

Diary dates for January and February 2010

19 th January	20.30 Service for Christian Unity
20 th January	11.00 Julian Meeting – George Dobinson
28 th January	10.30 Council Meeting
17 th February	10.00 Ash Wednesday
	11.00 Julian Meeting – George Dobinson
25 th February	11.00 Start of Lenten Bible Study

Prayer of the month

Grant, O Lord,
that as the years change, we may find rest in thine eternal
changelessness. May we meet this new year bravely, sure in the faith
that, while men come and go, and life changes around us, thou art ever
the same, guiding us with thy wisdom, and protecting us with thy love;
through our Saviour Jesus Christ.

William Temple

Prayer focus

For the flexibility to meet change where desirable or necessary and the
wisdom to preserve the best of our heritage.

Archbishop of Rennes

This Christmas, we again received a card from Monseigneur Pierre
D'Orneilas to wish us all well for 'Noel' and to convey his 'vœux
d'heureuse année 2010'.



Newsletter - January 2010 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:

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January, 2010

➤ Notices

Dear Friends

New or old beginnings?

Can it be just three years ago that I was sitting at home in Potters Bar waiting for Rob and Sally Ann to arrive in a hired van to move my stuff to Dinard? I had said goodbye to Dame Alice Owen's School and to St Mary the Virgin and All Saints and I was about to say goodbye to my house and my garden in the knowledge I had been called to serve God in another a place, a place I had first visited in 1974 and a church where I had acted as Chaplain annually since Easter 1995.

In the May Newsletter 2007, I wrote 'New beginnings inevitably mean change because without change and new growth, things must inevitably die. By nature, I am conservative, prudent and sensitive to the feelings of those to whom I minister. Nothing should change quickly but nothing can stay still forever. So let us together explore how we may best worship God in this place at the turn of the Twenty-first century'.

On reflexion, I feel we are growing, developing and changing as a church. Unsurprisingly, change is not always welcome since inevitably we are fond of our 'old shoes' but how quickly today's change becomes tomorrow's established comfortable tradition.

With this in mind, I intend for Advent 2010 to introduce the Modern Language form of our Eucharist to reflect the usual practice in the Church England though we will retain the Traditional Language form for the Thursday morning service of Holy Communion.

May 2010 bring us all new and rewarding challenges whilst preserving what is good of the old.

Father Gareth



- **New Banner:** our thanks to Monica Lewis whose skill with the needle and creative recycling of old hangings has produced a magnificent banner for the East Wall.
- **Advent Appeal:** Dar El Alwad Children's Home raised **180€**
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch 9th January** 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/annebaber5050@aol.com
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the February Newsletter is *midday on Thursday 28th January*
- **Church Finances for November**
Income: **3499€** Expenditure: **5068€**

➤ Readings in church

January 3rd,	Epiphany
Isaiah 60 v1 – 6	Psalm 72 v10 - 15 p.1184
Ephesians 3 v1 – 12	Matthew 2 v1 - 12
January 10th,	Baptism of Christ
Isaiah 43 v1 – 7	Psalm 29 p.1126
Acts 8 v14 – 17	Luke 3 v15 - 17, 21 - 22
January 17th,	2nd Sunday of Epiphany
Isaiah 62 v 1 – 5	Psalm 36 v5 – 10 p.1137
1 Corinthians 12 v 1 – 11	John 2 v1 - 11
January 24th,	3rd Sunday of Epiphany
Nehemiah 8 v1 - 3, 5 - 6, 8 – 10	Psalm 19 v 1-6 p.1115
1 Corinthians 12 v12 - 31a	Luke 4 v14 - 21
January 31st,	Candlemas
Malachi 3 v 1 -5	Psalm 24 p.1121
Hebrews 2 v 14 – end	Luke 2 v22 - 40

Are you a friend of St Bartholomew's?

'Of course I am! I'm reading the latest Newsletter so I must be!' might be your reply so perhaps my question should be 'Are you a **Friend**?'

Many of you will know that unlike many churches this beautiful Victorian building is not owned by a central amorphous body but by **us**. In 2003, 'The Association of Friends of St Bartholomew's' was set up to own and regularly maintain our buildings and grounds. Probably newer members of the congregation may be unaware of the 'Friends of St Bartholomew Association' or that the average annual cost of taxes, insurance and maintenance runs to over 1500€. This excludes any nasty surprises. The funds are met not by the weekly collection or state or central Church funding but from a minimal annual subscription of £12 or 16€. So for as little as 31 centimes a week you appreciate why many of the Friends give more to belong to the Association.

