

Diary dates for September and October 2010

2 nd September	10.30 Council Meeting
9 th September	10.30 Bible Study on Ruth chapter 1
15 th September	11.00 Julian Meeting George Dobinson
26 th September	11.00 Harvest Festival & the celebration of the ordination to the priesthood of The Revd Donald Pankhurst 45 years ago
7 th October	10.30 Bible Study on Ruth chapter 2
20 th October	11.00 Julian Meeting George Dobinson



Prayer of the month

Eternal God,
you crown the year with your goodness
and you give the fruits of the earth in their season:
grant that we may use them for your glory
for the relief of those in need
and for our own well-being;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and forever.

Collect for Harvest Thanksgiving



Prayer focus

The proper harvest of our time, talent and money so that we may fully be the people that God has called us and leans us to be.

Newsletter - September 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:

 02 99 46 77 00

e-mail : gareth.randall@nordnet.fr

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



Dear Friends

Never ending tasks

It was early in the morning. The dishes and glasses and pans from the previous night's supper party were neatly stacked in the kitchen waiting to be washed. Half-an-hour later, everything was clean and back in place. Every morning, I have a shower to wake me up and wash away the dirt of the previous day. Some tasks are always with us. They never go away. No matter how much time and effort we invest in them, they inevitably resurface to be done again.

Washing up and washing ourselves is a regular process of purification, of rendering the things we get dirty clean again, fit for purpose. It should come as no surprise, therefore, that our spiritual and moral well-being is in similar need of cleansing as we go about our daily lives. Part of our regular Sunday service, the opening prayer, (called appropriately enough the Collect for Purity) has this petition – 'cleansing the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit'. Weekly or better still daily to ask to be forgiven for what we have got wrong is not vain repetition but a vital part of our spiritual hygiene. It reminds us of where we have gone wrong and allows us the possibility of a fresh start, of a new beginning.

So next time you wash your hands or wash up, you have a powerful visual aid of the spiritual cleansing that is possible and should be a part of our daily awareness of God.

Father Gareth



- **Apologies** Careful and discerning readers will have noticed that I failed to include one of Victor's recipes of the month in our August Newsletter. Clearly a *clerical error*!
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch 11th 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
- **Soup lunch Wednesday 8th September** at Diana Wilson's - La Tamara, rte de St Lunaire. **11.30 – 1.30** includes bread, wine soup and dessert: cost 6€ in aid of church funds.
- **Soup lunch Friday 8th October** at Corrie Stein's – 8 rue de la Rouxelais, Plouer-sur-Rance. **12.00 – 14.00** includes bread, wine, soup and dessert: cost 6€ in aid of church funds.
- **For Sale a Far Fridge Freezer: 50euro ono** fridge 240 litres; freezer 48 litres; hardly used. Owner returning to UK . To be collected 9.00am – 12.00noon. 02 99 58 02 25
- **House for sale** – Vivienne Gallier is intending to sell Les Epinettes, her delightful house near Pleurtuit in order to move to St James to be closer to her daughter Vanessa. Anyone interested in purchasing can contact her on 02 99 88 07 55 or 06 19 61 42 95 or email vivienne.gallier@gmail.com
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the October Newsletter is **midday on Thursday 23rd September**
- **Church Finances for July**
Income: 4065€ Expenditure: 4700€ - *David Morgan*

Readings in church

Sept 5th 14th Sunday after Trinity

Deuteronomy 30 v15 – end Psalm 1 p 1096
Philemon 1 v1 – 21 Luke 14 v 25 – 33

Sept 12th 15th Sunday after Trinity

Exodus 32 v7 – 14 Psalm 51 v1 - 9 p 1158
1 Timothy 1 v12 – 17 Luke 15. 1-10

Sept 19th 16th Sunday after Trinity

Amos 8 v4 – 7 Psalm 113 p 1245
1 Timothy 2 v1 – 7 Luke 16 v1 - 13

Sept 26th Harvest Festival

Deuteronomy 26 v1 – 11 Psalm 100 p 1222
Philippians 4 v4 – 9 John 6 v25 - 35

Sybil Fagg



Edinburgh Festival 2010

The following is reported to be the best joke this year:

‘I went on a once-in-a-lifetime holiday: definitely not something to be repeated.’

Thank You

To say thanks is to express our gratitude, something we learn to do from an early age as part of our education. To say thank you is an expression of respect, a recognition of the value of something that someone has done for us. I love the notion of Jesus saying thank you to our Father in prayer before he calls his friend, Lazarus, alive out of his tomb where he has ‘slept’ for four days. I am embarrassed by the fact that only one leper from the ten who were cleansed of their disfiguring disease came back to thank Jesus for making him whole again.

