

Jeremy Spurgeon
Born: February 25, 1954
Interviewed: October 21, 2016

Time, Space, and Music

. . . to be wrought on by exquisite music—
to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul,
the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate,
and binding together your whole being past and present
in one unspeakable vibration
~ George Eliot, *Adam Bede* ~

I was born in Clapton Mothers' Hospital in east London, so technically I'm a cockney because I was born within the sound of Bow bells, on the 25th of February, 1954, to Mary Spurgeon and Tom Spurgeon.

My dad was schoolteacher at Latimer Grammar School in Edmonton, North London. He started teaching there in 1948, I think—from 1948 to 1981, all at Latimer school. And he was a pupil at Latimer as well, so he spent a lot of his life there. Between times, he was in the RAF [Royal Air Force], fixing aircraft engines and things. That was in Britain—and Italy; he was stationed in Italy for a while. At some point, he got on a boat with several thousand other military types, and they all sailed off into the ocean blue. He wondered why, because I don't think anybody had any idea. They just sailed off, and nobody said what they were going to do because people didn't say that in the war. They could only tell where they might possibly be because the weather changed. It became warmer, then he'd look out at the sea, and then 'Oh, there's a flying fish,' so thinking, 'Oh, must be approaching South Africa, then.' It was quite a story. They went round the Cape.

He kept a diary during that time, in his own handwriting. In later life we could never read his handwriting, but when he was a young man of—let's see, this was 1940s—when he was 20-something, in his early 20s, I think 23, actually. It was 1943—and there he was writing a very interesting daily journal. It's really quite extraordinary to read it and think, *This is my dad. This will be my dad.*

My parents already knew each other at this time. I think the two families knew each other. They were both Enfield families, North London. Their families grew up almost side by side. And then in 1947 my parents were married in Enfield Baptist Church.

During the war, my mum was in the ATS, the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Women's army, basically. She signed up quite early, really. She could only be very, very young, born in 1925; when war broke out, she was only fourteen, in 1939. So maybe three years later, or maybe she waited until she was eighteen to join the ATS. She was a teleprint operator, some of the time in Dover Castle—or rather, *under* Dover Castle, because it was in the tunnels under Dover Castle where they did all that secret work. Dover Castle was

right in the firing line, of course. Only 26 miles away from Hitler's guns, which would fire over the channel, and shells would explode randomly. So Mum was standing in the house where she was staying and was looking out the window at the field in front of the house when the field blew up. That was a shell coming over the channel.

She also worked for the post office. She left school early and joined the post office. Or maybe she joined the post office after the war. That I don't know. But she worked in the post office many years as a post office counter clerk, even after my sister and I were born. She was working in a *sub*-post office, a bit like the post offices we see around here in drug stores.

As a family, we went to St. Paul's Presbyterian church and sang in the choir. We used to go to organ recitals at Enfield Parish Church [St. Andrew's], which was of course the Church of England. And my dad one day, at one of these recitals, said to Eric Pask, the organist at that particular recital and also organist of the church, 'Is there any chance you could teach my son to play the organ?'

And he was a little bit stand-offish at first, and then he said, 'Well, does he have an organ on which to practise?'

'Yes, of course. We have the organ at St. Paul's.'

And then all of a sudden it was all systems go. And so, I started organ lessons with Eric when I was 12. That was in 1966. And it's a remarkably short time, actually, from the age of 12 to the age of 18. That's only six years, no time at all, but very formative years. A lot can happen. Eventually I became assistant organist to Eric at St. Andrew's Parish Church and was able to play for the choir—for his choir—for services. And then of course the choir often went up to sing in cathedrals, not just in London but in other parts of the country. And so I would go along and play for them. We played in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral and St. Edmundsbury Cathedral and many other churches. I was playing in these places when I was seventeen. Only five years after starting organ lessons and here I am playing in these places.