In 2003, we had about 100 members but over time some have moved away, fallen ill or sadly have died; now there are just 48. It is vital to encourage new members to become Friends. So if you aren't already, please consider joining us so that future congregations may enjoy the beauty of the architecture and its friendly ambiance here. Don't let the small hole growing in our finances result in a large hole in the roof!

If you want to know more about becoming a Friend please talk to any member of the Church Council. Remember only paid-up members may vote at the AGM on July 18th, 2010.

Roger Saxton-Howes

The Association of Friends of St Bartholomew's



Poem of the month

The following is the first of a series exploring the nature of the incarnation through the humanity of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

'A virgin shall conceive and bear a son'

Matthew 1 v23

Who was more shocked: Joseph or Mary?
To Joseph, the angel came in a dream
And, as a good man, he agreed to marry.
To Mary, Gabriel appeared at midday,
To tell her what God's will was for her.
She agreed to be the handmaid of the Lord.
She was overshadowed by the Holy Spirit
Who made fertile an egg inside her womb:
Jesus, God's Son, Immanuel, God with us.
Inside a woman, unknown to a man, he grew:
Zygote, embryo, foetus, formed as we are,
Nurtured as naturally as you or I were.
And he came into the world as we must come,
Down through the birth canal into the air,
Anointed by the blood we all share.
During his nine-months-shaping,
How conscious was Jesus of his mother?
As her child grew inside her womb,
How conscious was Mary of her son?
Did their intimacy make Mary holy?
Did the bond that bound them
Make his Virgin Mother Blessed?
Did the divine presence in-dwelling her
Make her in fact immaculate?
Did Jesus the baby cry when he was born
In the knowledge of what lay before him?

Spotlight on Words: Breath

By far the most interesting theological word in the Hebrew in the Old Testament is RUACH which means breath or wind, both of which can be seen and felt. Later, this word RUACH was translated as Spirit: for example 'The Spirit of God moved over the waters in Genesis 1 v2. In the following verse of this first creation story, God says, 'Let there be light'. If you speak, you need breath. Now if you link this with the beginning of St John's Gospel, John tells us that Jesus has always been the Word of God. So Jesus is as close to God as His Breath. In fact, Jesus is the breath of God. Therefore when Jesus spoke, He was giving the direct, complete word of God. In this sense then Jesus is providing us with the perfect pattern to follow to the best of our ability.

Pauline Eyre



Pie in the Sky (almost)

It was the carol service, and as is the norm for St. Bartholomew's, the church was very full. People were asked to remain in their places to be served with the wine and mince pies. We had enjoyed the services of the band to accompany some of the carols and on this occasion, the conductor had used a small rostrum. One of the ladies was taking a tray of pies to start to serve the band members, but instead of watching carefully where she stepped, was allowing herself to also weigh up the needs elsewhere. That is when she found the rostrum, and added to the evening's entertainment, by showering the band and others with pies, as she fell over it. As far as I am aware, this is the only time the church has had an aerial display as part of the service.

John Marshall

Looking forward?

When the festive season is over, most of us do not look forward to the next couple of months. Usually the worst of the weather is still to come! It is a time for battening down the hatches in the evenings and settling down to watch television. The log burner is keeping us warm while outside, the wind and rain keeps us indoors.

During January, however, we can enjoy our Christmas presents. The dolls, train sets etc the children had or maybe that new cardigan or a glass or two of the malt whisky. Time to finish off the remains of the Christmas cake, mince pies, boxes of chocolates, all packed with festive memories to help distil the gloom.

February will lift our spirits a little as we start to look forward to Spring though we know we still have a couple of months of cold and wet before Easter comes. But for the hardy types, this is a great time for a 'bracing walk'!

But Winter does have clear advantages such as no grass cutting, no hedge trimming, no leaves to gather. Safe indoors gardeners can plan their bedding plants etc in readiness for Spring. All seasons have their advantages and disadvantages. The early part of the year is time to plan, where to go on holiday, people and places to visit during the summer, when to have that barbeque.

