

➤ **Diary dates for September and October 2009**

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| 3 rd September | 10.30 Council Meeting |
| 17 th September | 11.00 Julian Meeting George Dobinson |
| 27 th September | 11.00 Harvest Festival |
| 1 st October | 10.30 Bible Study – Fruit of the Spirit 8 |
| 12 th October | 14.00 Ecumenical Bible Study in French |
| 21 st October | 11.00 Julian Meeting – George Dobinson |

Prayer of the month: Prayer of the Chalice.

Father, to thee I raise my whole
being, a vessel emptied of self.
Accept Lord this my emptiness
and so fill me with Thyself,
Thy light, Thy love, Thy life.
that these Thy precious gifts
may radiate through me &
overflow the Chalice of my
heart into the hearts of all
with whom I come in
contact this day,
revealing unto
them the
beauty
of Thy
Joy and
Grace
and the
Serenity of
Thy Peace which
nothing can destroy.

Newsletter - September 2009
St Bartholomew's Church, Dinard



Services

Sunday 11.00 Holy Communion (with hymns)
Thursday 10.00 Holy Communion (said)

A warm welcome to all who worship with us.
During the service there is a Sunday School.
After the service coffee is served.

Priest-in-charge: The Revd Gareth Randall

For further information concerning baptisms,
marriages or funerals:

☎ 02 99 46 77 00

e-mail : gareth.randall@nordnet.fr

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



Beyond the Pale

My friend, Barry, was born exactly two weeks before me on Saturday 20th August 1949. The Mansfields lived just six doors up the street so it was natural for us to play together and we both started at Monega Road Junior and Infants School at the same time in September 1954. But as we sat in the reception class, Barry was immediately moved up a year. We had been separated by an academic year.

So many different things separate us as people: where we live; the language we speak, sometimes the accent; how much money we have or don't have; sometimes our education or lack of it; what we did or didn't do for a living. As I cross into a new decade, think of myself for the first time as 60, age can be another barrier artificially erected.

In a way, Christianity is a great breaker down of barriers. Jesus is keen to build bridges talking to women, of Samaritans, to lepers, to collaborators, above all to sinners beyond the religious pale. In Galatians 3 v28, St Paul sums up the equality that we should enjoy as brothers and sisters in Christ: 'There is no Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus.'

Of course, some people do use religion to create divisions between people but we are all made in the image of God and made for communion with God and with our neighbour. In his poem 'Mending Wall', Robert Frost looks at what divides people and wisely balances one proverb, 'Good fences make good neighbours', with the thought that in nature, 'something there is that doesn't like a wall'.

I agree.

Father Gareth

➤ **Notices**

- **Planned Giving:** Anyone wanting to join the scheme may obtain forms from Doreen Collier, the Treasurer
- **Julian Meetings:** Sadly, the second Julian Meeting taking place on alternate months at the homes of Denise and Vivienne will be cancelled until further notice.
- **Autumn Bible Studies: *Fruit of the Spirit***
1st October - Gentleness; 5th November - Self-control;
3rd December – Plenary: 10.30am following Holy Communion.
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch 5th September** at the Relais de Tournebride - a good opportunity for British and French folk to meet. 14€ includes an aperitif, a four course meal, wine and coffee. **Mike Baber** 02 99 73 56 06/annebabber5050@aol.com
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the October Newsletter is **midday on Thursday 1st October**
- **Church Finances - July** Income: 3118€ Expenditure: 4786€

➤ **Readings in church****6th September, Trinity 13**

Isaiah 35 v4 – 7a

Psalm 146 p1285

James 2 v1 - 10, 14 – 17

Mark 7v 24 - end

13th September, Trinity 14

Isaiah 50 4 – 9a

Psalm 116 v1 - 9 p1248

James 3 v1 - 12

Mark 8v 27 - end

20th September, Trinity 15

Jeremiah 11 v18 - 20

Psalm 54 p1160

James 3 v13 - 4 v 3, 7 - 8a

Mark 9 v30 - 37

27th September, Harvest Festival

Joel 2 v 21 - 27

Psalm 126 p 1267

1 Timothy 6 v6 - 10

Matthew 6 v25 – 33

Quotation of the Month

The following was in an e mail from 10-year- old Jonathan Banyard, a grandson of Val and Geoff Carter who wrote that he had enjoyed the lesson on Noah so much that he was sorry he was not going to be with us the following week when the Sunday School would be studying Jonah and having (his words) ‘a whale of a time’!

French Proverb of the Month

This month’s proverb from ‘Almanach du Marin Breton 2008’ may have been written with the English dog-lover in mind

Qui couche avec le chien, se lève avec des puces

Last month’s might be paraphrased as follows:

Beauty’s all around us. It’s not that our eyes can’t see it, they simply fail to notice.

