



# JBMS NEWSLETTER

Published by The John Bradburne Memorial Society  
PO Box 32, Leominster, Herefordshire HR6 0YB, UK  
Tel: 01568 760632 Fax: 01568 760523  
e-mail: johnbradburne@hotmail.com  
website www.john-bradburne.co.uk  
UK Registered Charity No. 1046483

WINTER 2003

## 24TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS AT MUTEMWA, SEPTEMBER 2003 by Pauline Hutchings



Fr Dove (on the right) saying Mass with Fr Paschal Slevin and other priests

As we drove towards Mutoko to attend the 24th anniversary of the death of John Bradburne we realized that the thundery weather conditions intimated by an increasingly heavy haziness over Harare, were in fact centred in the Mutoko area. Having driven through cloud and light showers, we wondered where a crowd of several thousand pilgrims would find shelter in the event of hours of tropical rain, but when we finally turned towards Mutemwa, the sun blinked through the overcast sky and we were greeted with the delightful smell of newly rained-on African earth as the puddles of water disappeared rapidly into warm dry ground. The sudden drop in temperature was very pleasant in the afternoon, but it foretold a breezy evening ahead!

Surprisingly enough Pilgrim numbers seemed to be undiminished despite the fuel crisis, the desperate shortage of

cash prevailing in the country and the hefty increase in bus fares introduced the day before. Three Franciscan priests officiated at the celebrations as well as a number of diocesan priests, and there were religious sisters from around the country.

Prayers, Confessions and testimonies about John's influence in peoples' lives as well as personal accounts of life at Mutemwa with John in his day, had been in progress for some hours before our arrival. The usual winding queues for Confession and the chance to say a prayer in John's tin hut were in evidence as we joined the throng for a 10pm Mass. The later time for Mass, that lasted until well after midnight, was designed to delay the traditional ascent up Chigona and thus shorten the time spent up there. An eminently practical idea for the pilgrims, but tiring for the priests who had spent so many hours hearing confessions.

Someone else who couldn't keep his eyes open was a diminutive altar server from Mother of Peace. When invited by her, he crept into Jean Corneck's lap to curl up there and enjoy a brief respite of loving care that seemed to give him the stamina to last to the end!

Cyprian Chipwere and his JBMS committee are to be congratulated on their professional planning and proficient execution thereof. The "Stations of the Cross" were observed in organized groups of pilgrims on their way up the mountain, and although progress up the hill was necessarily slow to accommodate the thousands of candle-bearing people, there was no need to rush as we had the whole starry, moon-lit night before us.

As we ascended we noticed how a slight mist lower down blurred the outlines of the buildings and lights in the village,



Pilgrims gather for Mass

JBMS was founded in 1995 to support the Mutemwa Leprosy Settlement in Zimbabwe in the name of its late warden.

giving it a rather ghostly appearance. Above us the skies were clear, brightly lit by an egg-shaped moon and chilled by a sharp breeze. The singing and harmonizing was characteristically beautiful, and the unbelievably long ribbon of lights stretching from the avenue of trees to the cross at the top created a hauntingly eerie atmosphere. Had a throng of angels appeared with extra lanterns to illuminate the "Stations" or to light our way to the top, I don't think we would have been too surprised!

The young positively skipped up the last steep stretch, but many were old and infirm and young men like the friend I was with, stood in for the angels, carrying their belongings and helping them to reach the top. The JBMS members and their helpers were a host of Angels themselves in their tireless efforts to minister to the multitude.

People filed past the cross, stopping to make their petitions and to plead for John's intercession on their behalf. The sight of some women embracing the cross and weeping in anguish was an uncomfortable reminder of the deep agony and distress being faced by many in Zimbabwe today.