That was a very, very instructive, informative time and extremely good training. That *is* extremely good training for any organist. And that's what every organist—every aspiring *church* organist should do. Of course, if you have organ lessons you have to know how to play the piano first. That's very, very important: that you know the piano and the keyboard first, before even attempting to figure out the organ. And of course, I started piano when I was six.

My family appreciated that that's how it is when you're taking up music: you have to be where the music is—best music is. So that's how I became associated with the Church of England: it was a richer music tradition. It *is* a richer music tradition than the Presbyterian church in which I grew up—even though I have to say that a lot of the choral music which I grew up with, we sing today here at All Saints' Cathedral, Edmonton, Alberta. It's music I grew up with at St. Paul's. We sang a lot of good church music repertoire. Robert Southgate was the organist at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, and he was very helpful in my instruction too.

So, I have these mentors in my life—Bob Southgate and Eric Pask—especially Eric Pask. Often when I'm conducting a choir these days, or playing the organ, I think, '*What would Eric do?*' I still have Eric's markings on some of my organ scores. So, you know, he instructs me to this day.

I wouldn't call mine an over-religious family. We just had Christian values in the household, and we went to church every Sunday. What is a Christian value? What is Christendom? Be kind to people. Love thy neighbour. And my mum and dad, they were fantastic. I observed them taking care of people a lot of the time. And a lot of church groups would meet in our house—meetings, and youth meetings. We were physically very close to the church—only about a three-minutes walk, so Dad was always going back and forth doing stuff there, fixing things. He was a good fixer. He was a good creator, too. He was a metal worker; he was a wood worker; he knew how to put things together. He was forever doing that *at* the church.

I can't think of anybody in our road who went to that church. Our immediate neighbours didn't go to church (we lived in a semi-detached house). And the people on the other side didn't. And the people on the other side of them, they didn't go to church either. In fact, I can't think of anybody who'd go to church in our road! Very odd. Well, Miss Eileen Sullivan. Eileen Sullivan was my piano teacher from the age of six till about fifteen or sixteen. *She* went to the Baptist church in Edmonton. So, I would see her striding down the road on a Sunday in her high heels, purposefully.

I grew up with two pianos; we had two pianos in the *front room*. (English houses have front rooms and back rooms, not living rooms and whatever.) It was facing north, so it was cold. And we had two pianos. And my sister Lindsay and I, we used to play piano duets—two-piano duets—and sometimes Auntie Daphne came over and *she* would play two-piano duets with me. That was *great* fun. She'd come loaded up with all this two-piano stuff. And that's excellent reading practice, excellent sight-reading, music-reading practice: just to sit down and play, with another person, you know, play a duet. Because you have to keep going, can't stop. It feels like orchestral playing when you're playing two pianos. It's very, very exciting.

I went to St. Andrew's Church of England Primary School from the age of four-and-a-half to eleven. Church of England primary school where sometimes we'd have a holiday on high and holy days. I remember we had a half-day on Ascension Day, and a half-day on St. Andrew's Day, being our patron saint. Yes, we'd all go to church in the morning—the whole school would go to church at St. Andrew's church. And, of course, then I had no idea I would become so associated with St. Andrew's church later, as assistant organist.

So, there I was in St. Andrew's Church of England Primary School, looking out the window wistfully at new Routemaster buses as they lined up. The Enfield terminus was just outside the school. Routemaster buses were invented in 1958, so they were pretty new and spiffy. It was a very interesting and convenient place to live, in Enfield, 'cause there we were in Enfield *town*, very close to all the amenities, very close to the shops. And behind our house there was the town park. Actually, from my bedroom, I just looked out at green and more green, 'cause there was the bowling green, the town park, the new river, and beyond that, the golf course going up the hill. That's what I could see: green—and huge deciduous trees. So that was a lovely, lovely view from my bedroom window.

So, there we were, right in Enfield town. And equidistant from the house were the two railway stations—Enfield Chase Station and Enfield Town Station, so we had a choice of trains to go up to town, up to London, and it would only take 25 minutes to get there. So, we would be going off to London fairly often to see concerts and exhibitions—things like the Boys and Girls Exhibition at Olympia. That was always a great treat.

