

# 'Surrounded by so great a crowd of witnesses ...'\*

## Osmund Lewry OP

*Osmund Lewry died, surrounded by his fellow-Dominicans, on Easter Thursday, 23 April. He was 57. Although he had continued to be a member of the Oxford Dominican house, and died there, since 1979 he had been on the staff of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto. He was becoming an internationally respected authority on mediaeval thought; as The Times obituary notice said, he died 'at the height of his powers and at the beginning of a richly-promising scholarly career'. His death is a severe loss, but the remarkably serene way in which he faced that death was an inspiration to many people. In place of a conventional obituary we are publishing here an article which he completed for us only ten days before he died. It traces how his fellow-Dominicans, in the span of almost a life-time, contributed to his spiritual development. We believe it has something to say not only to Dominicans.*

*J.O.M.*

Cornelius Ernst<sup>1</sup> once sought a pattern to English Dominican recruitment and found none. We often come to the Order of Friars Preachers by the strength of chance encounters or even reading; the force of example of one or many witnesses may play its part in leading us there and certainly it is individual witness that plays a part in keeping us there.

Names such as Bede Jarrett<sup>2</sup>, Vincent McNabb<sup>3</sup> and Hugh Pope<sup>4</sup> were on the Catholic Truth Society pamphlets which an eleven-year old convert read in self-education, before and after his entry into the Church. He met there the individuality of an old Stonyhurst boy who had become a pupil of Sir Ernest Barker at Oxford and whose romantic vision of St Dominic and English Dominican restoration had taken the preaching friars back to Oxford in 1921. The eleven-year old met in those pamphlets the erratic Irish genius whose home-made religious habit, master's ring on a hook outside his cell door, scorn of mechanical aids and promotion of distributist theories went with a hand-cleaned floor and gestures of extravagant self-humiliation—including the rain-drenched walk back from Speaker's Corner to the Hampstead priory, where his patrons' pennies were saved for the poor. He met there the prosaic scholar who learnt Syriac in the lavatory, gave the lay-folks their

Bible and displayed the riches of digressive rhetoric in the preaching of St Augustine.

My first actual meeting with a Dominican—I was eighteen at the time—was at the Vaughan College, Leicester, with Kenelm Foster<sup>5</sup>, whose paper in *Dominican Studies* on ‘The Adolescent Vision in Dante’ brought a delicate literary and theological perception to that now defunct journal. His lectures in the Department of Adult Education took a student of chemistry and mathematics far from the laboratory bench, to the avid reading of the *Vita Nuova*, *Divina Commedia* and *Convivio*. Under the light of Venus, ‘the fair planet that hearteneth to love’, a paper was inspired by Charles Williams’ *Figure of Beatrice*. After the torrid and frigid descent of the *Inferno* to the bottom-most depths of treachery, the believer emerged on the reed-fringed island of Mount Purgatory. Here in canto 17 he met the urgent words of Virgil, the noble pagan whose virtues pointed towards Christianity. Virgil showed him how all sin can be traced to the excesses and shortcomings of love. And then finally Paradise was reached, preserved at the summit of the mountain—a place beyond us rather than in the past; a vision like that of Irenaeus, that placed sin with the childhood of the human race rather than with the perfect manhood of St Augustine.

Walks with Kenelm furthered the meeting of minds with visits to galleries where Paul Nash’s paintings chilled the spirit with a Hampstead snowman or a graveyard of the dead Luftwaffe. Kenelm could have painted; he wrote verse on his dead brother, Anthony, a sculptor in the Gill tradition.

Romuald Horn<sup>6</sup> initiated a nineteen-year old into the apologetic thrust of the Catholic Evidence Guild and a contentious indoor group of trainee speakers. Their reflexions on the relative force of Aquinas’ five ways to God and the incarnation of Christ led on to a smelly introduction to platform speaking by the Leicester fish market and a noisy rivalry with agnostics, communists and evangelists. Endless walks on the banks of the tainted River Soar or by Wolsey’s tomb in Abbey Park sharpened a mind that had to make its option.

The option confronting it was for a contingent world and the necessary being of its Creator: the union of the divine and human in one person that graced our flesh with a divine translation of manhood, interpreting the ideal of humanity in the perfect realisation of its model stamped out in human flesh, the exemplar like us all in all things but the deficiencies of sin. But this theological model did not stand alone. I hesitated over the naive fundamentalism of the Sir Arnold Lunn style of anti-evolutionary dialogue; it was mere obscurantism to no purpose in a tradition that from St Albert the Great had always welcomed the keen observation of the naturalist along with the arm-chair science of a theoretician such as Aquinas.

