

'who', not 'what'. It refers directly not to a *kind* of thing, but to a *subject* of a given kind. But neither does it refer directly to John's act of existing; for then John's most intimate selfhood would simply be this act and so would exist of itself, which would amount to saying that John was God. So in the last analysis created personality seems to be a mysterious 'x' by which an individual and rational subject is able to exist as this subject and not any other subject; it might be called the existential subjectivity of *this* rational being. Subjectivity is the crucial term here—meaning distinctness, incommunicability in being, but in a given nature, a nature capable of thought and volition. Now suppose we transpose this notion of utter distinctness, yet in a given nature, to God. We need an idea that will preserve the distinctness of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, and yet enable us to contemplate them in one divine nature. And only the notion of person, sufficiently purified, seems apt for the purpose. In virtue of the positive distinctness it connotes, the term 'person' can be used, as no other could be used, to signify each relative term in God—Father, Son, Spirit—and yet not precisely or merely as relative, but rather as existing substantially and positively in the divine nature. To see what it means to say that God is distinct from creatures, we use the notion of divine nature; to get some inkling of what it means to say that God is distinct *relative to himself*, we use a notion of divine personality. But it leaves us, of course, still looking into the enigmatic 'mirror' that St Paul spoke of; still faced by the ultimate mystery.

Changes in the Liturgy: Cri de Coeur

MAISIE WARD

Orate fratres, says the priest — 'Pray brethren, that this sacrifice which is mine and yours may be acceptable'. So the congregation is offering the sacrifice of the mass with the priest. We are not simply there, we are taking part. Our part is subsidiary, certainly, but it is not just a fiction

or a façade, it is real. Therefore, we should think about it and utter our thoughts. We have a subsidiary part in the offering, we should make our subsidiary contribution to the discussion of the mass which is now everywhere being carried on. We have been co-offering, sub-offering, for nineteen hundred years. I have sometimes asked myself 'Doesn't anybody wonder what we think?' And now an editor has asked me.

It may seem surprising that the liturgical education of my childhood was as good as it was—for my first eleven years belong to that very unliturgical period, the nineteenth century. Yet I can hardly remember, from the time I could read, being unable to find my places in a missal. I took a keen pleasure in Holy Week services, instructed therein by my father when he was not away at St Edmund's College, with his fine voice and his musical knowledge, helping the President, Bernard Ward, who was his brother. I think it is sometimes too lightly assumed that liturgy for the laity only started of recent years. There are plenty of us who rather dislike being told that Holy Week was 'given back' to us when the Easter Vigil was restored and a few alterations made in a liturgy which we could say almost by heart, so long had we been devoted to it.

The liturgical movement may have been a revolution for laity of the rosary-at-mass variety, but there are many others who were already doing all they could to participate, and longing to be allowed to do more. Indeed it was a group of laymen in Germany, inspired by Belgium, who were perhaps the most important influence in today's revival.

Belgium and Germany—1914—evokes a dark picture of marching soldiers, slaughter, suffering, oppression, perhaps of the beginning of the end of our civilisation. St Gregory, in an age of even greater darkness, believed the sack of Rome to be the beginning of an end even more final. The end of Rome meant, in his eyes, the end also of the world and of the whole race of man. He laboured for the conversion of the barbarians but his letters reflect what was, on the natural level, his despair. The death of the Roman Empire was the first signal of the final judgment upon a world already dead in the hearts of men: even its joys had palled, *in corde arruerat* he said. Yet many historians today see Gregory, labouring for the conversion of Franks and Anglo-Saxons, more as the herald of a new age than as the last hope of old Rome.

As we look on the years that have followed 1914 we must indeed see

that August as fateful. But what are the important events of history? Belgium had begun in 1909 a movement of vital significance taken up in Germany in 1914 and these two countries, the invaded and the invader, have co-operated in something that may well prove a greater force for good than the carnage of the first world war was for destruction.