So make sure there are enough logs for the fire or the oil tank for the central heating is full, then settle down in the evening to enjoy your home.

Bill Hughes



Film Review of the Month

It may be an interesting addition to our Newsletter if we were to include a monthly film review. I am very happy to write one a month if no one else would like to share with us a film they've enjoyed. Just let me have the copy and I'll do my best to print it a.s.a.p. thereafter. With this in mind, let me offer the first, *'Oscar et La Dame Rose'*, which I saw in Dinard in the middle of December 2009. There is a problem of understanding the dialogue in French without sub-titles but by persevering I got the drift of most of what was said and what I didn't understand didn't seem to spoil my enjoyment.

The novel and the film are written and directed by Eric-Emmanuel Schmitt. I came across Schmitt as a result of reading a book by Timothy Radcliffe, 'What is the point of being a Christian?' It goes without saying that what Schmitt writes is a profoundly spiritual book addressing one of today's big issues: the problem of dying.

Set in a hospital specialising in Paediatrics, Oscar is a ten-year-old dying of untreatable cancer. The film is a real tear-jerker as we get to know the boy and his predicament. Full of life and mischief, the adults around Oscar are treading on egg-shells. His parents can't cope with the news that the doctors cannot do anything further for him, a conversation Oscar overhears. Oscar has just ten days to live and it is these last ten days on which the film focuses. Rejecting his parents for their failure to come to terms with the fact he is dying, an unlikely relationship develops between the boy and a woman of a certain age with attitude – La Dame Rose played by Michèle Laroque. With enviable empathy, she draws the boy out of himself with an inspired mixture of imagination and natural wisdom. The fantasy of her alleged exploits as a female wrestler is ludicrously funny but is designed to help Oscar cope. Rose encourages Oscar to live each day as if it were a decade of his life and he falls in and out of love and back again with a girl, Peggy Sue; their pre-adolescent affection is heart-warming.

Saint of the Month: St Sebastian

Feast Day 20th January; Emblem: an arrow. St. Sebastian was like a double agent. A Christian, he kept his views secret during the persecutions of the Emperor Diocletian, not out of fear, but in order to comfort those who were daily being martyred for their faith.

Born in Narbonne in France, he enlisted as a Roman soldier in 283 AD, even though some of his duties seemed to cut across his Christian faith. Secretly he encouraged Christians about to be killed not to waver in their beliefs. He also converted such noted pagans as a man named Nicostratus who was in charge of prisoners, and his wife Zoe. He cured the Prefect of Rome of his painful gout and the prefect himself became a Christian, setting many godly people free. Sebastian's faith remained undetected. The Emperor heard such favourable reports of him that he ordered him to be made a captain in the Praetorian Guard. Eventually Zoe was discovered to be a Christian and was hung up by her heels over a fire. She died in the smoke. Nicostratus and the Prefect of Rome were also captured, tortured and killed. Finally Sebastian was revealed to be a Christian.

Diocletian is said to have been bitterly disappointed that one so close to him had been a believer in God. He sentenced Sebastian to be shot to death by arrows. In spite of his wounds, Sebastian survived and was nursed back to health. He was now determined to confront the persecutor of so many Christians, publicly appearing before the Emperor to denounce his cruelty to Christians. For a moment, Diocletian was speechless but then he ordered Sebastian to be clubbed to death. His body was cast into a sewer, but Christians rescued it, burying it on the Appian Way at the spot where the church of San Sebastiano now stands.

Jackie Twinn, Reader, St Barnabas Church, Colchester

French Proverb of the Month

This month's proverb from 'Almanach du Marin Breton 2008' may metaphorically help car drivers:

Le rire c'est comme les essuie-glaces dans la pluie du malheur

Last month's might be paraphrased as follows:

It's less shameful to be tricked by a friend than to distrust him.



Quotation of the Month

At our Brittany Chapter Retreat, The Revd Michael Hepper of Poitou Charente spoke of the difference Charles Darwin had made to our appreciation of how we as human beings are related to the animal kingdom. He summed up the Theory of Evolution by putting the following question into the mouth of a chimpanzee living in a zoo, 'Am I my keeper's brother?'

