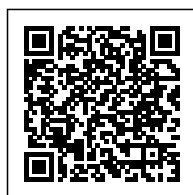


# THE ANGLICAN ANGLE: MEET THE REVD. SEPTIMUS HAZARD, MA

*Posted on August 1, 2022 by Mark Stocker*



*Dr. Mark Stocker, our former art history joke writer, now turned learned musicologist, is a good friend of an ageing Anglican rector, the Revd. Septimus Hazard, MA (Oxon). For the last forty years the latter has occupied, not without incident, the well-endowed Eton College living of St. Swithin's, Prawnsby, Norfolk.*

*The rector was chuffed at being invited to share his innermost thoughts and feelings about the world in this magazine, which he proposes to do in the next three issues. Our editor is like clay in the hands of the Revd. and had no option but to comply with these plans. Any donations to St. Swithin's spire fund may be sent directly to Dr. Stocker and no questions will be asked. God bless you all!*

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## **A Few Thoughts for my Brethren, Sisteren and Otheren...**

Hello Peoples!

OMG (to quote the youth of today), that was the greeting from my happy-clappy friend Greg, from that rather dreadful, cheapskate Church of Jesus down the road, I do so apologise.

The other day, good people, I was deeply impressed by my fellow divine who chose a most apposite Lesson for Boris Johnson to read at the Abbey to mark the Jubilee of our glorious Queen and Monarch, Defender of the Faith to boot: "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely... think on these things!" I cannot hope to improve on this brilliant summation of the British Empire's prime minister and his most excellent Conservative and Unionist government. Boris is beautifully pure and, perhaps certain homo sapiens of the cloth might add, lovely (they have mysterious, nay, queer ways, but I fear I digress!) The Tory party at prayer, it has been wisely observed of the Anglican fold.

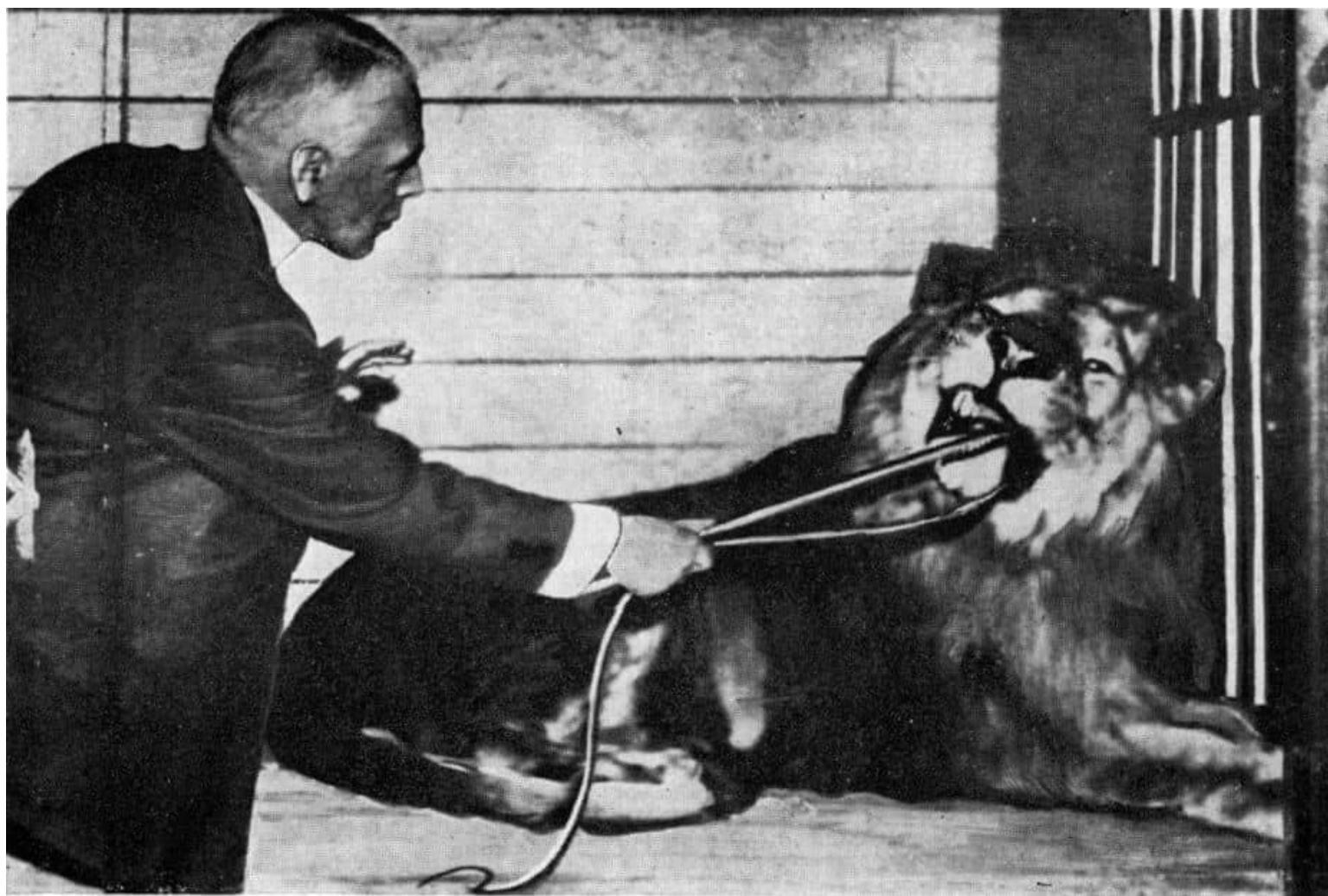
Talking of prayer, I recently conducted a harvest festival service for a congregation predominantly comprising market gardeners. "Lettuce spray!" I commanded—and you know what, Farmer Brown rudely interjected "I did that months ago, you fool!" Rather better received was a hymn I chose for a congregation of physicists, mostly I fear agnostics or heaven forbid, atheists. They nonetheless responded with gusto to the hymn "Immortal, invisible, God only wise/In light inaccessible, hid from our eyes..." Choosing the right hymn to match the occasion is of course very important, particularly as I need