At St Bartholomew’s, we have so much for which to be thankful, not least the fact that we have inherited a beautiful church. This August so much has been done to make sure that we preserve our heritage by the money raised and by the time spent working together while at the same time enjoying ourselves. Not least the Garden Party which raised a huge amount. Not least the visit of ‘Choral Harmony’ who delighted us with their singing. Not least the visit of ‘Il Suono’ who at the time of typing this article I have not yet heard!

I want to thank everyone involved not by name which might embarrass some and might overlook others. You know what you have done and most importantly God knows it too. We are all grateful – thank you.

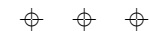
Father Gareth



A pearl of humour for the cultured

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell ?

Ronald Frankel, MBE



Saint of the Month
St Briac – 17th December

Several of the folk at St Barts have places in St Briac, a charming seaside resort just a quarter of an hour to the west of Dinard by car. About whether the saint, after whom the town is named, ever visited the site, my source is sadly silent.

Like St Malo, St Briac was a Celt from across the seas: Malo was Welsh; Briac Irish. Born and educated in Ireland, Briac was destined by his noble family for a life at court but these were times when teenage rebellion expressed itself in defying your parents' wishes by entering a monastery. The life so suited the young Briac that he quickly became a model for the other novices – 'il se montra si régulier', clearly a monk for others to watch.

St Tugdual, the abbot, did. Briac first took his vows as a monk then, a year later, was ordained priest. Two years later, Briac accompanied Tugdual on a mission to Brittany to Ploumoguier where he established the monastery of Land-Pabu. Tugdual was brother to king Erech who gave him a parcel of land on which to build a monastery complex. The work was entrusted to Briac whose skill in developing the site was recognised by his appointment as its first abbot. The site included a holy well and people flocked in pilgrimage for teaching and healing and worship. Eventually, seeking the more quiet life of a hermit, Briac appointed his prior as his successor and withdrew to a remote hermitage in the forest but even there he was sought out by many to receive counsel and healing from his hands.

In 555, exhausted by age, hard work and an austere life, Briac 's'endormit du sommeil des Justes.' Who could ask for more?

Gareth Randall



Bible Study - 'The Book of Ruth'

This Autumn's Bible Study will cover one of the best love stories in the Bible, the four chapters of the Book of Ruth, a chapter a month from September to December. If you've never taken time to study the Bible in a group why not give it a try? It starts at 10.30am in church following Holy Communion at 10.00am and lasts for about an hour.

Session 1 **9th September, 2010**

Focus Family loyalty

Text Ruth 1

Session 2 **7th October, 2010**

Focus Hard Work

Text Ruth 2

Session 3 **4th November, 2010**

Focus Finding a husband

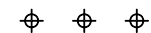
Text Ruth 3

Session 4 **2nd December, 2010**

Focus God's plan

Text Ruth 4

Father Gareth



French Proverb of the Month

This month's proverb from 'Almanach du Marin Breton 2008' may well irritate those seeking for certainty in this life:

Il ne faut jamais dire jamais

Last month's might be paraphrased as follows:

*If you sometimes meet someone who fails to give you the smile you deserve, be kind:
give them yours.*



Quotation of the Month

From 'Keep Calm and Carry on', a satisfyingly small but chunky pocket book full of aphorisms:

'An Economist is an expert who will know tomorrow why the things he predicted yesterday didn't happen today' (Laurence J Peter)



From our Yorkshire Correspondent

It is a tradition in Yorkshire that both fruit cake and apple pie are eaten with an accompanying portion of cheese, hence the Yorkshire 'proverb':-

'Apple pie without the cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze!'

John Marshall

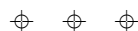
Poem of the month

The ninth in a series exploring the nature of the incarnation through the humanity of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

It is easier for a camel! Matthew 19 v24

Did Jesus have a sense of humour?
It's a good question.
Being serious is surely necessary,
Surely a part of what it means to be
What Jesus is meant to be, isn't it?
When God's work is being done.
There's no room for such frivolity.
Or is there? The gospels are silent,
Not saying if Jesus smiled or laughed.
There are no obvious jokes set down
Yet there is evidence of his humour,
Jesus' sense of the ridiculous,
Odd juxtaposition of ideas, challenging wit.
Take the camel as an image of the rich,
Ridiculously overburdened by possessions.
Is this silly enough to make us smile:
Trying to pass through the eye of a needle?
Clearly, the rich have lost the thread?
But is it funny if you understand the joke,
That the Eye of the Needle is a narrow gate
And to pass into Jerusalem, the heavenly city,
First a camel would have to be unloaded.
Surely the Prodigal Son, a good Jewish boy,
Having to earn a living tending pigs
Would make his audience smile in disgust
At how far the boy has lost his way.

