

2014- May Term Travel Course to UK with Professors Nancy Carrick, James Malcom, and William Huntley with photographs and comments about visits to London, Ireland and Scotland.



July 2014. 7:00 a.m. by brother, Reid, a retired professor of English at the Ohio University, in Athens, OH just called with a suggestion I should summarize what took place in May before I forget. So here goes. The comments below are not only what I wrote in May in my black journal, a gift from Brian Nuno and his mom, but included are some reflections in June and now July as I reflected on what we saw and accomplished, and I recently included comments from students' journals and summaries. Some of them are more interesting, and often they are more focused and on the point, than what I wrote.

Dear Reid and fellow travelers to UK and Ireland,  
Our class did not begin as one might guess with the British Air Flight 282 from LAX to Heathrow on May 4. It actually began in the formulation of such a journey in April 2013 with an application to the Study Abroad Office and a meeting with Dr. Nancy Carrick of the English Dept. and Dr. James Malcolm of the Biology Dept.

So with a whole year to plan such a journey, we started meeting in July of 2013. Nancy agreed to co-teach the class which would allow us to have the advantages of her previous trips and classes to England in courses that were about theatre and especially about Shakespeare, one of her specialties. James agreed to accompany us and share insights from having grown up in London with connections all over England and Scotland and possible contributions from cousins, uncles, and ancestors. As for me, I would bring the background of previous study in Edinburgh, (if 50 years in the past, back in the "IKE-age"). I had also taught a course bearing the same number and title in UK and Ireland in 2010. So together we created by September a Powerpoint (attached at the end) and upon its presentation in October over 60 students swarmed around us signing up to show their interest.

We required any student to register for the May term course also to take two other courses in the spring semester. One was a course with Nancy on Monday afternoons reading Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra" and the second was with me Tuesday evenings on the history of Christianity; thereby our the enrollment for the May term course immediately hovered to about 20 students, a more manageable traveling group, about the size of Chaucer's imagined pilgrims.

### **The journey itself:**

When we all climbed aboard our various choices of aircrafts on May 4 to fly to London, we could have hardly imagined the many events, places, people would meet, and challenges we would encounter. The flights were the easiest days of our travels. Heathrow is so easy to navigate. The British planners actually brought the subway system into the terminal. One could collect bags in 30 minutes and be on the Picadilly Line to Gloucester Street station and be at the Montana Hotel in less than an another hour, for the hotel is within sight of the subway (Tube) station.



(google.discount-hotels.london)

On our arrival at the Montana the welcome from the Front Desk seemed deep and authentic, and thanks to Nancy's planning our rooms had been assigned in April. The room was wonderful for the first nine nights of our May term and even more when we came back after our journey to Ireland. Here is an example of a double. This is just the way mine looked and felt, warm and friendly.



(www.London.cheap-hotels)

We arrived in the afternoon of May 5 at various times and enjoyed finding each other walking down Gloucester Road for a supermarket or small Italian, maybe even a French Bistro.

May 6<sup>th</sup> The first day of class was a Tuesday. We began with a meeting in the lobby of the Montana where we were all given our Oyster cards that would take us all over London for the next 9 days. Then we boarded the Picadilly Line to go to the British Museum, where we were met by Euan McCarthy, a graduate student in art, who would be our guide. A brief commentary just outside the Museum led us to look up at the frieze over the entry way portal where we could see a kind of affirmation of the "ascent of man" from a figure who might have been inspired by the figure of Adam before he thought he needed clothing in an unclothed state, (4004 BCE we were reminded if we followed the dating by Bishop Ussher who

had calculated the ages of all the figures whom he thought lived from Adam to Christ) then through stages of developing civilization of a Greek holding a laurel wreath, to o a fully erect and confident human, which made some of us wonder if this was an affirmation of the Darwinian evolution somehow imposed up a Biblical landscape.



(BritishMuseumtypanum.jpg)

First inside the Museum we looked at the Egyptian and then Greek contributions to Western Civilization; Nancy, Seana, and Yoshie were to be found in good company with Alexander the Great.



([photo from Yoshie's camera May 6, 2014])

Some of us went up to the British archaeological finds in Sutton Hoo, where we could find evidence of the 8th century finds that represented the same the period of Beowulf, who had been treated, if briefly in the history of Christianity course in the spring, as one of the most important works in Old English. Can you image Beowulf in that helmet below?



(British Museum--suttonhoohelmet.jpg)

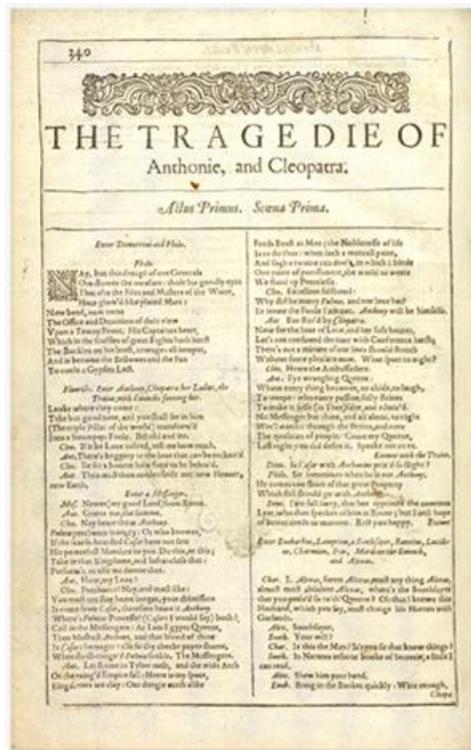
Some students wrote journals about the Greeks and a few about the Egyptians. For lunch we went a few blocks up to Russell Square which had been my first lodging in London in 1952 while I was a midshipman in the NROTC on a summer cruise. Sometimes I flashed back to how little I knew then about art, archaeology, history and religion in England, and once in May 2014 I thought to myself that the students who had listened in Nancy's course and mine were much better prepared for the 2014 trip than I had been in 1952 when I was just their age. We picked from a variety of kinds of foods in an outside restaurant, and all seemed happy after the meal. Thereafter we re-joined ourselves into a group and walked up through the park in the midst of the University of London buildings and talked with a young man who was preparing for an examination the next day in a course on Medieval Literature. I wondered what the questions on his exam might have been, for we had spent about 5 weeks in the spring on Abelard, Aquinas, the "wife

of Bath" of Chaucer, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Shakespeare, but then I realized we were in the Renaissance, not the Medieval Era.

We also got to view a suggestion of the presence of Virginia Wolfe who had lived just across the street, and an image of Gandhi "unwashed and unclothed" as Churchill might have imagined him, but calling for non-violence (ahimsa in Sanskrit) in that little park which seemed quite peaceful. Then we were able to see and touch a rock that had been brought from Hiroshima, which reminded us all that peace was not to be found at all times and places.

We walked on to the British Library, which holds and protects under thick glass the two oldest manuscripts of the Bible (Old and New Testaments handwritten entirely in Greek in capital letters). The image below is from Codex Sinaiticus which was kept in Egypt until two Russians stole it in the 1800s and then after World War I the Russian rulers with less and less interest in such texts sold it to the British. Two students gather around me as I looked through the glass protecting the 1600 year old document.

Meanwhile I saw two other students looking at a copy of Shakespeare's "Anthonie and Cleopatra"



Some of the students seemed tired and maybe had seen too much on the first day after a journey so many miles from the safe, protected, more walkable green campus of the University of Redlands. I remembered a comment by a colleague who had brought students to London 30 years ago who noted that most of them had drifted off in other pursuits as he looked around and said, "I hope the students had a good day!" I knew I had, when I climbed back on the deepest of trenches into the London landscape where the King's Cross Station allowed me to zoom underground back to the Montana Hotel. I later remembered that Esat and Nick seemed to be following very closely, perhaps wondering if I knew the way back to the hotel.

**Wednesday May 7.** Meeting in the Lobby of the Montana and off by Tube on the District Line to the Blackfriars Station and thence to the Globe Theatre and the Rose Theatre as well. We could see and touch the costumes that had been created, the tools that were used, and the size and shape of the two arenas where Shakespeare and others had watched the same plays as we would see. The highlight of my morning was to meet if by accident a young woman from Italy who was a college student accompanied by her proud parents, when they watched in admiration when she spoke without any prompting the lines, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow, creeps in this petty place...." to several of us from Redlands, and I was very impressed. She took our emails and promised to write. I managed to loose hers.



