

irrelevant question to the biographer of Trevor Huddleston. And neither is Michael's second major question: the nature of obedience. What authority should bishops and his Order have over a prophet like Michael Lapsley? Trevor Huddleston only returned to England because his Order recalled him — in 1956. But that was before Vatican II and the Debate about Obedience to Authority has ranged wide and deep since then.

We had arranged that Michael should come again to "The Hilton" at 9 a.m. for a second chat. He brought with him a whole armful of documents that will be of huge value to me in writing +Trevor's biography. (One of the documents was called *Four Words on South Africa* by Father Huddleston, Canon John Collins, Father Raynes and Michael Scott. It was the Stafford Cripps Memorial Pamphlet No.1. The lectures were sponsored by and published by Christian Action!) He also made it clear that the spiritual effect of the bomb on Michael Lapsley has been great. "I have gained more than I have lost through the experience" he says. He has two hooks at the end of his arms and one eye. He has become "at peace with himself" — which does not mean cheap forgiveness for those who despatched the bomb to him!

Michael Worsnip also talked about how much he owed to Charles Coles C.R. — who was a choirboy in Southwark Cathedral before the Second World War — and who died in the Priory of the CR in 1987. Michael's admiration of Charles and Michael Lapsley said much about *him*.

"The wise men returned another way"; so Andrew and I decided to return from Pietermaritzburg avoiding the motorway for at least part of the way. We made our way — on another cloudless sunny day, which was nevertheless cold — through the Royal National Park and the Drakensberg mountains, with matchless views of country and towering mountains unique to South Africa.

Thursday August 13th 1992

This morning I saw Bertram Moloi for a couple of hours: virtually retired, having concluded his ministry by being an archdeacon. He is 73, and his wife is very ill. He was born in Natal, of farming stock. His mother went into service with a vet, in Ladysmith, who was transferred to Johannesburg; and she went with him. Taking the young Bertram to the Community of the Resurrection, she said: "I want to hand him over to you — as Hannah did the child Samuel". She came from a Christian family, with priests in it, and hoped Bertram, too, might be a priest. He went to St. Cyprian's School, Sophiatown, and boarded at St. Peter's School, Rosettenville, from 1936-9. He wanted to be a missionary doctor, but the Second World War broke out, and shattered his plans. The USPG could no longer send the promised bursary from England. He went to train as a teacher at Pietersburg. He did a year as an unqualified teacher, and then, in 1942, began teaching at St. Cyprian's, where he had been a boy. At a school leavers' ceremony he spoke to the children about their future; afterwards Trevor spoke to him about his future and the possibility of ordination — he had been Sunday School teacher, Choirmaster and Scout Master — and, in 1946, Bishop Ambrose Reeves wrote to him, spelling out what ordination would involve.

In 1942 he had met a nurse, Martha, from Bloemfontein whom he married early in 1944. It was at the end of that year that he knocked on Fr. Huddleston's door, in the middle of the night, and asked him to take his wife to the hospital as she was in labour with their first child.

+Trevor had prepared Martha for Confirmation. Bertram trained for the priesthood, 1947/9, at St. Peter's College, Rosettenville, and was ordained by +Ambrose Reeves, in 1949, to serve in Orlando. From 1953/55 he was in charge of St. Cyprian's, Johannesburg, which looked after domestics and black people from the compounds, until the church had to be

demolished, to make room for a motorway. In 1954, Bertram went to England, on his way to Conferences of the Anglican Church at Minneapolis and of the World Council of Churches at Evanston, and preached at Evensong at St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, Westminster — where and when I was a curate! Neither of us could quite make up our minds whether we recognized one another, after nearly forty years. He said the three weeks he spent at Westminster — in the house attached to St. Matthew's — were "the loneliest in my life". But one of the boys he had taught in Sophiatown, Jake Tuli, who had been a server at Orlando, had just won the British Empire Fly Weight Championship, and Jake showed him London.

+Trevor, Bertram said, was known as "*Makapile*" — one who is strong, industrious, active and wise.

He made the interesting remark that no matter how much you do for people, "if you don't know their language it's difficult to go really deep: you just scrape the surface". The language question, in a place like Sophiatown, with people speaking several languages living in the same location, is really difficult. The South African Government say that Africans must have "enough education to communicate with the master"! Few of the Community of the Resurrection have really learnt another African language.

Bertram told a significant story. "A boy from St. Cyprian's joined the PAC" (the extreme black consciousness movement). "He had become aggressive. The seeds of hatred had been sown in him. I said to him: 'What d'you think of Fr. Huddleston?' He replied 'I love Fr. Huddleston. He has helped me to learn and to be political, but because he is a white man, I would kill him'." Bertram added: "Such thoughts are not natural to black people; they are the fruit of white policies of division."

"The irony of our situation" he said "is that not even the Archbishop of Cape Town has a vote! — because he is black." There was very little of aggressive politics — indeed, of politics — in Bertram.

In the early afternoon, Andrew and I went to the Institute for Contextual Theology, in the centre of Johannesburg. Both of us wanted to see the Director, the Dominican, Albert Nolan, several of whose books I had read. Andrew wanted to see him about training Ghanaians. I wanted to see this dynamic South African about — of course! — +Trevor.

Albert Nolan was born in South Africa in 1934. He became a Dominican in 1954, and became a seminary lecturer and a university chaplain, but he also did pastoral work among the poor. In 1983 he was elected Master General of the Dominican Order but declined, in order to return to his work in South Africa. He has written some powerful books: *Jesus before Christianity*: 1976; *Taking Sides*: 1983; *God in South Africa: The Challenge of the Gospel*.

Naught for Your Comfort had been read aloud in the refectory at Stellenbosch just after its publication, when Albert was a newly fledged Dominican. It had hugely influenced him. I mentioned what Bertram had said about language this morning. Albert said "Yes: but there are people who know the *language* but cannot get across to the people, and people like +Trevor who jump the barriers of language: they are just in touch with people, and know them. They speak louder than words."

He thought Trevor's *time* was important. "He was a pioneer" he said. "When he did *what* he did is important. He was in Africa a relatively short time: 1943 to 55; but he embodied then what other people wanted said and done."

Later in the afternoon, we went to the Eagle Star Insurance building, where we met two more of Trevor's Sophiatown lads, two brothers: Abel ("Boysa") Maseola and Sam ("Pule"). They had both been servers. Sam had brought with him a photograph of +Trevor leading a procession through the streets of

Sophiatown, in cotta and biretta, with Sam as one of the servers alongside him. Abel recalled how Trevor had driven him down to St. Cuthbert's, in the Transkei, but, as they were crossing a river, there had been a sudden storm, and the river had overflowed, and the car had been submerged, and people had to come and rescue them. They were nearly drowned.

After St. Cyprian's School, Trevor had got both boys to training colleges, and then found them jobs: Abel with the Community's printing press, as an apprentice; Sam with a lawyer. Now they are both working for Eagle Star.

They remembered +Trevor saying: "If you treat someone like a *white* man, he will treat you as a *black* man. So treat each other as human beings."

I thought Abel and Sam were like a pair of Cockney music-hall artists. "We loved Sophiatown" they said. They didn't feel they had suffered, though they had lived as a family of eight in a one-roomed house. They were not "political". They believed that patience is now what's required. They were clearly anxious about the future. "Everyone wants everything at once, and fight among themselves." "Fr. Huddleston was like a parent to us" said Sam. "We would probably have been criminals if it wasn't for him" said Abel.