And to the literal-minded Nicodemus,
The prospect of having to be born again
Seriously blew his mind.
When God created the universe,
Did the angels laugh and smile with Him
In delight at what was made?



Film Review of the month
'The Browning Version' – Mike Figgis 1994

I read the script of play in the 70s as a young teacher of English having just seen the 1951 Anthony Asquith film starring Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, Nigel Patrick and Wilfrid Hyde-White. This version is a remake by Mike Figgis.

I never went to a Prep School (neither presumably did the person who wrote the DVD's sleeve notes, who located the action in 'a posh prep school'). Where I went, Monega Road Junior, was hardly the milieu experienced by Jennings and Derbyshire whose adventures I eagerly followed, graduating thereafter to the great Public School Stories such as 'Eric or Little by Little' before finally immersing myself in the world of 'Harry Potter'.

'The Browning Version' of the title is the translation by the English C19 poet of a Greek tragedy, 'The Agamemnon' by Aeschylus. It is the present of a boy to his teacher. And the effect is extraordinary. Crocker Harris (Albert Finney) is a desiccated pedant. A Classics Master in a Public School, the Crock (his nickname is a shortened form of 'crocodile' but with the added dimension of being 'defective') assumes the nit-picking precision of someone who lacks the charisma to 'wow' his pupils with inspired and inspiring teaching so instead

Personal Column

Congratulations to great-grandmother, Doreen, grandmother, Leslie, mother and father, Rosa and Matt, on the service of thanksgiving for the birth of baby Joseph Peter Notter here on 8th August.

Congratulations to Philippe Rannou and Annabel Legree married here on 25th August.

Congratulations to Paul Widdecombe and Sara Lomri married by me at St Vincent Des Landes on 28th August.



From the mouth of a child

A little girl asked, 'Is it true we all come from dust and go to dust?'
Mother replied, 'Yes, the Bible says so.'
'In that case,' said the little girl. 'lots of people are either coming or going under my bed.'

John Marshall



Church Notice Board

All our services are different
We leave repeats to TV

Marjorie and Stafford Crane



Battle of Britain 1940

Parishioners who may be in London later this year might care to know that a Service of Remembrance to mark the 70th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain 2010, will be held in St Paul's Cathedral on September 7th. The 7th was chosen as this was the date in September 1940 of the first of the many heavy concentrated German bomber raids on the City of London and so is considered to be the beginning of the "Battle of Britain" period. Special parades in the vicinity of St Paul's will be held by R.A.F. veterans and other armed forces. A free reception in the Guildhall and the Crypt of St Paul's will be offered and all who attend the Memorial Service will be welcomed.

There's not many of us left now who can recall those dark days of the Blitz on London but it's a date worthy of remembering for us all so as to never forget the sacrifice of so many of those gallant young pilots of the R.A.F. Fighter Command - "The Few", as Winston Churchill so historically named them.

The members of the R.A.F. in those far off days, invented many new words which entered into currant language during WW2. Here's a nostalgic glossary of a few of them:

- ACK-ACK = ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
- BEER-BEER = BARRAGE BALLOONS
- BOD = A MAN
- ERK = A NEW RECRUIT
- FFD = FIT FOR DUTY
- FFI = FREE FROM INFECTION
- KITE = ANY AIRCRAFT
- PRANG = TO DESTROY
- WAILING WINNIE = AIR-RAID WARNING SIREN

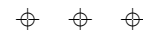
Ronald Frankel, MBE

scares them into good behaviour by his remote severity. He is a cold man despised by the boys he teaches; despised by his wife (Greta Scacchi – oozing discontent) who is having an affair with the young science master (Matthew Modine – the film's token American presumably to boost its sales in the States); despised by the School's Head Master (Michael Gambon – a very model of a modern English manager) who has manoeuvred Crocker Harris on health grounds into early retirement without pension.