A large group of pilgrims spent the rest of the night in quiet prayer around the cross. Those of us who went to John's Prayer Track, a natural amphitheatre of rocks, could see the halo of light from their candles above the



*Bearing gifts*

rocks. Quite by chance we found a slightly sheltered niche on the far side of the arena, facing Mutemwa Mountain. The view from there happened to be stunning and what we experienced during the night would rival any Sound and Light show. JBMS candle-lamps, that had lit the "Way of the Cross" on the way up the mountain, cast a mysterious glow against the rock-faces, pilgrim candles flared and guttered making strange shapes and eerily lighting up faces. We prayed and sang as only people in Africa can, and many of the pilgrims danced and swayed to the livelier songs that were often accompanied by an excited whistle and the hollow evocative sound of the long curling kudu horn. We were borne away from the troubles and tragedies of everyday life and elevated into an indefinable space of peace and love and fervent praise of the Almighty.

My friend and I discussed how John might be relating to our celebration of his life and death. Although he would definitely have avoided the crowds himself and perhaps have preferred the "Rosary" to the "Stations" as a form of prayer, we were sure that he would be well pleased to be the prime mover of so much fervent and generous prayer and devotion, of so many conversions and so much Christian love.

The chill of the night seemed to intensify as light gently seeped into the greyness of dawn and we were relieved when Morning Prayers were over and we could stretch and



*Fr Paschal accepting gifts for Mutemwa for the patients.*

move our frozen limbs! The descent was relatively swift, giving us a little time to freshen up before Mass at 8am.

Some sort of bonding occurs in events of this nature. Having spent so many hours singing and praying together the pilgrims seemed to feel an intense sense of 'oneness' that was reflected in the atmosphere of the morning Mass. A terrific feeling of euphoria, of love and joy infused the ceremony as people sang and prayed with unselfconscious enthusiasm. The little girls and the slightly older girls from Mother of Peace, very evidently the pride and joy of their 'mother', Jean, performed the dancing ritual beautifully, and the golden voiced Mai Mughaniri as usual led the St Agnes Parish choir most ably.

I made an attempt to photograph the offertory when seemingly droves of pilgrims carried their gifts of food and clothing for the patients up to the altar, presenting them to a delighted Fr Paschal Slevin OFM. It was a celebration of magnificent proportions indeed. Thank you, Cyprian and the JBMS committee for all your hard work and the expertise you put into the organization and implementation of John's 24th Anniversary.

## SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN ZIMBABWE

Our charity, the **John Bradburne Memorial Society (JBMS)**, has had a close working relationship with the **Zimbabwe Leprosy Association (ZLA)** since it was first formally established in May 1995. ZLA was itself set up as a charity many years earlier with the same objective as ours, namely the care of patients at the leprosy settlement in Mutemwa, some 90 miles to the northeast of Harare. ZLA is solely responsible for all aspects of the management and running of Mutemwa. JBMS is currently its primary source of financial support. Other funding sources include individuals, charities and companies in Zimbabwe, South Africa, Europe and other parts of the world.

Clearly then JBMS is very dependant on ZLA, which acts as our executing agency helping us meet our objectives of caring for patients at Mutemwa. Unfortunately ZLA, like many organisations in Zimbabwe, has recently suffered some serious personnel losses. Key members of its management committee, including Treasurer and Secretary, have had to leave the country; and its Chairman and key committee member are in the process of following suit. These four people represent the most active and experienced members of the committee. Added to this is the anticipated retirement of Mutemwa's long serving warden, plus the emergence of additional administrative responsibilities there. Replacing these key people at relatively short notice and in Zimbabwe's current socio-

economic environment is proving a challenging to impossible task.

Fortunately, we are happy to report that help from other quarters is at hand. As some of you may be aware, two sister charities are also active in the Mutemwa region. The larger of these is the **Mother of Peace (MOP)** orphanage caring for some 160 children - most of whom are HIV positive and have lost their parents to Aids. Situated just a couple of kms east of our Mutemwa settlement, MOP is larger in terms of personnel and budget, but shares a common Catholic heritage. Approached for help by ZLA, MOP has happily and with enthusiasm agreed to provide administrative support for Mutemwa. Its administrators, Jean and Stella Cornek, will initially act in an advisory capacity. However, over time we expect them to assume direct supervision of staff and operations at Mutemwa. We believe that this collaborative arrangement can in time yield significant benefits in terms of shared resources and programmes, not to mention staff and experience. ZLA, with our help, will be funding these support services. In the longer term we may well also provide financial support to MOP's impressive work with young orphans.