"He wanted everyone to be one. He took us off to play games with white boys." When we took leave of Sam and Abel, they went off to the places they had been removed to when Sophiatown was obliterated — to Meadowlands and Diepkloof.

In the evening we had dinner with Geoff and Christine Lowick. Geoff went from St. John's School, Johannesburg to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he read Theology. He was now a "self-supporting" priest and a chartered accountant. In the 60's, he did a "locum" at St. Mary's, Battersea. They have generously asked Andrew and me to stay a few nights with them when we return from Cape Town.

Friday August 14th 1992

The papers today have headlines and articles which are remarkably theological. The Government had proposed a "general amnesty for all political offences", but the ANC has said "No". The question is: Can you have absolution without confession? Confession could rip open so many old wounds that it could retard reconciliation, but to pretend that the past can simply be buried, the slate wiped clean . . . I have rarely seen such a profound discussion in a newspaper. It is about how you restore trust between people: relationships which have been so violently broken and for so long.

Midmorning, I saw Sally Motlana, the President of the Black Housewives' League, a national voluntary organisation of nearly ten thousand members, which is now 28 years old.

Sally was born Sally Maunye — in the rural area of Eastern Transvaal. "My parents never saw a blackboard" she said. "My date of birth was unknown. My mother followed my father to Johannesburg in 1933/34 so I calculated my birth as April 9th 1927. Whether it is correct, I do not know!"

"Father Huddleston was a caring man" said Sally. "When I was to leave school, it was he who worked at the question of my future education. We had no money. He raised the money for me to go to Johannesburg Bantu High School and then to the Diocesan teacher training college at Pietersburg. I taught at the school where I had been brought up, St. Cyprian's, and decided to improve my education. Fr. Huddleston got me tutors, in particular, a Miss Joyce Carew of Kingsmead Girls High School, and, as a result, I was able to go to Fort Hare University — with more financial help from the Fathers."

"The removal of Sophiatown is an event I will not forget. We resisted being moved. We put barriers across the road so that the police vehicles could not get past. Fr. Huddleston was one of the four whites we would allow past. The police harassed him but he was not the kind of man who would be stopped

from doing what he believes it right to do. The police and the Government finally managed to move us all to Meadowlands — with all sorts of promises which were not true.

His removal from us was one of the hardest blows I have ever had. It was through his influence, his teaching and his prayer that some of us are what we are — and are still closely tied to the Church. The numbers of children he personally helped would fill a church. We are proud to call ourselves "the Mission children".

"I went on teaching until 1955. When the Bantu Education Act came in, I walked out — of the classroom. The Community of St. Mary the Virgin (Wantage) trained me for Community Work — which is what I now do through the Black Housewives' League. Our motto is: 'Lift as you rise'. It is a product of what Fr. Huddleston taught me."

My last caller until the week-end is over (I have the Friday afternoon feeling!) was Michael Rantho, who had quite a story to tell.

He was born in Sophiatown in 1932. He was a one-parent-family child. His mother married the man who became, of course, Michael's stepfather, who was a witch-doctor, a clairvoyant, who when Michael began to grow up, wanted his stepson to follow in his steps and adopt his practices. Michael and his stepfather came into conflict because his stepfather abused him. Michael was a server at Christ the King and it was suggested that he came and lived in the Priory. Michael was eleven when Fr. Huddleston arrived. +Trevor, Michael says, "adopted" him. He said the Offices in chapel with the Community.

"+Trevor had a group of boys who were his 'favourites', said Michael. "When +Trevor went hospital visiting, he would take us in his van, saying 'Sam, Hom — jump in —' and ask us to pray for those he was visiting. One day, when he had been visiting the fourteen-year old Desmond Tutu (who had been living in a hostel for students in Sophiatown, run by the Community of the Resurrection) he told us when he came out of the hospital that Desmond was very ill indeed and that all that medical science could do had been done. He asked us to come back and pray with him for Desmond. Fr. Huddleston taught me for life the power of prayer."

"As the child of a one-parent family, I was easily given to jealousy — if, for instance, although I was living in the Priory, Fr. Huddleston didn't include me in his group of favourites. He was, in fact, a surrogate parent to me. He got me to the Diocesan training college at Pietersburg and "dealt with me" when I was one of those who struck over the food there. He helped me get trained as a social worker — I qualified the year he went back to England, 1955. He saw my sister through school and helped her to begin training as a nurse. She is now Sister Tutor at Coronation Hospital."

Michael is proud of the choir he conducts at St. Bernard Mizaki, Martyr, in Pretoria.

He is now quite an impresario and has met up with +Trevor again several times when he has been in England. "+Trevor" he says "has given me my values and a quality of life."

After Michael Rantho had departed, Andrew suggested we drive over to what was Sophiatown and is now called Triomf. We stood looking with a combination of disbelief and dismay at the towering church of Christ the King. It is now a Protestant church in a white middle to lower class neighbourhood. There wasn't a black person to be seen. An alsatian came and barked at me from a heavily defended house. The street names were unaltered: the names people like Sally had used to me today: Meyer Street, and so on; but "the glory had departed".

Saturday August 15th 1992

Andrew and I had 'phoned the Archbishop of Central Africa, Walter Makhulu, and his wife Rosemary, to invite ourselves



Abel and Sam Maseola.



Sally Motlana, President of the Black Housewives.



Michael Rantho.



Christ the King, Sophiatown — as it was in the days when Trevor Huddleston CR was Prior.



As it is now in Triomf.

for the weekend. They were pleased we wanted to come to them, but it meant a long journey to Gaborone in Botswana.

I wanted to see Walter primarily because he is a boy from Pimville, Johannesburg, and in his boyhood saw much of the Priory at Rosettenville and of +Trevor and the other members of the Community of the Resurrection. Indeed, at one time he was an oblate of the Community and might have become one of the few black members of it.

Walter and Rosemary have been good friends of mine ever since the early 60's, when Walter was a curate at All Saints' Poplar and Rosemary its very skilled youth worker. The marriage of a black curate to a white youth leader at that time ended any possibility of Walter returning home to South Africa but when I was a Canon of Southwark, I managed to persuade Bishop Mervyn Stockwood to make Walter vicar of St. Philip's, Battersea.

Andrew had mapped out a route that would take us via Mafeking, which I had always wanted to see. It was about 180 miles of the duller flat country, along endlessly straight roads. We arrived at midday, just after the museum had closed. Apart from the Siege Memorial, and a curious more recent memorial, in the form of a perpetual flame, the Boy Scout Movement's way of perpetuating Baden-Powell's association with Mafeking, there was nothing to detain us, except the need to get a sandwich and some orange juice. What was evident — now that Mafeking is in one of these ludicrous creations of the South African Government in pursuance of its theories of separate development, the separate state of Bophuthatswana — was that Mafeking is now a town inhabited overwhelmingly by black people whereas not so long ago it was white.

At one stage on our journey in the morning we were stopped by seven or eight South African armed soldiers and our car and our luggage searched for arms. That kind of thing is never pleasant: it's a kind of rape; but it happens in all too many countries these days.

We had to go through Customs and Immigration of both Bophuthatswana and Botswana when we left the former and entered the latter, but then there were another hundred miles, mainly of Botswana's lovely hill country to drive through, till we reached the very modern city — with university etc. — of Gaborone, and found the Archbishop's House next to the new Cathedral.

