

WOODBINE WILLIE: PROTOTYPE PADRE
The Reverend Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy MC CF (1883-1929)
by Christopher Jary
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'Has Captain Kennedy gone along?' an officer looking for Geoffrey once asked of a sentry.

'No, sir.'

'Have you seen the Chaplain, then?'

'No, sir.'

'Have you had the padre this way?'

'No, sir.'

'Look,' said the officer, 'have you seen Woodbine Willie lately?'

*'Yes, sir: just gone by.'*¹

Very occasionally a few rare spirits do more than occupy the posts they hold; they transcend them, becoming completely identified with a role, their characteristics defining for a considerable period the model for anyone following them. In the 1939-45 War Leonard Cheshire became perhaps the model bomber squadron commander while Bernard Montgomery achieved similar pre-eminence as the commander of 8th Army. (Interestingly, there was a strong spiritual dimension to both men's otherwise different methods of leadership.) A quarter of a century earlier, in the trenches of the 1914-18 War, the ideal represented by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy helped to define for generations what is expected of an army chaplain.

Live with the men. Go everywhere they go. Make up your mind that you will share all their risks, and more if you can do any good. You can take it that the best place for a Padre (provided he does not interfere with military operations) is where there is most danger of death. Our first job is to go beyond the men in self-sacrifice and reckless devotion. Don't be bamboozled into believing that your proper place is behind the line; it isn't. If you stay behind you might as well come down, you won't do a ha'porth of good. Your place is in the front. The line is the key to the whole business. Work in the front, and they will listen to you when they come out to rest, but if you only preach and teach behind, you're wasting time, the men won't pay the slightest attention to you. The men will forgive you anything but lack of courage and devotion; without that you are useless...

The Devil tries to get at you by telling you that you could really do no good in the line, and that you were more use alive than dead. It was the Devil and a lie – the more Padres died in battle doing Christ-like deeds, the better for the Church. Most of us will be more use dead than alive!

*There is very little purely spiritual work, it is all muddled and mixed – but it is all spiritual. Take a box of fags in your haversack and a great deal of love in your heart, and go up to them, laugh with them, joke with them; you can pray with them sometimes, but pray for them always.*²

Such was the simple but demanding creed that in late 1916 Studdert Kennedy, a recent veteran of the Somme, expounded to the newly arrived chaplain, Theodore Hardy. Eighteen months later, hearing that he was to be awarded the Victoria Cross, Captain T B Hardy DSO MC wrote of his mentor, who held 'only' the Military Cross: *you can understand how I feel about these ribbons when I think of him.*³

Studdert Kennedy's inspirational guidance, which Hardy acknowledged *more than almost any other in my life, has helped me in this work*⁴, may seem to us the obvious approach for an army padre. But we belong to generations whose image of chaplains was founded on heroes of the mould of Mellish, Addison, Hardy, Woodbine Willie and Tubby Clayton. In the middle of the First World War, theirs was by no means the only or most obvious approach. Two extracts from Siegfried Sassoon's *Complete Memoirs of George Sherston* depict the clergy in a very different light: as remote figures, disconnected from real life, their ineffectual presence either comic or pathetic.

The local vicar at the Royal Welch Fusiliers' barracks near Liverpool exhorted drafts of soldiers leaving for the front *to trust in their Saviour, to an accompaniment of asides and witticisms in Welsh. 'And now God go with you,' he would conclude, adding, 'I will go with you as far as the station.'*⁵

Just behind the lines: *I remember listening to an emotional padre who was painfully aware that he could do nothing except stand about and feel sympathetic. The consolations of the Church of England weren't much in demand at an Advanced Dressing Station.*⁶

Studdert Kennedy would have recognised the type. He described him in one of his verses:

*Our Padre were a solemn bloke
We called him dismal Jim.
It fairly gave ye bloomin' creeps
To sit and 'ark at 'im.*⁷

This was the antithesis of Woodbine Willie himself. He knew that to bring spiritual comfort to the troops he needed to provide it where they most needed it – in the line – and in a language they spoke and understood.

