

### Diary dates for November and December 2010

4 <sup>th</sup> November	10.00 All Souls Service of Remembrance 10.30 Bible Study on Ruth chapter 3
6 <sup>th</sup> November	16.00 Northern Neet - CANCELLED
17 <sup>th</sup> November	11.00 Julian Meeting George Dobinson
25 <sup>th</sup> November	10.30 Council Meeting
2 <sup>nd</sup> December	10.30 Bible Study on Ruth chapter 4
15 <sup>th</sup> December	11.00 Julian Meeting George Dobinson
18 <sup>th</sup> December	17.00 Carol Service
24 <sup>th</sup> December	17.00 Crib Service
25 <sup>th</sup> December	11.00 Christmas Day



### Prayers of the month

Give us grace, dear Lord, to receive forgiveness from others when we have wronged them. Take away our pride and resentment and give us the humility and courage to accept fully and freely the forgiveness that they offer to us.  
For Jesus sake.

*St Thomas More*



### Prayer focus

November is a time for remembering. Let us remember those we love are who are no longer with us; let us remember the sacrifice of those who died in the wars that marked the last century and the conflicts that typify the first decade of the 21st century; let us remember that Christ the King will one day come to establish fully his kingdom on earth.

## Newsletter - November 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.  
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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November, 2010

## Notices

Dear Friends,

### ***'Not a well man'***

Terry Lane was teaching Chemistry at Davenant Foundation Grammar School for boys when I first arrived there as a newly qualified teacher in 1973. Terry was a great character who had several catch-phrases one of which has stuck with me: 'I'm not a well man.'

I'm pleased to say since that since coming to Dinard I have enjoyed excellent health. I'd broken a bone in my left foot jumping down an embankment in India at Easter 2006 but in general, I have usually been in good health so it came as a shock to my system to fall ill with a 'cold'/viral infection that gave me a 'high' temperature, sore throat and persistent cough which held me in its grip for over eight days and necessitated a visit to my doctor – an unheard of indulgence if I were in England!

But the illness opened my eyes to a spiritual truth I'd not experienced first-hand before: that when you are sick, it can be harder to concentrate spiritually. It was only as I started to feel better and was making a cup of tea in the pre-dawn darkness of the chaplaincy kitchen that I realised the difference in the flow of spiritual energy.

It worries me that being ill can have a bad effect on our spiritual well being so it makes it all the more important to practice the spiritual discipline of prayer, Bible reading and coming to church while our health permits. Given our mortality, 'Carpe diem' (seize the day) might be a better catchphrase!

***Father Gareth***



- **Harvest festival** - a big thank you from Helen Morgan to all who contributed. Four substantial boxes were taken to La Banque Alimentaire and a good quantity of fresh fruit, vegetables and dairy items were taken to Les Petites Soeurs des Pauvres in St Servan.
- **Reminder – Sunday School** is suspended during Winter and will resume on **27<sup>th</sup> March**.
- **Reminder** – Have you looked at our Web site recently? It is a treasure trove of goodies including the archive of past Newsletters in printable form; sermons, bible studies etc.
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch 6<sup>th</sup> November** 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](mailto:annebaber5050@aol.com)
- **For sale**
  - 1 Pine dressing table/desk with 4 drawers both sides and stool VGC 50€;
  - 2 Set of men's golf clubs; electric cart (in need of a new battery); and a golf bag – 200€ the lot!  
[lynette.jarvis@yahoo.com](mailto:lynette.jarvis@yahoo.com) or 02 96 41 29 65
- **Christmas cards:** Next month, why not write just **one** card to all your friends at St Bs, post it on the notice boards in the Transept then donate the money saved to our Advent appeal!
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the December Newsletter is **midday on Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> November**
- **Church Finances for September**  
Income: 4196€ Expenditure: 2790€

## Readings in church

**November 7<sup>th</sup>** 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday before Advent

Job 19 v23 - 27a  
2 Thessalonians 2 v1 - 5, 13 – end

Psalms 17 v1 – 8 p1109  
Luke 20 v27 – 38

**November 14<sup>th</sup>** Remembrance Sunday

Malachi 4 v1 - 2a  
2 Thessalonians 3 v6 – 13

Psalms 98 p1221  
Luke 21 v5 – 19

**November 21<sup>st</sup>** Christ the King

Jeremiah 23 v1 – 6  
Colossians 1 v11 – 20

Psalms 46 p1151  
Luke 23 v33 – 43

**November 28<sup>th</sup>** 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 2 v1 – 5  
Romans 13 v11 – end

Psalms 122 p1265  
Matthew 24. v36 - 44

*Sybil Fagg*

## French Proverb of the Month

This month's proverb from 'Almanach du Marin Breton 2008' could never apply to the Anglican Communion

*La hiérarchie est une ébelle qui permet de lâcher ses ordures sur ceux d'en dessous*

Last month's might be paraphrased as follows:

*You can't ring the bells for your own procession*

## Did you notice?

The month of October not only had 5 Fridays, 5 Saturdays and 5 Sundays but also featured the tenth day of the tenth month of the tenth year!