It wasn't too long before Rosemary was refreshing us with drinks and we were wrestling — again! — with the question of why +Trevor was recalled to England, and whether he should have joined the ANC and so on. +Walter, who is known by his African name "Khotso", is an indispensable counsel to anyone writing a biography of +Trevor. His young Provincial Secretary, a Zambian, who had joined us, was called Trevor Miramba, after Trevor Huddleston, who had attended his ordination in St. Luke's Chelsea.

Walter and Rosemary generously took us out to dinner at a restaurant which was opening that very evening. They had also invited a young Eritrean refugee, a rather beautiful girl in her twenties, who had only been in Botswana a couple of weeks, and whose command of English was understandably small.

Sunday August 16th 1992

When I drew the curtains, the sun, at six forty-five was shining from a cloudless sky. We all went to the Cathedral at 7.30 a.m. It was the "English" service (the main service is at 9.0 a.m.) and was very English — mainly middle class English lecturers, civil servants, doctors etc. For me the most powerful part of the service was the first hymn, which seemed so peculiarly appropriate:

*"Jesus where'er thy people meet
There they behold thy mercy seat
Where'er they seek thee thou art found
And every place is hallowed ground."*

It is, of course, by William Cowper, who was confined in the 18th Century in a little mental hospital in St. Albans. (I learnt to love William Cowper's poetry and William Cowper when I was in St. Albans.)

After breakfast, Khotso, as I shall call him, drove us to a remarkable school I have known about since it was founded twenty years ago, Maru-a-pula. It has five hundred or so boys and girls, a hundred of them boarders. It emphasises not only academic excellence but understanding of and service to the community, and the cultural side of life as well as the sciences. Rich people who pay fees also pay towards the bursaries of poor members of the school and many of the children are there on bursaries. It was founded just over the South African border so that there could be a mix of colour, race and nationalities. We were shown around by John O'Brien, the second master, who has been there seventeen years, and has produced a most wonderful garden. The school had finished term a day or so ago but John O'Brien succeeded in passing on to us his pride in the school. On the way to the school Khotso had shown us the place where a dozen people had been killed by South African guns and grenades.

When we went back to the Archbishop's House, I interviewed him rather as I had interviewed others in this last fortnight.

He was born in 1935 and was eight when +Trevor came to Johannesburg. His parents were first generation urban dwellers who had come in from the country. They had eight children. Khotso would serve at Communion each Wednesday morning at Pimville, when +Trevor was usually the celebrant. Often Khotso went to stay at the Priory in Sophiatown in his years between 8 and 13 when he was at Pimville Government School. He went on to board at Pietersburg. +Trevor helped with the fees. When he left Pietersburg +Trevor found him a job with a firm of chartered accountants as tea boy, filing clerk and messenger boy. He learnt a little bookkeeping there, too.

Khotso could never remember a time from the age of five when he did not believe he would be a priest. In 1954 he went to live at the College of the Resurrection and St. Peter. He started training for ordination in 1955 — the year +Trevor was recalled to England.

He remembers vividly the farewell to +Trevor at the airport. He felt it a huge honour to be given permission to go. He was upset by Trevor's departure but even more upset by the hatred of +Trevor which was so marked on the face of the police. He went back to College and cried his eyes out.

He was ordained by +Ambrose Reeves in 1957.

When +Trevor was Bishop of Stepney, Khotso saw him each month.

We talked further about what they meant to one another and about Khotso's reflections on +Trevor and South Africa.

He has a punishing job: not only looking after his own diocese but having to look to the 'care of all the churches' of Central Africa and represent them.

After lunch we drove back by the most direct route to Johannesburg. We left at half past two but had covered the 250 miles by half past six. It was a memorably lovely drive. We reached the Priory just in time for supper.

P.S. *Thought for the Day*: Andrew said: "If I were to do the job properly of driving you around, you ought to get me a peak cap and sit in the back by yourself." I said: "O.K. But in this country, you'd have to black your face."

Monday August 17th 1992

I had been looking forward to meeting someone who rejoiced in the name of *Nimrod* Tubane and I was not disappointed. He was born in 1917, north of Pretoria. His father was a labourer. He became a boarder at St. Peter's School, Rosettenville, and, when he was sixteen, got a job in a factory, then went into domestic service, and, finally, worked for a



*The Cathedral Gaborone,
Botswana.*



*The Most Revd. Walter Makhulu, Bishop of Botswana and Archbishop of
Central Africa, and Mrs Makhulu.*



Nimrod Tubane and Jane Dakile.

German photographer, Oscar Schroder, who went bankrupt on the outburst of the Second World War. Nimrod was immediately offered a job back at St. Peter's as Secretary of the Community of the Resurrection, its school and college etc. To do it he had quickly to learn shorthand and typing. The job included being Secretary to Fr. Carter CR, who was superintendent of eighty schools, three hundred teachers, and being in touch with the Education Department of State, the Bishop of the Diocese, the Theological College, St. Peter's School, and so on. "My typewriter clattered all day long."

Nimrod married Emily.

Four years into his new job +Trevor went to Sophiatown, and in due course came to Rosettenville as Provincial. "I think of him as having rosy cheeks and pitch black hair: a wonderful man; a fighter of the bulldog breed."

"I was totally with Fr. Huddleston when he opposed the Government's Bantu Education Act. Education is education. We did not want an education specially designed for the blacks. The only question was whether half a loaf is better than no bread."

Nimrod had asked Jane Dakile to come to his house to speak to me. She is a Zulu, born in 1922. Her mother had died when she was seven. Her father, too, died when she was young. "An orphan goes from pillar to post, so I became a natural linguist — I can speak Tswana, Zulu, Sotho, Pedi, Xhosa". She had trained as a teacher at Pietersburg and began teaching at St. Cyprian's, Sophiatown, in 1944. She had moved there and married a coffee factory worker. They had four children, three of whom Fr. Huddleston baptized.

"I shall never forget the day in 1955 they came to destroy Sophiatown. It was a rainy day. Fr. Huddleston came towards us in his cassock with his long strides, brave as brave could be. He did not look afraid. There were hundreds of police. I watched them destroy my home. I was carrying a child — my 1956 child. I wondered how we would survive in the new place in Diepkloof. It was so cold. I cried and cried."

"Fr. Huddleston knew the congregation because he visited us. He knew the children: there were a thousand in the school. He knew the teachers: there were twenty-six of them. He knew the aged. When he took them Communion he would go into their bedroom and observe, and if they needed blankets he would see that they got them. We were not afraid to tell him about our needs. He showed sympathy to us all."

"Of course, not all were in favour of his policies and politics. Those who lived in rooms were less in favour; but those who owned freehold property in Sophiatown, they were with him. He worked with the Ratepayers Association."

"I did not agree with the Bantu Education Act but I said to myself 'You are a young mother with a young family. You have to earn money, so I taught.'"

When I asked Jane where her children were now, she went silent, then she said: "I am sorry to say my son-in-law shot two of my daughters."

Nimrod's home is in Soweto. It was the first time I had been there for twenty years. (The last time I went there with Dr. Ellen Hellmann, the President of the Institute of Race Relations — Ruth Runciman's mother, now, alas, no longer alive.) Soweto has hugely expanded; there is now a considerable variety of houses, and most housing is greatly improved on twenty years ago. But there is still much poverty and squalor.

After seeing Nimrod and Jane I went with Fr. Timothy CR to see one of +Trevor's godchildren, Trevor Tutu, the son of the Archbishop of Cape Town.

Andrew had gone with Fr. Francis to the huge Baragwanath Hospital, and then, after lunch, went off to get more training material for Ghana. I am glad South Africa is proving a valuable resource for Andrew as well as for me.