Somehow he seems to have grasped this intuitively from the start. Arriving in France a few days before Christmas 1915, he described his first experience in a letter to his parishioners in Worcester.

The first place where we were sent was a little French village which in summer, and in happier times, must be a beautiful place, but it was desolate that Christmas morning. The road through the village was a quagmire, cut into ruts and hollows by heavy traffic, and the hedges were covered in mud.

I found 400 men drawn up in the rain, waiting patiently. It would have made your heart glad and sad at once to see the men. Mud up to their ankles, and the pouring rain, yet, when I shouted 'A happy Christmas, boys,' there was a shout with happy laughter in it, and everywhere their dripping faces smiled. 'Same to you, Sir' – it was a real Christmas greeting with the ring of friendship in it.

It made one feel that rain or no rain, they wanted their Christmas service, and I hurried into my robes and went into the middle of the square. There was, of course, no instrument, and I thanked God for a voice like a fog-horn, but once we started on 'O Come all ye faithful', no instrument and no leading voice were necessary.

They sang with all their might. Four hundred bodies stood and were soaked in everlasting rain. I was glad and very thankful to God for bringing me there. We had a short service and a sermon that preached itself.

Then the glorious part came. I went into a shed in the farmyard and the communicants came to me. There were not many, but they meant it. It was wonderful, no lights, no ritual, nothing to help but the rain and the far off roll of guns, and Christ was born in a cattle shed on Christmas Day. He came silently and surely nearer – nearer to us, officers and men kneeling on the mud floor, and we all knew it. I thanked God for sending me, and you for letting me go.

I shook hands with the men, and we knew there was a bond between us, stronger than human friendship and deeper than human love – the unity of the spirit which is the bond of peace.

It was a great day. I arrived back in the hotel very hungry and very happy. That night I sang at a soldiers' concert and told them stories. We had a great time.⁸

At Rouen railway station, his depressing task was to offer Christian comfort to men on their way to the line. His approach could not have been more different from the one adopted by Sassoon's vicar near Liverpool.

I slip out and arm myself with two knapsacks – one full of cigarettes and the other full of New Testaments. The men are all cheerful, but often underneath are anxious. I have a few words with them, sometimes a joke, and sometimes a thought more serious...

I begin at the top of the train and work down it, going into each carriage, the two knapsacks on my back growing lighter and the lump in my throat growing bigger. Often I have to cling on to finish the last carriages, creeping along the footboard...

At last I am left alone, sometimes with tears in my eyes, looking after the tail light of the disappearing train. I have a lump in my throat, a prayer in my heart and a curse on the sin that causes war. There is nothing glorious about this departure, except the glory of their patience and grim determination. It is all sordid and filthy.⁹

Studdert Kennedy was incapable of dissimulating. He was what he seemed and he said what he thought. Sometimes his directness could startle. So could his language,

and he offended a few, more conventional, souls who could not grasp his purpose; but he inspired and consoled many more.

Back from the line, a soldier passing Woodbine Willie's hut, which displayed a hand-painted sign *Vicarage*, remarked: *Bill, 'ere's the bloody Vicarage*. Studdert Kennedy appeared from inside the hut to reply: *Right! And here's the bloody Vicar!*¹⁰ In similar vein, he once began a sermon at the 4th Army Infantry School at Flixécourt: *I know what you're thinking: here comes the bloody parson.*¹¹ Another was entitled *What the xxxx is the Church doing here?*¹²

Startled, men listened. Listening, they received Woodbine Willie's message, which was a simple one. Emerging from the battle of Messines, Studdert Kennedy observed to another chaplain: *You know, this business has made me less cocksure of much of which I was cocksure before. On two points I am certain: Christ and his Sacrament. Apart from that I am not certain of anything.*¹³ Simple the message may have been, but it was by no means easy. The fundamental honesty that lay at the heart of Woodbine Willie's true personality forbade him hedging his bets. He faced the big questions, wrestled with them and tried, in his sermons and in his poetry, to answer them with robust, spiritual common sense in everyday words:

*How do I know that God is good? I don't.
I gamble like a man. I bet my life
Upon one side in life's great war. I must,
I can't stand out. I must take sides. The man
Who is a neutral in this fight is not
A man.*¹⁴

Or:

*Suppose it is not true
And Jesus never lived...*¹⁵

Unlike the ineffectual padre at Sassoon's advanced dressing station, Studdert Kennedy was not a sympathetic observer: he was an energetic and highly partisan participant. He was with them and of them. By sharing the troops' dangers and discomfort, he shared their experience. In sharing that experience, they heard, understood and trusted what he had to say.