*Lynette Jarvis*

## Memories of being a Chaplain at St Bartholomew's

Peggy and I came for my first tour as Chaplain in 1994. We had been before whilst on holiday, in the congregation. Julian Thompson and I had both been members of the same Rotary Club, hence my holiday visit, but now it was as Chaplain. We arrived in Dinard but got lost trying to find the chaplain's flat. We stopped outside Le Dauphin Café and Peggy went inside to get directions. At that time, they had an Irish chef so the directions were easily understood. This Café became a regular eating-place for us over the years, except for March 1998 when it was closed for its annual holiday.

The first thing which struck us was the kindness and warmth of the congregation. We were quickly made to feel 'at home'. The generosity of the way we were treated and invited to meals continued over my eight chaplaincies, not least on my last tour of duty when Peggy was taken into St. Malo hospital with a Bilateral Pulmonary Embolism when the support was exceptional. I felt honoured being invited to attend the Council meetings.

It was very comforting to find the sacristy so well ordered thanks to Sybil Fagg. She gave me great support, showing me how things were done at St. Bartholomew's. Each time I took the precaution of sending a suggested list of hymns for the organist in advance as I did not know the congregation's repertoire, adjustments could then be made. I remember teaching the congregation a hymn on one occasion, I think they recovered! Twice I had Dutch people in the congregation for Evensong, choosing hymns with them was easy as they all seemed to be regular viewers of the BBC's 'Songs of Praise'. On one occasion eleven visitors came and these included two organists, that was fun. The late Elizabeth Hannay was one of the regulars at Sunday Evensong.

At the beginning of my ministry in June 1995, I had a telephone call from a priest in Southampton telling me that an active member of his Mothers Union had been taken into Rennes hospital and had a heart bypass operation; her husband and son had been given accommodation in the hospital. Language difficulties made her feel lonely, especially as the other lady in her room did not speak English. Sybil Fagg came with Peggy and me to visit the lady. She was flown home on the 15<sup>th</sup> June. A 'thank you' was telephoned to us from the priest in Southampton. Right at the beginning of that chaplaincy, I went across to open the church, only to find Julian and helpers removing thirteen pews, surplus to requirements, which were to be sold. On Sunday the 18<sup>th</sup> June, I went to the Free French Commemoration ceremony, many speeches with wine and cake to follow. That year, Peggy and I went to Jersey on the Condor ferry from St. Malo. The trip began slowly as it was very misty. Fortunately, the mist lifted and we had lovely sunny trip. In contrast to Sunday, 18<sup>th</sup>, when the congregation was low in numbers, our last Sunday, 25<sup>th</sup>, we had a crowded church, the holiday season had begun. There had been an additional service this time, a mid-week Eucharist and a Bible Study followed. Peggy cleaned the windows, inside and out, it made a great difference. We had struggled with the television, but nothing could be seen from the BBC, as the flat was too low.

Peggy and I remember March 1998 very well. We had a very rough crossing with a Force 9 gale. Like the majority of passengers, Peggy was ill all night; in fact they moved us to a cabin midships around 11 pm from the bow of the 'Quiberon'. To my amazement, I was one of the few having meals in the dining room! We arrived in St. Malo after twenty hours at sea. The Ferry had docked the wrong way round and it took 1½ hours to back vehicles off. I telephoned Sybil from the ferry to tell her about our late docking. Next morning I celebrated the Eucharist hanging on to the altar, I didn't have my land legs back! This was followed with a Bible Study in the Flat and we dined on the food

## **NORTHERN "NEET" (NIGHT)**

**Saturday November 6<sup>th</sup> at 4.00p.m.**

**Cancelled owing to the indisposition of the artist:**

**Barry Jordan**

We wish Barry a swift return to full health and we'll let you know when we are able to rearrange the entertainment

### **Personal Column** *Congratulations to*

Hermine Vialle, fille d'Anne de Champchesnel et Alexis, et petit fille de Tristan et Odile de Champchesnel. Baptême le 23 octobre à l'église Ste Clothilde à Paris.