The second charity which is active right beside the Mutemwa settlement is our sister organisation, the **John Bradburne Memorial Society of Zimbabwe (JBMS-Zim)**. This group's twin interests and activities involve organisation of the very large annual celebrations marking the

anniversaries of John Bradburne's death; and care of John Bradburne's original tin hut, related memorabilia and pilgrim housing. Like MOP, JBMS-Zim is keen to collaborate with and support ZLA as and where feasible. However, JBMS-Zim's work is mainly managed from Harare. It has no permanent staff and presence on the ground at Mutemwa. Thus its support is expected to be project related, in such areas as food supply, agriculture, crafts, etc. It can also play an active part in a resurgent ZLA committee.

Clearly this is a time of considerable change in Zimbabwe and at Mutemwa. Many challenges face ZLA, our key partner there. We have tried as best we can from a distance to support and advise through this difficult period. We hope and pray that the collaborative arrangements outlined above will, in time, yield a stronger organisation and improve operations to the benefit of our Mutemwa patients, who are our ultimate concern.

In closing, we wish to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation to the two families - Hutchings' and Mitchells' - who will be, or have retired from active involvement with ZLA, after giving so freely of their time and energies for many years. We hope they will keep in contact, and provide their invaluable advice from time to time. Close friends of John Bradburne, we wish them every blessing.

*By John Reid  
Chairman & Treasurer  
of the John Bradburne  
Memorial Society*

## PROJECTS AT MUTEMWA

We are delighted to have on board the help of Nyarai Chiguvare and Benny Nyambo for Mutemwa, who are planning to launch several projects at the Settlement. They are very active members of the ZLA, (the management body for Mutemwa) and have set about liaising with various organisations within Zimbabwe to bring to fruition their ideas. In order to encourage patients to be more food self-sufficient there are schemes in place to grow produce on site, which will certainly help to alleviate the problems with food shortages. We are informed that they have bought peas, onions, carrots, cabbages and other seed for vegetables, and in particular 20 kg. of maize to boost the staple diet.

Two other ideas include a mushroom project, and, in line with John Bradburne's thinking - Bee keeping. These products could be sold locally.

There are plans to start a poultry project, and to buy in four cows, two for milk production, two for meat.

As well as this Benny is looking into organising a solar powered irrigation system to water the nursery garden.

We thank all those involved for their tremendous energy and enthusiasm in getting these projects off the ground, by very resourceful means.

## TESTIMONIES

One morning whilst I was praying to John as usual, as I do on a daily basis, I asked him to look after me that day. My younger daughter is a health visitor, and as she said to me later "John did look after you", for at lunch time whilst entertaining an old school chum whom I hadn't seen for a long time, I had a mini stroke.

Well, I was very fortunate as it wasn't nearly as bad as one I had ten years ago. The next day the doctor was able to tell me that recent tests showed I was diabetic and my cholesterol was high and BP out of control. Well, that was then. After that I did something about my diet straight away. In just under eight weeks, I have lost 19lbs. John looks after me as I

have asked. It has all happened for my own good.

**Heather, Taplow, Berks.**

Thank you for the recent newsletter received. I always find such comfort and reassurance when I pray the Novena/Prayer to John Bradburne.

I thank you for all the prayers. When I wrote to you earlier in the year I was feeling very low healthwise. I had my six month checkup in June for the cancer I had in 1996, and everything is under control. Thanks be to God for all the prayers and intercession through John Bradburne.

To me, in my heart, John Bradburne is a Saint in Heaven, because he died a Martyr. He died for the faith and for caring for the lepers and assisting them in their agony.

**Mrs. Silvia Vella, Milton Keynes**

I feel that John is a saint of our times, as he must have been very aware of the moral decadence of our age. He sought to live his life in a manner that would be pleasing to God, by looking after and living with the very least and most despised of his brethren. His utter disregard for money speaks volumes of the man. He comes across as a very sincere friend to those who cultivated his friendship. I am sure he must be looking upon them fondly from above.

I always invoke John's help in all adversity, and especially when beset with everyday problems, and I know he has helped me and my family.

Thank you for all the good work you are doing to perpetuate the work John started in Mutemwa.