I at the same time was embroiling myself in Shakespearian play-reading which brought a spurious depth to the ever-mystifying fool in King Lear, with his 'nuncle ...'. I came to realise that Shakespeare's humanism reflected the personal love of God for his creatures in all their eccentric diversity; we are each loved uniquely, in a love of gracious friendship that bears no counterpart.

At nineteen, Gervase Mathew<sup>7</sup> pointed the one-time Evangelical Anglican to the symmetrical forms of the 'day of recollection'. There, in those lapidary phrases of the Fourth Gospel, scripture to live by at the most basic level, 'I am the way, the truth and the life', I saw the force of Christ as the unique road of access to the Father's love, the creation of a human heaven through the incarnate presence of one who continually made access for us 'beyond the veil of that Holy of Holies which separates us from the life where the anchor of hope has already been cast' (a splendid mixed metaphor!)

Here we have no abiding city, as Bede Jarrett reminded us before he died, worn out with authority. We are seeking a homeland; we deserve a better country—that is, a heavenly one—and God is not ashamed to be called our God, for he has prepared for us a city in which all the positive values of this life are reconstructed in a final design, where literature, music and friendship are moments purged in the *transitus* of death from their limitations and fragmentation. The way is a way of love which unites, according to its uniquely personal pattern, the charity which is integral to each as the uniting force of a creature made for the unique destiny of personal friendship with its Creator.

Truth reigns here supreme because there is no 'way' without an assent to the mystery in which the creature is perfectly aligned with the divine order that leads all things to their intended part in the cosmic dance; no discordant notes, no step out of place. The life is not separate from the truth, because to live in fellowship with God and one's fellows is to do the truth in charity. How can we love God, whom we have not seen, if we do not love our neighbour, whom we have seen?

That is true life: to conform oneself to the will that leads on, from the sympathetic response to the visible community of those who are embraced by a forgiving love that makes light of the past, to absorption in the mystery which is Alpha and Omega, which shapes our destiny as a life brought into being by the Creator's will. And that life will be realised in the integrated perfection of future human community, in a life that wipes away all tears, in a jewelled city built four-square on the prophets and the saints, a community of holiness that distantly figures the luminous cloud of God's otherness glimpsed by Moses on the mountain, in the vision of Gregory of Nyssa, the impenetrable and incomprehensible 'other as God is other'.

To such a day of recollection the private counsel of Gervase could

only add the Thomist message that love may follow on intellectual insight. But the response to Botticelli's *Nativity*, with its dance of angels, or to Piero della Francesca's *Baptism of Jesus*, with its watery submission to our human poverty by the one who is rich above all reckoning in the divine intimacy of being, has not always embraced the cognitive as the prelude to the affective!

Agnosticism has not always been broken down by the charms of aestheticism; the sense of beauty has not always been founded on the priority of truth. However, where politics has been linked with Christianity through chivalry there has sometimes been a nobler expression of the beauty of feudal service, and the hands of the young Dominican clasped by his liege lord in taking his vows have stretched out a truth that lies in the mercy of acceptance by the mystery by which his being is shaped and directed. It is a truth that also lies in the mercy of his brethren towards a life in which many deficiencies must be forgiven with the kiss of peace that makes light of the past.

In those formative years before twenty-one the chemistry teacher-to-be was gradually being weaned from his secular role-model by the influence of other voices also. Paul Foster<sup>8</sup> brought the eloquence of a sun swinging from aphelion to perihelion: rich language could be put at the service of the Word of God. Thomas Gilby<sup>9</sup> brought the refined perspective of a Victorian to recognizing the lines of a Venetian palazzo in the facade of a Leicester hosiery warehouse. We build with living stones a royal priesthood that is a living metaphor of our material architecture. We appeal to Goethe in our writing, or the steam-engine, because the flights of literature and the fascinating particularities of human engineering in the world of steam are poles of a cosmos which is not ignorant of the uniting force of the Logos.

