

during two wars, these crippled boys of The He* have taught maimed soldiers their trades, showing them how, in spite of physical disabilities, good work can still be done.

At The Heritage the children are taught to ignore their afflictions. They learn that the body doesn't matter at all if the spirit is triumphant. The play, acted so wonderfully today, is witness of this truth. That four unlettered cripples could hold an audience of all ages for an hour is yet another proof of the Love Triumphant of their Producer, and Commandant.

Always I shall hold the picture in my mind of that lovely Chapel of St. Martin on Palm Sunday; of the sunlight filtering through the stained glass windows and sparkling upon the golden pollen of pussy-willow, lighting the beautifully blended colours worn by those humble peasant actors, russet and rose and tender blue, yellow and green and brown; clothes so wonderfully designed and fashioned out of the faded wrappings which protected generous gifts for the 'blitzed' babes on their long voyage across the Atlantic by that loving artist and old friend of The Heritage, Mrs. Aitken, who, for years, has dressed their famous 'Pilgrimage to Bethlehem' at Christmas.

And at the door the tricolour flag of France held high and a great salver draped with blue, white and red, filled with shining silver coins and notes.

The children of The Heritage follow the example of their Patron Saint, St. Martin, and with their cloaks succour and shelter the starving children of France.

WINIFRED FORTESCUE



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PALM
SUNDAY
AT THE HERITAGE
CHAILEY

By The Hon. Lady Fortescue

TODAY I have had great comfort for a very sad heart from crippled children of The Heritage at Chailey. Sometime ago I talked to them about the France I know and love so well, of her betrayal by vile politicians, her present pitiful plight and her unbroken spirit. I told them of the great Army of the Resistance and of the courage of her little children who, though literally starving, cannot be daunted or quelled.

The boys of the Heritage decided to act a play in their lovely Chapel of St. Martin to help the children of France, and today, Palm Sunday, it was most beautifully enacted in that perfect setting.

When I arrived at that Place of Peace, I found a Guard of Honour of boys a waiting me. The foremost proudly held a great tricolour flag. They escorted me to my place in the Chapel where I found a spray of blest palm lying on my seat. Soon the play began and, for an hour, everyone in that crowded Chapel was held spellbound by the beauty of that play, acted with such deep sincerity by four of the crippled boys who, by the untiring love and ceaseless care they have received at The Heritage, have so triumphed over their disabilities that, as one watched their movements, so beautifully timed and heard their perfect diction, one forgot completely their affliction. Each boy was the character he depicted and I, for one, forgot that I was sitting in the Chapel of St. Martin watching a play. I shared with those humble peasants their anxiety lest their young son's enthusiasm for this extraordinary Carpenter of Nazareth, who had called him 'fellow craftsman' and immediately captured his young heart and mind, would cause the boy to neglect his trade of carpentering upon which the little household relied for bread, I rejoiced with them when a Roman soldier

brought them a contract for his work—until I knew that the order was for a cross to be made. Who for? One Jesus, a carpenter of Nazareth.....

I suffered with their boy, David, when the horrible truth dawned upon him that he, to save his ancient parents from starvation, must make that cross for the torture of the man who had inspired his love. This scene^ as the boy fashioned the cross, alone, planing and hammering, then bowing his anguished face upon the wood, raising it and going doggedly on until again overwhelmed by his passion of sorrow, was unutterably poignant and when, his dreadful work completed, he shouldered the heavy cross that he had made and carried it slowly down the aisle, his tortured eyes and the hand, touched by the Carpenter of Nazareth when he called him 'fellow craftsman', sometimes stretched before his eyes as he marvelled how that same hand could have fashioned a cross of death for so wonderful a Friend; the pain of it was almost unbearable.

But afterwards came comfort, for that Friend appeared again, and walked and talked with David, telling him that He understood, smiling into his eyes and touching his hand again with a palm scarred by a cruel nail. Love had triumphed over death. Love is always triumphant. And I remembered Watt's picture, hung above the polished wooden staircase, so wonderfully made by the crippled boys of The Heritage for the house of their beloved Commandant, Mrs. Kimmins, 'Love Triumphant'. For it is her love that has triumphed in the creation of The Heritage which now shelters 400 crippled boys and girls where once seven children were brought up with her own sons.

These cripples are taught trades, and do the most wonderful work. They even teach others and now,