Pius X had indicated the need for a new liturgical movement, when he restored early and frequent communion, when he urged congregational singing; but his invitation for a real lay participation in the central act of the liturgy was only very slowly accepted. Frequent communion did begin at once; but in Italy itself and most other European countries this meant, as I well remember, a priest rushing to the Blessed Sacrament chapel every half hour, in some churches even every time anyone chose to ring a bell, and distributing communion with no relation to the masses going on at perhaps half a dozen altars in the larger churches. In small churches communion was given out before and after—but seldom in its proper place in the mass.

Congregational singing fared rather better though still remaining a rarity. But in Belgium a real movement had begun, mainly directed by Dom Lambert Baudoin, promoting the dialogue mass and the use of the missal. In 1909 he put forward his ideas at the Catholic Congress at Malines; in 1914 he published his book *La Piété de l'Eglise*. And before the war in this same year came the meeting of laymen at Maria Laach where the German movement may be said to have started. Here was a great Benedictine monastery whose abbot, Ildefonsus Herwegen, was deeply concerned with the liturgy as the centre of the religious life. The Abbey could not fail in itself to give a deep inspiration, the Abbot's presence to insure wise guidance—but I love to think that it was a group of laymen—doctors, lawyers, university professors—who were the heart of the German movement for a greater lay participation. And I believe, though I shall not live to see its full results, that that Holy Week meeting will go down in world history, if the world by becoming Christian once more is saved from suicide.

Fr Charles Davis, in his brilliant little book, *Liturgy and Doctrine*, mentions the two dangers in a movement of this kind. The first is of too experimental a popular approach: Abbé Michonneau's para-liturgy is perhaps an example of this: Fr Davis speaks of it as a French tendency. Yet France has produced also some of the best examples of a mass liturgy at once instructing the participants and richly expressing their worship. Fr Davis sees as a much greater danger that of an approach remote from the people, aesthetic or antiquarian.

'Unless we', he writes, 'grapple with the raw material of the Christian community as it is here and now with its needs and capabilities, we remain in the field of antiquarian studies and outside that of liturgy. The liturgy is at the centre of the pastoral work of the Church. Interest in the liturgy and study of the liturgy mean interest in the pastoral work of the Church and study of it. That is the angle from which to approach the liturgy and concern ourselves with it'.

Practical parish work is then one chief test of liturgical development; the other is, as the title of Fr Davis's book implies, theology. And it is an enormous help to remember these two signposts. For one hears too often such a statement as 'I'm all for some liturgical changes but not for going too far'. What is to be left, what is to be changed, is a question not of the distance so much as of direction and balance. And I think if the small group who tend to lead the movement, at any rate in England, would occasionally *ask* the parish priest or even the laity instead of always *telling* them, balance would be better preserved, direction would be clearer.

The laymen who met in 1914 discussed what they wanted: often very much of it has been given them in many countries. If it is our sacrifice we must both know what is happening and take part in it. The words at the altar should be audible. What mass is being said should be announced, especially if the Proper is not being read in the vernacular. If at all possible we should be able to *see*. For this, modern churches are far better than gothic, with their pillars; an altar at which the priest faces the people far better than one at which his back is turned to them. The dialogue has done more to make the mass understood than anything else in my lifetime; and wherever it is adopted it has swept away such nineteenth century practices as the rosary said aloud at mass, or (even more distressing) the novenas that prevailed in so many American churches—'For this relief much thanks'.

As to our existing liturgy, my own feeling agrees with what Fr Bevan of the London Oratory once said—that the Roman liturgy is all-but perfect. 'All I ask', he said, 'is that it be given back to the people'. Since then some changes have been made at Rome and therefore everywhere, about which our feelings cannot but vary according to the amount of affection we had for the usage now displaced. I rejoiced especially, as I think did everyone to judge by the vigour with which they do it, at being allowed to utter the *Our Father*. And I smile a little as I remember a liturgical lecturer who before Rome had spoken used to tell his audience 'The laity will never be allowed to recite the