I joined the Cub Scouts. I didn't go on to become a Scout because scouting was on Friday night, and that was choir practice night, and so I had to go and sing instead. So, you know, my knot-tying skills are not great, because I didn't join the Scouts. However, I should say that my mum's knot-tying skills were tremendous. I was just in *awe* when she was doing up parcels, not so long ago, and all these different knots. Because she grew up in sort of a scouting family, and both her parents were leaders in this Scout movement. And when my mum was growing up and being around her mum and dad in the Scout movement and being there with all the Scouts and so on, all the Scouts just treated Mum as their little sister. "Little Mary." It was rather sweet, actually, because when all these young men went away to the war, they all wrote to Mary, just to write. They wanted to write to somebody, so they wrote to their little sister Mary. Very sweet. Some of them didn't come back, but I think most of them did, actually.

So, back to my modest childhood. Joined the Cubs. Didn't tie knots. . .

Oh, *holidays!* We used to go to the same place every year, for the first eight years of my life, to the same place, to Mudeford, south coast, and rented a chalet [beach hut], in which we stayed for three weeks. I remember, when Mum was sweeping up, there was a convenient hole in the floor of the chalet. She just swept all the sand down the hole. It shouldn't have been there, but it just happened to be there. It was a chalet without a loo. We'd have to all traipse down the beach to the public loos. That's what everybody had to do, so the loo was a great meeting place—like the post office in a small village.

We used to stay in the chalet and take off our shoes and socks at the beginning of the trip and then put them on at the end. That sort of trip. Three weeks, messing around in boats—the boat that my dad built—rowing around the harbour. The view from the bunk-bedroom where Lindsay and I slept: through the round window we could see the Solent, and on the other side of the Solent is the Isle of Wight, and the Needles of the Isle of Wight (the Needles are the chalk stacks), and the lighthouse. We would sort of look wistfully at this every night, little knowing that our parents would move there. They didn't even think about it then. This was up to 1962. They didn't even *think* of moving until 1985.

I lived in the same house for 18 years, until I left home and went to Manchester. When I finished school at 18, I was accepted to the Royal Manchester College of Music. I went for an interview. It was very exciting going for an interview in Manchester, so far away from home. When I was sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, I was a scholarship-holder at the Royal College of Music in London, and during my time at the Royal College of Music (RCM), there were many of us who went to a class on a Saturday morning which was specifically designed to get us into the RCM as full-time students. It was a class on how to pass the entrance exam. So, we would sit in the class and write entrance exams every Saturday.

One always applies to many places, so I had applied to the Guildhall School of Music, to the Trinity School of Music, and Royal Manchester College. For some reason I didn't apply to the Royal Academy; I don't know why that was. Anyway, I got into all those places, but of course I had to choose one. So, I chose Royal Manchester. The next week I went into the RCM, and our tutor, she said, "Well, congratulations to everybody, and of course we're all coming, aren't we?" And I put up my hand and I said, "Well, actually, I'm going to go to Manchester instead." She thought that was a little odd.

I chose Manchester partly because they offered me a scholarship. That was pretty neat. And it was far away and exciting. Exotic! It was far away and something new,

totally new. Yes, totally new, because people talk funny up there, and it's a different way of life, really. Very *honest* people up there.

I was there for five years. I went initially to do a three-year graduate course. I did that, and then I stayed on for another year to do a performance diploma in piano accompaniment. And then I stayed on for a post-graduate year to study organ with Gillian Weir—Dame Gillian Weir—which was a great honour—just to gather more repertoire, and then to make *another* decision about where to go. And that decision was to go to Geneva, to the Conservatoire there. I was there for just two years. I imagined myself being a répétiteur for an opera company. I *imagined* that.