Tuesday August 18th 1992

News has come from the Provincial Synod of the Church of Southern Africa — to which Fr. Crispin, the Prior, has gone — that the ordination of women was approved by an overwhelming majority: seventy-nine per cent. Quite a lot of people here connect the two subjects of race and the ordination of women: to them they are equally subjects of "liberation". I hold that view myself — though it's not the only reason why I believe in the ordination of women: but Fr. Crispin does not, and will be distressed by the vote. I am perplexed by what I should say — and feel for — him, If he voted for apartheid I would not say "I must feel deep sympathy for you; your conviction is so genuinely and deeply held . . ." The Law in England is still dominated by males, and so is the Church, and the desire to preserve that domination is powerful, insidious and destructive. I do not believe male supremacy has any more to commend it than white supremacy. Yet paradoxically I *do* feel sympathy for Crispin, where the ordination of women is concerned! Perhaps that sympathy exists because I am a male!

Maurice Manana came to see me in the morning. He was born in 1929: the fifth of nine children. His mother died in 1942 of TB and his father married another woman. Trevor married them. "Life wasn't what it was. But there was always something going on at the Mission — Cubs, Scouts. Fr. Huddleston — who came in 1943 — would often give us a lift in his van when he went for jumble and might give us some. One day we collected rugby jerseys from an army camp — warm and strong jerseys. His main office in the Priory was a mess — which we made by playing on the floor with jigsaws etc. I had begun in the crèche and went on to the school at St. Cyprian's. At Christ the King I had always been a server and never missed the 5 a.m. Mass. Fr. Huddleston knew all our names and our domestic problems and circumstances. He knew ours was a TB house and sent us to the Clinic for TB tests and told us what time to come in for medicine — which he gave us himself. There was little food at home, but we could go and get soup and a large slice of bread from Miss Ponsonby who ran the African Children's Feeding Scheme. I went off to Diocesan Training College at Pietersburg, but one day when I was there I felt ill and had a coughing attack and my sputum was pure blood. I was eventually taken home and Fr. Huddleston came to see me. He got me into the specialist hospital at Rietfontein. He would come to visit me there, but one day he came with a black stole on and asked me whether I would like to be anointed. My father was with him and there were tears in his eyes. I knew then I was dying. I had a rosary with me and said to God 'If you want me to die, I am ready, but if you want me to go on living — I am happy for that, too.' I fell into a deep sleep and when I awoke there was a sister by my bed saying, with surprise in her voice to someone else: "His pulse is strong". I was in the sanatorium for two years. Fr. Huddleston brought me a little crucifix, which I still have."

"When I recovered, I began working for the Mission. When I married, +Trevor helped me to pay the 'bride price' of £20. We lived in the Mission and when our first child was born we called him Trevor."

"Although I can never forget what +Trevor has done for us I have really been a church enthusiast and a music enthusiast — Julius Katchen came to play for us once — so I have never really taken part in politics."

Maurice has survived to sixty-three years of age!

After visiting the Cathedral of St. Mary the Virgin in an area of Johannesburg which seemed only to be populated by black people, we were highly privileged to meet with Walter Sisulu this afternoon, the Deputy President of the ANC. We met at the ANC's headquarters not far from the Cathedral on the tenth floor of a large office block in the centre of Johannesburg. Security was, of course, very great, and just after the Deputy President had welcomed us, he warned us we might be

interrupted. A man who had been feeding the media with information about the Government and had been headlines, had been shot and killed. Sisulu had immediately 'phoned the President and was awaiting a reply.

Sisulu is now eighty. He was born in the Transkei. His father was a headman. He went to an Anglican school, but left when he was fifteen, when he was forced to find work in a Johannesburg dairy. He returned home for the traditional Xhosa initiation rites. He went back to work in a Johannesburg gold mine and began to study. In 1940, when working in a bakery, he was sacked for organising a strike for higher wages. He joined the ANC that year and became the treasurer of the Youth League. He was imprisoned after a scuffle in a train with a white ticket collector who had confiscated an African child's season-ticket. Sisulu rose in the ANC, and in 1952 was tried with Nelson Mandela, and seventeen others, under the Suppression of Communism Act and sentenced to nine months imprisonment — which was reduced to six months banning. He was elected ANC Secretary General and spent five months touring China, the Soviet Union, Israel, Rumania and Great Britain. He was repelled by the authoritarianism of the Stalin regime. The banning order on him forced him to resign from his office in the ANC, but he continued his work secretly. In 1956 he was one of the 156 people arrested for high treason. It was five years later when all the accused were finally acquitted, but in 1960 he was detained and placed under house arrest, and during 1962 was arrested six times. In 1964 he was sentenced to life imprisonment and sent to Robben Island with Mandela. In October 1989, aged seventy-seven, he was released. He met with the ANC in Zambia, and was asked to lead the ANC within South Africa. Sisulu formed part of the ANC delegation which met with representatives of the South African Government in May 1990.

Sisulu — who is a very alert, agile and energetic eighty — warmly greeted us. He said that before +Trevor arrived, the Anglican church in Johannesburg had been making its contribution to the attack on Racial Discrimination — notably through the work of Raymond Raynes CR and Michael Scott. Sisulu said he took a great interest in who would be Fr. Raynes' successor and was immediately impressed. +Trevor "at once threw himself into the struggle and associated himself with progressive ideas and with the liberation movement."

Sisulu went on: "In 1953, Nelson Mandela and I had been banned for six months. The ban had just expired that week, and the police did not know of an anti-removal-from-Sophiatown campaign which was to be launched at the Odin cinema. When the police spotted Mandela and me there, they attempted to arrest us. Trevor threw himself in front of the police and said 'You can't do that'. His action was decisive. The police would have taken us off to gaol. We were saved. He created a tremendous impression. He was clearly a man of great determination. The question of removal was of course deep in the hearts of the people — and in +Trevor's heart. He would have felt that part of himself was being torn out."

"I happened to have been living near to Holy Cross Church, Orlando. My mother was a very regular church-goer. People like Bishop Ambrose Reeves would come to us and so, too, would +Trevor."

"I should like to tell you that Trevor was refusing our invitation to open the first Conference of the ANC in Freedom June/July 1991 because he had vowed he would not return to South Africa until apartheid was dead and buried. It was my task to write to him formally and say 'You would not be simply visiting South Africa: we are inviting you to *continue the struggle for freedom* with us.'"

"Secondly, I had to say to him: 'You, with Chief Luthuli and Yusuf Dadoo were the first recipients of *Isithwalandwe* — traditionally "chief's counsellor": the person who can put on the feathers of the chief. It was the highest honour we could

pay you. You are one of us: a trusted leader *of* our Movement and *with* us. We want and need you with us at that crucially important conference."

"Internationally" said Sisulu "Trevor Huddleston has been the leader of the Anti-Apartheid Movement. *Naught for Your Comfort* proclaimed to the world the rights and dignity of the non-European races of South Africa and he has not ceased that international work on our behalf."

"When Trevor Huddleston was with us in South Africa, we fought the Bantu Education Act and mobilised opinion against it. It was the hatred of Bantu education that finally led to the uprising of '76, for the children were rising against it. I want to record how much we owe to him and his community for their fight."

"And I am glad to be paying this tribute at this important hour: when I am confident we are on the edge of great things."

When I told Walter Sisulu I was John Collins' successor as head of Christian Action, from which had come Defence and Aid, his eyes lit up. He spoke warmly of John's visit to South Africa in the mid-fifties and of the huge contribution John Collins and Defence and Aid has made to the defence of political prisoners and their families and to the battle for the conscience of the world.