Our Father. That is the priest's prayer'. As to omissions I am relieved at the cutting down of Collects but view with slight regret the disappearance of the *Confiteor* before Communion (one can never say too often that one is sorry). I have a real regret over two changes: the first being the loss of the creed on the feasts of Doctors when it seemed so deeply suitable—and meant anyhow an extra creed—and above all at losing its quaint and delicious appearance on the feast of St Mary Magdalen, the *apostola apostolorum*, who announced the Resurrection to them. I am sad too to say no longer the Christmas Preface on the feast of Corpus Christi where its midsummer return and its prolongation for a week gave me special delight. These are tiny things but they are like the blossoms in a garden which is not kept *too* tidy, where nature is allowed to be exuberant and not forced to be mathematical.

As one who makes an occasional incursion into the breviary I have the same mixed feelings. Obviously it had got badly overweighted, obviously the dropping of so many Octaves is an immense blessing—but I long to keep those of Corpus Christi and even more of Epiphany with St Leo's glorious lessons and the thought of what the feast has always meant to us who are the gentiles.

These are small matters for joy or grief and one's feelings may well spring chiefly from the habits of sixty years. The one worrying thing about the changes is, to some of us, the way they are received by the little handful of people who may be called the pundits of the liturgical movement, who when anything is changed or dropped cry out that this is only a beginning. Our nerves are kept in a constant state of jitters by the threat that we are going to lose things which mean very much to us, which are immensely helpful to the fullness of our mass, but which are under relentless attack—an attack sometimes delivered by rather unfair methods.

The two principal things under fire are the psalm *Judica* and the *Confiteor* at the beginning of mass, the last gospel at its end. What I feel an unfair method is that these are said by the priest who disapproves of them in a hurried whisper ('as if', said a Jesuit friend of mine 'they were dirty words'). Or again, in one church I know, while the priest and server whisper the opening prayers, hymns are sung to drown them. The remainder of the mass is then dialogued. In a church where the full dialogue is the custom, a visiting priest of this persuasion will whisper the *Confiteor* so low as to make it impossible for the congregation to join in. If you talk to him afterwards he first alleges that his concern is pastoral—the people dialogue better if they begin with the

Kyrie eleison. But anyone could tell him that they do it better in *this* church anyhow if allowed to start in their usual way with the prayers at the foot of the altar.

And I have found this true not in one church alone but all round the world in many churches. In Honolulu, in New Zealand, in the States and in England I have talked to priests of their experiences. An American priest told me he began by begging everyone who had ever served mass to dialogue it. Others have prepared the children in school. The majority have told me that they have experimented both ways and that, after a little trouble has been taken to teach and practise them, congregations do far better with the opening prayers than without them.

But my interlocutor will not go on to discuss whether this is really the fact. He instantly changes his ground: 'These things are no part of the mass. The *Confiteor* and *Judica* used to be part of the priest's private preparation'. The missal seems to indicate that they are now his public preparation—and if a good public preparation for the priest, why not for the people too? They are about to join with the priest in the offering. Why not in this magnificent reminder of his unworthiness and theirs for the greatness of the action which he is about to perform and they with him? But now I am told 'The *Introit* is the preparation for mass. You don't want two preparations. I suppose you will next want a preparation for that preparation and so on for ever'.

At this point I am aware, seriously and sadly, that I and all those who feel with me are simply being treated frivolously; nor is this feeling diminished by my being bombarded with pamphlets which are popularisations of books most of which I have read, some of which our firm has published. Any difference of opinion must, I am given to understand, arise from ignorance on my part. A little teaching would dissipate it. Fr Davis has compared the mass to a family meal, the priest has called it my sacrifice as well as his. Am I allowed to have no view at all about how the table for this meal is set, no ideas about this sacrifice I have been invited to offer? The feeling comes strongly that there are liturgical experts for whom lay opinion is entirely irrelevant.

