



Heaven & Earth In Little Space

CONTEMPLATING THE NATIVITY IN ADVENT



SATURDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER

The Nativity Scene

by Charles Mahoney RA
The Lady Chapel, Campion
Hall

A talk by

Revd Dr James Hanvey, SJ

(Master of Campion Hall)

Professor Peter Davidson

(Senior Research Fellow)

AT 12 NOON

Brewer Street,
Oxford. OX1 1QS



SATURDAY, 5TH DECEMBER

The Adoration of the Shepherds

The Renaissance Gallery,
The Ashmolean Museum

A talk by

Professor Peter Davidson

Revd Professor T Frank Kennedy SJ

(Senior Research Fellow in Musicology)

AT 12 NOON

Beaumont Street,
Oxford. OX1 2PH



SATURDAY, 12TH DECEMBER

The Adoration of the Shepherds

The Picture Gallery,
Christ Church

A talk by

**The Very Revd Professor Martyn
Percy**

(Dean of Christ Church)

Jacqueline Thalmann

(Curator of the Picture Gallery)

AT 4 PM

Christ Church, Oxford OX1 1DP
(entrance via Canterbury Gate, off Oriel Square)

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROL

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu;
Alleluia.

For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space;
Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see
That he is God in persons three,
Pari forma.

The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis deo:
Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth;
Transeamus.

Alleluia, res miranda,
Pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary Winters night stode
shyveringe in the snowe
Surpris'd I was with sodayne heat,
which made my hart to glowe,
And lifting upp a fearefull eye to vewe
what fire was nere
A pretty babe all burninge bright did in
the ayre appeare.

Who scorched with excessive heate
such floodes of teares did shedd
As though his floodes should quench his
flames, which with his teares were fedd,
Alas quoth he but newly borne in fiery
heates I frye
Yet none approach to warme their
hartes or feele my fire but I.
My faultles brest the furnace is
the fuell woundinge thornes,
Love is the fire and sighs the
smoke the ashes shame andscornes,
The fewell Justice layeth on and
Mercy blowes the coales,
The metall in this furnace
wrought are mens defiled soules;
For which as nowe on fire I am
to worke them to their good
So will I melt into a bath to
washe them in my bloode.
With this he vanisht out of
sight and swiftly shronke awaye
And straight I called unto mynde,
that it was Christmas daye.

- St Robert Southwell, SJ



- Madonna, San Miniato



- Nativity set in Hortus Conclusus



- Madonna and Child
Follower of Luis de Morales

SECOND CONTEMPLATION ON THE NATIVITY

The narrative here will be how Our Lady, almost nine months pregnant (as we may devoutly think of her) and seated on a donkey, with Joseph and a servant girl, taking with them an ox, set out from Nazareth for Bethlehem to pay the tribute which Caesar had imposed on all those lands.

Composition, seeing the place. Here it will be to see with the eyes of the imagination the road from Nazareth to Bethlehem, considering the length and breadth of it, whether it is a flat road or goes through valleys or over hills; and similarly to look at the place or grotto of the Nativity, to see how big or small it was, how low or high, and what was in it. This is to see the people, i.e. Our Lady, and Joseph, and the servant girl, and the child Jesus after his birth. Making myself into a poor and unworthy little servant, I watch them, and contemplate them, and serve them in their needs as if I were present, with all possible submission and reverence.

I watch and consider what they are doing, e.g. their travel after so many labours, after hunger, thirst, heat and cold, outrages and affronts, he dies on the cross, and all of this for me; then I reflect within myself to derive some spiritual profit.

- Ignatius Loyola – *Spiritual Exercises*

THE MAID-SERVANT AT THE INN

“It’s queer,” she said; “I see the light
As plain as I beheld it then,
All silver-like and calm and bright-
We’ve not had stars like that again!
“And she was such a gentle thing
To birth a baby in the cold.
The barn was dark and frightening-
This new one’s better than the old.
“I mind my eyes were full of tears,
For I was young, and quick distressed,
But she was less than me in years
That held a son against her breast.
“I never saw a sweeter child-
The little one, the darling one!-
I mind I told her, when he smiled
You’d know he was his mother’s son.
“It’s queer that I should see them so-
The time they came to Bethlehem
Was more than thirty years ago;
I’ve prayed that all is well with them.”

- Dorothy Parker