Wednesday August 19th 1992

Fr. Timothy took us to Jan Smuts airport, and we caught the midday 'plane to Cape Town — nearly 900 miles across vast expanses of South Africa, all parched, apart from the great rivers like the Orange and the Vaal. Cape Town itself is wonderfully situated. The mountains stand about it, pre-eminently, of course, Table Mountain.

David Binns, Rector of St. Michael's, Observatory, had agreed to put us up for three nights and give us some kind of experience of Cape Town and its very different world — and two days or so of holiday, Johannesburg has been a change, but it has certainly not been a rest.

Observatory lies below a sharp pyramid-like mountain, Devil's Peak, which is virtually continuous with Table Mountain. It's a shabby little community which has seen better days, but St. Michael's Church is one of Sir Herbert Baker's gems and David has employed the French stained glass artist, Gabriel Loire (who has recently done the East Window in Salisbury Cathedral) to put a marvellous transept window in St. Michael's.

David was at the airport to meet us. I first met him in 1966, when I was giving some lectures at St. Paul's, Grahamstown, and he was an ordinand; but tomorrow is the twelfth anniversary of his Induction to St. Michael's in the twenty-fifth year since he was ordained, and we've only met once since he was ordained; but there are some relationships which are established for life by a single meeting; and, in spite of considerable difference of outlook — David is an old-fashioned and extreme Anglo-Catholic who is an ardent opponent of the ordination of women — we met as friends. However, with the recent vote of the Synod of the Church of the Province of South Africa, I knew the subject of the ordination of women could not be avoided; and the drive from the airport quickly proved me right!

David's church could be described as an Anglo-Catholic 'shrine' and as an 'eclectic' church; but when I went to Mass at 6 p.m. I was left in no doubt it was 'home' to a number of people — of different races; that it has a quality of transcendent worship which is important to people; and that David is a caring pastor to a good many — though I would doubt whether St. Michael's relates very powerfully to the realities of the surrounding world. David believes things e.g. about the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, which for me are beyond belief. I've always believed the Assumption is *the* assumption!

Andrew and I went for a memorable early evening walk, through Observatory to the great hospital at Groote Schuur, just under Devil's Peak, from which we were able to stand and survey the whole of Cape Town, spread out like a huge amphitheatre before us, with the backdrop of the mountains and the sweep of the bay. The hospital — more Herbert Baker — I have long wanted to see, not least because so many medical student friends have spent time there.

And then it was time for a good dinner at "Blues" restaurant by the sea, and so to bed.

Thursday August 20th 1992

I didn't get up until eight — which was itself a holiday, after getting up at six each morning at the Priory at Johannesburg. Not that I awoke at eight: there were marvellous books in David's guest room to browse through — and a cup of tea waiting outside the shower. There's care for you!

David then drove us to St. George's Cathedral — Herbert Baker again! — and along the coast road of the Cape Peninsula. There can be few roads with more dramatic and scenic views.

One part of the drive was immediately opposite Robben Island — where, of course, Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu — and others — were imprisoned for thirty years. As we looked at the Island off the coast, I said to David "Did you ever think, when you drove along here, of the prisoners on the island?" "Candidly, no" he replied. "No one did. If we did, I suppose we thought of them as law-breakers."

We had some sandwiches for lunch at the Mount Nelson Hotel, which was as English as the Cathedral: there was little to tell you were in Africa. I was glad we got home by three: time for another nap and a long talk about the Church and Society; and then another good dinner. The Pound at the moment makes eating out relatively cheap. And then I took a volume of E.M. Forster short stories to bed with me.

Friday August 21st 1992

I awoke at six-thirty and suddenly felt I could now begin to sketch out the first pages of the South Africa chapter in +Trevor's biography: his arrival in Cape Town and journey to Johannesburg and the situation that greeted him: the South African scene which obtained at the time, shaped by fifty years or more of history; the local Johannesburg church scene with Bishop Clayton at the helm; the even more local Sophiatown scene, and, more local still, the Priory of the Resurrection and Christ the King.

I see clearly how in a place like this the world of what would have been called the 'native location' is virtually another world: so near and yet so far. The recent change in law makes little or no difference to 'separate development' with little or no development for some, or, perhaps I should more accurately say, for the *many*. And this 'so near and yet so far' division of the Church and the world here and now was one major ingredient of the scene that greeted +Trevor in 1943: forty nine years ago!

David drove us out again — on a grey and rainy day: the first rain in three weeks — apart from two hours one night — this time to Stellenbosch. The pulpit in the parish church had been renovated in memory of Geoffrey Beaumont (Fr. Gerard CR) who died here. ("He died merrily" said *The Times*.) Geoffrey was my predecessor as Vicar of St. George's, Camberwell — and Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Vicar of Stellenbosch, Louis Bank, had just returned from the Provincial Synod. Besides telling us how the vote on the ordination of women was handled he told us how moved he was by another vote. The Synod had discussed a motion concerning the wounds and the pain caused over the past years by apartheid: whether they should be confessed or covered up. The decision was to confess. This led to a number of black and coloured people giving details of what they had actually suffered

and white people articulating their need for forgiveness. This is quite a significant sign of a change of mood in some people.

We drove on to a vineyard where, with some soup and cheese for lunch, we were able to taste the wine they produced, and then returned mid-afternoon to Observatory.

In both our journey to and from Stellenbosch we had had to pass Crossroads, the infamous squatter camp, which abuts onto the roadside for quite a distance. I did not take any photographs of it. I could not bring myself to. It has been filmed and photographed enough. What parts of Soweto were in the early 60's, Crossroads is today: an appalling shanty town. Although Crossroads is only a very few miles from Observatory, and Cape Town as a whole, it was clearly another and an unknown world.

I spent several hours reading the biography of Ambrose Reeves, who succeeded Clayton as Bishop of Johannesburg. In a letter to Lord Longford on 15 December 1967 — +Ambrose Reeves wrote — seven years after he had been deported from South Africa: "My years in South Africa taught me that the failure of people to grapple with the evils of apartheid led to their own corruption. In some sense this was and is the greatest consequence of apartheid." Yes! Except that the actual consequences of apartheid in hurt to black people are even graver.

Saturday August 22nd 1992

On David's bathroom scales this morning I weighed 82½ kilos but I haven't the faintest idea how many pounds there are to a kilo or vice versa!

It was another day of wild wind and wet, and instead of catching the 'plane at 3.35 in the afternoon, we caught the 11.35. a.m. which got us back to the Priory at Johannesburg by two, when the sun was blazing from a clear sky. It is the perfect place to stay: a house of prayer with "all found" and time to think, read and write — not least this journal and a few postcards. But Johannesburg is the huge inland populous business and city world: Cape Town, by the sea, is a greener gentler world with the important and vast exception of Crossroads.

