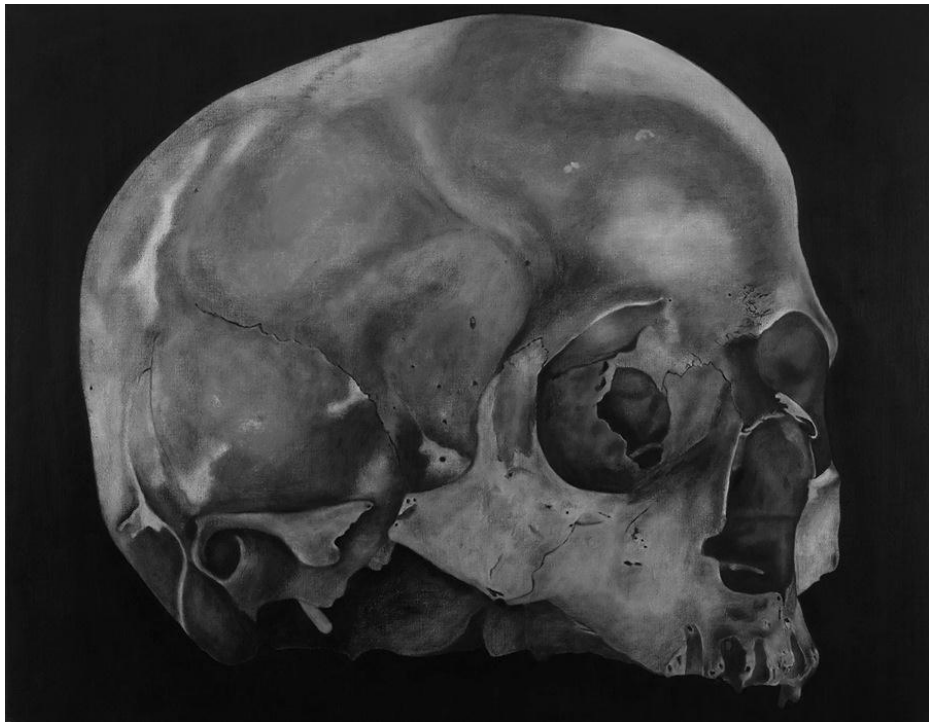


St John's College Chapel



‘And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull,
which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha’ *John 19 v. 17*

A Meditation on the Passion of Christ

Sunday 11 March 2012

The congregation is requested to be as quiet as possible during the organ music.

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Played by Freddie James

Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir (BWV 686)
Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir (BWV 687)
Vor deinen Thron tret' ich hiermit (BWV 668)
O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig (BWV 618)

*Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)*

Played by John Challenger

Prélude, Fugue et Variation (Op. 18)

*César Franck
(1822–1890)*

Valet will ich dir geben (BWV 736)

*Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)*

ORDER OF SERVICE

ANTIPHON FOR PALM SUNDAY

Sung in the Ante-Chapel

Hosanna filio David; benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini,
Rex Israel. Hosanna in excelsis.

*Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,
The King of Israel. Hosanna in the highest.*

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

¶ *Stand*

*All glory, laud and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.*

1. Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.

3. The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

2. The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

4. To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

5. Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

*Words translated from the Latin
hymn of St Theodulph of Orleans
by John Mason Neale (1818–1866)*

Tune VALET WILL ICH DIE GEBEN
*Melchior Tescher (c.1613)
adapted by J.S. Bach*

I GETHSEMANE

¶ *Remain standing*

SENTENCE

Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou not required: then said I, Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, O my God.

Minister I will receive the cup of salvation.
Response **And call upon the name of the Lord.**

ANTIPHON

On the Mount of Olives he prayed to the Father: Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me. The spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

READING

¶ *Sit*

GOOD FRIDAY, 1613. RIDING WESTWARD

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motions, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends towards the east.
There I should see a sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on this cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?

It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands that span the poles,
And turn all spheres at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for his apparel, ragg'd, and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They are present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore thine image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

*Author John Donne
(1571–1631)*

ANTHEMS

HEAR MY PRAYER, O LORD

Hear my prayer, O Lord,
and let my crying come unto thee.