**Thelma Lobo, Croydon, Surrey**

You will see by my address that I feel really in the heart of John Bradburne country. He even mentions the George and Dragon, a pub just down the road, in one of his poems from his Devon days.

I was introduced to John Bradburne by a friend on a trip to Buckfast Abbey, where she pointed out a photo and a little notice about him. She very kindly bought me the book about him and a book of his poems.

My main reason for writing is to record a favour granted.

For several years now my daughter has been trying to leave North Wales, where she has been trapped in a very unhappy situation. As she has no house to move to, or income, she has been trying in vain to get a job away from the area. In despair, I have been praying to John very earnestly, and almost at once she has been given a very good job in London, out of seventy applicants in her own field. On the same day, a very old friend of hers offered her a newly converted flatlet in her house!

You can imagine the heartfelt thanks that are now winging their way aloft.

**Mrs. Cynthia Rowan, Topsham, Exeter**

I'm 90 years plus and when I saw a recent article about John Bradburne I just-well- very nearly collapsed. I have kept an old article from the newspaper the Scotsman for years and have read and re-read it. I am actually able to quote quite a few passages from it. I have always been afraid that John may be ignored by Catholic historians, and I've prayed very earnestly that God would come to his rescue. When I read last Sunday's article in the Glasgow Herald I actually cried, and called on my deceased husband to thank God with me.

I actually have a wonderful feeling of relief that I have accomplished something worthwhile, and that God meant me to write what I have written, and that one day soon John Bradburne will be recognised as the holy good man he was. God bless all who read this. Please say a wee prayer for me.

**Mary McRoberts, East Kilbride**

Please could you send me those little booklets on John, many people would love to read them. Mutemwa has become a point of pilgrimage. Thanks to John his blood was not lost, his life has given life to many spiritually. God wanted him to be testimony for Him to the point of giving his own life. Many miracles have been seen. Being a martyr, miracles are not necessary for the canonisation. God's time is not the same as our time.

**Dr Elizabeth Tarira, Zimbabwe**

## IN PRAISE OF JOHN BRADBURNE - by Fr Paul Crane SJ R.I.P.

"...no ordinary person. Seeking refuge in a paradox, what I am trying to say is that he was extraordinary in his ordinariness. The stereotyped picture of the 'servant of God' in no way fitted John Bradburne. He was no hardfaced and withdrawn ascetic. Religious life would have crushed him. His was no manufactured nor structured piety. The thing that John Bradburne had; what he came to early on in the course of his pilgrim's way was a sense - deep beyond words - of his total dependence on God. His assent to this was real; in no way notional. It pervaded the whole of his being. His affair with God was predominantly one of the heart. Reason had its place, but love predominated. Belief was all. His life was a going to God; a longing for that lasting identity with Him in love, which only death can bring the Christian, and the final reality of which, lights the path on this earth of all too few of us. This is the story of one for whom the final reality was all. That is the

difference between John Bradburne and most of the rest of us. What for him was a consummation towards which every moment of his day was directed is for the rest of us so often no more than a happening devoutly (or not) to be hoped for: meanwhile there are other things. For Bradburne, there were no other things. All was swept within his vision of that final consummation which was to come, and whose beauty shed its light during his time on this earth on all about him. His response on his way to that consummation could only be in terms of love for all that God in His goodness had seen fit to place about him. In Bradburne there was no false dichotomy; his love was not split between created being and Creator. How could it be? He saw in all the imprint, in beauty, of Him Who is Beauty itself. Most naturally, then, he went out to all not in spite of God but because of Him. His life, in consequence, was incredibly rich. Having nothing in the way of

material things, and wanting nothing, he possessed everything through love. Bradburne's life was one of gospel simplicity in the full and true sense of that phrase. His stark selflessness, in striking contrast to the self-sufficiency which so many seek in their lives under the guise of self-fulfilment; themselves first, with others used, however unwittingly, as so many props for their own conceit. The reverse was Bradburne's way. With God his first love, he gave himself to others without affectation, most naturally so to say, for God's sake. The lepers he tended with such love in the last years of his life were his all, the gift most precious of God to himself. They were his special joy; his consummation on this earth of what was to come when he left it - as he did with a bullet in his back; which he could have dodged, had he abandoned them. This he refused to do. "Greater love than this no man hath..."