(London: Globe Theatre [www.gonomad.com](http://www.gonomad.com)700 x 506)

As well as the conversation with the young woman from Italy at the Globe, I bought The Souvenir Guide to Shakespeare's Globe by Elizabeth Gurr. She wrote that when Shakespeare arrived in London in the 1580's few people would pay money to see a performing company, implying that Shakespeare was part of the creation of that art form at least in London. We had learned about the kinds of setting of Shakespeare's and other dramatists back in Redlands in January from Nancy. But to read the pamphlet and walk through the re-constructed Globe gave a chance for some preparation for the performance of Anthony and Cleopatra on the final day of the class, about three weeks later.

On Wednesday evening we went to meet James' cousin William Wake, who had arranged the showing of "A Fish called Wanda" in the Kings College lecture hall. Thereby we were visiting the second of the several academic settings in which our class was conducted. After the film we went to Covent Garden and to the Balthazar Restaurant where we enjoyed the wit of William Wake.

**May 8 Thursday** seemed to be an example the rainy season in May, which would last until the first of June. We walked from the Montana to Kensington Palace with William Wake in rain, fog, dense at time for I fell behind the group in order to buy the most important purchase of the month---an umbrella. I lost sight of the group amid the other gatherings along the way, but saw an important lantern throng the fog in a yellow umbrella and yellow raincoat, which I finally overcame as our group stopped at the palace at the place where Londoner's brought thousands of flowers at the death of Dianna, Princess of Wales, who had lived in the Palace, both before and after her divorce from Prince Charles. The class was asked to vote on whether to use the undecided funds to enter the Palace or to save it for a future meal or event. The votes were almost all - "NO." So I went inside and bought the booklets that I would carry around for the next two months. That day from William we learned that the buildings of Kensington Palace were designed by Christopher Wren for William and Mary, joint monarchs to the throne. The buildings were a refuge into the then countryside as London grew later to surround them. Today the Palace serves to preserve a beautiful park with few other buildings. The rain persisted and we were all quite drenched, but William told wonderful stories about Queen Victoria and her daughter Helen who made the image of her mother which reminded us of the Queen as young woman. We also heard the story of Peter Pan and also how to curse (or not to curse with several selected phrases and single word insults).



Here I captured William in the middle of a word, it seems. But think of him as telling us about Peter Pan and not giving us any curses!

Back to the Montana for dry, warm clothes and off to the evening performance in Covent Garden of "The War Horse." It was a highlight for me, a real play in a real theatre, and only the horses were unreal; they were puppets, but as they moved and walked, breathed and ran, they became as real as the people with the speaking parts. I was dazzled by the ability of those puppets to move and to inspire us NOT to make war again. It would become an unintentional theme of the course, as we came to celebrate the awareness of how World War I began and changed the world for the worse. We would see the theme again in the National Gallery and in Iona in a sermon against war. But I suddenly realized how little attention I had given to WWI in the spring course; only afterward did I realize that perhaps the most threatening event in the century was of the death and destruction of World War I, and it seemed to be repeating itself as the Russians were invading the Ukraine. One student wondered how the "War Horse" fit with a religious class; my answer is that it produced the most profound "religious experience" for me of the whole trip in that it made me cry, deeply and with tears as I watched the re-telling of World War I as the horses and humans were slaughter by the tanks and bombs.

**Friday May 9th** was a busy day with three events in three different settings of London. First we went back to the British Museum for close encounters with the art which had been given to the Museum by James' family as "the Malcolm Collection." Copies of some of finest work of European artist could be viewed in a special collections room. Of special interest was a print of Adam and Eve by Duerer, and several students would write in their journals with an eye for details. Yoshie and Elise, who had done a presentation in March about John Milton were among them, as they found Adam in his pre-sinful state, but approaching was the tempter who according to the author of Genesis and Milton caused mankind to fall under the curse of hard labor or pain of child birth.

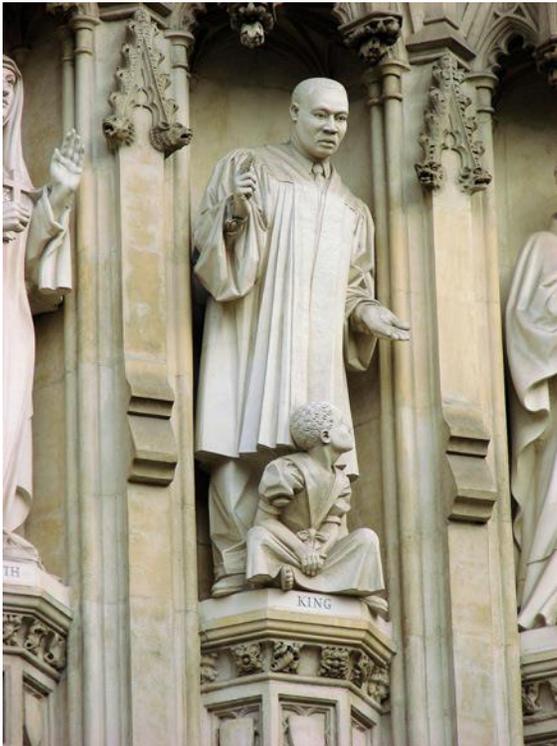


(Durer-Adam-Eve-etching in British Museum- Malcolm Collection)

Outside the special collections room, I waited with an irreverent group of Chas, William and Andrew, physics majors, who may have been looking at such art for the first time. There instead of Duerer or Leonardo, we were looking while waiting at the East German art of the 20th Century. I was surprised to find erotic art, which might not be allowed in some college courses, to be so much a focus of the poor artist living in East Germany under Communist rule. We spent the longest time on A. R. Penick(b. 1939) who did a watercolor with gold and silver on light green paper 419 mm x 300 mm) "Ohne Titel" which means ("untitled").

Our second stop after a lunch break at “Wagamama” was to Trafalgar Square to the National Portrait Gallery. Here students could select an art object to write about, and a wide variety of persons and centuries became the second composition of that day.

From Trafalgar Square we walked by the home of the British Prime Minister, 10 Downing Street, to Westminster Abbey where we assembled again at 5:45p.m. to enter through the West Door for an Evensong Service. We put our palms together and walked under the image of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr, who was portrayed on the central spot in a group entitled "Martyrs of the 20th Century." He looked down in a benevolent way toward us, and at his feet was a child looking up to him, perhaps as if hearing and hoping for the outcome expressed in the “I have a Dream Speech” given in Washington, D. C. I wish to express my thanks to Willam Wake, cousin of James Malcolm who drove me to Westminster Abbey the night before we all went to the Evensong the following day.



[www.soulofamerica.com](http://www.soulofamerica.com)438 x 584)

The service itself seemed short with an Introit –“The Lamb’s high banquet we await in snow white robes of royal state in Plainsong. Psalm 25 was the

reading and the anthem taken from Job 19- "For I know that my Redeemer lives, and that at the last I shall stand upon the earth and in my flesh I shall see God my Savior." I felt the power of the singing and the promise from the author of Job, and we went out of the service into the busy Friday night traffic of London with a joyful feeling of our first days in London with a successful feeling.

**Saturday May 10** started early at 8 and on the Tube to Noting Hill Gate where we boarded a two decker bus to Oxford, about an hour later alighting at Christ's Church College, where James Malcolm had studied. He was our guide for the day, taking us first through the chapel which was, he told us ,a cathedral, the smallest in England. During his first year, James lived next door to the Chapel-Cathedra. There James gave us a sense of what it was to study with diligence at Christ Church College that led to successful career, taking him from there to Harvard where he earned his Ph. D. and then to the Biology Department in Redlands.