Carol Xueref and Dominique Poviac who were married at St Bartholomew's on Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> October.

Corrie Stein who is celebrating her 70<sup>th</sup> birthday (18<sup>th</sup> October) on the 16<sup>th</sup> October in Jersey with her family and friends.

Denise Peacock who was recently licensed as a Reader to All Saints' Martock and Ash.

The Revd Hazel Door, formerly Priest in charge of Christ Church, Brittany, who was licensed as Assistant Chaplain to the Church of Christ the Good Shepherd, Poitou Charente, on Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> October at a service held in the church at St Léger-de-la-Martinière. We wish Hazel and her husband, Martin, well in this new stage of their ministry.

## **Last years Advent and Lent Appeal**

Nadia Khouri, the volunteer doctor from Paris who works with the poorest and most deprived children in Beirut, has written to the congregation at St Bartholomew's saying, 'The donation (520€) is very much appreciated and will go towards a much needed generator for our health work.' In Europe we take for granted the 24 hour availability of electricity. We push a switch and immediately the lights come on, the masonry drill works and the washing machine spins into life. In many Third World countries, this luxury is limited to a few hours supply of power a day. I know that David Morgan has experienced this problem in engineering work abroad.

In these countries one of the necessities of life for missionaries and volunteers running schools and hospitals is a faithful generator that can be switched on as soon as the mains supply goes dead. These generators are not just 'useful' but essential when a nurse or doctor is in the middle of an operation or babies are fighting for life in a hospital incubator.

Beirut is a city in turmoil with different groups vying for power, both political and religious. Situated on the Eastern Mediterranean coast, this war-torn city once a busy tourist destination now has modern hotels with their walls shot to pieces by rocket grenades. With the tourist income gone, the country relies heavily on essential services being funded by developed nations.

A generator, therefore, for the volunteer workers in Beirut will provide continuity of power supply to the brave workers and give the opportunity to improve the lives of their little patients and pupils.

*Roger Berry*

kindly brought by the study group. That afternoon, I took a funeral with Sybil's assistance (my first in France) of a Frenchman. He was originally Lutheran and had been married in St. Bartholomew's before WWII. His family wanted the service in English, his granddaughter reading the lesson in English, and the congregation was wholly French. This time we gave the radiators a thorough vacuum-clean removing lots of dust. This let the heat out and was appreciated by the Study Group. Posies were distributed on Mothering Sunday to all mums. On my last Sunday, I had the Blessing of a Marriage.

September 1999 was a very smooth crossing. There was a new TV in the Flat, but still nothing from the BBC. There was now a new washing machine and dishwasher. I had a funeral to arrange, it took all one morning. On the 24<sup>th</sup> we went to Normandy for an English Harvest Thanksgiving Eucharist in a rural chapel. The local Curé attended and a good number of French people. We had a professional singer and keyboard to lead the singing. Pat and John Laws (formerly from Bury St. Edmunds - our nearest town) had organised this. We went back to their house for the Harvest Supper and stayed the night there. The French people were intrigued with the whole proceedings lapping up the cider.

Saturday, 2<sup>nd</sup> October, 4pm, we attended the Mayor's reception for the Earl and Countess of Wessex who were in Dinard for the 10<sup>th</sup> Film Festival. Next morning they walked to church and attended the 11am Eucharist at St. Bartholomew's. Beforehand, I had been in touch with Julian and the Council and they carefully timed all the different parts of the service as we were given strict constraints on the timing of the service length. We thought we had it settled, when the British Embassy in Paris said it must not last longer than three-quarters of an hour! Both the British Consul (Ronald Frankel) and I were not well pleased with the British Embassy's interference. However, after consulting with Sybil, I elected to take all the service with Sybil and

Donald Pankhurst assisting with the distribution of Holy Communion. At the end of the Service, Julian Thompson made a suitable speech and presented the Earl and Countess with a painting of St. Bartholomew's, and the Earl gave the Church two books.