The quality of his poetry is patchy and his dialect verse is often heavily derivative of Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*, but he was able to speak - and sometimes to capture in verse - the soldiers' language. *Cheer-i-o!*, is in the entirely authentic, half-ironic trench lingo which still powerfully evokes for me the voice of my grandfather, veteran of the Somme, Arras and Ypres:

*Here's to you and here's to me,
Here's to pals on land and sea,
Here's to Peace that is to be,
Cheer-i-o!*

*If it comes my turn to die,
To be outed and put by,
May I peg out with this cry,
Cheer-i-o!*¹⁶

Along with their vocabulary, Studdert Kennedy caught the soldiers' inherent irony and played it back to them. Thus, when the jingoistic newspaper, *John Bull*, claimed that all who joined up were saints, he told one meeting: *Well all I can say is 'eyes right', and look at your neighbour.*¹⁷

This humorous informality, expressed in his Irish brogue, perhaps helped him to side-step any obstacles created by class stereotypes which must have impeded many other chaplains. In the soldiers' eyes, he somehow transcended the army's hierarchies and structures. As the sentry's response at the start of this article suggests, he was not Captain Kennedy, nor the chaplain, nor even the padre. He was Woodbine Willie: a unique character, constructed squarely on his true nature, but invented jointly by him and by them because in that role he could give them what they needed: loving spiritual leadership embodied in comradeship and practical help.

*They gave me this name like their nature,
Compacted of laughter and tears,
A sweet that was born of the bitter,
A joke that was torn from the years.*¹⁸

His appearance helped too. For an officer he was short – five feet six inches – and his prominent ears and large mouth lent a humorous aspect to his face. But *his very large, very brown eyes*, as William Purcell observed, were *quite extraordinarily sad*.¹⁹ To catch his congregation's interest, he played up this natural clownishness. He would sing them songs: *Mother McCree* for sons, *Little Grey Home in the West* for husbands, and *The Sunshine of your Smile* for lovers.²⁰ His local paper recorded: *He didn't know whether he touched their souls. But he touched their sense of humour. They split their sides laughing at him.*²¹

Behind the slang, swearing, singing and clowning lay not only a single-minded serious purpose but also a uniquely powerful sense of the presence of God communicated in his letters, sermons and verse. When his protégé, the legendary Theodore Hardy, died of wounds, he wrote a letter of condolence to his daughter with telling use of the present tense: *He is one of the best and God must enjoy him tremendously.*²²

In the poem *Well?*, he anticipates standing before the God of judgment:

*And, boys, I'd sooner frizzle up,
I' the flames of a burnin' 'Ell,
Than stand and look into 'Is face,
And 'ear 'Is voice say – "Well?"*²³

And in *Dead and Buried*:

*I was crucified in Cambrai,
And again outside Bapaume;
I was scourged for miles along the Albert Road,
I was driven, pierced and bleeding,
With a million maggots feeding
On the body that I carried as my load.*²⁴

For Studdert Kennedy, as for many others, in Wilfred Owen's words, *Christ is literally in no man's land*.²⁵ But Studdert Kennedy had also felt His presence in pre-war Leeds, Rugby and Worcester, and He would remain with him in post-war Britain and to the end. His behaviour and faith may have been simplified by war, but they were fundamentally unchanged by it. The curate in Rugby who gave away his overcoat in due time became the vicar in Worcester who gave away his bed who, in war, became the padre who in the line gave all he had to the soldiers around him.