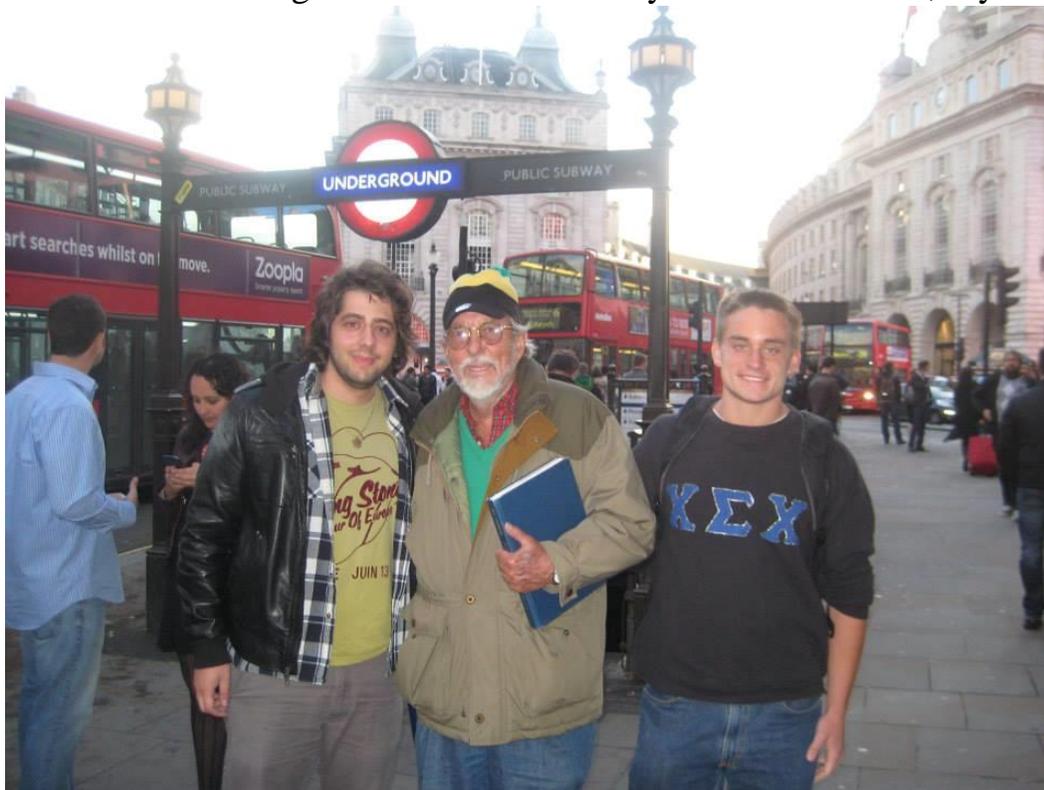
James had an intensity in his eyes as he described the way he studied, how he was guided sometimes by tutors, with a composition to show the tutors each week We then went to a pub near "All Souls College" where James' cousin was in residence. We ate a group meal in a special room, and James Cousin...what was his name came in and ate at a table with 5 students. They seemed surprised when James told us that his cousin had been made a knight and could be addressed as Sir\_\_\_Malcolm. He told us he had an interest in the life and work of Thomas Hobbes, whom he told us he had selected during his early career as a man of such depth and passion+ as to keep his (Sir Malcolm's ) interest alive for a long time. He does not teach any students but continues for a lifetime what he wants to research, and he continues to live in his college room.

One of the pleasant surprises of our journey is that we arrived in Oxford on the week-end of graduation. Since seven women in our class had graduated in April just two weeks before our day in Oxford, they must have been interested in the comparison of the costumes that were worn in Oxford as compared to those they wore in Redlands. I not write down the names of these three young people I photographed, but I did congratulate them.



We went back to London on the bus and decided to go to Picadilly Circus by bus and then back to the Montana by Tube. Esat and Nick went with us and looked for recordings. This is what Picadilly Circus looks like, if you missed it!

(Nick's photo)



**Sunday May 11** would be a special day for many of the students, for we went to St. Paul's Cathedral by Tube. The image below is from the cover of a booklet, St. Paul's Cathedral, I bought that day which shows St. Paul's in the background, but with Bridge in the foreground at twilight, perhaps a winter afternoon with some folks working in in their office by the river.



Arriving at St. Paul's Tube Station, we had a few minutes to walk down the slope to the Salvation Army International Headquarters; there we had a class session in which several students were able to give their first short oral presentations on what we had done the first five days of our journey. Chelsea led off while reading from her cell phone which demonstrated that she had indeed

majored in Biology. I realized that that a cell phone would probably become a normal to keep a journal in future years. Esat then offered a creative interpretation of what it feels like to be the “rear guard” on our travels, often encountering local people who wonder what kind of group we are.

Then in St. Paul’s we were allowed to take seats at the very front row of the nave where we could get a good view of the speakers and see the choir which was composed of a dozen boys and the same number of adult males. Can you imagine yourselves in May in St. Paul’s as we looked toward the Choir and the magnificent organ played?



(image from [St. Paul's Cathedral](#) (p. 3))

We had learned in March from Prof. Jeff Rickard that there has been a choir at “St. Paul’s Cathedral for over nine hundred years....the choir today consists of thirty choristers (boy, trebles), eight probationers (who will become choristers), six

countertenors (altos) six tenors and six bases..."(Handout The Choir of St. Paul's Cathedral).

Probably no student, save our one Music major- Seana-was able to distinguish any category other than the boys; and the strongest memory of some students seems that one of the boys fainted and had to be assisted as he was carried out. The anthem such was in Latin –“Dic nobis Maria” by Bassano -- served to remind us of the importance of Latin which was the language in Christianity for the first millennium.

The hymns for the congregation to sing were printed in the program and some of the students knew them. In their journals several students who had grown up in Lutheran, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic churches wrote that they enjoyed singing these hymns; certainly I did as well, and with the powerful Choir, I could sing with delight. It was one of my memorable moments in this month of May

Later in Greece as I remembered that morning in St. Paul's I re-read the summary that Keziah had shared in her Journal (April 1, 2014) as follows: “In the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Centuries, the song order for services is fairly fixed and the accepted music is based on the psalms and scriptures...the melodies are learned orally, however as music moves North, the Carolingian kings (Pippen and Charlemagne) introduce the first form of pitch notation...the Benedictine monks, Hucbald and Guido of Arezzo create the staff.” (Wilken, 152).

The Dean of the Cathedral was the preacher for the service, and his homily was about the “gatekeepers” from a former parish who thought they should determine who would be received as new members or even who might receive the sacrament of Eucharist in services. Then I remembered that we had been told by Jeff Rickard that the Cathedral (and indeed Anglican churches) are open and that all who have been baptized or are seeking Jesus are welcome. Nonetheless, I felt that the Eucharist, or sacrament of Holy Communion in the Anglican form was new to most of the students; I remembered that 3 students had gone to the Redlands Episcopal Church- Trinity Church, so at least they had seen the communicants, stand, go down the aisle to the altar to receive the elements of bread and wine,

The “Vountary” after the homily was from Holst's “The Planets.” The program told us that the selection entitled “Mars” so I recognized that this was piece allowed the display of some power from the Organ. In the booklet St. Paul's

Cathedral I found an image of “Queen Victoria ...service to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee” (pp.10-11). Look at that gathering painted in amazing detail. This was done in the age before photography. The Queen is the clearest, and 19<sup>th</sup> Century contemporaries could distinguish the identity of her daughters. One can find the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of St. Paul’s, those in academic and religious gowns, the military uniforms and the huge choirs. The boys’ choir seems to be in the middle. That was probably the most impressive gathering at St. Paul’s in the thousand years of its existence.



After the service, some of us went to a small Italian café where I had the best quiche of the month, and I noted that two of the St. Paul’s fellow communicants were eating there; they turned out to be from Brazil thereby reminding me that probably a large number of the other people in attendance were like us, foreigners to London.

The afternoon was free; but James provided an option of going to the home of the Duke of Wellington's home, Apsley House on Hyde Park Corner with the awesome address "one London" to view the art collection there. James managed to get a reduced rate for our entry claiming with conviction that he was a "member of the extended family" if about 9 generations removed from the present Duke. I smiled to myself remembering that James had told us the Duke did not need to buy the art. Instead these items, at least most of them, were a gift from the 19<sup>th</sup> Century King of Spain, whose collection had been robbed by Napoleon's retreated army, which was interrupted by the Duke of Wellington's British forces.

Then when the Duke defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, with some help from Prussians and others, the King of Spain told the Duke to keep the art. The most prominent piece was a 20 foot figure in marble of Napoleon, which the Duke place in the entry way by a stairway, perhaps to smile down upon the then defeated reminder of the famous battle each time he walked by it. Inside the Apsley House the decorations and art were very impressive:



(onelondonone.blogspot.com)

**Monday May 12** was to be a visit to the Fishmongers near the Tower Bridge; but, alas, I tripped and smashed my hand, while carrying a heavy book; thereby I managed to make a bloody (literal meaning, not the British curse) mess.

The hotel keepers took a look at me and said, “Let’s take a taxi to hospital!” I looked at my hand and decided to take a bus--#49 on the Oyster card. It turned out to be a memorable experience for I got a sense of the British Heath Care System which so many in America berate calling is “socialist” or Communist” as if it is the last thing we should model.

The doctor I met was young, compassionate and (telling me that he could not use stiches, for my skin was too thin. Then with 5 small bandages, he put the hand back together, and surprise of surprises for this expensive month, he said, “There will be no charge, we try to take care of visitors to our country as if they are natives.” Redlands Community Hospital would have presented some insurance agency with at least \$500 for the 20 minutes. Then I could not make it to the Fishmongers, so the day was spent in Chelsea at a very late brunch and to a nearby library with time to read for two hours.

During the next week I read a dozen journal entries by students that gave me a sense that the visit to the Fishmongers had given them a sense of competition between those who sold fish from the salt water of the Ocean and those from fresh water (i.e. the Thames River). Students were also impressed by the decorations that were created for these men who were founding guilds of distinction.