During our times at Dinard, the Church was able to host visiting choirs for concerts. These always attracted good audiences. On most of our visits we would visit the Abbaye Boquen, a medieval building that has been reclaimed and has Cistercian Nuns, one of them is at prayer on a rota basis, all the time. It has pews made out of old packing cases, there is an open Bible on a stand facing visitors as they enter, and there is utter simplicity. The calm and peace is tangible. I was privileged to be invited to attend Julian meetings. I visited some sick members in hospital and did some home communions

November 2003. We began this chaplaincy with a visit to Bill and Joyce Hughes Bonfire Party on the fifth. On the Armistice Day, beginning at 10am I went to the wreath laying ceremony in the French and British cemetery and was able to plant a Royal British Legion wooden cross given to me by my local RBL at the British War Graves. Then down to Notre Dame Parish Church for the Civic Mass when I was privileged to concelebrate with their Parish Priest. After the Mass, in which I had helped to communicate the congregation, I was walking out of the church in my cassock and cloak and found elderly ladies genuflecting before me. Out to the square where the Belgian, US, British and French flags were flying where there was more flower and wreath laying. I was interested to hear the Belgian and US national anthems played on a ghetto blaster whilst a French choir with keyboard player sang 'God save the Queen' and the Marseillaise. It was good to see how the French Municipal Police stopped all the traffic and pedestrians during the two minutes silence. Then we went to the Mairie for the Vin d'Honneur, with many speeches. Finally wine and biscuits were made available, except that at our end was whiskey. The chief of the Gendarmes and his assistant, plus the chief of the

## Poem of the month

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

### *'Woe to you blind guides' Matthew 23 v16*

'Blind guides'; 'hypocrites'; 'whited-sepulchres':  
Jesus' fierce torrent of invective flows unchecked;  
His criticism of his most persistent critics  
Is summarised in one devastating chapter.  
The Pharisees thought themselves Rabbis  
But instead of teaching people the way,  
They are misleading them into error.  
Jesus does not mask his indignation  
And they feel the full force of his fury.  
'Woe to you' is a repeated hammer-blow.  
Obsessed with trivia, they miss the point,  
Ignoring the major concerns of Torah,  
(Justice, mercy, faith) for detailed tithing.  
With hyperbolic scorn, he dismisses them  
For straining gnats from what they drink  
While swallowing a camel whole.  
Their concern is for appearance over reality,  
Making sure the outside of a cup is clean,  
That the outside of a tomb is white-washed.  
Jesus is no cool, detached commentator:  
His zeal is fired by a love of the Law,  
The Word of God for the word of God,  
To teach rightly his Father's rule.

**Recipe of the month**  
**Jersey Wonders**  
**(Makes 12)**

Made Island wide in Jersey for Church Functions, Garden parties and sold at fairgrounds

- ✓ 1lb self raising flour
- ✓ 4oz butter or margarine
- ✓ 6 oz sugar
- ✓ 4 eggs oil for frying



- ✓ Sieve the flour into a bowl
- ✓ Grate or rub in the butter,
- ✓ Add the beaten eggs and sugar
- ✓ Mix to a soft paste
- ✓ Knead until smooth
- ✓ Divide into twelve pieces
- ✓ Roll into balls
- ✓ One at a time, gently roll into an oblong shape
- ✓ Cut a slit down the length
- ✓ Take the ends encouraging them through the slits into a twisted shape
- ✓ Fry in hot oil, one minute on each side

*Victor Pumfrett*



**A pearl of humour for the cultured**

A bicycle can't stand on its own because it's two tired.

*Ronald Frankel, MBE*

Municipal Police and his number two much enjoyed the whiskey, so did I, it was 'Salut' all round!. I got back to the flat at 3.30, Peggy wondering what had happened to me! On Friday 21<sup>st</sup>, we drove to Caux in Normandy to John and Pat Law's where I celebrated Holy Communion in their house for ten English. Next day we drove to Canisy Chateau for the Blessing of the marriage of an English Couple whom I had prepared in England beforehand. That day England won the Rugby World Cup; one of the male wedding guests remarked if England had not won the wedding would not have taken place! A clear road back meant we got back to the Flat in the daylight.

June 2005, there was a wedding at St. Bartholomew's. That was my last chaplaincy. Peggy was taken into St. Malo Hospital and we received much kindness and practical help, thank you all so much. Incidentally, the TV problems had been resolved and reception was much better.

To finish on a bright note, when Ida Beau acquired a Twingo motor car; I cheekily referred to "Widow Twanky with her Twingo". I like to think she enjoyed it. I would like to say how much Peggy and I enjoyed our visits to St. Bartholomew's, and for the fellowship we have enjoyed and cherished. God bless you all. May the congregation continue to grow as I was pleased to witness over my 8 chaplaincies.