Sunday August 23rd 1992

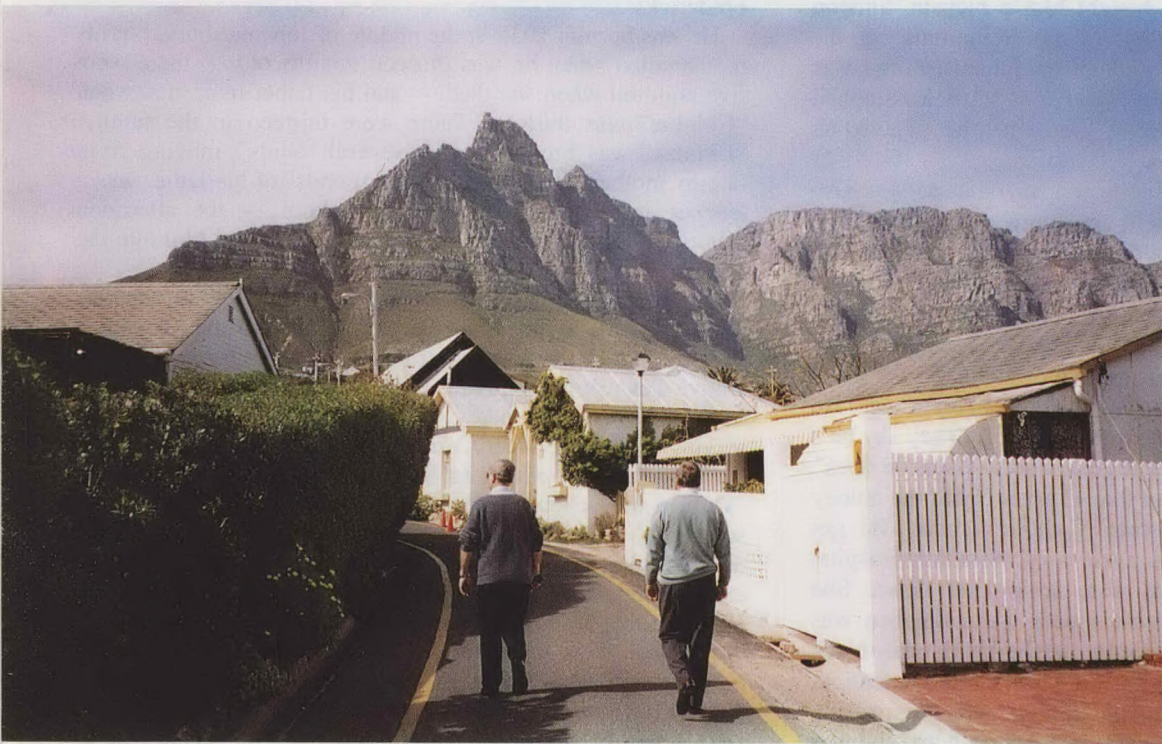
At 8.30 this morning, Stephen Montjane came to collect me and take me to his church in Soweto: St. Andrew's, Pimville, (where +Walter Makhulu was brought up). It was a very memorable service. The church was packed with over three hundred people. In fact, people were coming in the whole time, not just individuals but groups. Young men fetched in more pews, and the children sat on the floor of the sanctuary. They were all ordinary Soweto people. I was the only white face in the church. The singing was superb, sometimes like a South Wales chapel; sometimes like an Orthodox liturgy; sometimes like a charismatic church, the singing turning into a kind of dance with clapping. There was an ideal mix of joyous celebration; of ritual that was well done; of reverence and of informality; of noise and silence. Stephen's preaching — with a translator — was clearly that of a poet: there was rhyme and rhythm to it. (I didn't understand a word!) He used his hands and face most expressively, and people laughed easily. Children and adults wore clothes which were not expensive but which had been washed and ironed beautifully, so that the white shirts looked very white and the colours very colourful. The hymns were announced in Tswana, Zulu, Xhosa, Tsotho and English, but the tunes — English with African harmonies — were so loved that the fact that we were singing five different sets of words simultaneously didn't matter at all. I was asked to get up and introduce myself, and the mention of Bishop Huddleston provoked a round of vigorous applause.

Holiday in Cape Town

The view from the coast to a barely visible Robben Island — out of sight; out of mind?



David Binns and Andrew Grant walking by the coast road at the Cape.



Lunch at the Mount Nelson Cape Town — David and Andrew.



After the service there was cooked lunch out in the open for all. Alas, I couldn't eat any of it, as Saturday evening had revealed my intestines to be in a very high state of disorder! Fr. Crispin had driven me to the chemist — who is used here virtually as a doctor — and I was told to give *Betaperamide* a chance to do its work.

After lunch I had a long chat with Stephen and his wife Henrietta.

Stephen's parents came from Pietersburg. He was one of four sons — the second son, Norman, is also a priest and is at the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Boston, Mass. at the moment. *Naught for Your Comfort* is dedicated to him.

Stephen was born in 1933 and had been at school at St. Mary's, Orlando and Holy Cross Orlando West. He was ten when +Trevor arrived. +Trevor got him into St. Peter's School, Rosettenville as a boarder. It was in 1952 that Stephen's mother was diagnosed as having cancer of the gullet. +Trevor saw her out of this world and saw the family through the bereavement. Stephen matriculated in 1952, and +Trevor arranged that he should go to Leeds University and to Mirfield to train for the priesthood. He did four and a half years in England — +Trevor virtually clothed him — and bought him a bicycle. Simeon Nkoane, who became a member of the Community of the Resurrection and Suffragan Bishop of Johannesburg, was Stephen's friend, and they were together at Mirfield. Stephen went with +Trevor to Aberdeen in 1956 when he received an honorary doctorate there.

Although Stephen valued Leeds and Mirfield, he was also homesick there, and left Mirfield after only a term, and got a secular job back in Johannesburg for a few years. He went to the seminary at Alice in the Eastern Cape and was ordained deacon in 1976, to the Cathedral in Johannesburg, when Simeon Nkoane was then the Dean. He has been Rector of Pimville since 1981 and Archdeacon since 1990.

Stephen said some important things about +Trevor e.g. "He has saved a lot of white people from our hate". "They say he's a *politician*; but I've never met anyone who *prays* as he does".

Stephen's wife Henrietta said that +Trevor found the money for her sister's fees at a Roman Catholic school. He got Henrietta a place to train as a nurse — Coronation Hospital — when every other hospital was turning her down. She described what it was like to be a wife when Stephen was "detained" for three months when he marched with other black priests — just after Steve Biko had "died" in similar detention.

Stephen talked much of Simeon Nkoane, who was greatly influenced by +Trevor when he was in Johannesburg, and was one of +Trevor's novices at Mirfield. He died on 7th September 1989, of cancer, aged sixty. I remember so well his Eric Abbott Memorial Lecture in 1987 on "Spirituality in a Violent Society". He spoke of the ways in which from Bible times to our own day extreme situations have brought extreme "callings". He gave instances from his own experience: young men and women — often mere children — would be 'called' to replace a 'comrade'. He painted a vivid picture, always of what he had witnessed: police violence, arbitrary arrests, banishments, prison sentences, poverty. And always he spoke of the dignity of suffering, the recourse to prayer: "The spectacular funeral crowds of the unrest victims in 1984, 1985 and 1986 have opened up possibilities of liturgies capable of addressing the emotional and physical needs of people. Extempore prayer, poems, chants and choruses enabled people to take part in a corporate liturgy . . ."

"Little did we know Simeon would be dead in two years. But Fr. Crispin, who saw him out of this world, says that in hospital at the end: 'All the time he was waiting to go to God; quite literally to walk to the next room where God was waiting for him.'"

