

His Eminence The Reverend Doctor

Cardinal Sin ^{aka} The Monk



Official Place of Residence:
The Manse

What is your favourite Cheese? One's choice of cheese depends so much upon the circumstances; time of day, occasion, accompanying wines and sweetmeats, etc, but one would have to go a long way to beat a good mature English Cheddar. Possibly even as far as the creameries of the Emme Valley in Switzerland, or as they call it, "Emmenthal".....

What is your marital Status? I have been joined in Holy Matrimony to the Good Sister Wendy since 26th April 2003, and we were blessed with a daughter, "The Monkette" on 27th October 2005.

What is your preferred Alcoholic Beverage? As with cheeses, this is not a matter to be taken lightly.....

The 18th Century Club

Hmm...In the tavern, an India Pale Ale such as Deuchars; with dinner a light red wine such as a Merlot and in the smoking room a Western Isles Single Malt such as Talisker. On the 747 a gin and tonic and on the verandah a Singapore Gin Sling. Location is everything!

Briefly describe your best self-inflicted injury sustained whilst drunk, and the circumstances surrounding this event: I think this would have to be when I was a young novice in Cheltenham. Being the one of the most diminutive stature that evening, it was decided that it would be a hoot if I were placed atop the shoulders of the tallest gentleman present, a slip of a lad at 6'2". As the two of us, (now peaking at around 9'11") proceeded noisily down the middle of the town's arterial thoroughfare, an approaching motorcar signalled its presence with a series of short notes upon its hooter. My mount reared from under me and I tumbled to the cobbles cracking my noggin in the process. A large grey egg-shaped dome appeared on my head next day and remained for over a week. I have never

repeated the incident. (Oh, and I got my head kicked in in West Bromwich one night whilst out ministering with Brother Charlie.)

What, in your erudite opinion, is the Greatest Book Ever Written? The Holy Bible. I particularly refer you to The Book of Solomon Chapter 7

And what is your ideal choice for Bedtime Reading?

To name a particular book would be difficult as I rarely read the same book twice, but I like to escape the rigours of my chaste and pious world, into novels of intrigue and espionage. Something to do with my time in Cheltenham perhaps...

In the realm of the motion picture, what would be your perfect Afternoon Matinee? In the winter, something warm and fuzzy with James Stewart in it, perhaps. In the summer, perhaps a tongue-in-cheek romp along the lines of Bond or Indiana Jones.

And for Late Night viewing? Swedish Nuns go Wild in Cancun Vols. 1-12

If forced for tax reasons to leave dear old Blighty, where would you choose to reside? Apartment 1, (above "Mama San's Massage joint"),

17 D'Aguilar Street,
Lan Kwai Fong,
Hong Kong.

(I think my modest talents would best be put to use ministering to the fallen ladies of the South China Seas)

In the unlikely event of you being deprived of your vast unearned income, which of the professions would beckon? Not that I haven't earned every penny, but I think perhaps the directorship of motion pictures would be a suitable vehicle for my talents.

What, might I enquire, is your favourite work of Art? Why.... the good sister Wendy, of course!

What, within the confines of good taste, is your favourite aroma? Ah, the most evocative of the senses.... that of smell. My favourites would be those that evoke memories of happy occasions. Gin

and Tonic conjures up the verandah at sunset on Ascension Island; Chinese Cuisine evokes evening ministrations in the districts of Lan Kwai Fong, Wan Chai and Kowloon; and Cuticura talcum powder brings to mind (for some reason!) Christmas as a child at the Vicarage. Impossible to pick a favourite.

Blondes, or Brunettes? Equal in the eyes of the Lord - though Blondes nudge slightly ahead in mine.

In the unfortunate event of your demise, which (living or deceased) performer or artistes would you engage for the wake/funeral? I quite fancy Sinatra or Dean Martin. Or better yet, Elvis in his later years..... Yes, definitely Elvis doing "How Great Thou Art". I chose it for my wedding - I'll have it at my despatch too, performed by The King.

And, in a similar vein, (perhaps), which historical figure would you most like to meet? Sir Isaac Newton. Then I'd explain gravity to him before he had time to discover it himself!

As a man not only of refinement, but of action, what is your preferred sporting activity, either as participant or observer? I have tried to embrace all aspects of God's Earth, and am thus equally enthralled to be gliding above it, skiing down it or diving in its oceans (but only the warm tropical ones.)

And finally, do you have a personal motto, and if so, what in God's name is it? My ancestral coat of arms bears a chevron invert, 3 Fleur-de-lys and the inscription "Tu Ne Cede". I tried to find out what that meant, but soon gave up. At Monk College in the 1970's and 80's I lived by "Abi Facilis, Gradi Agilis, Persisti Liberum" but I also believe that "If you've never stared off into the distance, then your life is a shame."