**Tuesday May 13** was free day. Thus we were off in a big red bus to see Madam Tussauds’ replications of humans, past and present. The crowd there was huge, greater and younger than the ones we encountered at the Globe, mobbed for a while in the gift shop. Yoshie went to Canterbury and saw some of the other windows that were not on tour to the USA in January in the Getty! Meanwhile Natalie and Nora Godfrey went to Stonehenge and wrote that visitors could approach the gigantic rocks but not to touch them.



(image from Natalie)

On the last day in London I reflected on some other things we might have done, or which students will get to do later in their lives. I had hoped on Monday to get to take students to the London Museum, for it was near the Tower Bridge. There they might have seen the pre-Roman “Brits” who lived in huts like those of Native Americans, Roman villa models that held the use of silver spoons and gold coins. There they might have remembered Cady’s fine presentation on Tacitus, who wrote in the First Century about his father-in-law, Agricola, who had been the Roman governor of Britannia. Near the Museum there is a marker that tells the reader that here stood, the Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury, designed by Sir Christopher Wren after the 1666 Fire, was burned again by a Nazi bomb in 1941, then given to a Missouri College where Churchill had given the “Sinews of Peace” speech in which he used the metaphor “Iron Curtain.”

The stones of the church were put on barges, the ships, then barges to cross the Atlantic, the up the Mississippi River, then the Missouri river, then on trucks. Re-built in Fulton, Missouri at Westminster College, the Wren Church would be put back together while I was Chaplain to the College. Thus, some REL 226 students, may someday visit the very stones that Wren used for his building in London on some future journey across mid-Missouri and thus see this 17<sup>th</sup> Century London building, waiting for you to visit in America. Or view it below.



(image from web page of Churchill Memorial, Fulton, Missouri)

**Wednesday May 13** would be another travel day. We managed to get tickets from Victoria Coach Station in London to the Edinburgh Coach Station for the amazingly cheap cost of \$16.00 while the train or plane would cost 5 times as much. But we had a 2 hour wait to get started and then a 10 hour bus ride would follow. Some students forgot to bring along any food. Others were surprised not to be allowed off the bus for the entire journey. But we rode across the beautiful countryside of England passing York and Durham, where I would probably have tried to get stops at each place to see the famous cathedrals. But no stops were allowed and we arrived in Edinburgh before the sun had set.

Moreover, I had a wonderful two hours to read journals in the bus station and more on the 10 hour ride. So for the first time I came to feel the excitement, the thoughtfulness, the descriptive power that some of the students had captured in their journals and the willingness some had to share what they had written. Ali seemed to have enjoyed everything we did, especially the visits to churches, and she displayed a joy that would inspire me the rest of the trip, when with that huge smile she brightened every day, usually at a breakfast. Keziah had written all the assignments to date, and memorable on the bus was the way she noted that in Westminster Abbey during the reading of the Scripture she felt that what was happening is that the reader was “re-telling of the story” of faith. Looking over at her on the long bus ride, I could discern that her training in meditation had allowed her to sit quietly and re-ignite her own energy for what was ahead. On the bus, Cady handed me her thick journal, and I realized that it was not only complete for the assignments in London, but her journal went covered not only May term, but it took her back to the first week in January when she gave her PowerPoint on Tacitus and his father-in-law, Agricola, in the book on On Britain, in the first century of the Common Era. I asked her if I could have a copy to see what we actually did in class all those Monday afternoons with Nancy and the Tuesday nights with the History of Christianity class. She promised to make one for me.

All the students seemed surprised that the Elder-York, where we were to spend 3 restful nights with fabulous full Scottish Breakfasts, was only a stone’s throw from the Coach Station.

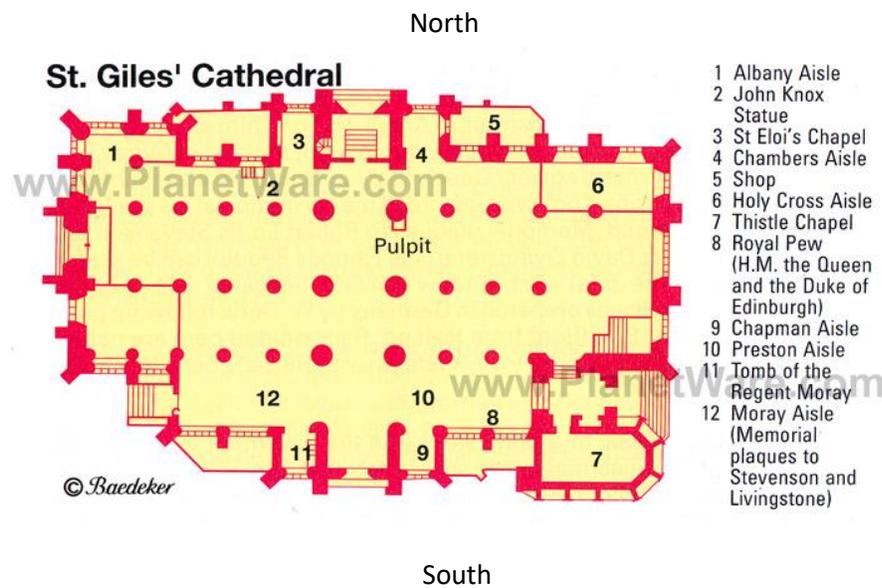


To the right are the owners of the Elder York Guest House, giving a warm welcome. They remembered very well a visit four years earlier when I took a group of only ten students to London, Scotland and Ireland. They even remembered by name the “problem student” who had been housed across the street in the “police owned B and B.” They look surprised when I told them he had actually graduated if two years late. We all smiled remembering that some difficult times can lead to success! I love the Scots when they smile, for they seem to have the same facial muscles as my relatives in South Carolina.

**Thursday May 14** started with a wonderful breakfast, check it out the Elder York web page. The owners are proud of what they serve in those full Scottish breakfasts, and I was delighted to get to eat

there again. After breakfast and a short meeting in the dining room, we walked down to Princes Street, over Waverley Station on the bridge, to the Royal Mile. We went to St. Giles Cathedral, the “Mother Church to Presbyterians around the World” to what I expected to be only a short week day noon service, but instead we were treated to what turned out to be a rehearsal for a senior music student’s recital the following week. Anna Rea-a soprano sang in Italian a piece composed by Haydn, the 3 short pieces in French by Debussy, 3 Irish Folksongs (which seemed the most fun, since we could read that Anna was from Ireland, and then in German 3 Lieder by Strauss. I had several flashbacks to Redlands and the senior recital of Seana two weeks before, and I wondered to myself which of the songs on the program Seana might have liked best. Since she had performed one of the Debussy sonatas in her senior recital, I guess it would be Debussy. For Nancy and I planning May term in the summer of 2013 what would happen in St. Giles in May would be impossible to know. So I decided it was our good luck, like being in Oxford on graduation day and seeing the joy of the graduates in their costumes.

After the recital, James, Nancy and Dwight paid special attention to the building itself, as we looked for the oldest part of the structure. We had studied in the spring semester that in 563 CE St. Columba went to Iona, but the first stones to be St. Giles’ assembled in “the Romanesque style” which we had also studied in Redlands (when we used wooden blocks to construct in that same style.) But 600 years had passed from Columba’s arrival in Iona to the building of Edinburgh’s St. Giles. The oldest part of the building according to a diagram in the booklet St. Giles’ Cathedral-Cathedral was at the crossing, in the very same area in which he recital took place. front cover).



We entered the nave from the West door and sat near the Pulpit looking toward the West. The stones which were used in the Nave were from the period before the Reformation, when the building became a Protestant church. At that time most of the windows were of clear glass. But in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, stained glass windows were installed. Behind where we sat is the West Wall which has ten glass panels in two horizontal rows of five each. Central is an image of Jesus with a halo ascending which might be compared to Jesus giving the Sermon on the Mount in the U. of R. Chapel. In this window all

the disciples have halos, and I could count eleven disciples in St. Giles' Edinburgh. (you can count who was present in the U. of R. window). I also read that this window was dedicate' to the memory of Robert Stevenson (1772-1850), the grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson" (St Giles' Cathedral-Edinburgh, p.30). This window is called the Great East Window. Angels are hovering above, one with a guitar. The Holy Spirit is depicted as a dove descending from the apex of the window.



To our right from where we sat is the North Wall with a window with three panels in which Jesus is sharing the last supper with his disciples. Judas can be seen making his escape in a dark headdress. Most surprising to me was the a window over the West Entry which had a strange blue color and lines from Robert Burns' poems. The window had not been there when I was a student in Edinburgh, and I imagined the debate, which Scots can make on many issues, as to whether a poet who made fun of the church and worshipped in the "church of nature" could have imagined his poems being put on the glass of St. Giles Cathedral.