*Malcolm Cherry*

**Film Review of the month**  
**'Des Hommes et Des Dieux' – Xavier Beauvois**  
**Grand Prix de Cannes 2010**

Seeing a film in French without subtitles is always a challenge – have I truly understood what's going on? With this film, because it is a record of an event, a real situation, we know before the start that it will end badly. There is a scene where Islamic terrorists bloodily murder some engineers; we know what this will eventually mean for the Benedictine

monks living in peace and harmony with their Moslem neighbours from the village on the slopes below the hilltop monastery.

The gentle rhythms of monastic life are reflected in their services in the chapel; their study in their library; their work in the garden, kitchen, infirmary. There is a sense of community, not just among the monks but among their Moslems neighbours who work for them and with them, whose daily lives they share. There is a mutual respect for followers of a different faith, peoples of the Book, trying to live lives according to Godly principles.

But beyond the hilltop 'paradise' are men of violence: Islamic terrorists on the one hand and regular soldiers on the other. A bloody war, a struggle for power is in progress and civilians as ever will be the innocent victims. For the monks, the question of whether they stay or go is a real issue. Will they be true to a particular vocation in a particular place at a particular time? The cost of staying is evident; the cost of going is difficult to accept. In the end, the community is unanimous in staying but it is a decision which will cost the majority of them their lives.

'Des Hommes et Des Dieux' is a sober film; a sad film but a film that affirms the best of the Christian tradition of the good shepherd who refuses to abandon his flock to the wolves. It would be too simplistic to see the film as Christians good, Moslems bad. The fact is that there is a real friendship between the monks and their Moslem neighbours. Rather the clear division is between the men of violence who will use terror to achieve their end and those who are 'powerless' in a conventional sense of the word.

The film is a film for our time: it is a challenge to a simplistic view of 'them and us'. Evil is clearly there but the question is who precisely is it that is giving shape to that evil?

*Gareth Randall*

## Services for Remembrance in November

On 4<sup>th</sup> November, we will be holding our annual service in church when we remember all those names recorded in our Book of Remembrance. If you would like to have a loved one's name added to the list that is not already in our Book, then please pass the name and date of death on to me.

On 14<sup>th</sup> November along with churches in England, we will be holding our annual Remembrance Day service at which we will remember the dead of several Wars in a two minutes silence at midday at the end of our Sunday service.

On 11<sup>th</sup> November, the Armistice concluding the First World War is observed officially in Dinard at three ceremonies culminating at the war memorial after a special mass at Notre Dame de Dinard. To allow me to attend all three as a representative of our British community, I will be cancelling our normal Thursday service of Holy Communion at St Barts.

*Father Gareth*



### From the mouth of a child

'Daddy, what's that?' said the little boy, looking up from their pew at the memorial plaque on the wall.

'That's in memory of all the brave men who died in the services.'  
The little boy scanned the long list of names and asked 'Did they die in the morning or evening services?'

*John Marshall*

### Postcard from India - 3

We even realised the way bus conductors used to announce, 'plenty of room on top', is very true in India, as even ladders are built into some vehicles, and all buses to facilitate top riding. The Honda Hero is a popular small motor cycle and these carry any number. We assume one had the whole family, father driving with a child in front, mum side saddle behind and another child between her and father, and she also was carrying an infant. Even loaded like this, they still weave dangerously through the traffic. We only saw one fall off, fortunately a man alone, who mis-judged the edge of the road when creeping past traffic on the left, and their happened to be a 30cm drop.

Even lorries seem to be overloaded by our standards, and some carrying fodder, which is wrapped over with cloth sheets, just bulge in every direction possible. In town, arrive at a busy junction, and the beggars pose a new hazard, as they flit around queuing traffic trying to liberate a few coins from people. We even saw a couple toting their baby around showing some paper or other, which we assume they were using to try to persuade people that it informed of some treatment the child needed and they couldn't afford. Even children are thus exploited, selling sweets or nick-knacks, or as in one case, a little girl in the thick of the traffic, doing back flips etc. as her 'party piece'.

We were fortunate that Anand was a very skilled and careful driver.

*John Marshall*

#### Grace of the month

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

We give thanks for this food and good cheer  
But now that late Autumn is here  
We remember the fun  
Sitting out in the sun  
And we're planning to do it next year.