Monday August 24th 1992

I celebrated Holy Communion in the Priory Chapel this morning, St. Bartholomew's Day, and was reminded that it is three years ago today since Mark Tweedy died, who was a novice with +Trevor when he joined the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, and, indeed, all his life was one of Trevor's closest friends — I had had a long talk with Mark about +Trevor not long before he died. I had got to know Mark when he was Vice-Principal of the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield, in the 1940's and we had remained good friends. I shall never forget how he greeted me on an earlier visit to South Africa, in the mid-Sixties, when he was Vice-Principal of St. Peter's College at Alice, in the Eastern Cape. He stood at the door, his face alive with the delight of our reunion, and his hands raised in greeting: "Eric" he said "please don't talk *theology*, just *gossip* — I'm starved of *gossip*!" I needed no encouragement, and we had a glorious hour together. But Mark suffered a massive stroke — just after listening to the Mozart C Minor piano concerto broadcast from the Prom. — and died — on 24 August 1989: a few weeks after Simeon Nkoane.

Later this morning I saw "Chinkie" — the nickname of Frederick Modiga. "Chinkie" suits him much better than Frederick!

He was born in 1935 in the middle of Johannesburg, but his mother died when he was thirteen months old — there were five children when she died — and his father remarried when "Chinkie" was thirteen. There were thirteen in the family. "Chinkie" was brought up by several "aunts", moving from one to another. One of these "girl friends" of his father was a teacher at St. Mary Magdalene's School — the afternoon school — called Kathleen Tsotsofore, and she got him into the school.

Chinkie's bosom pal in Sophiatown was Simon Manana (brother of Maurice.) "We 'ganged up' around the Mission, I used to go home later — after nine o'clock — to the Western Native Township. Eventually, I was regarded as a Sophiatown boy. I did everything there except sleep: school, Sunday school, serving at church, Wolf Cubs. One day, Fr. Huddleston took me on a servers' outing to St. Peter's School, Rosettenville. 'This is the school where I must come for my secondary schooling' I said; and he arranged for me to go there. He got me a bursary, and I was there for four years. Alas, I failed my exams and forfeited my bursary; but because of Fr. Huddleston's influence I was allowed to continue as a day boy. But in 1955 the Bantu Education Act meant that I could not take my Matric."

"1955 was a terrible year. I knew I had disappointed Fr. Huddleston by my examination failure; and he was having to leave Sophiatown. The Bantu Education Act meant the end of St. Peter's School. But Fr. Huddleston gave me two years school fees and several pairs of trousers — two white and four blue — and sent me to Juta's Bookshop to choose the books I needed, so that I could go to Madibane High School. It was such a different school from St. Peter's — a school of a 1,000 instead of 220. There was no discipline. I saw a pupil hit a teacher. I almost fainted! After school I continued private study. I played the clarinet in the Huddleston Band — and, later, the alto saxophone. When Hugh Masekela went to London with "King Kong", and I was not included, I lost heart for the time being. I worked for the Johannesburg City Council — first as a tea boy and messenger, but eventually in the selection and training department. I worked for the Council for over twenty-seven years."

"When I married Kathleen in 1965, +Fr. Trevor sent me £25. I had been engaged for thirteen years."

"I had been confirmed on 12 December 1948 by Bishop Robert Selby Taylor. For two years I 'went missing' when I should have been confirmed — I went to football! Later on, I became the administrator to several football teams."

*The Choir at St. Andrew's,
Pimville, Soweto, rehearsing.*



The Rector, Stephen Montjane.



Lunch together after the service.

"Fr. Trevor was extremely generous to me. But he wouldn't want to see *anyone* under-privileged. He did all he could to see that all of us in his 'gang' at Sophiatown were educated."

"I was so glad to see him when he returned to South Africa. Immediately he saw me he said: 'Chinkie!'"

Hannah Stanton, Fr. Timothy's sister, arrived today from London. She is in her eightieth year — three years older than Timothy — but apart from a little deafness is in fine health. I have known her for many years, but it's a particular delight to see her *here*. She wrote *Go Well: Stay Well* (Hodder and Stoughton 1961) after she was deported in 1960. She had left England in 1956 — after +Trevor had left here and *Naught for Your Comfort* had been published — not to do a job, but just to visit her brother, as she is doing now, but was persuaded to become Warden of Tumelong Mission outside Pretoria. (She has an LSE degree, and an Oxford degree in Theology, and is a trained Hospital Almoner and had worked with the Friends Relief Service in post-war Europe.) She did a superb job at Tumelong — until she was arrested and held in solitary confinement for three weeks. She was imprisoned again — with Helen Joseph — and was strongly urged to leave the country when released, but refused to gain her freedom that way, and was finally deported. Her account of what happened to Tumelong has much in common with what happened to Sophiatown.

The tragic loss to *South Africa* — black and white — that the expulsion of such people as Hannah meant, comes across as one listens to her: the eradication of work like the work at Tumelong, for instance. And, although the *legal* barriers are now down, there are few signs yet of the financial *and personal* investment in, say, Soweto, that was once given by people like Hannah.

It's a huge privilege to be staying in a house with two people — a brother and sister — who for quite different and independent reasons were imprisoned by the Government of South Africa!

Tuesday August 25th 1992

Andrew and I went off this morning to *Women for Peace*, an organisation which sprang up as a result of the imprisoning of Soweto schoolchildren in 1976, in protest against instruction in Afrikaans, and the week of violence that followed. I simply wanted to get hold of copies of Rae Gilbert's painting of the Huddleston prayer — the original of the painting was on display — but we received more than that: *Women for Peace* have been concerned with a number of practical projects that may be of help to Andrew in Ghana.

In these last days we have seen little or nothing of South Africa's "culture" — so little that I could not say what "culture" it actually possesses. In England I know of its novelists, like Nadine Gordimer and Andrew Brink, its playwrights, like Athol Fugard, its actors, like Antony Scher; its poets, like William Plomer; but shared culture — art and music, for instance — should surely be one way — or more — in which there might be shared understanding between the races. We decided to visit the Johannesburg Art Gallery. It was empty of people. It had some marvellous works of art — from Europe. It had very little painting of South African scenes or by South African artists — and yet surely South Africa is an artist's paradise. A memorial sculpting of the head of an African was not available in the postcards on sale. In fact, the Gallery seemed that morning the epitome of apartheid in art.

The tragedy and the glory of South Africa shrieks and screams for articulation in and through the arts.

I have certainly discovered culture in poetry. For instance: Oswald Joseph Mtshali's *Sounds of a Cowhide Drum* (Remoslu Books 1971):

*The train stopped
at a country station.*

*Through sleep curtained eyes
I peered through the frosty window,
and saw six men:
men shorn
of all human honour
like sheep after shearing,
bleating at the blistering wind,
"Go away! Cold wind! Go away!
Can't you see we are naked?"*

*They hobbled into the train
on bare feet
wrists handcuffed,
ankles manacled
with steel rings like cattle at the abattoirs
shying away from the trapdoor.*

*One man with a head
shaven clean as a potato
whispered to the rising sun,
a red eye wiped by a tattered
handkerchief of clouds,
"Oh, Dear Sun!
Won't you warm my heart
with hope?"*

The train went on its way to nowhere.

I read Alan Paton's *Beyond the Present*, his thirty-page history of *Women for Peace* 1976 to 1986. Mrs. Harry Oppenheimer (wife of Harry Oppenheimer, probably the leading industrialist in South Africa) had a lot to do with its initiation — the office is in the grounds of their home. "Women are not bound as men by politics and convention" she said. But some people — particularly Women of Black Sash — questioned whether a movement for peace in South Africa *can* be "non-political". Their point is powerful. Black people want the vote — and that is a fundamental political issue. So, too, is equal education. So, too, is equal job opportunity. So, too, is worthy housing — with six million in shacks. What *Women for Peace* have done e.g. a scheme for starting and stocking libraries in black schools, is good and ameliorative — for the few — but avoids the *fundamental rights*. And from +Trevor's time — and before that — there is the question of "charity". Of course it is good for individuals and groups to give money, clothing, food and facilities to those in need; but there is a huge danger of personal dependency. And I suspect an Oppenheimer — good as she may be — is likely to be the last person to recognise the realities of power and oppression that are related to riches and poverty as well as to race and class. It is clear that rigour in social analysis is required in South Africa (and, to be fair, one of the goals of *Women for Peace* is to publicize the facts of abuse and injustice in South African society), and national policy based on that objective rigorous analysis.