But for the moment our missals tell us these prayers *are* to be said; that last gospel *is* to be read, so I would like to give some serious reasons for the earnest plea I make that they be retained. The *Introit* is a preparation for the particular prayers of the day—for the Proper—striking the note for a feast of Christ, our Lady, an apostle, a martyr. But the prayers at the foot of the altar are not just a preparation for *this*

mass—they are a magnificent preparation for the act of sacrifice itself. We come before God to offer Christ's redeeming sacrifice as sinners. There is high drama in that double confession of the priest and the people.

The priest with whom I was arguing suggested that if these prayers meant so much to me I could say them in my bedroom—and this was strangely to miss the point. The heckler at a Catholic Evidence Guild meeting often says 'I would confess to a priest if he would confess to me'. Of course one tells him that every priest confesses sacramentally to another priest—but here in the *Confiteor* the priest confesses himself a sinner not to God alone, not even to God's representative alone, but to the whole court of heaven and to his brethren on earth. Even the pope saying mass makes this confession—and we do not deny his sin but beg God to have mercy on him. And then we too confess—telling the priest eagerly that we are just as bad, striking our breasts as we acknowledge our unworthiness to offer the sacrifice, begging him, too, to pray for us. 'May God have mercy upon you' says the priest in his turn, adding a further prayer of absolution which, though not a sacrament, is certainly a sacramental, wiping from our souls the dust of daily, perhaps unremembered, sins; restoring the cleanness we desire for this great hour.

Could I get all this in my bedroom? As a small schoolboy learning to serve mass, my son told me how tremendously this act, these words, impressed him. Towards the end of a long lifetime, at last allowed to utter them in unison with my fellow worshippers, I find them no less moving.

And the last gospel? True the mass is ended, we have been blessed and told we can go. But here is an epilogue which tells us why this mass has become our central worship of our creator. Christianity has been defined as the union of man with God in Christ—and here in St John's words we are reminded of the when and the how: 'The word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us—and we saw his glory'.

What better words than these can sound in our ears as we leave the place of our sacrifice to take the message of salvation into the world? Are we to lose this magnificent preparation for our mass, this concluding meditation on who it is who is there, truly offering, and what it means to us to be united in him to the Father, just because this preparation and this meditation were not in the mass before the tenth century? For this is what, stripped of all verbiage, a lot of what is urged amounts to. Researches into the past are of great value, liturgies may

become overburdened with irrelevant detail, but in these two elements we can see at a glance the most vital relevance. And, imitating the method by which it can be suggested that one preparation may lead to another *ad infinitum*, one might suggest that the danger is far more real that one excision leading to another may result in nothing remaining except the Offertory, Consecration and Communion.

There is enormous gain for our understanding of the mass from the research that has given us a greater understanding of the setting in which the first mass took place; the Jewish roots of our religion help immensely in our understanding of the great tree that has grown from them. And, side by side with liturgical study, scripture and theology may lead us into a constantly deepening understanding of why it is supremely the mass that matters. But although we are learning much that we did not know, we are not, as sometimes seems suggested, learning everything about mass for the first time. And some of the things we are told now need more explanation than is usually given that we may either fit them into the pattern we already have—or, reluctantly perhaps remake our pattern.

I am afraid this article may appear too autobiographical, but I have been asked to write from a standpoint at once lay and personal, and I find it hard to do so except by tracing a development in my own thoughts and feelings which I know is similar to that of many others. As a child preparing for first communion I was shown a chart depicting how the mass, like the sun, circled the world so that at no hour of the day or night was our globe without its mass at some place where the human race is found. Thrilled by this discovery, I felt I could share in its meaning even when I could not be physically present at the altar. For a time, after daily communion came in, I did certainly fall into an exaggeration of the period, and almost felt that week-day mass was not worthwhile if I had broken my fast and could not receive. But the recollection of my mother's early teaching set this right. For she had taught us to know the mass prayers profoundly, adding the practice, if we were ill on a Sunday, of saying our 'mass prayers'—not merely reading the Proper of the Sunday but following the whole mass through as though present at it.