We had studied the Romanesque and Gothic styles of cathedrals and churches in the spring history of Christianity course. In fact William, Andrew, Chaz et al were remembered as 'cathedral builders," if with children's blocks. But is this design below Romanesque or Gothic?



(photo by Huntley, March 2014 in REL 208 Class)

After lunch I took the students down the Mound to New College (which is now a combination of a divinity school and an undergraduate department of religious studies). Workers were preparing for the annual meeting of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, but we were allowed to enter Rainey Hall, which was the dining hall of New College and where I had had many cups of tea and scones in the academic year 1959-60 while I was a student there. ( A Flashback to 1960) I tried to share what it was like to have been a student back in that last year of the “Ike-Age” when Eisenhower was president and things seemed to be falling apart in our relationship with the USSR. I have a memory of the United States U-2 aircraft, which the pilot thought was safe as he soared above Russian missile range at 45,000 feet. To his surprise as well as Ike’s, the U-2 was shot down revealing our spying on the USSR. My memory has an echo in the events of July 2014, when Russian missile shot down a passenger jet flying over the Ukraine. Here below is an image of New College looking up from Princes Street. I must confess in 9 months there in Edinburgh, I never saw the light so bright or the sky so blue. Most afternoons in the

winter the sun set by 3:30 p.m. and never seemed to rise more than 30 degrees up from the horizon. But I loved the year there and felt joy in sharing some my feeling with those who went there with me in May 2014.



(image: CA0EU1BO.jpg found using Google)

I told the students about our four classes Monday-Friday each day, each an hour long. First in the morning at 9:00 a.m. was Old Testament with considerable use of Hebrew. The professor was James Barr, who seemed to still be in his 20's and he later to Vanderbilt University in Tennessee. All the Scots had taken Hebrew in the year before; and I had just finished a summer course at Princeton, before my arrival in Scotland. During the second class at 10 am, all "2<sup>nd</sup> year students" had Church History with Alex Cheyne whose courses would prove useful to me in the 2014 spring in both REL 208 and 260, for I found the notes even if 53 years old. At about 11 a.m. faculty members joined students with a tea and scones break. Then at 11:30 we had Theology Class. It was the most demanding and the most complex course. My notebooks for that class show that Professor Thomas Torrance used a good deal of Hebrew in that class.

After lunch we attended the New Testament Class taught by Prof. Robin Barbour, who challenged us to read in Greek the Gospel of John in the fall semester and the letter Paul wrote to the Romans in the spring. An exegetical paper was required in both semesters. I liked such focus on specific

texts, and what I learned in Edinburgh that year was of immense importance to me teaching career in the USA. Then on our arrival in Edinburgh in 2014 I was happy to learn that Robin Barbour was still alive and he was planning to attend the General Assembly. I calculated that he was 95 years of age, but I heard he was “frail”. Back in 1960 he once called me by name outside of class and told me my name had a “Scottish ring to it.” In April of that year he performed a wedding for my roommate from Yale, in which I was the “best man.” But alas, he did not get to Edinburgh in May 2014 from his retirement in Aberdeen.

In the photo below I was offering some comments in Rainey Hall about life in 1960 I told the students that there were no tutors like in Oxford, but we still had to write at least 1 long paper in each class and a final exam, so in 10 week semesters, we had written about eight papers and/or exams, which were we thought were being read and commented on by the professors. We did not get the exams back, only the papers. By the way I still have mine if any of you want to read one. They were all typed, I might add, for the “Ike-age” did not even imagine computers.



(image above from the camera of Sebastian Brown, May 2014)

Then one of the workers took a role in our conversations as to what was happening today in Edinburgh, especially as to whether the Scots would withdraw from UK and declare a kind of independence from London. The issue will be voted on this fall we learned; but I read that the Assembly of the Church of Scotland which is very involved in political life as Presbyterians are all over the planet, voted while we were in Iona to keep in the UK, but the Assembly advised the pastors of churches to be ready to give counsel and support to church members who would wish to cut the ties with London and establish their own government just of Scotland. We ate that night at the Cronan Doyle Pub.

**Friday May 16** took us up through the New Town of Edinburgh, built mostly in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century through St. Andrews Square, then down to Princes Street again and to the National Gallery of Scotland. Each student was to pick one piece of art to write about, and to sit and do so in the building before we

might forge on to the next stop. I remembered how well some of the students had written after visits to the British Museum and the National Portrait Gallery in London. This time we did not try to “cover the whole collection” but let each make decisions. I picked a painting by Titian labeled “The Ages of Man.” It was is inches by 150 on a horizontal plane.



(Photo by Huntley in the National Gallery of Scotland May 16, 2014).

As I approached the painting, I heard a young child call “baby” and indeed, she was correct, the first state of the Ages of Man was a plump baby with another baby hugging him and an angel, with a cute little wing climbing on the other two. I took a picture of the real baby pointing at the Titian Baby. That moment with the mother and child gave me new insight as to how early art appreciation can start for children.



(Photo by Huntley in the National Gallery of Scotland May 16, 2014).

I noted that the second stage of the ages of man is of an almost nude man sharing a close moment with a beautiful young woman who seems to be playing a flute. The third age is of an old man holding a skull pondering what happens at death, I presume. The colors of the sky are dark blue, and the earth is even darker. All three groups of humans seem to radiate flesh and life.

I was pleased that both Shaz and Holly had found Cleopatra with a snake almost ready to bite. Here I got my a photo that suggests that museums, great art, and warm, dry places to write often produce the best journal assignments, so in the National Museum in Edinburgh is my best shot of the whole month – students with their journals out, some still writing:



(Photo by Huntley in the National Gallery of Scotland May 16, 2014)

After leaving the Gallery, I thought it would be good to walk around the West side of the hill that gave an elevated view the Edinburgh Castle at the top. We started a walk around the Haymarket, headed for the figure of Bobby, a little dog who waited by the grave of its master for 14 years. We were to eat along the way, but Gabby knew the way and led the group faster than I could move. Nick and Esat stayed behind and we ate at “Bobby’s” Pub, a favorite haunt of yesteryear. In the afternoon, several of the students including Shaz, Natalile, Hali and Gabby climbed up on Arthur’s Seat .



(Photo from Natalie May 16, 2014)

**May 17 and 18.** Saturday morning we walked down to Waverly Station for a train to Glasgow, then one to Oban, then a Ferry to Mull, a bus across Mull to Iona. Oh, yes, the rain seemed to follow us all across Scotland, and when we got to the Island of Mull to ride a bus across Mull for an honor, the bus driver seemed to need a 2 hour break, leaving us disappointed to wait in the rain, but somehow we found a modest pub/grocery store, and some students bought food to prepare the next day on Iona. Happily, I smelled a warm scone coming out of the oven, which turned out the best scone in my life, so I bought some for Nancy and Dwight and ate my own slowly with a warm cup of coffee in which some Scottish whiskey seem to have been poured, and for me it was among the most pleasant experiences of the whole month. Quite a long day of travel, and I had the goal of reaching Iona

by sunset. Katy Duncan summed up what was her memory about our journey that day, and she showed a descriptive power when she wrote as follows:

**“I ACTUALLY DO ENJOY HEAVY RAINS AND BOAT RIDES – BUT I THINK THE COMBINATION OF THE SOAKED CLOTHES, THE RICKETY BUS RIDE (EVEN I FELT QUITE QUEASY), AND THE COLLECTIVE STRESSFUL ENVIRONMENT (OF EVERYONE WORRYING WHETHER OR NOT WE WOULD ACTUALLY MAKE IT TO IONA) PUTS THIS EXPERIENCE ON THE LIST. I WAS REALLY SURPRISED TO HEAR THE OWNER OF THE HOSTEL SAY THAT THAT DAY WAS ONE OF THE WORST RAINS HE HAD SEEN BEFORE – AND I THINK THAT EVEN ADDED TO THE WEIGHT OF HOW “INTENSIVE” THE JOURNEY ACROSS MULL WAS. BUT I DEFINITELY LOOK BACK AT IT VIVIDLY – AND ESPECIALLY WITH THE REWARDING END AT THE LITTLE RESTAURANT/PUB ONCE WE REACHED IONA.”** (email from Katy Duncan, July 25, 2014)



### “Just what is this place called Iona?”

Iona is a beautiful, small speck of an Island off the western coast of Scotland  
3 miles long and 1 mile wide

... it is 2800 million years old, some of the oldest on earth.