Then, while I was sitting in the Conservatoire de Musique Genève, waiting to go in for my *eliminatoire* examination, which is the examination which precedes the big one, a friend of mine, Darryl Nixon, came in to wish me luck, and he said, 'Oh, by the way, I've just got this advertisement in the mail this morning.'

Darryl's Canadian, from Winnipeg, and he was sent this advertisement for the post of director of music at All Saints' Anglican Cathedral, Edmonton, suggesting that he might want to apply for it because he was getting into that stage where he needed to find a job. So, he handed it to me, and he said, 'You need a job; you try this.' I remember him saying, 'I can't imagine anything worse than living in Edmonton.'

But I said, "I'll give it a try."

I sent off an application and then forgot about it; I thought, 'Well, that's that.' Then, strangely enough, I found myself in Winnipeg, as one does, that summer, and while I was there, I thought, '*Well, I'll just drop Edmonton a line.*' So, I wrote them a note, and I just put it in a mailbox which I didn't really trust, because a mailbox in Britain is firmly attached to a building, or it's firmly attached in the ground. It doesn't move. So, I thought, '*What is this thing? Somebody could just walk off with it.*' But anyway, I put my 17¢ stamp on my note, and that was that.

Then Russell Brown, the dean of this cathedral, phoned me up in Winnipeg! He said, 'Come and see us; get on the next plane. Come and see us; we'll interview you.'

So, I did.

I hadn't heard from them in all the intervening time. Odd, isn't it? But then, meeting them later, I can understand that! Anyway, it was just very convenient that I was there in the country.

So, I came to Edmonton, and that was very exciting to me because I flew from Winnipeg to Edmonton on a flight that was actually going from Winnipeg to Los Angeles, back in the day when Air Canada did that sort of thing. And I came to Edmonton, and Russell Brown—the then dean—came and picked me up in his station wagon at the airport, and we had a riotous journey back to the city. And it was Klondike Days, so we did all the parade things. And then in the evening, we had my interview in the cathedral.

The committee was sitting around. I played, and Dr. George Monckton made noises like, "I don't think you need to go anywhere else." So that was that. They didn't ask me *anything* about choral directing. Nobody *mentioned* the choir. Nothing *at all*. It was just organ-playing, even though there was a choir then in existence. It was very odd because in the present day, that's all I think about. I just think about the choir and choral music. I hardly think about organ music. It's totally the other way around—as it should be.

The women used to wear hats—mortar boards. Floppy mortar boards. So, I said at the first rehearsal, ‘Okay, ladies. Hats off.’

‘What?!’

‘Yes. Hats off.’

Well of course this was the choir which I had inherited from Hugh Bancroft, and let’s face it: I’m 26, and what do I know?

I’d say, ‘We do it like this.’

‘We *don’t* do it like this,’ *they* said. ‘Mr. Bancroft doesn’t do it like this.’

And I said, ‘Well, you just do it *my* way now.’

Most of them were twice my age—three times my age! Some of them left. Some of them were pushed. Yes, I was a bit ruthless thinking about it. Yes, I did have an interesting time.

And of course, three years after I started here the Apocalypse Banners arrived—the *Apocalypse Banners*, dear to my heart. And I couldn’t believe that so many people who loved music donated money—*money!*—to put these banners up, which of course are made of many, many, many square feet of absorbent material, taking away the sound of the choir and the organ.

And there used to be carpet in the chancel, too, and it took a long time to get it out. They put new carpet down just shortly after I arrived. Thick nylon carpet which would never wear out. The dean brought that up. ‘Look at this. It’s 5/8^{ths} of an inch thick. It will never wear out.’ *Oh, great.*

It took seven years to get rid of it. And then Barbara Howarth generously donated the money in memory of her husband to put a parquet floor down. So, then I tried something else, to improve the acoustics *more*: I arranged to have the ceiling painted. We painted all the tiles—cork tiles—with semi-gloss paint. That changed the acoustics again. And it gave me something I wasn’t expecting. It gave me *clarity*—well, it gave me reverberation, *some* reverberation, but clarity was the main thing. So, I had to improve my organ-playing.