Words *Psalm 102 v. 1*

Music *Henry Purcell*
(1659–1695)

NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

O brothers, pray for me,
and help me to drive old Satan away.
O mothers, pray for me,
and help me to drive old Satan away.

GO DOWN, MOSES

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
“Thus spake the Lord”, bold Moses said,
“If not, I'll smite your first-born dead”.

Words *anonymous, 19th century*

Music *Spiritual*
Arr. *Michael Tippett*
(1905–1989)

SAINT LUKE 22 verses 39–54

And Jesus came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

And while he yet spake, behold a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss him. But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? When they which were about him saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword? And one of them smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right ear. And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him. Then Jesus said unto the chief priests, and captains of the temple, and the elders, which were come to him, Be ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves? When I was daily with you in the temple, ye stretched forth no hands against me: but this is your hour, and the power of darkness. Then took they him, and led him, and brought him into the high priest's house.

COLLECT

Lord Jesus Christ, who in the Garden of Gethsemane didst pray with agony and bloody sweat that thy Father's will be done; grant that the same mind be formed also in us, that dying to sin and selfishness we may rise to life with thee: who now livest and reignest with the same Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. **Amen.**

MOTET

¶ *Sit*

WASH ME THOROUGHLY

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness,
and forgive me all my sin.
For I acknowledge my faults
and my sin is ever before me.

Words *Psalm 51 vv. 2–3*

Music *Samuel Sebastian Wesley*
(1810–1876)

HYMN

¶ *Stand*

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
Is all their breath,
And for his death
They thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
To suffering goes,
That he his foes
From thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

Words *Samuel Crossman*
(1624–1683)

Tune LOVE UNKNOWN
John Ireland
(1879–1962)

II THE TRIAL

¶ *Remain standing*

SENTENCE

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.

Minister Give sentence with me, O God, and defend my cause against the ungodly people.

Response **O deliver me from the deceitful and wicked man.**

ANTIPHON

They delivered me into the hands of the ungodly and numbered me amongst the workers of wickedness. They have not spared my soul. Mighty men are gathered together as my enemies and giants have taken their stand against me. Foreigners have risen against me, and the mighty seek my life.

READINGS

¶ *Sit*

An Extract from

A GRIEF OBSERVED

But oh God, tenderly, tenderly. Already month by month and week by week you broke her body on the wheel whilst she still wore it. Is it not yet enough? The terrible thing is that a perfectly good God is in this matter hardly less formidable than a Cosmic Sadist. The more we believe that God hurts only to heal, the less we can believe that there is any use in begging for tenderness. A cruel man might be bribed—might grow tired of his vile sport—might have a temporary fit of mercy, as alcoholics have fits of sobriety. But suppose that what you are up against is a surgeon whose intentions are wholly good. The kinder and more conscientious he is, the more inexorably he will go on cutting. If he yielded to your entreaties, if he stopped before the operation was complete, all the pain up to that point would have been useless. But is it credible that such extremities of torture should be necessary for us? Well, take your choice. The tortures occur. If they are unnecessary, then there is no God or a bad one. If there is a good God, then these tortures are necessary. For no even moderately good Being could possibly inflict or permit them if they weren't.

Either way, we're for it.

What do people mean when they say 'I am not afraid of God because I know He is good'? Have they never even been to a dentist?

Yet this is unendurable. And then one babbles—'If only I could bear it, or the worst of it, or any of it, instead of her.' But one can't tell how serious that bid is, for nothing is staked on it. If it suddenly became a real possibility, then, for the first time, we should discover how seriously we had meant it. But is it ever allowed?

It was allowed to One, we are told, and I find I can now believe again that He has done vicariously whatever can be so done. He replies to our babble, 'You cannot and you dare not. I could and dared'.

Author *C.S. Lewis*
(1898–1963)

An Extract from
THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

Hear while I tell about the best of dreams
Which came to me the middle of one night
While humankind were sleeping in their beds.
It was as though I saw a wondrous tree
Towering in the sky suffused with light,...