Iona is considered to be the cradle of Christianity in Scotland...

the center of the ancient Celtic Church's mission to Britain...

one of Britain's most holy and historic places “( [chathamcongregation.org](http://chathamcongregation.org))

At least two other students noted that they wished we had stayed in Edinburgh instead of the 3 day journey to Iona. Little did they realize that going to Iona was in the original plan for the May term, for the trip to Iona was intended to give a sense of how Christianity was brought to Scotland from Ireland by St. Columba in the 6<sup>th</sup> Century and to offer a chance to worship in the Abbey which was founded on the place where Columba had arrived, moreover, which now Iona is an modern inter-faith citadel for retreats and inspirational speakers, remote and primitive in feeling.



<https://www.google.com/search?q=iona+abbey+scotland&source=achabanhouse>

Going to Iona was a deliberate choice at about a mid-point in the course in May, removed from the busy cities of London, Edinburgh, and in the next week in Dublin. It seemed a place where we could walk and be in no danger of cars, just cows and sheep.



(photo by B. Huntley, May 2014)

I hoped all the students would worship with us in the Abbey on the Sabbath (as the locals refer to Sunday); but I made it optional, for some students seemed more in need of rest than another communion service. Nonetheless from previous visits there, I knew the passing of the elements would be done down the rows and with warm freshly cooked bread and big cups of wine that always remind me of the way Jesus must have shared with his disciples on the eve of his trial and death. I did not know that the preacher would be such a talented speaker, who gave a powerful “anti-war” sermon, especially appreciated by a gathering of activists for peace, and perhaps one or two students who connected the speech with the production of the “War Horse” which we had seen in London that also made war (in this case World War I) seem an evil and

horrible conflict and not a “glorious time when young men and women could show their bravery and loyalty to a cause.” With my own Navy background and knowing that I could have been called up to kill other human beings in that same little corner of the planet, I am not a pacifist, but I was moved by the language of the sermon on Iona that day.

Not all the students went to the Abbey, and one took refuge in the fact that she felt like praying to God that day, outside in the open air. Remembering Robby Burns own rejection of churches, I could hardly think otherwise.

The most beautiful sunset that any student sent to me in May was from Natalie who took the one below on Iona. I have asked her if I can frame it and put it in my office.



(Photo by Natalie of a sunset in Iona May 2014)

But whatever the class did on Iona, the the mood created by the rain, the walks to and from the hostel in the rain, the powerful experience of wine and real bread in the Abbey, the unexpected dinner that Nancy provided us on arrival, the mood of the sunset

above, or all of the above or NONE of them, something had happened by the time we boarded the ferry leaving Iona for the mainland. Just look at the faces on the ferry!



(photo from Katy Duncan's camera morning of May 19, 2014)

The ferry back to Mull, the bus across Mull, and the ferry back to Oban gave a chance to read more journals, and safely ashore on the mainland I felt that Iona would not only be remembered as the most distinctive spot we visited, but it would offer the closest we would be to any ancient place of worship in Scotland and in a setting which had NOT become overrun with tourism. When the rain and the wait for a bus have been forgotten, the spirit of Columba and his choice of a place will be long remembered, even if no one in the class ever gets back there.

**May 19 and 20** In Oban the students stayed in another youth hostel, then went to visit the Malcolm family's castle, but I had to fly to Dublin a day early to work out some arrangements. So it was off to Glasgow by train on the 20<sup>th</sup>. I enjoyed this ride through the Western Highlands of Scotland. During the ride I thought several times of my home state, North Carolina, with the same green pine trees and the same flowers by the tracks—Rhododendron. I wrote in my journal that I understood why the immigrants to America, some of them my ancestors, had moved past the coastal plains of America's East Coast into the mountains that were called the "Smokies" or later "The Blue Ridge" which runs from Georgia to Maine. My journal attests to this strange longing with names of people in my past.

On that train ride I also reflected on what we had not been able to do in Scotland in 2014. I realized that after the hike to take pictures of the Edinburgh Castle from the Haymarket we had not

been able to see Greyfriars Church, where martyrs were killed for their faith. Moreover, I had planned to have the class go to a Jewish service of worship in Edinburgh on that Friday night. I had known of a Middle Eastern Film Festival that started on May 16, which would have served as a good way to introduce students to the importance of the study of Islam in Edinburgh, where Arabic has been taught for almost 100 years and where there is now an Edinburgh International Centre for Spirituality and Peace. We had the benefit of an excellent PowerPoint in the spring given by Seana, and I had brought a copy on the May journey, but somehow I never pulled it out that whole month to share some of the slides by way of review. Also I had Killeen, R. A short History of Scotland in my big bag back in London, show I count not show the class the pictures of the “strong of Stuarts” pictured in that book and showing how they gained the throne of England as well. But soon the train arrived in Glasgow, and there was the bus headed for the airport. To arrive in Glasgow airport is a delight in terms of size and food. And the flight to Dublin takes about 30 minutes. How different was another year when it took all night on a boat from Glasgow to the North of Ireland, and another long train ride would have been required to get to Dublin.

Part III. Ireland. Late in the evening of May 20 at about 9:30 p.m. Aer Lingus Flight 3229 took off for the 30 minute flight to Dublin. Our small bags made it easy to find a bus to the middle of Dublin. We arrived very tired to the Adelphi B. and B. about midnight, so it was the next day when I took the picture below:



Photo by Huntley, May 21, 2014)

**Wednesday May 21.** With one day to await colleagues and students, I searched the ways to move about Dublin. I wanted to be able to walk all over the city in the next days before a bus came to take us to the West Coast. The first morning after a full Irish breakfast, we walked from the Adelphi to Trinity College, and there we were given a very entertaining talk by a student—a kind of Sebastian Brown of Trinity. He told us of the size and fame, the founding and funding of the college. But it seems the most memorable moment in most students’ journals of our group were of an altercation between some student with stones and a faculty member with a gun. The students seemed much amused.

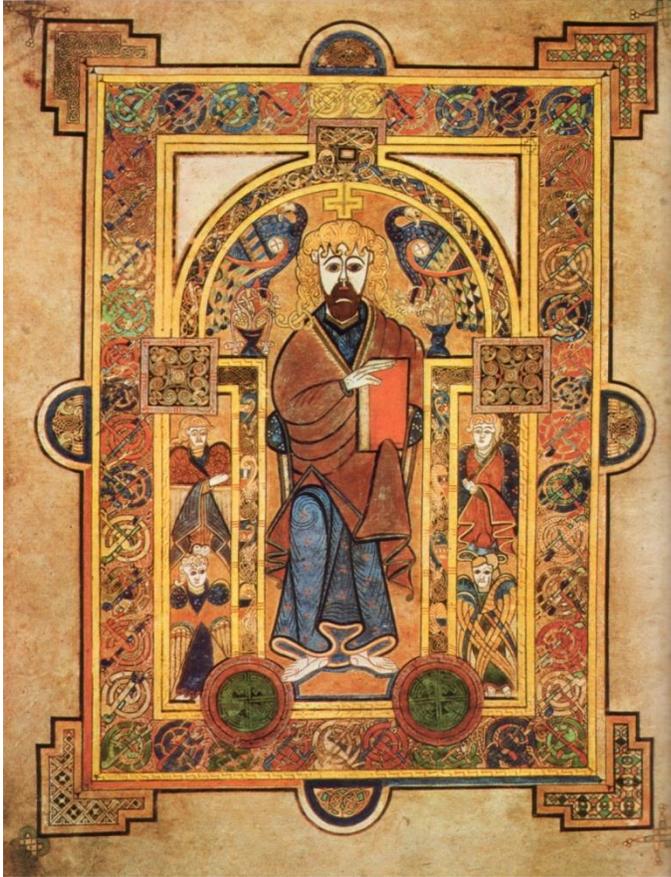


Photo by Huntley, (May 21, 2014)

At the Trinity College we visited the area where the Book of Kells was on display, and we looked for about an hour at the presentations of pages from the Book of Kells were displayed. What is this Book of Kells? “The Book of Kells is a medieval Irish manuscript containing the Four Gospels, a fragment of Hebrew and the Eusebian canons. It is known also as the 'Book of Columba' because it was written in honour of [Saint Colmcille](#) in the monastery of Iona.” (© [Donegal County.com & Dún-na-nGall.Com](#))

Especially of interest to Katy Duncan were the “fonts” which represented letters in the Roman Letters. The Book of Kells itself contains the four gospels of the New Testament. She managed to copy most of the letters in her journal.

Other students were interested in the different figures that represented the four evangelists: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The representations of Jesus seem very human, for example here is an image of Jesus:



(Book of Kells, Dublin, image of " Christ Enthroned.")