**Manuwere Chikuni (left) and Maxinne Moyo**  
*Photographer Simon Roberts recalls Mutemwa's double act!  
'The two of them were often sitting together, joking away  
outside the clinic where the lepers came to have wounds  
bandaged. They'd be howling with laughter!'*



**Jarosi Kamugamba**  
*Jarosi arrived at Mutemwa in the 1970's with an Italian  
nurse, Sister Caterina Savini, who had saved him from  
being shot by guerilla soldiers on the Zimbabwe-  
Mozambique border. He is now 77.*

A letter from John Bradburne to a very dear friend in February 1951,  
from Louvain in Belgium.

My dear old Stephen,

Many thanks for your very welcome letter. I rejoice in your friendship and shall always. Now give place to Hornbeam on your soap-box.

First I'm so glad you are as happy and courageous as ever. I take it you are now off the dole, or else running the local Labour Exchange!?

I travelled via the Carthusians (Cowfold) to Rome and Jerusalem and Louvain, because (like Sir Walter Raleigh, whom you once accused me of trying to imitate when I wore green corduroy breeches!) I believe in following my dreams, and never being cynical or giving way to the empty thought of "illusions". I have no illusions because by His mercy and grace, I follow the Holy Spirit to whose Church I belong. My course has been erratic, erotic, and zig-zag, but that has been the fault of no one but myself.

I went to Jerusalem because I wanted to help win the Hebrews there to Christ their King (whose jester I am), but that is not to be quite yet, so He sent me here having taught me much 'en route'. Here I begin to help win them. Now, women and careers (or careers with women); I love them all in that I desire the love of God and Heaven for ever for them all. I have not crept away to a negative love, mewling with self-pity and filled with disappointment and remorse.

"'Qui s'excuse s'accuse' so I'll not enlarge on this, only deny flatly any suggestion that it may be so. (Hornbeam! the soap-box is almost giving way!). As to my part with them (women) it has been a crazy course, in which I accuse myself of much sin and sadness, but in which I thank God for such blessedness and happiness. How He saved them from me and me for Himself, only He knows. Certainly I am unfit for marriage (even if I'd been 'successful' as you put it). But there is a Positive way of seeing it, viz, it is God's will because I am fit for something

else: His love only. And He is All and in all - bitterns and Springtime, winds and mice, women, Stephen and even Hornbeam. Read the Hound of Heaven!

"All that I took from thee  
I took not for thy harms  
But just that thou might'st seek  
it  
In My arms...

O fondest, blindest, weakest!  
I am He whom thou seekest  
Thou drarest Love from thee  
who drarest Me."

Do I then suggest that marriage is not good and right and desirable? No, a thousand times NO! If it's God's will for one, it's right, if not, it's wrong. He has shown me clearly that the type of adoring (make a face if you like) love that is all I have to give (because I'm a poet) is unfit for marriage, but right for the Lord. I have always wanted to be one in love with all people and all that's good and lovely in the world; do I lack, in going to the Creator of it - the Fount of life, love and beauty? Isn't it positive and logical? What if my part seems a fantastic failure. So much the better - let it be shouted from the housetops what a chronic muddling loon I've been: the wisdom, love and mercy of God in my regard will shine all the more brightly for the broadcasting.

"'What a monstrous self-centred fellow' you'll be saying, Steve my old cock-sparrer...  
'What a wastrel introvert - nothing but God and him, him and God, as though there were nothing and nobody else". I reply: you talked of women and love - success and failure. I talk of the God of Love who made all women. What's the mood of a lover - is he accused because all he can see is his lover's love for him and his for his lover/Isn't that mood the essence of all love-stories, from Hollywood sobstuff even ascending to the story of the Passion of our Lord Himself? And this brings me to another point, whereon hangs your stress of love of one's neighbour, and mine also.