His Military Cross recognised a courage born of the same characteristic selflessness. His biographer, Michael Grundy, described the action at Messines, where, in the heavy fighting, Woodbine Willie *was involved in tending the wounded. During one engagement, the supply of morphia at a dressing station had run short, so he volunteered to fetch some from another aid post. This meant dashing across ground which was being so heavily bombarded that he had to dice frequently into shell-holes for shelter. He successfully accomplished his task and returned to safety, only to volunteer to go out again to fetch in three wounded men, though, alas, one of them attempted to make the run himself and was blown to pieces*.²⁶ Typically, in his own description of the action in a letter to his parishioners, he emphasised his comic human frailty, telling them *how a large shell dropped just behind him, when he had his arms full of wooden stakes. When he heard the noise he cried 'Lord, help us,' dropped the stakes, and fell flat on his face. His companion turned round and said, 'You've got the wind up!'*²⁷

But the physical frailty was all too genuine. Throughout his life he was tormented by asthma which was exacerbated by the trench conditions and, above all, by gas.

*I have been up in the line again. We got deluged with gas shells and had a very terrible time. I got a bit of gas, which makes me feel very miserable: sore throat, running nose, aching eyes. Tomorrow there is a fight, I believe. By the time you get this it will all be over and done with. I am writing this on the eve of it, wondering whether I shall be safe when I write again. One can't help wondering, though I am not anxious...*²⁸

He spent gruelling months on the Somme sector with the 137th Brigade, which consisted of four territorial battalions of South and North Staffordshires. At the end of the four-month-long Battle, he was withdrawn for a rest. He later described to his parishioners how he had protested to his superior.

He heard me out and then said: 'It doesn't matter what you want. As you have been given by the Lord Almighty the gift of the gab you have to do as you are told.' He said

*I was not much good except for talking. So for ten days I preached three times a day to an audience varying from 500 to 1,500 but before the proceedings ended I had an attack of the 'go-wrong with my wind-box'. My temperature rose to 103, and between the wheezes I preached.*²⁹

In or out of the line, Woodbine Willie wouldn't spare himself. His was, in fact, precisely the same simple, dogged, gallant, noble devotion that he celebrated in his poem, *To Stretcher-Bearers*:

*Easy does it – bit o' trench 'ere,
Mind that blinkin' bit o' wire,
There's a shell 'ole on your left there,
Lift 'im up a little 'igher...*

*'Ow's it goin' now then, sonny?
'Ere's that narrow bit o' trench,
Careful, mate, there's some dead Jerries.
Gawd Almighty, what a stench!
'Ere we are now, stretcher-case, boys,
Bring him aht a cup o' tea!
**Inasmuch as ye have done it
Ye have done it unto Me.***³⁰

June 1917 found him back in the line in time for the Battle of Messines, where he served with the 17th Brigade. His fighting war ended in 1918 when he did a third tour, this time with the 42nd Division.

What was his attitude to the war? Juxtaposing two quotations, separated by his war experience, Michael Grundy argues that Woodbine Willie's attitude changed fundamentally. In his parish magazine in September 1914, he had written: *I cannot say too strongly that I believe every able-bodied man ought to volunteer for service anywhere. There ought to be no shirking of that duty.* Later, he wrote: *The brutality of war is literally unutterable – there are no words foul or filthy enough to describe it. War is a universal disaster.*³¹

These two statements are not necessarily contradictory. It is quite possible to believe war an inherently evil and physically repulsive phenomenon while still regarding a particular war as unavoidable. As a sensitive man, he was understandably appalled by the carnage and loss of life. As a Christian, he was also adamantly opposed to war:

*Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears,
Waste of Youth's most precious years,
Waste of ways the Saints have trod,
Waste of Glory, waste of God, -
War!*³²

But whether, like his contemporary Siegfried Sassoon, his front-line experience fundamentally disillusioned him about the justice of the Great War is less certain. In a lecture he delivered after his months on the Somme and published at the end of the

war, he said:

At the beginning of the war the great German publicist Maximilian Harden wrote: 'We do not stand before Europe's judgment seat or admit its jurisdiction. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. Germany is striking. When she has won new domains for her genius, the priesthoods of all the gods will praise the good war.'