We stopped where each student could easily find a place for lunch and after an hour walked through St. James Park and to the nearby National Museum of Ireland, where each student could select and write about one item. I picked the archaeology section where there was a display of some bodies found in bogs all over Europe with the heading "Kingship and Sacrifice" which offered "an overview of the results of the analysis and, along with other bog bodies from Museum collections, offers an opportunity to literally come 'face to face' with the past...The exhibition is based around the theory that human sacrifice and the deposition of the victims in bogs along tribal boundaries is related to sovereignty and kingship rituals during the Iron Age. Other related material displayed includes items of royal regalia, horse trappings, weapons, feasting utensils, boundary markers and votive deposits of butter known as bog butter".(National Museum of Ireland web page).

While I had heard of bodies being pulled from former bogs, I had never come "face to face" so to speak with some of these human remains, some of whom appeared to merely be sleeping. One had a hair color I had seen a few minutes before on the streets of Dublin that I had quietly admired for the beauty of the hair as well as the young lady who had grown it. Another of the bogs seemed to be smiling and I wondered if his death had been a release from whatever

was happening to him just before he was killed. All the bog bodies appear to have been dead when they were put or thrown into the bogs which preserved them. After that somewhat “downbeat” moment, I retreated to have coffee in my favorite coffee shop in Dublin, “the Brewers” and just down the street every day for the week we could see four men performing in silence. They looked so fixed in space at first I thought they were made of plastic, but then about every 15 minutes the switched positions, the ones seated stood up and the one standing sat down. What were they trying to tell the world? Did they represent an African origin of mankind, even though they were dressed as moderns. Was it to advertise for a brand of tobacco? No one I asked who stood to watch or photograph them ever had an answer. Perhaps it was an unusual way to earn money, for I did give them two Euros, at least the time I made the photograph below.



(Photo by Huntley, May 21, 2014)

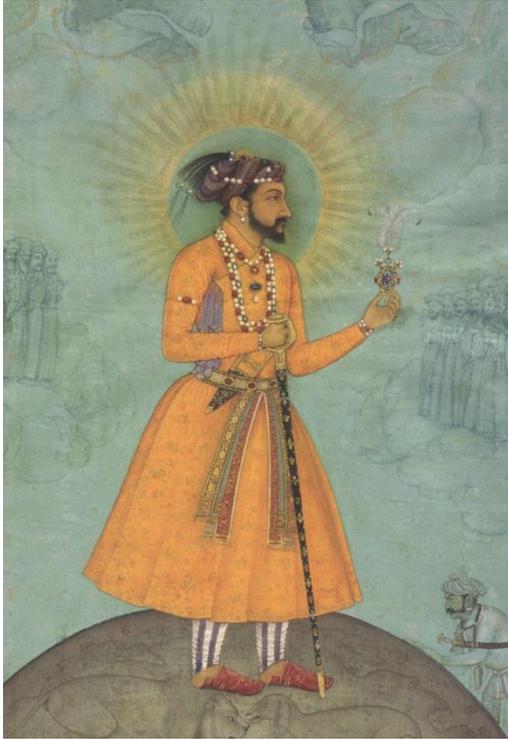
**Thursday May 22** after another Irish breakfast we set out in a different direction, and Dwight Yates gave us an explanation of the life and work of James Joyce by a statue just across from the Dublin Post Office. Look at the reception on the faces of the attentive students. Yoshia seem pensive and her journal seemed so up to date, I offered her a copy of Joyce’s The Dubliners, which she read from cover to cover in the next two days.



(photo by Huntley, May 22, 2014)

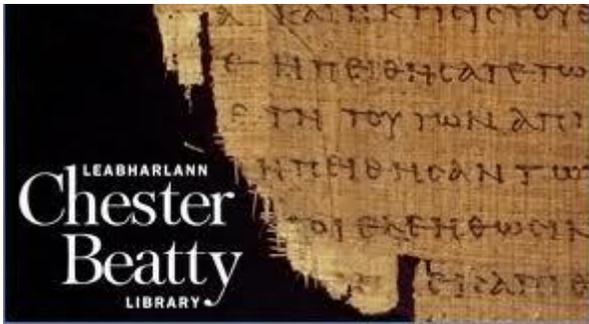
Soon afterwards we followed the Liffy River toward the Dublin Castle and to the Chester Beatty Library, one of the highlights of the month for me, and the place according to Nancy lived up to the name of the course we were teaching, namely the “Religions of Europe.” There each student was urged to pick one book, scroll, or item on which to write a journal entry. Shaz spent her time looking at the versions of the Koran and the Persian texts that represented the rule of Babur and his descendants in their rule of India,

The period of the Mughal Empire is a fascinating time in the history of the Indian subcontinent and ‘Muraqqa’ gives a terrific introduction and insight into the conquests and the growth of the Empire, starting with The Emperor Babur in 1526 and finishing with the death of his great, great, great grandson Awrangzib in 1707’ (Chester Beatty Webpage)



In the image above ((image: “Submission to Shah Jahan’ by Bichitr” (c. 1630) Chester Beatty Library. Note: Jahan, the Emperor is best remembered by building the Taj Mahal as a place of burial in honor of his deceased wife and later it was for himself as well.

Keziah as I did ate lunch in the Library and then went back up to look at the oldest papyri versions in Greek, ever discovered of selections from the Christian Scriptures, which exist anywhere in the world as “P-67\_ that we had studied back in January as we discussed the way the Bible would be preserved. . Here in Dublin are THE most ancient versions of the Christian Canon (the Bible) from the Greek Papyri in Egypt. I was there as well, for these were texts that I had known about from Duke Graduate School days, but until that day, I had only seen pictures or photos of these documents. The image below is from an program of the Library but the Greek (note that all are in caps) is considered the oldest of the manuscripts of the letters of Paul (portions of Romans, Philippians and Colossians) (Edgar, Treasuring the Word: An Introduction to Biblical Manuscripts in the Chester Beatty Library, p. 18. Note, of course the Dead Sea Scrolls are several, perhaps 3 centuries older than these Greek papyri, but then were written down in Hebrew not Greek).



(chesterbeattylibraryP-46)

**Friday May 23** we made a departure from the Adelphi on the Rose Travel rented Mercedes with Brian at the wheel taking us first to Adare where I got to photograph a wedding. Then we went on to Dingle checking into the DingleSkellig Hotel and Spa. It even had an indoor swimming pool, where I learned that most of my pool-mates were families who had come over from Cork to enjoy the week-end and the warm pool. With Nancy and Dwight we had one of our best meals at the Boat Yard, and took a stroll through the quaint little tourist town.

Saturday May 24. The next morning after the most awesome breakfast of the month, with a whole salmon as a strange of dessert, we set to look at the Dingle Peninsula. First stop was at a place called the “famine house” which reminded us of those who had died in the Potato Famine, which Nora Devita had reported on back in Redlands in April. To see the buildings that capture the despair of those who starved to death in Ireland or fled to America or Ausralia in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century was powerful. But some of the students found a moment to hold a cat offset their own anxiety. Here Keziah seems happy,



(photo by Huntley in Dingle, May 24, 2014).

Next we were shown a 1200 year-old Oratory at Gallarus, a church made of stone.



(photo by Sebastian Brown).

The Oratory was new to me, but I had known of it from the DK Guide to Ireland, and later I would discover that it is unique to Christian church buildings, but there was a building from Greece, about 2,000 years earlier in construction of the same design at Mycenae was a treasure store house. (Anson, P. F.(1924) The Building of Churches. London: Burns and Oats, 949) The four visitors above seem to think their pious posture will them in free of charge, but they were wrong, Nancy had to pay, and on entry some of the students seem frightened, as if the ancient structure will fall down in the very 5 minutes they were inside, or was it them wondering if to enter they would be instantly bonded for a live of marriage to someone, whom they only thought they were taking a May term class with. Was the man in the middle with the had a kind of ancient priest and the two beside him offering themselves in matrimony, and the other a bride's maid, who had forgotten her flowers?.

In any case this day became a day in which to play, if not to marry. From the Oratory we were dropped off for an hour to climb a mountain, and many made it to the top only to have to struggle with the mud that was scattered on the downslope of the mountain.

Then we were taken to the very same beach on which scenes from the film "Ryan's Daughter" were photographed. Brian, our driver, told of a job he had as a teen ager to take foot, lots of food, the best food that could be found on the island to feed the stars –Robert Michem and Sara Mills, the camera crew and the director David Lean. He said that the film make the beach famous as a tourist stop, and "billions of dollars had poured into Ireland as a result of the film."

Sunday May 16. The next and last day of the bus journey took us from Killarney to several memorable. We stopped at the Rock of Cashel, an ancient capital of Ireland and a monastery in partial reconstruction. At the Blarney Castle several students climbed to the top after posing for many pictures.