Our Lord redeemed us by the Cross because He is infinitely in love with us, with each one as though he or she bought us back, and conquered death and hell. Now that was Love in action, if you like. I have said that a lover is nuts about his beloved - any right lover. The next thing is that he does all he can to please the beloved - that too is the nature of love. But see this - first one falls in love, then one seeks to please the beloved: the other way round makes nonsense. OK - we both know Our Lord likes us to please Him in this world - in two ways.

1. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart etc., etc., etc.

2. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

But what I want to say, is that No. 2 cannot happen without No. 1 and depends wholly on No. 1. Christianity is not just philanthropy or "humanitarianism" - far from it: it is love in action, and love of God above all, in action. Can you really love your enemies without the love of God as a motive to back it? What does it mean - to love your enemies? It means that you desire with all your heart and ability that they will be God's forever, because you know He longs for their souls and eternal happiness: because you know it pleases Him. Then out of the well of this supernatural love comes genuine love of all men in Christ.

So if you (or I) want to convert the world, we must first convert ourselves: to what? To the pure love of God. Because eternal life with Him is what you and everyone else were created for. As you say, convert by example - practice then preach thereby: be and attract thereby - live Christ and others will love Him and desire Him.

In fact, we agree on that at any rate. Now you old horse, have always been a shining light in the love of your neighbour - in practical help and sympathy and wizard humour and the most amazing

stories, my dear uncle hornbeam. And you are cheerful and courageous. Therefore your love of God is already great. Harness your doing of the "love your neighbour" to the First Command-God alone: "seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice,..." and you will be a saint in no time, with not five, but five hundred children of the Spirit. I so often think of you - daily in fact. I believe you too will come "under the Pope's wing" in spite of what you now think. And you will be a giant in more ways than one.

My dear old Bittern, crashing about in boats, shouting thro' Thames valley with me, skating like a looney in the moonlight, tying ties round car-lights and in all things giving yourself to make others happy - not to mention your partiality for Bach, Brahms and Bradburne, you're full of love for your fellow men, already streets ahead of me in that way. It's good to be among people and make cars work and cheer everyone and tie

bandages. Christ himself said so. But "without Me ye can do nothing"; everything depends on His love as the mainspring. So what am I doing? I'm learning to possess the One thing necessary - the love of God. One cannot give to others what one lacks oneself. But why "shut myself away" for the time being, why go into "cold-storage?" Because no-one hopes to run a race and win it wearing an overcoat. Nor does that mean that overcoats are not good in themselves.

Good old you! You're still Stephen King - and by the George and Dragon, I'm still Hornbeam, but much more so than before - far livelier and far happier, with a vast ambition; and having found my vocation as the jester of Christ the King. Would that I could thank Him enough. Long live les jongleurs de Dieu, of whom you are so obviously one. As you say, we didn't meet for nowt. Such friendships are meant for ever. My love to you and to Mrs. King and Pen and all the family. Congrats to Pen on her litt'uns.

I'd love to see you and A B waving her beer bottles, but don't think I'd be allowed to crash about with you for long, much as I'd like to. Life is good and happy.

You must be the tallest man in the queue (at the dole!). Long boom the bitterns: Do you still write poetry? Why not become a lay-cardinal?

Ever yours riding on a cuckoo.

Hornbeam.

#### ***The origin of 'Hornbeam'***

***Why Hornbeam you may ask? Once as John and his sister Mary stood on a high grassy slope leading down to a stream bordered on one side by trees, she asked 'What are those trees called John?' He replied 'I think they are hor..hor..hor.....' And as he slid down the slope doubling with mirth.... 'Hornbeam!' he cried.***

***Ever after, Hornbeam stuck as a nickname for John.***

## TONY FOSTER, AN OLD SCHOOL FRIEND OF JOHN'S WRITES ABOUT HIS 'CLIMBING' DAYS

I was most interested to read the letter from Mary, John's sister in the Summer newsletter 2003, describing his love of climbing.

I was at school, Greshams, with John from 1935-1938 and as a close friend our lives ran very parallel courses. We were in the same house, Farfield, the same class, and were both in the O.T.C. Band, he as a bugler, and I as a drummer, and we acted together in the 'Shakespearean' play each year in the open-air theatre.

I remember very well the extremely tall 300ft tree he called the Monarch, but it was a Scots Pine not an oak, and was situated in the school woods, half a mile away, and not in the house garden as Mary suggested.