In those same years Illtud Evans<sup>10</sup>, 'Evans the Sacraments', brought home to me the realities of Christian initiation as a permanent feature of Christian living till death. Mark Brocklehurst<sup>11</sup> dwelt on the Aristotelian category of quality and its first species, *habitus*, to inculcate the force of deeply-rooted dispositions to good and evil as the pre-theological forms of the moral life. The virtues of the pagans, to whose world the Dominican stood so close, were, he told us, but the preliminaries to felicity in that civic life of prudence, fortitude, justice and temperance, the cardinal virtues, to which grace added an extension of human capacity to attain God. It did this by the completion of nature, in the assent of faith to the mystery of its creative source and destiny, the confidence of hope in help now to become what we were always intended to be, realising our human future, and the abiding charity that has its distinct expression in our personal and lasting fulfilment in love. Gerald Vann<sup>12</sup> brought to moral theology the sensitivity of a literary culture which suggested other sources for morality—the novel, the play, the

poem—besides the philosophical concepts and principles of the Aristotelian *Ethics*.

Such examples were not lost on me in a parish such as Holy Cross, Leicester, where, between 1947 and 1950, preaching and lecturing had their context in a memorable parochial liturgy. The Solemn Mass contributed its own balletic splendour and thirteenth-century economy—a rhythm of ungarnished movement around the sacrament of the one sacrifice of our great High Priest. And Compline brought the day to a close with psalmody of divine care for God's people and processional chants to Our Lady and St Dominic that enfolded the congregation in the embrace of their brethren. Little wonder I saw it as the eleventh-hour idleness of the marketplace to be no more than a chemistry teacher, and not to preach the word in season and out of season, to participate in the more profound mission of the teacher of God's word.

At 24, the scientist's deficiencies in Latin having, in some fashion, been supplied where army rehabilitation could only offer interior decorating or plumbing, I was looking for my Dominican example at Woodchester (then the novitiate house of the English Dominican Province) in the Prior, Anthony Ross<sup>13</sup>, whose Old Testament sermons reflected the biblical formation of the Highland Presbyterian. His teaching dwelt on those elemental scriptural themes such as fire and water which rooted our faith in the structural principles of the good world that Dominic had defended against the contemporary Manichaeism of the Albigenses of Southern France. Terence Netherway<sup>14</sup>, our novice master, demonstrated his affection for the psalter as the Church's hymn-book of sorrow and joy, and made of the conventual liturgy a hymn of bodily and verbal praise. Francis Moncrieff<sup>15</sup> added the refinement of visual forms—the Geoffrey Webb altar—and the daily attention to the Order's chant (supplying the not incongruous note of the pitch-pipe with its echoes of 'Next stop Paddington'). Simon Blake<sup>16</sup> showed how compassion might be exercised in the confessional, with the laundry-list replaced by personal recognition of the daily impairment of the friendship with God.

In my three years of philosophical studies at Hawkesyard the light was somewhat harder to discern. As Prior, Mark Brocklehurst gave brotherly support to Gerald Vann—with whom I first heard Elvis Presley—after he had been silenced by Rome because of his modest articles on 'Moral Dilemmas' in *Blackfriars*. These were the witch-hunting years, when Yves Congar<sup>17</sup> took refuge at Cambridge. Gerald worked out his silent frustration by improvisation at the organ. Henry St. John<sup>18</sup>, as student master, was a tireless teatime talker, the son of a Tractarian clergyman, opening our minds to the prospect of Christian unity to which many of us were already disposed by our non-Catholic

upbringing, to a broader sense of being Christian in the world of the '50s, where Romans were often narrowly sectarian. He also brought commonsense about religious observance to our 'chapter of faults'. Our teaching, however, left much to be desired, and the narrow constraints of logic, cosmology, psychology, history of philosophy, Greek and Hebrew, metaphysics and ethics, apologetics and fundamental theology, with exams and disputations in Latin, left little personal impress. The one exception to this was the serious attention given to the text of Aquinas, and the respect I so gained for an authoritative voice from the second generation of the Dominican tradition. There was a truth to be sought buried in the mediocrity of piles of laboured exposition. (No, not all of it, alas, had the sceptical edge of a Columba Ryan<sup>19</sup>!)

Four years of theology at Blackfriars, Oxford, were little better. All the same, the *Summa theologiae* of Aquinas provided a solid framework for an architectural approach to God One and Three, the procession of creatures from God, and the return of mankind to God.