Many years later I read Caryll Houselander's conversation with a priest who refused to listen to uncharitable speech because he and she were at mass—we should, he said, constantly remember that the mass is going on always. And as I learnt the meaning of the prayers in which we say that we are recalling Christ's passion and death, his glorious

Resurrection and triumphant Ascension, I realised more and more fully that every mass finds us not only in the upper room of the last supper, but on Calvary, in the garden of the Resurrection, and on the mount of the Ascension. Meditating on the description in the Apocalypse of the Lamb 'standing as it were slain', I realised too that in another aspect, what is happening is that the eternal worship of heaven is, on our altars, breaking through to earth.

As my understanding deepened, my devotion to the mass increased continuously. It is surely strange that whereas we can weary to satiety of even the most beautiful words, and the most noble music, if reiterated unceasingly, we are never tired of the words which are the vehicle of this supreme worship. I am no hand at contemplative prayer; a meditation means endless distractions or merely plain spiritual reading. But I can hear mass daily, and indeed a second or third mass in the day—I certainly would not say without distraction, but with such a realization of the sacred as no other prayer affords. And although mass is best heard in common with other worshippers I can, if alone with the priest, still realise around me the presence of God's Church on earth, of those who need help against sin, restoration from past sin and its temptation to despair, and consolation in sorrow. And then there are the souls in purgatory whose cleansing we can aid by our prayers, and supremely by *this* prayer. 'When I say a solitary mass with just one server', Father Bevan once said to me, 'I am conscious of the presence of multitudes'.

There seems today a school of thought which repudiates this view of the mass—which holds that, as a French priest put it to me 'Masses must not be multiplied'. If he merely meant not several masses at the same moment in the same church, I saw his point. I have often been sorry when three masses were said at the same time in a small church with altars almost touching, and there was no opportunity for a later one. But I don't think that is what he did mean, for he himself went to communion that day instead of saying his own mass. If I understood it rightly the idea behind this is: first, that mass is primarily the communal meal of the Christian people; and secondly that what I have called the breaking-through into earth of heaven's worship means only that this worship becomes present to the actual congregation. It can, therefore, only become present if there is a group of people for it to become present to. But surely this is to narrow the scope of the sacrifice, which is indeed one with Calvary, but the function of which is to apply here and now what Christ won for us on the cross. The souls in purgatory,

the absent and invisible on the earth, may all be present, may all be making theirs the fruit of this sacrifice in which our Lord is 'always living to make intercession for us', in which he is himself the priest. I do not know if I am right in such a feeling. I cannot emphasize too strongly my realization of two things—my own ignorance and the splendour of that new vitality in the Church which is bound to bring with it feverish argument as well as growth in understanding.

'Faith seeks understanding' and the eager questing of today is a sign that Catholics are no longer, as Newman complained in the nineteenth century, living on the intellect of a former age. But the process of re-awakening, re-focussing the mind is a difficult and perhaps a dangerous one. With our eyes unaccustomed to the light, the immense flood of information, historical, scriptural, theological, may dazzle our mental vision. And I have read enough history to know that if one side of a doctrine has been under-emphasized, the reassertion of the forgotten element may lead to unbalance in the opposite direction. From this we shall be saved, not by the archaeologist or the faddist, but by those men who, like Fr Davis, remind us both of the pastoral side of liturgical development and its growth, not as something isolated but as part of the Church's many-sided development.

The Person and the Place—III: Daniel of Chernigov¹

GEOFFFEY WEBB

For Daniel, a pilgrim from Kiev, the journey to Jerusalem began with a cruise among the islands that was in itself full of interest. At Petala, for instance, there were the asphalt deposits on the water that were piously believed to be an oil distilled from the bodies of drowned martyrs. Gallipoli, Abydos, Crete, and Tenedos in sight of Troy, all had something to offer. On Mytilene there was a shrine to St George, and on Chios another to St Isidore. Ephesus was full of recollections of St John and the seven sleepers, and at Cyprus of the twenty bishoprics, the pilgrims climbed the mountain where Helena had had a shrine built

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