In my youth, I always went to an organ recital on the first Tuesday of the month at Enfield Parish Church, which Eric Pask arranged. He would either play there himself or have guests. So, I did exactly the same thing here for several years. I gave a recital on the first Tuesday of every month.

The job here has always been part-time, so I started looking for more work. It was a bit slow-going at the start, at the beginning, because what is there to do? How do I get extra work? Certainly, it began in ’81 with the orchestra—the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra. I played with the orchestra for the first time in ’81—a Poulenc concerto—and from there on in, I was hired by the orchestra. It was great.

Oh, and Pro Coro. That started in 1980, so that was very soon after I arrived. I was in at the first rehearsal of Pro Coro, acting as rehearsal pianist. For how many years? Thirty years or something? Lots of choirs have sprung up since then. Pro Coro was the first “serious” choir—though the Richard Eaton Singers have been going since Richard Eaton started it back in . . . whatever year [1951]. And Da Camera Singers has been around for a while [since 1961].

Anyway, so many, many choirs. I have often played for them. Cantilon, Da Camera, I Coristi, Chronos. University choirs—Madrigal Singers, the concert choir . . . Of course, Leonard Ratzlaff is very instrumental in making all these choirs happen because

many of the people who started the choirs are his students [at the University of Alberta]. So, he *is* Mr. Choral Music in Edmonton. He's indirectly responsible for all these choirs that have sprung up. I've known him since '81.

Of course, things were a little different here from home, and a little different from the Church of England. But that was softened a little bit by being involved with the American Episcopal Church in Geneva. I was there for two years, and I was the organist and choir director. So, I was getting used to North American ways—maybe perhaps a *little* more informal than the stiff and starchy Church of England. Yeah. But it differs from church to church. I didn't even mention Bowden Parish Church in south Manchester. Wonderful! I was there for less than two years, but it seemed like longer than that because I was having such a good time. Bowden Parish Church is in the stockbroker belt of Manchester, and it's got a lot of people with a lot of old money. And it's in a conservation area, so every time I go back to Bowden, it looks the same. Nothing changes. I ran the choir there, and we had an extraordinarily good time.

And my good friend Gordon Stewart—I haven't seen him for years, actually, but he was very helpful in these formative years when I was at college. He was two years ahead of me. Fantastic organist and very good choir director. And I was his assistant for many years, in various churches in the Manchester area. He's another person, really, whether he likes it or not, who is probably a mentor to me. So, I also think, "What would Gordon Stewart do?" in certain situations.

If we had a service without any music, I would certainly notice it. I would notice the lack of it. There would be a dimension missing to the service. And this dimension . . . we can sort of live in this dimension. We can live in it like an house. Create music, and you can sort of see beyond it, see *through* the music to something . . . to something glorious. I can't think, I can't put it into words. How can you put music into words? The feeling of what music does for us. The feeling we have when we listen to music and when we perform music. As somebody said once, when you sing, you're praying twice.

I remember when my dad died. I found out at 5 pm on that day. I spoke to my mum, and she told me the news. 5pm. I had to deal with that fact, and then 15 minutes later, I had to take choir practice. It was at an odd time, a 5:15 choir practice, because I had to be at the Jubilee Auditorium to play on stage at the dress rehearsal of the *Liverpool Oratorio* by Paul McCartney. And so, at 5 o'clock I find out this devastating news, and fifteen minutes later I find myself taking choir practice. And when we sang the hymns—in fact, all that the choir sang at that rehearsal—it was like listening to a choir of angels. It was quite extraordinary, because the space that I was then in, having had this shocking news . . . Yes, they sounded like angels. And all the words of all the hymns made total sense. Everything fitted into how I was feeling at the time. It was really quite remarkable. And that was extremely helpful.

Then I have to go play the oratorio. And, would you believe, there's a movement in that piece called "My Father." I got through that somehow. It was a strange day.

