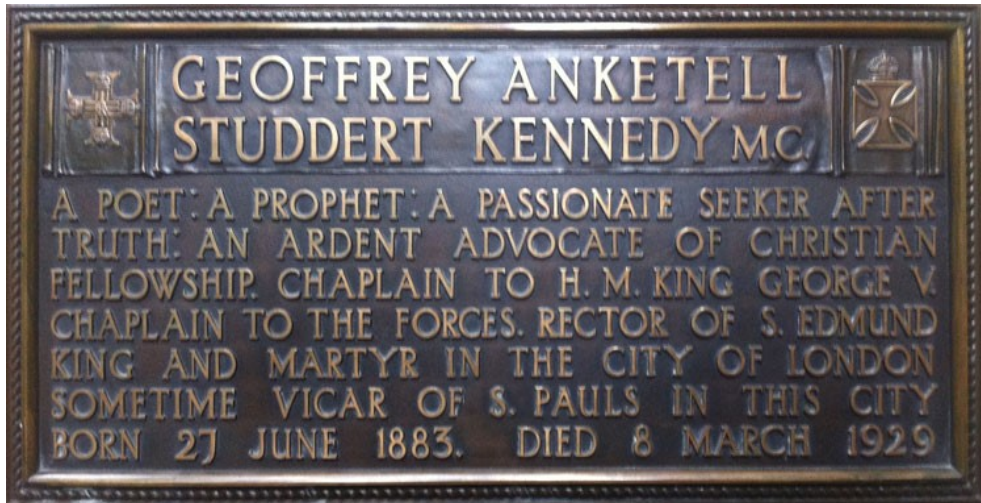


His own books include:

Rough Rhymes of a Padre (1918) More Rough Rhymes (1919)
Lies (1919) Democracy and the Dog-Collar (1921)
Food for the Fed Up (1921),
 reprinted as I Believe: Sermons on the Apostle's Creed (1928)
The Word and the Work (1925).
The Unutterable Beauty: The Collected Poetry of G.A. Studdert
 Kennedy (1927)



The next three talks (all at 2.30 pm) are:

Tuesday 26 June

The sinking of the *Lusitania* and the Darley Abbey memorial

Tuesday 10 July

The Somme battlefields, *Peter Taylor*

Tuesday 24 July

Belper and district in WW1, and the Darley Abbey
millworkers strike of 1917, *Adrian Farmer*

Peter Barham - 12 June 2018



The Parish of
St Matthew,
Darley Abbey



Woodbine Willie and First World War Chaplains

Tuesday 12 June 2018, 2.30 pm



The main book about WW1 Chaplains is

Edward Madigan, Faith under fire: Anglican army chaplains and the Great War, *Palgrave Macmillan, 2011*

There is a museum of Army Chaplaincy, Amport House, near Andover - <https://www.chaplains-museum.co.uk/>

Churches mentioned (Gedling, Selby Abbey and Slaley in Northumberland) are blogged at www.northernvicar.co.uk

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy

Born in Leeds on the 27 June 1883.

- Leeds Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin
- Taught at Calday Grange Grammar School in West Kirby
- Trained at Ripon Clergy College in Yorkshire
- Ordained 1908, served in Rugby
- 1912, returned to Leeds
- 1914, married Emily Catlow
- 1914, moved to St Paul's church, Worcester
- 21 December 1915, appointed Army Chaplain
- July 1916, Battle of the Somme
- 15 June 1917, Ypres - awarded the Military Cross
- Returned to be Vicar, St Edmund, Lombard Street, London and worked for the Industrial Christian Fellowship
- 8 March 1929, died in Liverpool

Two excellent books about him are:

Jonathan Brant, Running into No Man's Land: the wisdom of Woodbine Willie, *Farnham: CWR, 2014*

Bob Holman, Woodbine Willie; an unsung hero of World War One, *Oxford: Lion Hudson, 2013*

"On June 7th 1917 I was running to our lines half mad with fright, though running in the right direction, thank God, through what had been once a wooded copse. It was being heavily shelled. As I ran I stumbled and fell over something. I stopped to see what it was. It was an undersized, underfed German boy, with a wound in his stomach and a hole in his head. I remember muttering, 'You poor little devil, what had you got to do with it? Not much great blonde Prussian about you.' Then there came light. ... It seemed to me that the boy disappeared and in his place there lay the Christ upon His Cross, and he cried 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones ye have done to unto me.' From that moment I never saw a battlefield as anything but a Crucifix. From that moment I have never seen the world as anything but a Crucifix" (Brant, page 131).

To Christopher

Bear thou the Christ,
My little son.
He will not burden thee.
That Holy One.
For, by a mystery,
Who bearest Him he bears
Eternally,
Up to the radiant heights
Where angels be,
And heaven's crimson crown of lights
Flames round the crystal sea.

(Brant, page 96)