At the end of our journey to the West Coast of Ireland, we returned late to the Adelphi B and B to find the streets filled with young people, who were in town for a concert last night. I felt lucky that we had a place to stay, a familiar place to stay on our last night in Ireland. But when I went out onto the street, suddenly I was in the midst of a group from Tipperary, and we sang together the melody, "It's a long way to Tipperary, a long way to go...." Suddenly Sebastian appeared out of nowhere and took the picture below:



Probably no reader of these reflections will be surprised to learn that I did NOT go to the concert last night in Dublin, but instead went to the Pub just behind the bus in the picture above and had a wonderful last dinner in Dublin.

Monday May 26. We leave Dublin by ferry to Holyhead and then by train to London. It was a wonderful time moving from bus to ferry, then ferry to train, and train to train all across Wales and England back to London. I managed to read nearly all the rest of the journals and look out at the green fields and farms, more sheep. I even had time amidst the slower movement of the train as we approached London to think back over the days in Ireland had a feeling that we had accomplished a great deal in a relaxed form. To ride a bus for three days is much easier than the first two weeks in the many different forms of transportation or in Scotland with the tough time getting to Iona. Dublin was easy to walk and the bus was the easiest of all. So I wondered, “what was it we did not cover in the week in Ireland?”

- We tended to make the days in Ireland “fun” oriented. The only church visit was for only a few minutes. In reality Ireland has had a long a difficult relationship with England. We hardly dealt with the invasion of Ireland by Henry VIII of English military, or the “plantations” which James I wrought of English and Scottish settlers who forced out the Irish natives from their lands and homes, especially in the North of Ireland, some of them no doubt ancestors of mine. We should have acknowledge the turmoil when Ireland struggled for independence from England for most

of a century, and even after becoming “Irish Free State” the armies of the UK, if mostly in n Ireland wrought havoc in the South as well. Esat had covered some of this in his Powerpoint in April back in Redlands. He used a photograph the music group “U-2” whose music “ Bloody Sunday” in their “War” album in 1983 has lyrics about the struggle of Ireland.



In any case we managed to make it back to the Montana, which seemed like a homecoming after two weeks of a journey. It was also a delight to find the big suitcases we had not been forced to carry on and off any bus, train, ferry or taxi for two weeks. .

Tuesday May 27 was the last day for our class and one of the most exciting. Off we went for the matinee of the long awaited “Anthony and Cleopatra” in the Globe. The expectant students gathered.



(image from Katy Duncan)

Once we got inside, and before the performance began, we were given cushions on which we could sit. I remembered from the presentation at the Globe two weeks before, we learned that the cost to enter the Globe in Shakespeare’s day was one penny, to have a seat it cost two pennies, and to get a cushion the cost was three pennies. Clearly we were “upper class playgoers” so in our expensive seats some “selfies” were made. In fact, I tried one and got a surprise reaction.



When the play started all our cameras and cell phones were put away. The performance we saw was spell-binding. Few of us had ever studied any play in such detail as the class in the spring with Nancy. For 13 weeks we had studied every scene, and many of the scenes were acted out, sometimes over and over by different students. We knew the historical background in the Greco-Roman period which Shakespeare had also studied. We knew the kinds of productions possible for such places—such as homes, in fields, or in the Globe. We thought we knew a good deal about the characters, especially Cleopatra, Anthony, Enobarbus, Caesar.....

But there were surprises in store. Cleopatra was much younger and beautiful than I expected, and Anthony was much older. Caesar seemed just a boy. These actors were clearly having fun. The actress playing Cleopatra took a “swig” from a surprised man standing in the front row. There were moments in the play when the group of students surrounding me in the picture above could have been responding to the actions in the play itself, rather than the clowning professor who was making a “selfie”

Of the many good responses to the play, Katy Duncan wrote about the acting that she saw done so well in the play and Cady Moris wrote about the sets and the movement on stage. Shaz recently shared her journal about the play as follows:

‘ “...I was quite excited to be seeing the play Antony and Cleopatra. Not only because our class had read and discussed the play, but also because I knew that seeing it performed was going to be a completely different experience compared to reading it. The Globe Theater had a great stage, and what was best was the fact that the actors were able to use the entire stage throughout the performance. This meant that they were able to dance, run, and move freely about the stage. This allowed for the entire audience to see more of the actors, get involved

with their performances, and also feel as though they were watching more than a show, but that they were truly in that moment with those people on stage. One of the biggest aspects of seeing the play performed was the set design, props, and the clothing of the actors. .”(final journal entry by Shaz, in an email July 31, 2014)

The final highlight of this last day, indeed of the whole May term was the farewell dinner back at the Montana. After smelling the aromas coming out of the kitchen of the Montana for the 10 nights we had stayed there before, we knew that the meal we would be served would be excellent. But with James and Dwight sitting near me, I learned more about Indian dishes than I expected. Perhaps the joyful looks after the meal when several awards were given says more than my words can do.



(photo from Yoshie May 26, 2014)

In the photo above look at all those smiling faces. Yoshie on the right with Ali wearing her joyful smile. Nora is right behind her. Nancy has the best smile of all and would soon get her promotion in a religious studies class to “St Nancy” with a recently made ICON to prove it. Hiding behind James, I did not image I would the “Columbia” award as “bringing the whole class” to Christianity (at least a host of Christian Churches).

Part IV. Now imagine the REL 226 students have all gone home, except Hali who is still in London and Gabby who is somewhere in Greece. This is where I could be found from June 1. In this 5 Star Hotel on

the Island of Skiathos in the Northwest corner of the Aegean, I received emails with the self evals and final journal entries. First came Nick, then Ali, then Cady Moris, I was very pleased and started to compose drafts the evals which Nancy would correct and then add her insightful additions and comments. The chance to read and write in such a pleasant and peaceful setting was unusual in my teaching career. For in June 2014, I did not go back to Redlands but flew directly to Greece from London in three hours. Moreover, this course was the best part of the 40<sup>th</sup> year in which I had been teaching at the U. of R.

Thus as I read the self evals and more journals, I found confirmation what I said on the night of the final dinner at the Montana that what we had experienced all spring was very special sequence of events and among the best teaching-learning experiences in my life.

I learned much from the reading and discussion of “Anthony and Cleopatra.” One afternoon on Skiathos I mused to consider that maybe the lovers had themselves spent a night or two in their “love boat.” In fact Cleopatra was a Greek and Anthony a Roman, who loved Greece, at least at the beginning of the play. They did not stay in a 5 star hotel in Skiathos, but at least it was a 5 star boat, better even than the one Goldie Hahn rented for her visit to Skiathos this summer. I also learned a lot more about Christian history this spring and May term. The combination of the two spring courses and the travels in May were memorable and important “connectedness” to my whole career of research and teaching, and I continued to be inspired by comments of students and colleagues all through the summer.



Nick’s self eval arrived by email very soon after my arrival in Greece in this exotic setting depicted above, and he wrote that his favorite part of the Scotland tour was Duntrune castle, where he “found the history and environment exciting.”

Nonetheless, as I wrote my final comments about the trip I tried to keep the memories of a cold and often rain filled sky of UK as I wrote in the summer sun of Greece.

Among the most interesting compositions was that of Elise Hanzemon –

who compared what we saw and felt in May with that of other “less fortunate travelers” Here is what she wrote:

“Millions of people have gone to the United Kingdom and will continue to do. They will go to the same places we did and explore the cities as much or more than we did. But they won’t know what is like to stop in front of a church and hear Bill go on about its history. They won’t know what it is like to go out to a hostel in the middle of nowhere and have random discussions with our whole group in the room, laughing and chatting away. They won’t go on an exploration of Dingle with your awesome roommate and have deep conversations over cheap seafood. They won’t get to see War Horse and watch your friends cry over its beauty or mock the actor for the rest of the trip for saying joey so much. They won’t go see Antony and Cleopatra and watch their monologue get acted out in front of their eyes and see Helen watch the whole play with Plague Rat. They won’t get to go to an actual castle and get led around by a descendant. But we did. I got to share these moments with people who it wouldn’t have been the same without. These memories are the ones I will always have of this amazing journey with these magnificent people in this wondrous place of the world and I could go on and on, but this adventure was beyond indescribable and that’s what made it so perfect.” (June 16,2014)

It was delightful in Greece to read such journals and self evaluations, especially since the first weeks in Greece I was “marooned” in a colony of Brits in exile, whose form of speech was reflective of the month of May in their native land. I actually came to miss the language of the Greeks in whose land we were spending our vacation in. But soon we moved “downscale” to a “No-star” lodging called Nostos. We were down toward the bottom in one of the small 500 square feet apartments, with no Brits, just Greeks, Italians, and even some from Serbia.



After 10 days in the 5 star “Palace”, we moved downscale to Nostos also on Skiathos. We were in the small room at the bottom of the picture, but we were much nearer to the beach, and the inspiration of journals and self evals continued to flow, as did my own reflections on what we had shared.

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