It was a difficult climb as it had two trunks and you had to cross from one to the other half way up. From the top were magnificent views to the coast, five miles away at Weybourne, and I remember it used to sway several feet in the wind - most disconcerting - but we used to spend many happy hours up there.

We would climb the Monarch mostly on Sunday afternoons instead of going for the customary walk, but whereas I joined John every now and then, he practically lived up there!

Wonderful, good old days.



*John 3rd in on the right in  
'Romeo & Juliet'*

## **GRATEFUL THANKS**

Once again, deep gratitude to all of you who continue to support our work with prayers, donations and letters. It is very encouraging for us.

With the 25th Anniversary of John Bradburne's death approaching in September 2004, we are keen to draw others to a knowledge of the work of the charity, and to the life of John Bradburne, which is our inspiration.

## **A BIG THANK YOU TO JACK DUNN**

A very longstanding friend of John Bradburne and Trustee to the JBMS, Jack Dunn, has had to retire from the Society due to ill-health.

Jack has been a tremendous support in the enhancement of John's Cause in the Liverpool area and beyond, as well as being a loyal benefactor. In the Summer 2000 issue of the newsletter, Jack wrote of his memories working with John Bradburne in the Quantocks in Somerset.

## **25TH ANNIVERSARY MASS AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL 2004**

We are preparing to hold a Mass of thanksgiving for the life of John Bradburne, at Westminster Cathedral on Saturday, September 18th, at 2.00 p.m., with talks and tea in Cathedral Hall afterwards. This is to mark 25 years since John's death.

We hope very much that Cardinal Cormac Murphy O'Connor will be the main celebrant.

Please make an early note of this date, and come if you can. More details will be issued in the next bulletin.

## **NEW BOOKLET**

John Vose, Catholic author, has written a new booklet on John Bradburne - A Magnificent Eccentric - which is available free of charge to go out to friends or parishes etc. If you would like some, please contact Celia on 01568 760632.

We thank John for his marvellous contribution in order to broaden our horizons to help spread the word about Bradburne's life, and progress his cause for Beatification.

ITEMS AVAILABLE FROM THE JOHN BRADBURNE MEMORIAL SOCIETY

1. John Bradburne's Mutemwa. In poems and pictures edited by David and Hilary Crystal. £6.00.
2. Strange Vagabond of God. Memoir of John Bradburne by Fr John Dove SJ. £14.
3. Songs of the Vagabond. Book of poems by John Bradburne selected by Professor David Crystal. £7.00.
4. John Bradburne of Mutemwa, 1921-1979. Booklet £1.50. Orders for ten or more copies at £1 each.
5. Audio cassette of John Bradburne reading his poems. Recorded by him at Mutemwa. £6.00.
6. Audio cassette of Westminster Cathedral Hall talks with Fr John Dove and Professor David Crystal, with testimonies. £6.00.
7. Video - 'On Eagle's Wings'. The life and death of John Bradburne. £12.00.
8. T.V. Documentary video about John Bradburne - "Issues of Faith" (Presented by Fr Claudio Rossi) £9.00.
9. Video 'Do Not Let the Dream Die' £10.00 (includes testimonies about John Bradburne).
10. Print of the painting of John's life by Fr Claudio Rossi SJ, £2.50.
11. Cards (no message) from the painting by Fr Claudio Rossi SJ. 10 for £3.50.
12. John Bradburne prayer leaflets available on request at £2.50.

All prices include postage and packing.

Newsletters available on request.

**For orders outside the UK please add £5.00 for p&p.**

**Please do not send foreign cash or postal orders. These cannot be cleared through our banking system - sorry.**

**Credit cards cannot be accepted - apologies.**

**Gift Aid and Covenant Forms available on request.**

-----  
ORDER FORM

To: John Bradburne Memorial Society  
P O Box 32  
Leominster  
Herefordshire HR6 0YB

E-mail address: johnbradburne@hotmail.com

State item(s) required.....

Quantity of each item.....

Amount of remittance enclosed.....  
(Cheques payable to The John Bradburne Memorial Society)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....Postcode.....