The emphasis of Roland Potter<sup>20</sup> in his scripture teaching was often drily topographical—familiarity with the Biblical sites was stressed in the Ecole Biblique at Jerusalem, where he had studied. As Master of Students, however, he disclosed his concern for a separation of the young friar from the world at a time when the life of the Dominican student involved a monastic seclusion which was alien to the pastoral concerns and university studies that became usual later. Roland's motto for his students was 'Your life is hid with Christ in God', and he kept faithfully to the message of the prayerful and studious life within the priory that shunned contact with all secular distraction. A balance must be struck, and possibly today the lesson of separation and distancing from the Johannine 'world' is not fully learned before apostolic engagement in the many works of the young friar is begun.

Sebastian Bullough<sup>21</sup> represented a more fervent approach to the introduction to the Gospels and the theology of creation. It was part of his simplicity to try to harmonize the synoptic narratives with that of John and build a single story of Jesus in innocence of that redaction-theology approach to the New Testament which came to dominate the exegetical style and preaching of the Dominicans at Oxford in the 1970s. Sebastian also brought to the first part of the *Summa* a simple view of an ordered world in which the integrity of human matter and form reflected the unity, which St Dominic had found, of all things, all good from their creation. There was no place for a Manichaean dualism where mind had embraced its full reach of creativity under God to make a world which was at once that of God and of our transfigured humanity, purged of error and limitation. This way of seeing things was all of a piece with the monastic cell full of intimate records of masses said and sermons preached and the bric-à-brac of the Norton motorcycle amidst which we

confessed to a wise boy who found it hard to believe in the possibility of mortal sin. Could one radically turn away from God in a world so ordered that all was designed for the good, down to the last detail of celebration and preaching, the smallest polished component of the cherished vehicle of the road?

Exegesis gained some boost from the more thematic approach of Jordan Vink<sup>22</sup> on the Annunciation, the beatitudes, and apocalyptic. Gervase Mathew sketched his vivid vignettes of Church history, and nourished our patristic understanding with his sympathy for the Cappadocian Fathers. Aelred Squire<sup>23</sup>, when not playing the spiritual guru to disconsolate brethren, offered a model of scholarship and literary discernment in his classes on liturgy and spiritual theology. I distilled the fine essence of his personal scholarship in a dissertation on 'The Being of the Word Incarnate' for the Order's Lectorate in Sacred Theology.

1961—1962 at Manchester was, by contrast, a time little influenced by the Dominican role model, being the year when I was studying mathematical logic under Czeslaw Lejewski and A.N. Prior. However, I could hardly fail to be influenced by the example of our superior, John-Baptist Reeves<sup>24</sup>. His little book *The Dominicans* had seemed to me as a layman the very pattern of lucid exposition of a life which from its beginnings under Dominic had been shaped by the task of preaching, and was consequently characterised by a flexible form of community which fitted the individual for the individuality of that task. As a retreat master at Woodchester, Reeves had also shown the cognitive moving into the affective and a great love of the family, which was most telling in his affection for our home-makers, the lay-brothers (as they were then plainly called). As a superior he discoursed learnedly about the philosophy of mathematics and psychology in a way which could be said to be typically Dominican—one marked by its academic breadth compared with that of many of today's lay scholars. Herbert McCabe<sup>25</sup>, a younger man, contributed, above all through his university extramural lectures, the example of an acute mind applied to the criticism of philosophy of mind and religion. So much of it was, as he showed, of a debased Cartesian form with an agnostic edge, though one quickly blunted by the serious concern of reason on the part of this highly original exponent of faith.

Back at Hawkesyard from 1962 until 1967, my own teaching of semeiotic philosophy of language and logic benefited from the stimulus of Cornelius Ernest, an original whose teaching represented a rich cultural mix of Wittgensteinian philosophy with anthropology and a general feeling for structures, whether literary, artistic, social or scientific. The relationship was not always an easy one; it teetered on the brink of intolerance, but one could never escape the seriousness of purpose, even

when it led to obscurity, that generated some of the intensity associated with Wittgenstein's philosophy spun from the soul.

