

Friday 16 February, 2018

*A sermon preached by the Dean, the Very Revd Dr Andreas Loewe
at the Memorial Service For Professor Anthony Bailey*

'You still owe me a letter', Anthony told me the last time I visited him to bring him communion. And that's still true: I still owed Anthony a thank you letter for a generous contribution to the Cathedral's Music Foundation, when he died on Boxing Day last year. I had written it, but in the hectic run up to Christmas had not yet posted it. Anthony was a delightful, inveterate correspondent: in his characteristic strong hand, on crested notepaper, he would comment on sermons preached well, services conducted with dignity, music performed with aplomb; would enclose donations, newspaper cuttings with his correspondence.

Anthony was a renaissance man. With a clear idea of decorum and chivalry – literally, for many years, as the bailiff of the Yugoslav branch of the Knights Hospitaller of the Order of St John of Jerusalem – Anthony was a dignified ambassador of this Cathedral church for a generation. His interests were as wide ranging as his commitment to serving the cause of others: from medieval and contemporary heraldry, to the timeless cadences of the *Book of Common Prayer*. I remember his delight when Anthony found out that I, too, was an armiger, and his animated conversation, reflecting on Cambridge – and the university's lion d'or guardant, the use of open and closed books in shields, and how azure was such a wonderfully Australian colour for use in a coat of arms.

Anthony and Gina made Australia home, though it was very clear that there was a part of Anthony that was forever England. He was born in London in 1933, the son of a banker and a journalist, attending school at Ardingley in Sussex – St Saviour's College at Ardingley, to give it its full name. Anthony's faith and appreciation of high-church liturgy was shaped there: the school is one of the Anglo-Catholic foundations of the Church of England; indeed, until recently, our own Bishop Lindsay Urwin was the school's provost. After school, Anthony came up to Cambridge, where he read law at Trinity Hall – and it is wonderful to have a fellow student from his time there, Fr. Brian Porter, robed among us today. Anthony managed to make his father's career his own, and give it a new direction: he became an investment banker – a profession, he told me, that was reflected by the 50-cent shaped emblem on his arms. It was his work at Schrodgers that brought him to Melbourne in 1974.

Anthony did not forget his academic interest in law. Indeed, when he concluded his directorship at Schrodgers in 1983, he embarked on a second career, as an associate professor in Accountancy and International Financial Law at RMIT. His interest in law was practical and ethical, but remained firmly fiscal; leading to publications such as his 'Legal and Ethical Questions of Contingency or Success Fees, Particularly if Developed in US Style in UK and Australia' and many more. And that was only his working life. In his 'spare time' Anthony served countless organisations: at St Paul's, where he and Gina soon after their arrival here made their spiritual home, as an inspiring secretary of the Friends, head welcomer and founding trustee of our Music Foundation; at St Michael's Grammar School as a Governor and chair of the board, at the Christian Schools' Australia Victorian branch as chair of the education committee, and a member of the CSA national education

committee; just as he served as chair (then called executive vice-chair) of the Lord Mayor's Charitable Foundation, chair of the Prayer Book Society, and board-member of the Australian Council for Christians and Jews, and the Grainger Museum, and many more.

When Anthony died, a day before Gina's birthday, after 55 years of married life, he had come to the end of a life-journey during which he came to inhabit the firm and certain trust in the resurrection to eternal life. In his final stages of life, it was Gina and the family, the Prayer Book, heraldry and his work with the Order of St John, that were recurrent conversation pieces: his delight in Gina, Jane, Edward and Felicity; the joy of seeing Thomas, Catherine, Anna, Jeremy, Alanna, Julia and Charlotte doing so well. His pleasure in serving others through the the service of the poor and 'being someone rather important' in the Order of St John, and his life-time's practise of making the phrases of the Prayer Book his own – 'Almighty God unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid' – all that interspersed with a story about a delightful lunch or two at the College of Arms in London with Garter King of Arms, or Norroy and Ulster – these were the concerns he shared with me.

The readings Gina and the family have chosen to mark today, speak of the certainty of the resurrection hope by way of a journey. Jesus naturally assumes that his disciples had listened fully and care-fully to his predictions about his death and suffering, and his promise that he would be with them forever: 'I go to prepare a place for you', Jesus reminded them. And added, 'and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; so that where I am, there you may be also'. And as he tells them that he is to be first and forerunner, who opens life eternal to them, he concludes, 'and where I go you know, and the way you know'. This left the disciples utterly bewildered: they had listened, but not understood; had heard, but not comprehended what it was that Jesus was trying to tell them.

And it is Thomas – the one who will later question the physical resurrection 'for the greater confirmation of the faith', as the Prayer Book has it – who speaks for all of them: 'Lord, we do not know where you are going, and how can we know the way?' And Jesus tells them that he himself is the way, and that what he says will be true – for he is the truth – and that life is forever – for he is the life. And that where he is going, and where we may go – the home that he makes for us – is with his heavenly Father, 'No one comes to the Father except through me'.

Today, as we recall him with thanksgiving, let us give thanks first of all for Anthony's firm and certain hope that this new life that Christ has brought is indeed true. Let us give thanks that, at an early age at school, he took up the invitation to embark on life's journey in following Jesus, the Way; that he strove to perceive what was good and true, and to use his many gifts – personal and monetary – to share generously the life that Jesus shares with us. Let us give thanks that Anthony persevered in this faith throughout his life, and that, at the end, he died, blessed by this faith and strengthened by the sacraments of the church – equipped for his final part of the Way. A Way that to us who remain behind may yet, as for Thomas, be uncertain, but that for those who have entered into the place prepared for them by Christ is light and life and love.

And it is to that life and that light, that we commend Anthony to the One who called him by name, and now has called him to rest; and it is in that love that we comfort one another, as we grieve his loss.

Now unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.