to humour my very "woke" bishop, the Rt. Rev. Timothy Venables, BA (Hull). God help us.

Therefore, when I was conducting an ecumenical service the other day with our Quaker friends, I decided in the last minute not to go ahead with "Fight the good fight with all thy might." My parishioner, [Mrs. Broadbridge](#) (bless!) tells me I am a sensitive vicar, but far be it for me...

Back to those hymns. A while ago, I conducted a service for a congregation of what Bishop Timothy would a little nauseatingly deem "Otherly abled." I therefore decided that "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus" was not the happiest of choices, in the unlikely event of the Saviour making a guest appearance and performing those rather splendid miracles of His. This is St. Swithin's Church, not bleeding Lourdes (excuse my French!) Likewise, "You'll never walk alone" would seem to be stating the obvious to these good folk, they hardly need reminding of their sad condition. What with Covid smiting our congregation, "Breathe on me, breath of God" is particularly inadvisable, especially as He resides in one or two of my holier, unvaccinated communicants. Well, they at least seem convinced He does. One cannot be too careful, nor indeed too prayerful. On that lyrical note, I will take my leave, and it's high time to enjoy my first dry sherry of the day.

Yr humble servant,  
The Revd Septimus Hazard, MA (Oxon), (He/Hymn)  
St. Swithin's Church,  
Prawnsby, Norfolk



*The defrocked Rector of Stiffkey, Harold Davidson, with Toto the lion, 1937. Revd. Hazard claims "Toto is positively benign compared with my bishop!"*

As the Revd.'s piece went to press, the dramatic news of Boris Johnson's resignation burst forth on the wireless waves. The editor, out of courtesy and sympathy, telephoned Our Friend of the Cloth, and alas found him very much out of sorts. He should of course spare the reader, but sounds of belching, weeping and what sounded like a crystal decanter being smashed greeted him...

"I know I shouldn't swear, but my foughts... thoughts are well-nigh unprintable. It's bloody, simply bloody awful—excuse my French, as dear [Mrs. Broadbridge](#) would say. Boris was... is... perfection. The men who ditched him are beneath contempt. I need to find a good name for them. Ah yes, the great

John Steinbeck came up with a juicy insult many years ago—spawn of cuttlefish—that's them! Snakes! Bastards! Oh my gosh, my long-suffering housekeeper, Mrs. Griffin, will have a helluva, sorry, hideous mess to clear up here. I need another drink, old man, do please excuse me..."

(line goes dead).

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*Mark Stocker is an art historian whose recent book is [When Britain Went Decimal: The Coinage of 1971](#).*

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*[Featured](#): "The Reverend Robert Walker Skating on Duddingston Loch," by Henry Raeburn; painted 1790s.*

