things as far as life aboard a warship. Sometimes feast, sometimes famine. And yet, there is something very real and significant about the task that a chaplain does in a theatre of operations, something that touches on the Divine. We are brought into the lives of people who are sometimes called to great and terrible things, to be with them after the fact and walk with them in dark places. It is an honour and privileged to be here, and the light that comes with the celebration of Christ's passion makes those dark times less difficult to handle.

Pray for us, here on TORONTO and for those who are in Afghanistan finishing the work there, pray that light will shine forth in all we do and for all who come to us. Pray with us for the light of Christ to shine in their dark places, so our journeys home will be bright and warm with the love of God.

Anglican Signposts, Part Two:

The Church

The previous issue of the Ordinariate Newsletter reprinted the 2007 TEAC document "The Anglican Way: Signposts On a Journey". This catechetical project was continued by several clergy in the Diocese of Huron who published their "Anglican 101" reflections in the Huron Church News. The piece below is by the Rev'd Canon Bill Cliff, a friend of the Ordinariate, and is reprinted here by permission and with thanks to Bill and to the Rev'd Dr. Todd Townshend, Dean of Theology, Huron University College. MP+, ed.

The Church doesn't have a Mission. The Mission of God has a Church.

Any group of human beings who want to work toward a common purpose will in the end have to organize themselves somehow. Jesus and the twelve were one example. We know that Peter was a leader of sorts. Jesus himself told Peter he had a responsibility to his apostolic brothers. The disciples were sent out in twos to experience ministry and then report back to Jesus. Judas took care of the money...probably enough said about that.

We as Anglicans are organized in our Church with particular purpose. We inherited this organization of ministry from the early church, and we have maintained it, deliberately, over the centuries because in the end, Anglicans decided that it was for "the well being" (bene esse) of the mission of the Church. Having maintained the three-fold orders (bishop, priest and deacon) we should regularly remind ourselves of what ordination does and doesn't do.

In the Anglican Church we have been clear that we baptize to ministry and ordain to office. This means that every one of the members of the Church are responsible for doing ministry in whatever way God has prepared them. Some of the church are called to particular ministries of service, sanctification, proclamation and governance. These are the central characteristics, or to use a more appropriate term from Church language, charisms (marks of the Holy Spirit) for each of the orders of ministry.

Deacons embody the charism of service. Not separate from or better than lay people may do, but in a particular form for the Church's own understanding. Deacons serve in the world and proclaim the gospel by their work. They have the very important job of interpreting to the Church the

needs of the world - through the lens of service to Christ in the poor, the forgotten, the sick and the lonely. Deacons are meant to be the eyes, ears and hands of the Church in a particular way in the world. Their service is one of avowed obedience to the mandate of Christ through extending the ministry of the bishop who has ordained them to be the eyes, ears and serving hands of the Church in places where the world, and sometimes even the church forgets.

Priests (who are all ordained Deacons first) have taken on another group of duties which are an extension of the bishops ministry. The charism of sanctification abides in the priest, not to command or “Lord it over one another” as Jesus warned against. Rather the charism of the priest is to steward the means of sanctification - in preaching the Word of God and in presiding at the sacraments which are the response to that proclaimed Word. Baptism and Holy Eucharist are the central realities of the priest’s role in sanctifying the Body of Christ. It really isn’t about power, although through the centuries we have done better and worse jobs of living that truth. The priest extends the bishop’s ministry by being present to proclaim the Word and preside at the sacraments when the bishop can’t be there.