...the best

Of woods began to speak these words to me:
"It was long past - I still remember it -
That I was cut down at the copse's end,
Moved from my root. Strong enemies there took me,
Told me to hold aloft their criminals,
Made me a spectacle. Men carried me
Upon their shoulders, set me on a hill,
A host of enemies there fastened me.
And then I saw the Lord of all mankind
Hasten with eager zeal that He might mount
Upon me. I durst not against God's word

Bend down or break, when I saw tremble all
The surface of the earth. Although I might
Have struck down all the foes, yet stood I fast.
Then the young hero (who was God almighty)
Got ready, resolute and strong in heart.
He climbed onto the lofty gallows-tree,
Bold in the sight of many watching men,
When He intended to redeem mankind.
I trembled as the warrior embraced me.
But still I dared not bend down to the earth,
Fall to the ground. Upright I had to stand.
A rood I was raised up; and I held high
The noble King, the Lord of heaven above.
I dared not stoop. They pierced me with dark nails;
The scars can still be clearly seen on me,
The open wounds of malice. Yet might I
Not harm them. They reviled us both together.
I was made wet all over with the blood
Which poured out from his side, after He had
Sent forth His spirit. And I underwent
Full many a dire experience on that hill.
I saw the God of hosts stretched grimly out.
Darkness covered the Ruler's corpse with clouds
His shining beauty; shadows passed across,
Black in the darkness. All creation wept,
Bewailed the King's death; Christ was on the cross.
And yet I saw men coming from afar,
Hastening to the Prince. I watched it all".

Author *anonymous*, *Anglo-Saxon*, 8th century
Tr. *Richard Hamer*

ANTHEM

TIMOR ET TREMOR

Timor et tremor venerunt super me,
et caligo cecidit super me:
miserere mei, Domine, miserere mei,
quoniam in te confidit anima mea.
Exaudi, Deus, deprecationem meam,
quia refugium meum es tu et adjutor fortis.
Domine, invocavi te, non confundar.

*Fear and trembling came over me,
and darkness fell over me:
have mercy on me, O Lord, have mercy on me,
for my soul trusts in you.
Hear, O God, my prayer,
for you are my refuge and my strong helper.
Lord, I have called upon you, I shall not be confounded.*

Words *Psalm 55 v. 5; Psalm 57 v. 1; Psalm 61 v. 1;
Psalm 71 v. 2; Psalm 31 v. 19*

Music *Orlande de Lassus
(1532–1594)*

GOSPEL

¶ *Stand*

SAINT MATTHEW 27 verses 11–26

And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly. Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas. Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? For he knew that for envy they had delivered him. When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have

suffered many things this day in a dream because of him. But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

COLLECT

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility: mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

DOMINE, NON SECUNDUM PECCATA NOSTRA

Domine, non secundum peccata nostra, quae fecimus nos:
 neque secundum iniquitates nostras retribuas nobis.
 Domine, ne memineris iniquitatum nostrarum antiquarum:
 cito anticipent nos misericordiae tuae, quia pauperes facti sumus nimis.

Adjuva nos, Deus salutaris noster: et propter gloria nominis tui,
 Domine, libera nos: et propitius esto peccatis nostris, propter
 nomen tuum.

*O Lord, repay us not according to the sins we have committed,
 nor according to our iniquities.*

*O Lord, remember not our former iniquities:
 let thy mercies speedily prevent us, for we are become exceeding poor.*

*Help us, O God, our Saviour: and for the glory of thy name,
 O Lord, deliver us: and forgive our sins for thy name's sake.*

Words *Psalm 103 v. 10*
Psalm 79 v. 8–9

Music *James MacMillan*
(b. 1959)

This work was commissioned by the Master and Fellows in 2011 to mark the College's Quincentenary.

HYMN

¶ *Stand*

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words *Isaac Watts*
(1674–1748)

Tune ROCKINGHAM
Edward Miller (1731–1807)
descant by George Guest (1924–2002)

III THE CRUCIFIXION

¶ *Remain standing*

SENTENCE

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Minister My God, my God, look upon me.
Response **Why hast thou forsaken me?**

ANTIPHON

What more could I have done that I have not done? I planted thee as my choicest vine but thou hast become exceeding bitter to me. When I was thirsty thou gavest me vinegar to drink and thou hast pierced with a spear the side of thy saviour.