Taplow's kindness, an implicit act of affection, cracks his teacher's protective shell to free his humanity. It is a very English film in which the hero is an ordinary man, lost, who is helped to find himself through a boy's simple act of kindness. It is enough to make you cry and, of course, I did. Finney's leaving speech (not in the original play) is a masterpiece: his apology to his boys for having failed to give them the education they deserve (especially given the size of their fees!) With the characteristic generosity of the young, their subsequent applause shouts their forgiveness for and acceptance of a man whose humanity they glimpse at last.

It is always difficult to watch a remake. One may be haunted by the memory of an early age of innocence; sometimes black and white can have more of an impact than widescreen Technicolor. Which 'Browning Version' you prefer may well suggest the age with which you identify.

Gareth Randall



Postcard from India - 1

Eight and a half hours in a plane, clocks advanced by four and a half hours, so we arrived in Delhi mid morning - having only snoozed on the flight. As we left the airport, we saw Moses waiting for us, fortunately not with inscribed tablets of stone but with a board reading Tikli Bottom. However, our first three nights were to be in Delhi, as our hosts, Martin and Annie also have a flat there. As we were shown our rooms, Anjoli (the housekeeper) produced welcome glasses of limewater (not to check for CO₂). We soon found that this was the norm, to greet guests with a refreshing glass of freshly made lime cordial. Rest, light lunch, a short walk, dinner, bed, and our first day in India concluded. We were already grateful for the air conditioning.

I should say that we were a foursome, the Marshall trio and Adam. Adam was the youngest at 16 of the scouts who Charles took to help the construction of the school, two years ago, and became hooked. So much so, that it has influenced his career choice. Adam was going to spend some time working in the school at Tikli especially helping with music, so he had his saxophone with him.

After breakfast, one of Moses' drivers, (Anand), arrived together with a guide, to take us on our Delhi tour. We saw the President's residence, the parliament buildings etc before going to Old Delhi. Here we clambered into cycle rickshaws, to be taken on a tour of the old and narrow streets. Colourful to view, spicy on the nose but as we were to realise, also almost primitive in the way many had to live. We saw men sitting on the 'pavement' at a wash stall, as they had an almost bath. At the end of this ride, we moved on to the Red Fort. Here, as at every tourist venue, and even traffic lights etc. were the beggars, and street sellers. Sad though it is to see some of these, one has to harden, as we were assured that self and infant mutilation, is seen as a way to extract sympathetic payments, and that to succumb, only serves to perpetuate rather than eradicate, the situation

Recipe of the month Battered Plum Pudding (serves 4)

I first created this dish when I brought a large quantity of over ripe plums!

- ✓ 1.5 lbs ripe plums
- ✓ 2 oz plain flour
- ✓ 3oz sugar
- ✓ 2 eggs
- ✓ 5 fl oz single cream
- ✓ 1oz melted butter
- ✓ 1 tsp almond essence
- ✓ 2oz flaked almonds



- Halve the plums, removing the stone.
- Layer the plums in an ovenproof casserole dish.
- ***To make the batter***
- Place the flour in one bowl and the eggs in another.
- Lightly whisk the eggs, then
- Mix the melted butter,
- Cream almond essence and sugar.
- Combine ingredients with the flour & whisk until thoroughly mixed,
- Pour over the plums and scatter with flaked almonds
- Bake at 180C or Gas 4 for about for 45 mins.

Victor Pumfrett

Harvest Festival

The Harvest Festival will be celebrated at St Bartholomew's on September 26th. The church will be open before hand on Friday 24th from 10:30 to 12:30 to receive gifts of food and produce to help decorate the church (preferably without windfall fruit). Donations will also be accepted before the service on Sunday morning.

Tins and packets of dry food and drinks will be given to the Banque Alimentaire in Dinard while fresh produce will be delivered to the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' in St. Servan.

David Morgan



Choral Harmony

August saw the second visit of Choral Harmony who gave a concert at the church on the Friday evening, sang at our Sunday service, then gave a concert on the Monday followed by a bar-b-q at Les Trauchandières. It was a delight to hear this talented group of seven singers: Alison, Darryll, Ginny, Glenda, Ian, Ross and Steph. The range and quality of what they sang was pure delight and they made me laugh and moved me to tears!

My thanks on your behalf go them and their supporters and the folk under Sharon's direction who did the catering. In particular, our thanks go to Val and Geoff Carter who first suggested the group and co-ordinated their visit and to the François who provided their accommodation.

731€ was raised for church funds – well done!