Follow the dots

Soon after the new hymn books were introduced, a member of the congregation, (but no longer), seeing that I had used a music copy said that he would like to have one so that he could ‘follow the dots’. Some years earlier, having the music copy was a bit of a disadvantage as I believe that I was the only one aware of what occurred one Palm Sunday. One of the hymns was “Ride On Ride On in Majesty” and there are two tunes which are equally popular for this hymn and coincidentally, the first three chords are the same in both tunes. The organist played an introduction, as is usual and then the congregation joined in and sang through the hymn with great fervour. The unfortunate situation was that the organist was playing one tune, and the congregation sang the other. When we chatted over coffee, no one, not even the organist, had noticed the unintentional new arrangement.

John Marshall

The 2009 Garden Party

Had August 1st been a bright, sunny day, it would have all been too easy. But as it turned out, the rain meant that the ones who came really wanted to come. In the end, we had about 350 people each one spending about 10 euro which meant we met one of our goals for the Garden Party, to raise money for St Bartholomew’s. The second goal, to have an enjoyable social event for the congregation was partly achieved, much of the fun being had, as always, in the preparation, setting up and clearing up. As in previous years, we have a remarkably motivated, available, efficient and fun team of some 20 volunteers though more are always welcome to share the load.

We were better equipped this year with brand new tea makers, three large gazebos (although one of them had to be kept up with make-shift sticks and tape, and the pouch of water overhead regularly emptied by broom-handle) and, above all, our two “Sistine” toilets.

Roger Berry, our toilet maker, had originally designed two old-fashioned garden loos, with spring-loaded hinges at each corner to allow the floor and seat and sides to fold into a flat pack, easy to carry away and store for the next fete. Waking up at 3a.m. Roger was haunted by a vision of a lady of generous proportion, say Mrs X, whose weight might cause the whole loo to fold in on itself like a mouse trap. His dream turned into a nightmare with the thought that entrapped at the end of the fete, she would only be discovered in 2010 when taking the loos out of the storage and opening it up to find a beautifully preserved 5mm thick lady, splayed out like a marigold in a book of pressed flowers. The final design, therefore, was remodelled with big solid screws...

The comments we heard from our guests are encouraging, most of them being surprised to find it “so British”, another one qualifying the

setting as “very Agatha Christie with the stalls, teas and a stately house in the background”. All that was needed was thunder and lightning and someone to drop dead!!! The mystery could then have begun to unfold! Someone else made much the same remark but made the comparison with the TV series ‘*Inspector Barnaby*’.

We also had the Guaine du Vouest dance in their lovely costumes, singing in the rain, yet not singing to the rain but to a much appreciative audience.

A guest rescued from the flood in the kitchen was so thankful for the cup of tea made for her by “Helen the Saint from Aberdeen”.

As far as our third goal, i.e. to make our English church of Saint Bartholomew’s known to more people, my personal feeling is that we have a lot to improve. We had a church stand for the first time, but it was way too small and should be the featured stand.

All in all, our Garden party was a success. A great thank for all those who worked so hard at it! We should also start right now our brainstorming for the next year’s fete.

Claude François



Balloon Modelling

If you were impressed by the ingenuity of the shapes of our children’s balloons at the Garden Party, you can contact Arnaud Lemauiel on 06 79 15 33 75 or at arnaud.lemauviel@hotmail.com

Saint of the Month: St Giles

Feast day September 1st. A sage and hermit who saved a female deer from a hunting party. Patron saint of forests and woods, fear of the dark, rams, horses, nursing mothers, physically disabled beggars, depressed epileptics. Born in the late eighth century, little is known for certain but much is written about this man who acquired a great following in medieval Europe when his shrine in Provence became a stopping point on the route between Rome and Compostella in Spain. He is said to have given his noble inheritance to the poor of Athens, his birthplace and then sought solitude as a hermit near Arles, in a cave at the place now known as St. Gilles. It is said that he lived on roots, water and the milk of a friendly deer.

For three years no one troubled him, till one day the Visigoth king Flavius went hunting and his hounds pursued the deer which gave Giles milk. The terrified animal fled to Giles for protection in his cave and the hounds were very reluctant to follow it into the cave. One of the huntsmen shot into the thorn bush at the cave entrance and Giles was wounded in the leg. The king sent doctors to minister to Giles who refused treatment. It is said that the king subsequently visited him several times to offer compassion and ask for advice.

