



The Chapels Royal of St Peter ad Vincula and St John the Evangelist  
HM Tower of London

Dear Friends,

Every week seems to bring its share of anniversaries or commemorations. 25<sup>th</sup> January was a sort of Super Tuesday in this respect. On that date the church celebrates the Conversion of St Paul and it is one of the traditional dates on which the Church of England consecrates new bishops. Last Tuesday a large congregation sat in a very cold St Paul's cathedral (so I am told - I confess that I was otherwise engaged) for the consecration of the new Bishop of Willesden, The Right Reverend Lusa Nsenga-Ngoy. We celebrate feasts such as the Conversion of St Paul because they are central to our identity as Christians. We understand our Lord to have wanted the whole world to accept him as Messiah: it was St Paul's conversion and subsequent missionary activity which enabled that to happen. A little closer to home than Damascus, Tuesday was also, of course, the occasion for Burns Night, when Scots throughout the world meet to celebrate the birthday of their national poet. In a different but related way, this too is a celebration of identity. Laura has chosen one of Robert Burns's poems for you this week and I'll leave it to her to introduce it further. Our own Scottish connections are perhaps marginal (although Laura studied at the University of Edinburgh) but we enjoyed our haggis, neaps and tatties, followed by [Cranachan](#). This is not a meal for the fainthearted, so we felt bound to fortify ourselves with a dram (or two) of single malt whisky. You will appreciate that this was tough - but someone had to do it.

Our memories are at the core of our identities as individuals, societies, nations and churches. They remind us of who we are, where we have come from, and what we hope to be. That is why we celebrate feasts, of either the religious or the gastronomic kind. A new bishop and the skirl of the pipes – who could ask for more?

Best wishes and blessings to you all,

Cortland.

**Sunday Service Details**

**30<sup>th</sup> January 2022, The Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany**

0915 Holy Communion St Peter ad Vincula

1100 Holy Communion St Peter ad Vincula (Coffee after church)

**Readings**

Romans 13: 1-7

Matthew 8: 23-34

**Collect for The Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany**

O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst  
of so many and great dangers, that by reason  
of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright;

Grant to us strength and protection as may  
support us in all dangers, and carry us through  
all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen**

## **Platinum Jubilee Service of Choral Evensong**

Followed by a toast to HM The Queen

3.30pm, Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> February 2022  
Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula



Please email [TowerOfLondonChapelAdministrator@hrp.org.uk](mailto:TowerOfLondonChapelAdministrator@hrp.org.uk) in advance to be added to the guest list, otherwise you will be denied entry.

## **Save the date**

**HM The Queen's Platinum Jubilee Concert on April 28<sup>th</sup>, 2022**



As part of our celebrations of the Queen's Platinum Jubilee, there will be a concert here in the chapel on April 28<sup>th</sup>. Tickets and how to book them will be advertised very soon.

## Jigsaw

Snow drops in St James' Park.

<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=159c5265d56b>



### **Poem of the week: *A Red, Red Rose***

O my Luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

**Robert Burns (1759-1796)**

Robert Burns, also known as Rabbie Burns, was a Scottish poet, born in Alloway, and is generally considered the national Bard of Scotland. He has done more than any other poet to export the 18<sup>th</sup>- century Scots language around the world, but was originally advised not to write in Scots, according to new research, in case it 'limited his audience'. Burns did not follow this advice.

*A Red, Red Rose* is a poem and song written in 1794, possibly based on other contemporary sources expressing similar feelings. It was set to music to a tune called 'Major Graham', which was Burns' choice, and has been much sung right up to the present day, in various arrangements. Bob Dylan revealed in 2008 that the lyrics which had most inspired his own work and life were those of *A Red, Red Rose*. Burns worked for the last seven years of his life to preserve for posterity over 300 traditional Scottish songs, including *Auld Lang Syne*.

## **Prayers**

Please continue to remember those on our sick list, some of whom are very poorly, amongst whom we name:  
Lucy, Judy, Heather, Pat, Lorraine, Sue, Mark, Madeleine, Vivienne, Derek, Maria, Ann, Bridget, Peter and Freddie.

## **RIP**

Bill Rankin, Raymond Barrett and Graeme Wilson.

Please keep in your thoughts and prayers all those affected by the Omicron virus, both those ill at home and those in hospital.

## **Our Coronavirus Prayer**

**God of love,  
We ask for your blessing on  
those who are ill,  
those who are vulnerable  
those who are worried about  
themselves and those they love,  
and on those who mourn.  
We ask this through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

With best wishes and prayers, Cortland.



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