READING

¶ *Sit*

LAMENTATIONS 1 VERSE 12, 3 VERSES 2–21

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.

He hath led me, and brought me into darkness, but not into light.

Surely against me is he turned; he turneth his hand against me all the day.

My flesh and my skin hath he made old; he hath broken my bones.

He hath builded against me, and compassed me with gall and travail.

He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old.

He hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out: he hath made my chain heavy.

Also when I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer.

He hath inclosed my ways with hewn stone, he hath made my paths crooked.

He was unto me as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places.

He hath turned aside my ways, and pulled me in pieces: he hath made me desolate.

He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow.

He hath caused the arrows of his quiver to enter into my reins.

I was a derision to all my people; and their song all the day.

He hath filled me with bitterness, he hath made me drunken with wormwood.

He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones, he hath covered me with ashes.

And thou hast removed my soul far off from peace: I forgot prosperity.

And I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord: Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall.

My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me.

This I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope.

ANTHEM

CRUX FIDELIS

Crux fidelis, inter omnes
arbor una nobilis:
nulla silva talem profert,
fronde, flore, germine.
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
dulce pondus sustinet.

*Faithful cross, above all other,
One and only noble tree:
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee!*

SAINT JOHN 19 verses 16–42

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the Place of a Skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title then read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written. Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home. After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst. Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath Day (for that Sabbath Day was an high day), besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs.

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe. For these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced. And after this Joseph of Arimathaea, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus. And there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. Then took they the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

COLLECT

Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. **Amen.**

ER NAHM ALLES WOHL IN ACHT

Er nahm alles wohl in acht
 In der letzten Stunde,
 Seine Mutter noch bedacht,
 Setzt ihr ein' Vormunde.
 O Mensch, mache Richtigkeit,
 Gott und Menschen liebe,
 Stirb darauf ohn alles Leid,
 Und dich nicht betrübe!

*He took good care of all,
 at the last hour,
 even thinking of his mother
 and giving her someone to take care of her.
 O man, be righteous,
 love God and man,
 die then without suffering,
 and do not grieve!*

Words *Paul Stockmann*
 (1603–1636)

Music *Johann Sebastian Bach*
 (1685–1750)

CRUCIFIXUS ETIAM PRO NOBIS

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis;
 sub Pontio Pilato passus et sepultus est.

*He was crucified also for us,
 under Pontius Pilate he suffered and was buried.*

Words *from the Niceno-Constantinopolitan Creed*

Music *Antonio Lotti*
 (1667–1740)

SAINT MARK 16 verses 1–8

And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulchre; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they any thing to any man; for they were afraid.

COLLECT FOR EASTER EVEN

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptised into the death of thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. **Amen.**

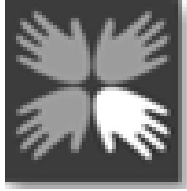
ORGAN MUSIC AFTER THE SERVICE

Played by John Challenger

Fantasia in C minor (BWV 562)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

The retiring collection will be for



THE MEDICAL FOUNDATION for the Care of Victims of Torture

The Medical Foundation is a human-rights organisation that exists to enable survivors of torture and organised violence to engage in a healing process to assert their own human dignity and worth.

Their concern for the health and well-being of torture survivors and their families is directed towards providing medical and social care, practical assistance, and psychological and physical therapy.

It is also their mission to raise public awareness about torture and its consequences.

MAKING A DIFFERENCE:

Sadly, torture is a reality in too many countries around the world. For those who have been held captive by torture regimes, and been subjected to all the brutality that that entails, fleeing into exile is often the only chance they have to save their lives.

Most will endure the lasting effects of torture for the rest of their lives. They may require specialist help, either physically or psychologically, so that they can begin to live a comparatively normal life.

The Medical Foundation is the only holistic treatment centre in the UK dedicated to helping survivors of torture and organised violence.