And from Jonathan Banyard (Val and Geoff Carter's grandson):
What did Santa get for Christmas ? A BIT FATTER



Grace of the month

The second of a baker's dozen from a former chaplain:
In colder nights and shivering days
Our Heavenly Father now we praise.
Through biting wind and winter storm
We keep the bonds of friendship warm.

The Revd Donald Pankfurst



Believing neither in Father Christmas nor in God, Oscar is encouraged to write a daily letter to God, to share his deepest hidden feelings. Sealed in an envelope, each letter is dispatched by helium balloon heavenwards. The climax comes with Oscar's experience of the numinous.

The film is not for the faint hearted. The more we see the boy the more we are going to be affected by his inevitable death. Amir Ben Abdelmoumen who plays Oscar has had his head shaved for the part but his large eyes and winning smile are a knock out.

What is life-affirming about the film is the real value of life in the context that we must all, sooner or later, inevitably die. The tragedy for Oscar is that he will die so young, so soon.

But the film asserts a spiritual reality that underlies the physical: that love is what best informs the good life. What is so good is that not only is Oscar redeemed by the love of this unlikely woman but she too is recued from the sterility of a divorce to discover a new, real relationship with her own mother and her own children now young adults.

Ann Payan told me it was a two handkerchief film – in the event, I only needed one. But 'Oscar et la Dame Rose' is a film designed to make most of us cry in recognising the transitory beauty of life and the inevitable sadness that we all must die.

For me, it was French cinema at its best. It is a good film and it may encourage you to read the book which inspired the film.

Gareth Randall



Church Going - Magdalene College Chapel

My rooms as an undergraduate – No. 1, Chapel Staircase gave me a medieval sitting room . . . a haunted bedroom . . . bathroom boasting the finest chipped porcelain . . . a kitchen with a magnificently explosive old geyser – and a pantry.

Down the narrow stairs was No 2, Chapel Staircase, an identical set of rooms in which was installed an even more distinguished old geyser – Professor C. S. Lewis.

Our relationship was equally close. *I* would listen to his lectures, through an aura of reverence and scholarship. And *he* listened to my Bob Dylan LP's, through my floorboards.

We were connected, too, by our pantries, actually one straight-down flight of shelves: an ancient chimney shaft, I think. If *I* put my nose inside my pantry, I could inhale Professor Lewis's *Gentleman's Relish* one floor below. If *he* turned his nose heavenwards, he could enjoy the faint scent of my Angel Cake, perhaps.

We also shared – *adopted* - a resident mouse. After all, mice, like ghosts, are famously loyal to Church of England establishments, as John Betjeman observed.

Our own mouse was slightly reserved, unhurried, and velvety grey - a High Church mouse, I suspect. *Wee... sleekit...* and very refined. He (we were an all-male College) nibbled my digestives like a finicky Beau Brummell. But *cowrin? . . . tim'rous?* Not Mickey! His reaction to the fearsome Lewis roar when he was copped tucking into the best College Stilton? "*Cool*", said the Professor. "*In my sense of the word – and yours.*"

We exchanged news about Mickey after Morning Prayer downstairs in No. 3, Chapel Staircase – the College Chapel. There, in fact, just inside

the doors and behind the Chaplain's stall, was where our pantry began, as an open cupboard of prayer books.

It was there, too, on a chilly January day, that we saw Mickey for the last time. Was it the weather? He'd braved colder mornings. The congregation? There were only the four of us: Mickey, CSL and me . . . - Oh, and that morning the new, rather vague Chaplain, of course. A small, nervous man, he twitched his nose and then blinked at us as if unsure who we were or what we might be doing there. He couldn't see Mickey - down from upstairs, as usual, shivering a little, but faithfully perched in his customary place - on the tottering pile of Ancient & Moderns behind the Chaplain's back.

The Chaplain wasn't very... riveting. Anyone on earth - or elsewhere - would have watched Mickey instead, if they could.

We reached the First Lesson. The Chaplain twittered on: "*...will come with fire... like a whirlwind... with fury...*" And on...

Despite these threats the congregation just stared peacefully at Mickey who stared peacefully back at both of us. Then, hoping to wake us up, the Chaplain tried to inject some of Isaiah's pzazz into his own voice. As bores do.

"*...The abomination, AND THE MOUSE, shall be consumed together, saith the Lord*".

We must have blinked.

For lo! Mickey was gone. Forever.

Followed at the end of term by the mousy Chaplain.

David Norris