*That is the madness we are fighting. 'They do stand,' we say, 'before the judgment seat of Europe, and they must admit its jurisdiction. Nay, more, they must stand before a judgment seat more awful still, the judgment seat of God. And when they have lost the domains their fathers won for their genius, the priests and people of the one true God shall curse this criminal lunatic explosion of Barbarism which they call War.'*³³

Studdert Kennedy thought and felt spiritually, not politically. His response to suffering was sadness, sympathy and personal action, rather than political argument. Whether he was building small, in a private chat with a soldier in a dug-out, or big, with an audience of 1,500, the house Woodbine Willie built was a spiritual one. His solutions, to danger in the front line or poverty at home, were dictated by faith strengthened by a desire born of love to give practical, individual help. He didn't deal in temporal –isms. His response to poverty was to give his overcoat or his bed; his response to a wounded soldier was to offer a packet of cigarettes, to write home for him or to tend his wounds out in No Man's Land under shell and machine gun fire.

His external response to life may have been practical, boisterous and highly social, but internally it was founded on a spirituality born of prayer, contemplation and, superficially surprisingly, silence. It is no coincidence that, before the war, as William Purcell recounts, *he became known as a conductor of retreats... with small groups of people who had gone apart for a while to think on things and to pray, Geoffrey was superb. This was the Mary side of an otherwise Martha-like personality, cumbered about to the end with too much to do...*³⁴

So the pattern was set to the end of his life. Like a man possessed, he would not give up. As a young curate he had bubbled with so many enthusiastic, often wild ideas that his vicar wisely *told him he must not come to me with more than one heresy a week, as after that it became a bore.*³⁵ In post-war England, as a national figure and a preacher of international reputation, he still bubbled with ideas and simply could not stop expressing them and trying to make them reality. King George V, who appointed him a Royal Chaplain and resolved to hear him preach at least once a year, once remarked of him: *How that man works – what an asset to the nation!*³⁶

In peace he continued to behave as he had in war. He allowed himself no respite and the public allowed him none. As a messenger for the Industrial Christian Fellowship, he continued to attract and inspire huge audiences wherever he spoke. To enable him to concentrate on this work, he was appointed to a tiny parish in the City of London with few parishioners or responsibilities. However, news of his appointment caused people to flock to the unknown church of St Edmund's to hear him preach.

Once again, he took his place beside those in hardship. But, although tireless in his work for the poor, the unemployed and ex-prisoners, Woodbine Willie still sought

religious, not political solutions. His chief at the ICF remembered that Studdert Kennedy *poured contempt on those who talked as though it were an easy matter to settle our modern problems under either a capitalistic or socialist order of society. The way out was not easy and there was no way but the way of Christ.*³⁷

Wherever he went, from the industrial North to London to the United States of America, he continued to drain his emotional and physical resources by always giving far more than he had. The inevitable end came in March 1929 at St Catherine's Vicarage, Liverpool, where he was staying to deliver a series of Lenten addresses. The exhausted Studdert Kennedy, weakened by 'flu' and asthma, contracted pneumonia and died. He was not yet forty-six.

William Temple, a contemporary who later became Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote of him: *If to be a priest is to carry others on the heart and offer them with self in the sacrifice of human nature – the Body and the Blood – to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, then Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy was the finest priest I have known.*³⁸

The suggestion that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey was reputedly rejected on the grounds that he was thought to be a Socialist! Instead, and perhaps more appropriately, the man who was born the son of an ordinary priest of a poor Leeds parish was buried where he too had served as a priest, in his beloved city of Worcester. In the church as in the army, in death as in life, Woodbine Willie stood apart from – perhaps above – rank, honours and hierarchies.