Spode House was my principal outlet from the academic life of the studium. The eighteenth-century Armitage Lodge, built for Nathaniel Lister, had become in the 1950s a conference and retreat centre which had in many ways pioneered the renewal movement within the Catholic Church in England. At the centre of this busy world was the still figure of the Warden, Conrad Pepler<sup>26</sup>. Stillness is not always a Dominican virtue, but if Conrad has a place here, it is because, in the midst of the turbulent world of events to be arranged, people to be met and taken to the station, practical jobs to be dealt with, he maintained an untroubled calm for more than thirty years that brought peace to his little team of helpers, and displayed that common-sense quality which emerges so strongly from his writings on the English mystical heritage. Many of us are activists, but here was an active man whose focus of peace was at the contemplative centre, where it had been for his Quaker mother and his father, the printer of Eric Gill's Ditchling Guild of Tertiaries.

Re-assigned to the Oxford house in 1967 (my last assignment), the broader scope of a studium that embraced philosophy as well as theology allowed me the scope to return to the problems of modern Christology. And in 1968–69, teaching theology at Stellenbosch, in South Africa, I pursued this interest further. Edmund Hill<sup>27</sup> began to introduce there a less paternal style of priorship. At a time when we were all reading Richard Hauser's *Fraternal Society* we were discovering that a prior need not act as a father in council: that study might be a brotherly enterprise, and that the spearhead of anti-apartheid activity might be directed through multiracial and interfaith Bible study. Edmund and other Dominican brethren in the Cape brought to their role as friars a humanity that overcame the narrower conception of the priestly caste and the sacramental machine.

From 1969 at Oxford I experienced some of the narrowing of horizons of a man in his forties. The teaching of logic was reduced to an elemental introductory course on the symbolic languages of Russell and Lukasiewicz. It was hack teaching, and its dissatisfactions led me to work for an Oxford D.Phil. on the logic teaching of Robert Kilwardby<sup>28</sup> in Paris around 1240.

An English master, later, as a Dominican, to be a Regent of Studies at Blackfriars, Oxford, Kilwardby's teaching covered much of the syllabus in arts with a comprehensiveness in logic, grammar and ethics unequalled in the early thirteenth century. Here at last was a source for St Albert and Roger Bacon and a context for understanding the techniques of the study rather than the lecture room with the theologian Aquinas. The cloud of witnesses was rapidly extending to include previously-neglected Dominicans from the second generation in the



Order's history.

I was, of course, unable to disregard those serious currents among my brethren during the same period (roughly 1969 to 1979) which led to the adoption in the English Dominican Province of the tutorial methods of Oxford, as a more direct response to the individual learning needs of young Dominicans. The quality of teaching at Blackfriars improved, and, with a prior such as Fergus Kerr<sup>29</sup>, the improvement in teaching was matched by a management of community affairs through a common meeting which reviewed the priorities and details of our life. In fact, during this period there was a large private dimension to my life—I was teaching quite a lot outside Oxford and giving retreats. All the same, I was conscious in doing much of this of the fraternal support of my brethren. Where we impinged most directly was perhaps in the construction of a common English Dominican liturgy, a work which involved particularly the musical skills of Geoffrey Preston<sup>30</sup>, Roger Ruston<sup>31</sup> and Simon Tugwell<sup>32</sup>.

In 1979, however, a quite new phase in my life began. After my doctoral work was over in 1978 I began a livelier period of study for the history of grammar, logic and rhetoric at Oxford from 1220 to 1320. And in the next year, at the age of fifty, when many see redundancy approaching, I was fortunate to go to the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto, first as a Research Associate, then as a Visiting Professor, finally as a Senior Fellow.

Here I was at first supported by the presence of a Chicago Dominican, James Weisheipl<sup>33</sup>. A narrower Thomist than I should care to be, he still embodied many of the virtues of the Dominican scholar. His biography *Friar Thomas d'Aquino* had a broader scope than any so far written in English—in fact, he probably attempted too much. And he maintained at the Institute the high image of scholarship with teaching, writing and supervision that particularly promoted interest in the world of science at the time of St Albert and the text of Aquinas. However, the Dominican influence did not stop there. His example was widely felt through the number of converts he received into the Church. And, in an undergraduate college of three thousand students, St Michael's College, he was one of the few priests to overcome the specialization that separated the pastoral man from the professor. At his death, at the end of 1984, he left a legacy of spiritual care of undergraduates, reflected in those who devoutly recited the rosary with him and sought him out as the father who confessed and counselled, married and baptized.