Giles’s reputation for wisdom and holiness grew and tradition says that even the Emperor Charlemagne visited him. The king had a monastery, later called St. Gilles du Gard, built for him and his followers and Giles became the first abbot. After his death his grave became a popular shrine and many physically disabled people made the pilgrimage to it, hoping for alms. Poor houses and hospices were built in his honour in many parts of Europe. The ancient church of St. Giles was one of the ancient churches of Colchester and was the mother church of St. Barnabas in Old Heath.

Jackie Twinn, Reader, St Barnabas Church, Colchester

Spotlight on Words

Pauline Eyre has kindly led our May Bible studies at the home of her friend and former colleague, Doreen Collier, for several years now. They are much appreciated by all who attend for Pauline has the gift of a true teacher: the ability to bring to life what's written on the page with an amused twinkle in her eye. Her ease as a story-teller reveals a depth of Biblical knowledge and a command of the original Hebrew and Greek in which our Bible was written. One great gift of the Reformation was the translation of the Bible into modern, everyday language but as anyone knows who is familiar with wrestling with a foreign language, something may be lost in translation. Pauline has agreed to share her knowledge in an occasional article in our Newsletter thereby revealing some of the hidden delights of meaning underlying our English translations of the Bible.

Have a heart ?

As many of you know already, early Hebrew has no abstract words or phrases. For example, you could not say that a person was intelligent or that they were stupid as these words did not exist. Instead, a clever person was said to have a 'thin heart' and a dimwit had a 'fat heart'. For a Jew at that time, the heart was the seat of intellectual ability – not emotion. You loved someone with your kidneys. We still use the expression 'My tummy turned over when I saw him/her coming towards me'. In the Authorised Version of King James soon to be 400 years old, Psalm 73 v21 translates kidneys (the seat of our emotions) as reins, 'Thus my heart was grieved and I was pricked in my reins.' This archaic word for kidneys still survives in medical terms with the phrase Renal Unit referring to the department where they treat kidney problems.

Pauline Eyre

Poem of the month

Sadly, the following was submitted anonymously but it does provide a fitting tribute to our English preoccupation with appropriate plumbing.

The Garden Fete Loos

Roger did appreciate
We need a loo at a garden fete.
He set to work at once to see
That you don't pee behind a tree.

The design is right for ladies who
Feel the need to use the loo:
The doors are large, the vent is high,
The roof doesn't open to the sky.

As you get older, you really hate
A toilet that doesn't suit your gait;
All that and more was given to you
For Roger designed the perfect loo.

They stand at Claude's in his garden
They're meant for ladies not for men
So use them do but please ensure
To leave them clean when you close the door.

Thank you.

Anon

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CHURCH-GOING
Christ's Chapel, Dulwich

I'm never asked to be a godfather now. Too old and decrepit to go toe-to-toe with Satan? Well, I could probably stand guard in the nursery. But nowadays I go to bed too early to do my moral duty in the all-night fleshpots of Ibitha. Worse luck.

But in earlier days I gathered quite a brood of godchildren. It's a blessing God visits on blameless, family-free bachelors. A *mixed* blessing, though, I'd have to say.

Take my friends the Martins.

I already had young Paul and Peter. Prayers ... postal orders ... copies of *Pilgrim's Progress* ... I could just about stretch to all that.

Then little James comes along – a late arrival, completely unplanned from my point of view.

“*Would you...?*” the Martins ask, flatteringly.

“*Delighted!*”

Too hasty. Because to be honest I hadn't really got anywhere with P & P. While they weren't exactly deep-dyed sinners, they were eight and nine and noisy. Which – and never mind Dante – puts them straight into the top coil of *any* Inferno as far as I'm concerned. Plus they liked practical jokes, dressing up and generally being – well, as embarrassing as possible. They'll end up on the Edinburgh fringe, I used to think. They have.

* * *

Dulwich College Chapel is impressive: all old wood, with fine acoustics. And peaceful. Little James in his parents' arms is peaceful. P & P are outside on the lawn, bribed or gagged or something. So *all* is peaceful.

Except Canon Bywater, of course. A seasoned performer in this place, at war with sin – and an old schoolmaster to boot, his bass tremolo rings out unrestrained, calling *all* God's sheep to order, not just the christening party penned up here in his own personal fold.

“*Dost thou* – “he booms at me, his voice bouncing between the rood-screen behind *him* and the oak doors behind *us*. Then his eyes rove over my head and beyond.

“*Renounce the* – “

He stops. His eyes seem to glaze.

In an altogether different – smaller - more croaking – voice, he tries to go on.

“*The devils* – “He stops again. And stares ahead.

Devils? Plural? A new twist in theology?

No. But the Martins know what it is, of course. I can see their eyes close. For wasn't it they who'd bought the orange masks and black cloaks that P & P are wearing now, as they stand there framed in the doorway, waving their plastic pitchforks at the silenced Canon ?

David Norris