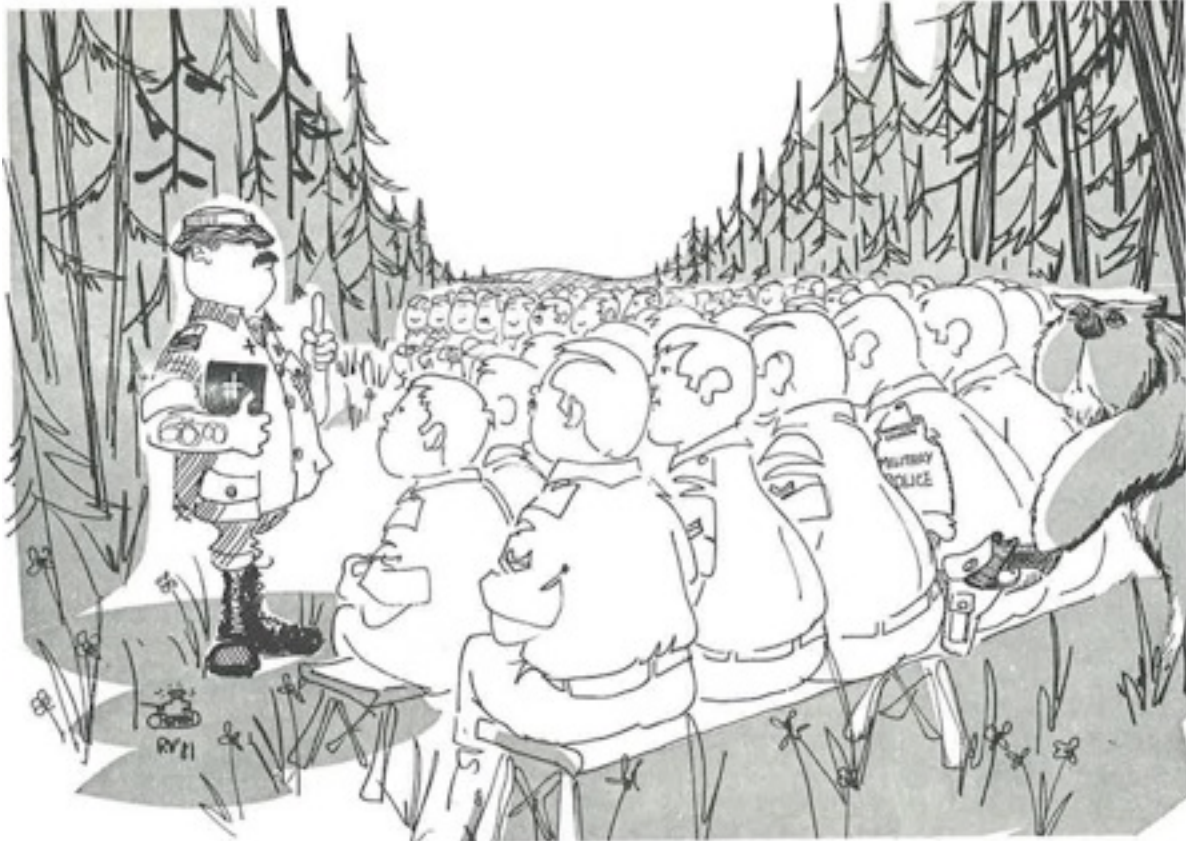
Bishops (who are ordained Deacons and Priests first) are apostles. Their Charism is proclamation and governance. They are the current holders of the office which we believe Jesus handed to the 11 after his resurrection. By maintaining the message which Jesus gave them, and then proclaiming that message to the world, the sanctifying power of the Word of God and the sacraments of grace which that Word makes real for us “the Way”. This ministry of proclamation and governance is again, not one of earthly power - although much of the history of bishops is a contradiction to that statement - but a ministry of grace; pouring out from God through imperfect human agents. The apostles, given this charge by Jesus are meant to build up the body and extend their ministry by passing it along to the next generation: “handing on what we at first received” as St.

Paul puts it. Through the Holy Spirit it is the Bishop who gathers the Church to hear the Word. Through the Holy Spirit it is the Bishop who perpetuates the Church by organizing our proclamation, sanctification and service in ordaining the other orders. Just to be sure, no bishop receives this ministry on their own terms, but rather from all the other bishops who gather and act for the whole Church.

These orders then go out to be organized through Synods, and Dioceses and parishes and all the other structures which we have developed. Dioceses band together into provinces and all provinces look to Canterbury, first in honour for the Anglican Communion. It is the ancient way of ordering the church, but it has stood the test of time, and still functions well. In a time of tremendous change in the church we must always remember that the things we often equate with ministry are not necessarily the things that matter. The presence of the Holy Spirit, the charisms of service, sanctification, proclamation and governance are the means - the Kingdom of God is the end.

Canon William G. Cliff is the Anglican Chaplain of Huron University College, the Liturgical Officer of the Diocese of Huron, and a member of The Three Cantors.





"... and let us not take out our wrath on our friends of the forest..."
"...et ne molestez pas les animaux sans défense..."

Newfoundland Pilgrimage: Body of Christ, Moose of Heaven

By Padre Robin Major

Bishop Mark MacDonald's article in September's Anglican Journal reminded me how deeply I was moved by his presence and witness at this year's Clericus. Earlier in life, I had found meaning in exploring expressions of native spirituality but had moved on from this after the call to the priesthood. The recent discovery of Mi'kmaq people in my family ancestry, and the Anglican aboriginal witness of Bishop Mark, have ignited a renewed excitement in my own faith journey to look both back and

forward. In Bishop Mark's words, "God has created a pathway for us to walk in newness of life. It is our task to walk on it."

Two events marked my own path this fall. I took leave 11-24 September to make the long wilderness gravel road trip from Goose Bay Labrador to the place of my origins, Newfoundland. It is always both a celebratory and painful trip. With both my parents dead and buried there, when I visit Newfoundland the question always emerges, "Who are you?" This trip offered two important responses to this this question of identity, for I went both to moose hunt and to preside at a cathedral.

The hunt for me was about time on the land and the forming of a personal relationship with the food I eat. I have been building this relationship for a number of years now by joining in God's creative power as I grow my own vegetables. Becoming a hunter has been a natural next step. The hunting area was a wilderness zone which we travelled by gravel road for an hour and then by boat and four wheeler to the hunting area. Morning and night we searched and tracked. On day six, the last day of our hunt, a moose came in sight and she fell after the first shot. I found her laying on her side, crippled, and at close range took the second shot to the head. She fell to the ground and moved very little. At this moment I placed my rifle down, moved beside her and put my hand on her head, and while making eye contact said the Mi'kmaq blessing as I remembered it, "Unesagama", which means "to all my relations" and shows respect to the animal. Then the following words bubbled up inside me as the moose moved closer to death; "Heavenly father thank-you for this gift of this moose." As the moose gasped its last, I said "Thank-you for the gift of your life that I might live."