Leonard Boyle<sup>34</sup>, an Irish Dominican, had been at the Institute longer than James, but, like James, he had taken a D. Phil. at Oxford; he had also earlier studied theology at Blackfriars. His major contribution was in palaeography. Like James, Leonard was usually to be found with his office door open. The encouragement to disturb, rather than the

strict observance of office hours, was almost a mark of Dominican presence at the Institute. Leonard had deliberately made his office the centre of his life, and, until his departure to become Prefect of the Vatican Library, the corridor which led there was a well-trodden path for the many who consulted him, particularly on the dating and provenance of manuscripts.

I was reminded of the accounts of Bede Jarrett and his instant accessibility to those who sought him out in his office as Provincial or prior. He turned from the book he was reading on his book-rest to give his whole attention to the person who called. It became a model for my own relations with colleagues and students, and I never regretted the flow of visitors to my office. Increasingly, too, I found myself playing the role of the priest. After James's death I reshaped his prayer group, adding some scripture study and weekly Compline, but the five decades of the rosary remained as his contribution.

I did not think I would be following him so soon.

Many names are lacking to this cloud of Dominican witnesses. When I returned from Toronto in May 1986 for my three summer months in Oxford I assumed that I would fall once more into my familiar role of bringing the breadth of mediaeval studies as they are broadly conceived in Toronto to the departmental structures of Oxford. The individual brilliance of Oxford scholars and their ability to supply a background to their personal concerns has often concealed the partial character of mediaeval studies in Oxford. To be at home with the religious world of Lollardy as a background to the Middle English of Wycliffite prose is one thing; to have a sense of mediaeval philosophy, theology and literature as a whole is another. Even the older studies at Blackfriars did not make mediaevalists of us. We learned from Aquinas and those he alluded to, but we had little sense of the multitude of voices that form the polyphony of mediaeval thought. Blackfriars has at last, in line with Bede Jarrett's prophetic vision, begun to make its distinctive contribution in philosophy and theology, while Oxford, faithful to its Reformation heritage, sleeps through the centuries from classical antiquity or the early Church Councils to Descartes or the Reformation. It is a Dominican witness, which was recognised as the special contribution of Dr Daniel A. Callas<sup>35</sup>, to bring to Oxford some of those disciplines which have been neglected there, and certainly to bring a familiarity with periods which the departmental structures have dismissed as the domain of the schoolmen.

When I left Toronto in May 1986 it was with the confidence that I would return in three months to the true homeland of mediaeval studies in Canada. Instead, I found myself in January 1987 finally cut off by illness from my academic labours and reduced to tidying up the odd bits and pieces of a career which had only begun there seven years ago. For

part of that time I had been the only witness to the Dominican presence there—something which began with the teaching of Fr. M.-D. Chenu<sup>36</sup> in the 1930s. At 57, I had become separated from the serious work of teaching, research, writing and supervision, a work which had brought a fertility and coherence to these final years of which I could not previously even dream.

My too too important work had even robbed me of that fulfilment which should be attained by every Dominican: the constant presence with God in prayer that is the only guarantee of our ultimate union with him. And there should be the joy in personally affirming the pleasures of literature, art, music and friendship, particularly fraternity with the brethren. This gives us an unassailable place with St Dominic amongst the cloud of witnesses. Each of these, in their distinctive way, affirms the integrity of a human world and of a heaven made with Christ, who has ascended on high beyond the veil that separates our fragmented humanity from the wholeness of one united with God and his fellow men in the final phase of reconstructed joy. As the Epistle to the Hebrews says (4.9): ‘... there remains a sabbath rest for the people of God; for whoever enters God’s rest also ceases from his labours as God did from his.’

It is for the joy that is set before me that I endure this cross and despise this shame of a dying witness to Christ crucified and ultimately glorified.

- Hebrews 12, 1.

#### DOMINICANS CITED

*Note: ‘OP’ + date = year of clothing as a novice in the Order.*

- 1 Cornelius Ernst: 1924—1977; OP 1949. Regent of Studies 1966—1974. Cambridge graduate.
- 2 Bede Jarrett: 1881—1934; OP 1898. Provincial 1916—1932. Oxford graduate.
- 3 Vincent McNabb: 1868—1943; OP 1885. Master of Theology 1916. ‘The most uninhibited priest of his age.’ (Adrian Hastings: *A History of English Christianity 1920—1985*, p. 280.)
- 4 Hugh Pope: 1869—1932; OP 1891. Regent of Studies 1920—1932. One of the founders of the Catholic Evidence Guild.
- 5 Kenelm Foster: 1910—1986; OP 1934. Reader in Italian, Cambridge University. Master of Theology 1977.
- 6 Romuald Horn: born 1911; OP 1929. Penitentiary at St Mary Major, Rome (until 1986).
- 7 Gervase Mathew: 1905—1976; OP 1928. Lecturer in Patrology, Oxford University. Polymath.
- 8 Paul Foster: 1905—1983; OP 1934. Convert schoolmaster.
- 9 Thomas Gilby: 1902—1975; OP 1919. Master of Theology 1965. General Editor, Blackfriars edition of Aquinas’s *Summa Theologiae* (Latin text and English translation, 60 vols.)