So, all that was incredibly helpful, and I don't know what I would have done had I not had that advantage of being here and people singing to me. It was a great privilege to receive that, and then the *people* in this place also were quite—*are* quite remarkable.

When my sister Lindsay died a few years ago, I remember playing for the 12:10 pm service on the Thursday, on the day she died. I had to play the 12:10 service, and I was not

in a good space at the end of it. I sort of broke down emotionally. But it was *because* of the love of the community which I found incredibly moving, and helpful, and restorative. To have all these people around me, being very caring. *That's* when I became emotionally unhinged. I realized that these people—it is the *living* that heal us and help us through these trying times—the Holy Spirit working through these people.

I have been in Edmonton a long time now. I like to see the city growing. I like to see buildings going up and making it a *big* city. And I'm proud to be part of it. I love watching the city grow, and I love watching the airport grow. And I get very distressed when air services are cut! Very disappointing. I hope for better times, and I hope we'll get another service to somewhere else!

It was the same thing in Manchester because I was away from London. You see, at one time I thought London was the centre of the world. Well, it was the center of the British Empire, wasn't it? So, there I was growing up at what I thought was the centre of the world because it was there at the middle of the world map. But I like to see these other places which I call home change and grow, and I can say proudly, "Yes, we have a direct flight to London."

And then there's the Cathedral. How many deans have I served under? I'll list them all. Russell Brown hired me. J. Russell Brown. And then Harry Dawson appeared. And then after Harry Dawson, we had Harold Munn. Harold Munn was dean for twelve years. And after Harold Munn, we had Greg Kerr-Wilson. And then after Greg Kerr-Wilson, I think we had Jane [Alexander]. Yes. Jane after Greg. And then after Jane we had Lee Bezanson, and after Lee Bezanson, we had Neil Gordon. I think that's correct. I think that's seven.

And it really is quite remarkable because I could have blown a gasket. Often clergy-musician relations fall; they come apart. But one has to be very careful if one wants to retain the job of musician! You can't really get on your high horse too much and say, "Well, I'll just go somewhere else then." Because, actually, there's no where else to go, so it's no good saying that. If I was somewhere in Britain, or London, there'd be many places. There's only one place here. I did consider other places from time to time, but I'm very busy with the orchestra and so on. And I've made a lot of friends here.

When I think about what could or should be happening in "the Church," I only think of this one because every church has its own thing. I just think of ways to enhance what we do *here*. Of course, I think a lot about why the church isn't getting the people *in* as it used to do. In fact, I remember Gordon Stewart on his visit here in 1983, when we had the Choral Eucharist. At the end he said, 'That was so good, I want to do it all over again.' I think that was with a congregation of about 300—yes, 250 or 300 on a regular Sunday. We aren't *quite that* at the moment.

I would like to see the music of the cathedral as a more important ingredient and something that people are attracted to, to enhance their experience of the liturgy, to take them to another plane, to another realm, by listening to music or participating in music. I would like to see the music here to be perhaps *marketed* in such a way that people would be attracted and say, 'Oh, is that what they do there? I must go and listen.' But in order to do that, in order to keep those people, who perhaps by chance come across what we do here musically, if they enter the cathedral on a Sunday morning, I want everything *else* in the service to be of the same quality, and I want things in the liturgy to be "sharpened up," if

you like. At the moment, I have to say, that there are a lot of words in the service. I think there are too many spoken words, that the proportion, the *ratio* between music and the spoken word—I think we need to look into that a little bit.

So, these people who might be coming for the music, I don't want them to be turned off by the rest of the service which needs to be shaped up quite a lot in order to make them stay—to make them come back again.

What is it that we *do*? And how do we get people *in* to experience that? An *act* of worship, like a drama. If we make the church service *too* much like the other things, we do all the time, then it's not a special place. That's why in a lot of poor areas—certainly in Britain, in a very poor district—you might find a very high church. So, you go into the church, and you experience that which you can't possibly have at home—incense and bells and vestments. High Anglican church.