For lunch we were taken to a Delhi restaurant, so had genuine Indian cuisine, then to visit Humayun's Tomb. This tomb, built in 1570, was the first garden-tomb on the Indian subcontinent. Its design and architecture is reputed to have inspired other monuments including the Taj Mahal. Next we moved on to the Mughal mosque, which boasts the highest stone tower in India. It was begun either as a minaret or a victory tower in 1199, by the then Sultan and was completed by his son and successor some decades later. Finally, the inevitable sales pitch, as we were taken to an 'emporium' to view carpets, precious stones, fabrics, clothes, paintings etc. then back to the flat to relax, eat and sleep. However, the young granddaughter of Anjoli, had decided that Adam would be a good playmate, so had joined us in our relaxation.

Next day, Sunday, and Anand arrived on time and off we went for a Ghandi morning, first to the Raj Ghat area, which is the place of Mahatma Ghandi's cremation. This is marked by a black marble platform surrounded by a low wall. At one end of the platform burns the perpetual flame, whilst at various points there are arrangements of marigold flower heads. The whole is set in a large garden with fountains and exotic trees etc. On entering, shoes must be left at the gate, where on one side they are looked after by 'guardians' for a small fee, or at the other side they are left to chance, but free. From the Raj Ghat, we drove to Ghandi Smriti, the place where he was assassinated in 1948, as he was walking to a platform to lead prayers. His last footsteps are now marked as concrete footsteps on the path and at the place of assassination is the martyr's column.

Access to this area of the gardens, is allowed only after shoes are removed. Many quotations from Ghandi's life are around, and these are extremely thought-provoking. Such was their effect that I enquired at the bookshop if there was a book available, and not only did I buy a copy, so too did Adam. I guess both of us had read many of these before leaving India.

Sunday afternoon found us at the National Rail Museum. It was quite relaxing, as there was not a lot of it. A small inside area, with a few models and artefacts, plus outdoor exhibits of old rolling stock and loco's in various states of ruin. We were not sure if it was a museum or a scrap yard.

Thus we almost concluded the Delhi aspect of our India trip. Monday morning and after breakfast Anand arrived to drive us to Tikli Bottom. He would have liked an earlier start, to arrive at Tikli for breakfast, but we had a stop to make before leaving Delhi. We realised later, that he was always well looked after at Tikli, and no doubt relished the idea of a good Muna breakfast. However, we were to stop at Khan Market, for a bank to change traveller's cheques, and also for a little shopping. Such is the Marshall effect, that as we walked around after the bank visit, we thought most shops were getting ready to open, a little after a few others. No such luck, the shutters were going down not up, it was the start of a 2 day shut down of Delhi, as a general strike in protest at rising costs. We never did get to Khan Market! So it was on to Tikli and a way of life so different to anything we had experienced before

John Marshall



Flower Festival

The final sum raised by this year's Flower Festival was **310€**. The whole was a wonderful way of opening a door onto the numinous by a combination of the natural beauty of flowers artfully arranged in combination with icons. Our thanks to all involved who made St Bartholomew's a place of beauty visited by over 400 folk in 3 days.

Celibacy

The following arrived by e mail from my Italian teacher, Renata. It is clearly an issue that demands some reflection!

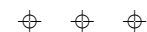
Celibacy can be a choice in life, or a condition imposed by circumstances.

While attending a Marriage Weekend, Ken and his wife, Jenny, listened to the instructor declare, 'It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other.'

He then addressed the men, 'Can you name and describe your wife's favourite flower?'

Ken leaned over, touched Jenny's arm gently, and whispered, "Homepride, isn't it?"

And thus began Ken's life of celibacy.



Grace of the month

The tenth of a baker's dozen from a former chaplain:

We bless the Lord for food and drink
When summer sun is shining;
And blessings more than we can think
To complement our dining.

The Revd Donald Pankhurst



Thomas's chocolates

This delightful piece is not what it seems. It is in fact an exercise in English pronunciation. Read it out loud yourself then try it on your French friends if you dare – it is 'challenging'!

Thomas was a thoroughly thoughtful person. For his mother's birthday he wanted to give her a box of chocolates.

But her birthday was next Wednesday and unfortunately Thomas was without any money at all. In other words he was broke. Obviously he would have to get a job to earn enough to buy what he wanted.

But where could he work ? And when ? And who would give him a temporary job, just for a day or two ?

But eventually he found himself three days' work (Thursday, Friday and Saturday) in a vegetarian restaurant, washing potatoes, carrots and cabbages before they were thrown into the pans to be cooked.

It was six hours of hard work, particularly on Thursday, when the restaurant was very busy and the manager was particularly impatient.