Wednesday August 26th 1992

In this journal two days ago, I set down some of the facts of Hannah Stanton's imprisonment. I have only now found out the facts of Tim, her brother's imprisonment — much later, in 1983. It was because he refused to make a statement in connection with investigations the police were making regarding a young Afrikaner student at "Wits" — Witwatersrand University, Carl Niehaus. The police were wanting to bring a charge of treason against him and it was known that from time to time he visited Fr. Timothy. Carl Niehaus is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church and

valued the opportunity of a confidential talk with a wise and compassionate priest. Fr. Timothy found it totally unacceptable, indeed repugnant, to divulge publicly whatever had been said in such a private and personal conversation. Fr. Timothy is a quiet person and his refusal to co-operate with the police was neither high-handed nor deliberately provocative, and he was fully aware of the likely outcome of his refusal. In the event, Timothy was sentenced to six months imprisonment. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Johannesburg publicly protested at the action taken against a priest who had acted courageously for the sake of conscience. Carl Niehaus was sentenced to fifteen years' detention but has recently been released and, this week, I noticed he was acting as a spokesman for the ANC to the media. The whole episode brings into sharp focus the tragedy of a society based on unjust privilege and power for a minority — by legislation — and which imposes a heavy burden on the conscience of many Christians here, but not only on Christians but on others who work for justice and human dignity. It is far too early to say those days are over.

We were able in the afternoon to see again the Union Building, the seat of Government, in Pretoria; for Andrew had made the acquaintance of the Bishop of Pretoria, Dr. Richard Kraft, an American, earlier in the month, who had invited us to spend an hour with him. We had hired another car (the first we hired for eight days, this we shall hire for four) so we had lunch in Pretoria and visited the rather lovely Cathedral of St. Alban — which I hadn't seen since the mid-Sixties when I visited it with Colin Davison and with Richard Bird, who was then a priest in Pretoria and is now Archdeacon of Lambeth. We went on to see the Bishop.

Richard Kraft is rather a remarkable person. He told us how he had heard +Trevor Huddleston speak in Chicago Episcopal Cathedral and that that address of Trevor's had probably ignited his vocation to serve as a priest in South Africa. Joost de Blank, Archbishop of Cape Town 1957-63, speaking in New York, fanned the flame; so too did Bishop Alphaeus Zulu, and Duncan Buchanan, now Bishop of Johannesburg, who was at General Seminary New York with Richard. He was a curate in Pietermaritzburg, then in Ladysmith, then Rector of Klip River, Natal, then worked in Zululand, before becoming Bishop of Pretoria four years ago. Thirty one years of ministry in South Africa is quite a stint for an American! He said he often told his confirmation candidates that he had met more "sons of Trevor" in the black community in South Africa than he, Richard, had ever had. Andrew asked Richard: "When does having spiritual sons become paternalism?" "That's not an easy question to answer" replied Richard. "Not so long ago paternalism was an accepted way of life — not least to the British!" He added: "I think it's important to see things in their historical setting."

We talked a good deal with Richard about his patterns of training for ministry in his Diocese. Andrew was anxious to know what it might have to say to him about ministry to Ghana.

Then, very thankful for the meeting, we went again to the very beautiful gardens in front of the Union Building and just looked out over the city of Pretoria from on high, before returning to Johannesburg. I have to say again: however loathsome many of the things are that have been perpetrated in the Union Building, it is one of the loveliest and most noble buildings I know — and its site is magnificent beyond words. But how I would love to have been there in 1956, when Helen Joseph persuaded — and organised — 20,000 women to converge on Pretoria from all over the country — to come individually, not in procession, for that would have been illegal! — and to bring with them a letter of protest and demand to the Government to be handed in *personally*!

Thursday August 27th 1992

At 9.30 a.m. I was due to see Desmond Tutu, Archbishop of Cape Town since 1986 — and 1984 Nobel Prize-Winner — so I got up early to look again at Shirley du Boulay's excellent biography of him — which I had brought with me.

Here are my notes:

"Desmond Mpilo Tutu was born on October 7th 1931. His father, Zachariah, was Headmaster of the Methodist Primary School in Klerksdorp, a small town in the Western Transvaal. He sometimes drank too much and then ill-treated Desmond's mother Aletha Matlhare, who was a domestic servant. From an early age, Desmond and his three sisters spoke Xhosa. When Desmond was eight, his father was transferred to Ventersdorp, where the black community spoke Setswana and Afrikaans, which Desmond soon learned. In his early teens, his father was moved again, to Roodeport, where his mother worked at Ezenzeleni Blind School, founded by the Revd. Arthur Blaxall and his wife — whom I well remember when he was deported in 1965 to England to the Diocese of Southwark.

It was at Ezenzeleni in 1943 that a white man, wearing a cassock and a huge black hat, passed Desmond and his mother, and, as he passed, raised his hat to Mrs. Tutu. Desmond was overwhelmed. He simply couldn't believe it: a white man raising his hat to a black labouring woman. The white man was, of course, Trevor Huddleston. In that same year, when Desmond was twelve, the Tutu's moved yet again, to Munsieville — to a house with three rooms in the black location in Krugersdorp. Desmond's bedroom doubled as sitting room and dining room. For pocket money he sold peanuts at railway stations and caddied for golfers. He enjoyed scouting. In 1945, he began schooling at Western High, the government secondary school in the old Western Native Township, near Sophiatown. It had become known as Madibane High, after the name of its notable headmaster.

It was when Desmond was fourteen that his studies were interrupted for two years by illness. At the time, he was staying at a new hostel run by the Community of the Resurrection in Sophiatown (commuting the fifteen miles from Munsieville was proving too expensive). He was taken into Rietfontein Hospital — a state run TB sanatorium. Every week for all those eighty-odd weeks, Trevor would visit Desmond there. "Who was I? — just another black boy — that he should visit me?" — Desmond still asks with wonder. Trevor brought Desmond books. In hospital, he read prodigiously, and in hospital his Christian faith was deepened. (In 1943 the Tutu's had become Anglicans.)

Desmond said of Trevor to Shirley du Boulay: "He was full of laughter and caring. He made you feel special. He was a wonderful man — he is a wonderful man — a white man who made you feel you mattered. And he was so genuine: caring passionately about his parishioners in Sophiatown — his white cassock became grubby quickly as he walked around its streets, because he attracted children so naturally, and they all wanted to grab him, crying all the while, 'Hello Fada, hello Fada'. At one time his office would be filled with urchins playing marbles on the floor, and the very next moment it held some very important personage, an ambassador or an influential businessman."

My hour with Archbishop Desmond was of great value.

"He gave the Church and the Gospel credibility" the Archbishop said. "His identification with those who were being treated as less than human gave us reason to hope that we were not whistling in the dark in believing that God is Emmanuel: God with us. He helped to exorcise from us the demon of anti-whitism. And that was true of all the CR people: they made you really believe through their reverence for your humanity that not all white people are the same. One of the mysteries of our country is that Trevor and other members of

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