I can't say I think much about the church's "mission" beyond that. The church *is*, isn't it? So, on a Sunday morning, my purpose is to get out of bed and get here in time for the 9:15! Well, it's more, but I can't express it in words. I do look forward to a Sunday, I have to say. It really is an extraordinary day. It's unlike any other day. And when I come here on a Sunday, it feels like I'm coming into a *church*. It doesn't feel much like that during the week; it feels like I'm coming to an office building. People have different goals, different mindsets during the week. But then on a Sunday, it's different.

When we all collect in the choir room, that's a very happy time. And then when we all collect with the clergy and crucifer and candle-bearers in the hall, when we're about to begin the service—the anticipation! And everyone is here to do the same thing. People can just *drop* all their commitments and their distractions and concerns in their secular lives and just leave them on the doorstep. Time seems suspended. So sometimes I want that service to go on for a long, long time, because I love what I do, and in some ways it's too bad it has to come to an end.

Notes

George Monckton was the head of neurology at the University of Alberta. He was married to Jean Monckton, a lawyer who gave up her career to marry and raise children and who wrote *All Saints' Anglican Cathedral, 1875 - 1975* to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the parish in 1975.

Hugh Bancroft was British-born organist, composer, and choir master. Bancroft had served in several churches and cathedrals in England and Canada before he came to All Saints' Cathedral in Edmonton, Alberta, in 1958. Upon Bancroft's arrival at All Saints', the parish set up an Organ Fund for the construction of an instrument worthy of the new cathedral building (completed in 1956). The organ was designed by Bancroft, built by Casavant Frères of Quebec, and installed in 1959. (In 2009, it was restored under Jeremy Spurgeon's supervision). Bancroft remained at All Saints' until his retirement in 1980. While in Edmonton, he also taught in the Department of Music at the University of Alberta from 1968 to 1977.

For more information on Bancroft, see Jean Monckton's book, mentioned above, or Jeffery Anderson's article, "Hugh Bancroft," in the on-line *The Canadian Encyclopedia* at <https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/hugh-bancroft-emc>.

The Apocalypse Banners - All Saints' Cathedral is home to the Apocalypse Banners, a series of seven banners depicting the breaking of the seven seals in the Book of Revelation, chapters six to ten. Commissioned in 1976 by the CBC as a backdrop for a multi-media theatrical production called *Apocalypse* (composed by R. Murray Schafer), the banners were designed by textile artist Marion Spanjerdt, according to a concept by Leo Del Pasqua. In addition to designing each banner, Spanjerdt bought all the fabric and thread, cut and pinned everything in place, and oversaw the sewing and stitching done by volunteers at five Ontario churches. When the intended 1977 production of *Apocalypse* was cancelled due to lack of funds, the banners were loaned to various churches, universities, and cultural centres in Canada and the U.S.. In 1980, *Apocalypse* was performed at last in London, Ontario. In 1983, needing a permanent home, the banners came to reside at All Saints' Cathedral, Edmonton, a structure widely believed to be the perfect setting for them.

In 2015, *Apocalypse* was resurrected in a staggeringly huge and complex production at Toronto's Sony Centre for the Performing Arts as part of the Luminata Festival. The banners, however, remained safely at home in All Saints' Cathedral.

For more information, see the following: *The Apocalypse Banners* leaflet available at All Saints' Anglican Cathedral; *Art of the Spirit: Contemporary Canadian Fabric Art* by Helen Bradfield, Joan Pringle, and Judy Ridout (Toronto: Dundurn Press, 1992); and, the article "Apocalypse," by Andrew McIntosh and Kirk Mackenzie, in the online *The Canadian Encyclopedia* at <<https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/apocalypse-emc>>.

Deans of the Cathedral during Jeremy's sojourn here – Since my interview/conversation with Jeremy, Neil Gordon retired, Alan Perry served as interim or acting dean for several months, and Alexandra Meek began her ministry as the current dean, stepping into the position on January 1, 2020.