- 10 Illtud Evans: 1913—1972; OP 1937. Editor of *Blackfriars*; first Editor of *New Blackfriars*.
- 11 Mark Brocklehurst: 1906—1967; OP 1923. Lecturer and prior.
- 12 Gerald Vann: 1906—1963; OP 1923. Schoolmaster, lecturer, writer—notably of the best-selling *The Divine Pity*.
- 13 Anthony Ross: born 1917; OP 1939. Historian, lecturer, Chancellor of Edinburgh University 1979—1982. Provincial 1982—1983.
- 14 Terence Netherway: born 1913; OP 1931. Novice master. Left the Order.
- 15 Francis Moncrieff: born 1899; OP 1923. Schoolmaster, novice master, perfectionist. Became a diocesan priest.
- 16 Simon Blake: 1919—1974; OP 1937. Preacher, novice master, pacifist.
- 17 Yves Congar: born 1904; OP 1925. Member of the French Province. Pioneer of ecumenism; outstanding *peritus* at Vatican II.
- 18 Henry St John: 1891—1973; OP 1919. A convert Anglican priest. Schoolmaster, ecumenist, Provincial 1958—1962.
- 19 Columba Ryan: born 1916; OP 1935. Lecturer. Regent of Studies 1961—1966. University chaplain.
- 20 Roland Potter: 1908—1983; OP 1930. Scripture scholar, master of students.
- 21 Sebastian Bullough: 1910—1967; OP 1931. Schoolmaster, lecturer, polymath.
- 22 Jordan Vink: born 1928; OP 1946. Member of the Netherlands Province. Taught scripture at Blackfriars 1959—1960.
- 23 Aelred Squire: born 1921; OP 1946. Lecturer, writer, liturgist. Left the Order to become a hermit.
- 24 John-Baptist Reeves: 1888—1976; OP 1912. Lecturer, preacher, an original.
- 25 Herbert McCabe: born 1926; OP 1949. Lecturer, preacher, editor of *New Blackfriars* 1966—7, 1970—79, author of *A New Catechism of Christian Doctrine*.
- 26 Conrad Pepler: born 1908; OP 1927. Lecturer, writer, editor of *Blackfriars* and *Life of the Spirit*. Warden of Spode House 1953—1980.
- 27 Edmund Hill: born 1923; OP 1948. Writer and controversialist. Teaching in Lesotho.
- 28 Robert Kilwardby: died 1279. Regent of Studies at Blackfriars, Oxford. Provincial 1261. Archbishop of Canterbury 1273. Cardinal 1278.
- 29 Fergus Kerr: born 1931; OP 1956. Prior of Blackfriars, Oxford, 1969—1978. Lecturer and writer. Now teaching at Edinburgh.
- 30 Geoffrey Preston: 1936—1977; OP 1961. Preacher and searcher.
- 31 Roger Ruston: born 1938; OP 1962. Lecturer, pacifist and musician.
- 32 Simon Tugwell: born 1943; OP 1965. Regent of Studies since 1976. Writer on spirituality and early Dominican history.
- 33 James Weisheipl: 1923—1984; OP 1942. Member of the Central Province, U.S.A. Master of Theology 1978. Professor in the History of Mediaeval Science at Toronto from 1964.
- 34 Leonard Boyle: born 1923; OP 1943. Member of the Irish Province. Prefect of the Vatican Library since 1984.
- 35 Daniel A. Callus: 1888—1965; OP 1904. Master of Theology 1924. Mediaevalist, writer, Regent of Studies 1942—1954, 1960—61.
- 36 Marie-Dominique Chenu: born 1895; OP 1913. Member of the French Province. Major writer on Aquinas; associated with the French priest-worker movement. *Peritus* at Vatican II.

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