However, Thomas earned just enough money to buy his mother a really expensive box of chocolates. With his money in his wallet, he took the train to Rennes and found his way to a very smart *chocolatier* and bought a box of their finest Belgian white chocolates.

His mother was delighted and ate all the chocolates in half an hour, while Thomas thought about vegetables.

David Norris



Being your Chaplain

At a children's service in church a little five-year old fixed me with an eye like a gimlet and said 'Are you the boss of this church?'

Not many days before, a boy of about the same age saw me coming out of the church door as he passed by in the street, and he waved and said 'Hello God.'

Who is the boss of this church? Under Almighty God of course, we think of the illustrious names of past worshippers here. My memories extend back only as far as 1970. Many names confront us on the various plaques we see round the walls. In my time, there was Bill Channing, Chairman of the Committee; Jimmy Stebbins, a heavyweight from the USA; then there are Robert and Mary Pierpont who are still with us". One could go on, but never forgetting Elizabeth Hannay, who may be said to have personally ensured the survival of Saint Bartholomew's for many years following the war. My first sick visit was to a Russian princess in her flat down the road, and his Excellency Vladimir Romanoff and his entourage have graced these premises. To say nothing of Lord Acton, who corrected me some years ago when I used his grandfather's famous phrase: 'Power corrupts: absolute power corrupts absolutely'. He buttonholed me and said 'What my grandfather actually said was' . . . '

On a lower key, Jim Leo, the American Dean of New York, immediately christened Heather 'Gracie' saying she sounded like Gracie Fields. Nearer home still, the late Lord Russell of Liverpool suffered a serious motor accident in which he was badly injured and his wife, Lady Alix, who was the British Consul, was killed. And there is, of course, Lady Russell's successor as British Consul, Ronnie Frankel, now retired, whom we visit each time we are in Dinard, taking him a large piece of Kendal Mint Cake, of which he is passionately fond

I have, like most of the other holiday chaplains, baptised, married and buried my quota of candidates. The passage of time is brought home when I encounter in Dinard not only Douglas and Marie-Claude whom I married, but also their sons Yann and Mark, who have both now left University.

One outstanding episode was the arrival of a little girl aged four, and her two year old brother, who arrived in this church with their grandmother one week day and wanted to sing Alleluia all over the church. We all three trotted down the aisle, I with a tiny child in each hand, into the sanctuary, round the choir, up into the pulpit and into every corner, scattering Alleluias like confetti.

The Lancashire Boy's Brigade created a stir on the day they marched through Dinard, band playing – it was Braderie Day too: that got us noticed. And don't forget the visit of a party from Switzerland, complete with alpenhorn, the man blowing it standing in the chancel, and the business end, where the sound comes out, reaching half way to the font. I should think that any whales in mid-Atlantic would have received the signal loud and clear.

There has always been a strong and fruitful relationship between the various churches in this area, Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox. After one well-attended meeting at Saint Ideuc, as I was coming down from the stage (there were eight clergy and a hundred people in the hall), I stumbled on the steps. A strong hand grabbed me from behind and prevented a nasty fall. It was the Archbishop of Rennes. It only needed another prince of the church on my other side and I should have felt like the Pope.

On the subject of church allegiance and commitment, I remember Paul Macartney of the Beatles, explaining why the famous Four seemed to have broken with the Maharishi – remember him? Paul said: 'He's still a

nice feller y' know; we just don't go out with him any more.' Isn't that exactly the attitude of so many people to Jesus Christ?

St. Bartholomew's is in very good heart, active and outgoing, taking its full part in demonstrating church unity. I remember the early days when the seed had been planted by our predecessors, and today I am overjoyed to witness the present flourishing of this community. Gone are the days when the chaplain's flat was a scantily-furnished antique shop. And who remembers the dry-rot scare, when the walls were stripped of plaster, and the pulpit was almost dismantled, its floor balancing precariously on one piece of upended four-by-two? Ascending that rostrum was a terrifying acrobatic feat. I cannot pretend that the past was not an exciting time, full of incident and never dull. But I join you in looking to the future with equal enthusiasm and even greater hope. Every blessing to you all.

Donald Pankfurst



English Garden Party

For the third year running, our annual Garden Party was held at La Trauchandières. Once again it has proved a great success with over 6,049€ being raised for Church funds and to help raise the profile of St Bartholomew's in the local community.

I want to thank everyone on our behalf who was involved in any way in making the event so memorable and so worthwhile.