She died then and I stood there in silence, at peace with what I'd done, my hand still upon her head as a final memorial to her death. Then I heard a voice, not that of God, but of Alanzo, or "Lanz". "What ya doin, prayin?"

"Yes," I said, "payin me respects."

He paused for a moment and then said, "Come on, bye, let's get this done." So we started on the process of panching or removing the guts, then

quartering the remains with knife and axe. The skins were left on the quarters as protection for movement as they needed to be transported by quad, boat, then truck to the butcher where the skins would be removed for the meat to be hung.

By mid afternoon, all this work was done and I drove 600 kms to Gander to visit the Rev. John Watton, Dean at St Martin's Cathedral in the Diocese of Central Newfoundland. Revd. Watton had been in Goose Bay two months prior where he led our service of Holy Communion with Baptism of his grandson who is the child of one of the service members at 5 Wing, and had offered his welcome at the cathedral in return. Over the next two days, as I prepared to lead worship, the memory of praying with the dying moose recurred to me as I was welcomed into the incredible vibrancy of this Anglican community. The cathedral and its financial commitment to the ministries inside and outside itself was a true inspiration to me of the possibility of renewal of the Anglican Church in these troubling times. Presiding and preaching on Sunday was for me a moment of great encounter of hope with the living God and I hope those who welcomed me were equally blessed.



After Sunday's worship I retraced my way northwards, picked up 250 lbs of moose meat, and made the twelve hour trek by ferry and gravel road back to Goose Bay. Over the days that followed, I made visits to every person who had given me moose over the past three years, and to everyone who had in any way helped the trip to be a success. This past Sunday after worship, I offered to those gathered a meal of moose stew with vegetables, gifts of creation in life and in death.

As I understand it, it is this richness of native tradition in its closeness to God's creation that feeds my faith at this moment. I was filled with wonder and thanksgiving behind the table at St. Martin's and as much as that was about Jesus, it was informed by a deadly encounter with a moose two days before. Just as a moose died that I might eat and live a while longer, so to God gave his son that we might eat and live eternally. May such encounters move us all to know God and, in loving him and each other, to move beyond the tragedy of past hurt into the fullness of God plan for what is coming.

An Anglican Refuge in the Great War. The story of Tubby Clayton and "Toc H"

By Padre Michael Peterson

I doubt I would have heard of this story had I not befriended a British Army chaplain at CFB Suffield, who told me that he was planning to make a pilgrimage to something called "Toc H" after his arduous ministry on the prairie. Curious, I asked him to tell me about this oddly named place. While I knew the stories of Canadian chaplains of the First World War, such as Canon Scott, I had never heard until then of the amazing work done by their British colleagues who created "Toc H", a spiritual refuge for men facing the fury and desolation of the trenches.



In the signaler's phonetic alphabet of the day, "Toc H" stood for Talbot House, the creation in 1915 of a team of creative and visionary British chaplains including the Rev. Philip "Tubby" Clayton. Talbot House is located in the Belgian town of Poperinge, a key supply and transit hub for military traffic to and from the deadly Ypres Salient. The building itself was the home of a local brewer who agreed to rent it to the padres after it had been damaged by German artillery fire. Clayton and his peers saw the potential of the building as an "Every Man's Club". It would serve both men needing to decompress

after rotating out of the trenches, as well as being a place of solace and peace for soldiers about to move forward into the Salient. Clayton recalled later that leading worship for soldiers moving to the front, men who knew that many of them would shortly be dead, was highly demanding pastoral work.

Originally the name of the place was to be "Church House", but as Clayton's colleague Padre Neville Talbot put it, "the staff of our Division saw a scarecrow in the name and smelt tracts". The name was changed to Talbot House, in memory of Padre Talbot's brother, who was killed in action nearby. All visitors were welcome, and took their cue from a sign at the entrance saying "All rank abandon, ye who enter here". With the aid of soldiers, scroungers, and supporters at home, Clayton was able to create a chapel in the loft, as well as garden and rest spaces and a thriving concert hall. In Clayton's words, the mission of Talbot House was to be a place "where friendships could be consecrated, and sad hearts renewed and cheered, a place of light and joy and brotherhood and peace."

Thousands of Allied soldiers passed through Talbot House during the Great War, including members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. For many men, it was the last place of calm, refuge and holiness that they would know in their shortened lives.

“Toc H” continues today, thanks to a vision of international peace and fraternity that Padre Clayton and his associates continued to promote after the Armistice. So many veterans visited it after the war that the Belgian owner donated the building to what became the Talbot House Association. You can plan your own visit to “Toc H” by visiting its website at <http://www.talbothouse.be>. A “Toc H” charity, founded postwar by Clayton, also continues to this day (<http://www.toch-uk.org.uk>), and its guild church is All Hallows by the Tower in the City of London.



The Loft Chapel, Talbot House

The original grave marker of Padre Talbot's brother is to left of the altar, on the wall just behind the white prie-dieu.