The saddest and possibly the most telling aspect of Woodbine Willie was the humility with which he viewed his own massive achievements. To Hardy's daughter, he wrote: *If I did influence him, it is just another proof of the queer instruments God can use to do jobs with, but I believe that, if he had never seen me or heard of me, he would inevitably have done what he did because he was in his soul a hero and a saint.*³⁹

At the very end of his life he wrote:

*It is not finished, Lord.
There is not one thing done,
There is no battle of my life,
That I have really won...*⁴⁰

And, of his hard-earned, world-famous nickname, he wrote:

*Their name! Let me hear it – the symbol
Of unpaid – unpayable debt,
For the men to whom I owed God's Peace,
I put off with a cigarette.*⁴¹

The truth, plain for all to see, was quite otherwise. But, had Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy seen that, he would have been some sort of celebrity, not Woodbine Willie.

Notes

- ¹ *Woodbine Willie: A Biography* by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
- ² Letter from Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy to Mary Hardy
- ³ Letter from The Rev T B Hardy to The Rev D F Carey 24 July 1918
- ⁴ Ibid
- ⁵ *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man* by Siegfried Sassoon, Faber & Faber 1928
- ⁶ *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* by Siegfried Sassoon, Faber & Faber 1930
- ⁷ *Well?* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ⁸ Letter to his Worcester Parishioners, published in Berrow's *Worcester Journal*
- ⁹ Ibid
- ¹⁰ *Woodbine Willie: A Biography* by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
- ¹¹ Col R B Campbell in *G A Studdert Kennedy by his Friends*, Hodder & Stoughton 1929
- ¹² *Rough Talks by a Padre* by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy, Hodder & Stoughton 1918
- ¹³ Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy in conversation with The Rev D F Carey after the Battle of Messines, July 1917
- ¹⁴ *Faith.* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ¹⁵ *If Jesus Never Lived.* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ¹⁶ *Cheer-I-o!* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ¹⁷ *Woodbine Willie: A Biography* by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
- ¹⁸ *Woodbine Willie.* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ¹⁹ *Woodbine Willie: A Biography* by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
- ²⁰ Ibid
- ²¹ Ibid
- ²² Letter from Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy to Mary Hardy
- ²³ *Well?* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ²⁴ *Dead and Buried.* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ²⁵ Letter from Wilfred Owen to Susan Owen, 2 May 1917
- ²⁶ *A Fiery Glow in the Darkness* by Michael Grundy, Osborne Heritage 1997
- ²⁷ Letter to his Worcester Parishioners, published in Berrow's *Worcester Journal*
- ²⁸ Letter from Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy to his wife (quoted in William Purcell's biography)
- ²⁹ Letter to his Worcester Parishioners, published in Berrow's *Worcester Journal*
- ³⁰ *To Stretcher Bearers.* Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton

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- ³¹ *A Fiery Glow in the Darkness* by Michael Grundy, Osborne Heritage 1997
- ³² *Waste*. Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ³³ *What are we Fighting for?* Lecture by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *Rough Talks by a Padre*, Hodder & Stoughton 1918
- ³⁴ *Woodbine Willie: A Biography* by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
- ³⁵ *My First Eighty Years* by A V Baillie
- ³⁶ *A Fiery Glow in the Darkness* by Michael Grundy, Osborne Heritage 1997
- ³⁷ *Woodbine Willie: A Biography* by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
- ³⁸ Ibid
- ³⁹ Letter from Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy to Mary Hardy
- ⁴⁰ *It is not finished*. Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton
- ⁴¹ *Woodbine Willie*. Poem by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy included in *The Unutterable Beauty*, Hodder & Stoughton

Suggested further reading

Books by Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy, all published by Hodder & Stoughton

The Unutterable Beauty (an anthology of poems and verse)
Rough Talks by a Padre
The Hardest Part
The New Man in Christ
Food for the Fed-up
The Warrior, the Woman and the Christ
The Wicket Gate
Lies

Books about Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy

G A Studdert Kennedy by his Friends, Hodder & Stoughton 1929
Woodbine Willie: A biography by William Purcell, Hodder & Stoughton 1962
A Fiery Glow in the Darkness by Michael Grundy, Osborne Heritage 1997
It's Only Me: A Life of The Rev T B Hardy VC DSO MC, 1863-1918, by David Row, Frank Peters 1988