*The Revd Donald Pankhurst*

Saturday morning and the Marshalls were ready to set out on their mini tour. Anand arrived at Tikli, before breakfast, no surprise, as by now we realised that he always enjoyed the hospitality of the Tikli kitchen. Eventually we were in the car and were joined by a couple from one of the villages who were being given a lift to Badshapur together with an electric fan they were taking for repair. It looked more like a candidate for the scrap yard. We were heading for Agra and a chance to see the Taj Mahal. Anand soon told us that it was a good day to go as there was a special anniversary so entry was to be free. We discovered the down side to this as the place was swarming. We were very fortunate as not only had Moses provided our transport and Anand to drive us, at Agra he had organised a local guide for us. Such is the worry of the effect of pollution on the structure of the Taj that there is an exclusion zone into which no polluting transport is allowed. This meant that we had to leave the car and transfer into either electric 'phut phut' a stage up from a rickshaw or cycle rickshaw or even horse or camel cart between car-park and The Taj Site. Ours was a phut phut. We did see the Taj but declined to queue for entry to the actual tomb as it was an estimated 3 hour wait in Indian heat! The Taj was built over a period of 13 years, by 20,000 workers as the tomb/memorial to Mumtaz, the wife of Shahjahan. Then back to the car park in yet another electric vehicle.

Next we visited the Red Fort, the most important fort in India as the great Mughal kings lived here. Could this change in the near future, as later on in our tour, we actually stayed at the hill fort in Kesroli? The fort is a mix of many styles of architecture, inspired by the different nationalities and religions especially of the wives of the rulers. The usual visit to a souvenir shop, an inevitable part of every guide's itinerary. However, the marble and semi precious stone carving works proved quite a special place. The workers are all descendants of those

who worked on the building of the Taj, and the skills are a family pride. To see how delicately they work and with such primitive tools, to our European eyes, was a wonder in itself.

So on to our hotel for the night, modern and well appointed including a traditionally garbed and turbaned car door opener etc. Later, as we were in dinner, the heavens opened and we experienced a monsoon downpour, strangely, the outdoor pool emptied, I assume the bathers didn't want to get wet! We almost ate free, as the dining room staff assumed that we were part of a party of Americans. Next morning, as we arrived at the door ready to depart, the call went out from the turbaned gentleman for our car to collect us, and soon we were on our way to Bharatpur. This was to be our visit to Keoladeo bird Sanctuary and national park.

On the way, we were to make a stop to visit Fatehpur Sikri, another red sandstone fort/palace to add to our collection. This is really two towns Fatehpur and Sikri. The place was originally the village of Sikri, where Emperor Akbar determined to build a palace and royal city in 1570, but after Akbar's conquest of Gujarat in 1573, he decided to build Fatehpur as a victory town.

This served as the region's capital but, although the court took 15 years to complete, it was abandoned after only 14 years as the water supply was not able to sustain the growing population. We had a local guide, arranged by Anand, and although he was able to tell us all about the history and the architecture, he explained to us that because there was little in the way of education, he was in fact illiterate, and so his knowledge was not able to be enhanced by reading. Although we were in India at the monsoon season, we had so far seen little evidence of monsoon rains and our guide told us that in the Fatehpur area, there had not been anything like a decent rainfall for over five years. He also told us that at anytime, the water supply in the area was rather salty.

Back to the car, and off we went on the road to Badshapur. Maybe this is a good time to explain why Anand gave us the saying about the four 'goods' needed to drive safely in India. Traffic can be very dense, (sometimes it seems, so are the drivers), we never really managed to work out the rules of the roads, if indeed they exist. Many of the less major roads, are not much better than an unsurfaced road, and most have plenty of hazards, such as potholes. Traffic drives on the left, as in U.K. or at least, this is the general rule. It is not unusual to meet vehicles coming towards you on your side of the road, we even found that this is so on dual carriageways, as drivers take the side of the road which is easier for them to get onto, and change to the correct side when it becomes possible. Arrive at a roundabout and you find that the traffic goes both clockwise and anticlockwise, depending on the whim of the driver. All the commercial vehicles have painted on the back, 'Horn Please, Use Dipper at Night', the horn bit not really needed, as all drivers use the horn almost all the time. Overtaking is done whichever side the driver feels will be quicker for him/her. Then there are the animals, wandering along the roads, or in some cases, hundreds of goats with their goatherds. On one occasion we had an almighty swerve and sudden braking, as Anand announced a small snake on the road, of course, it is not the done thing for a Hindu, to kill another creature. Even flies were wafted out of an opened window.

Now the vehicles, how some held together was a minor miracle, it must be tough rust in India. Some are not even legal, the Jagad, is a common sight, built by the local mechanic or blacksmith, it is a sort of motorised cart, powered by a water pump engine, and we were told only the better ones have suitable brakes and lights. However, each one will carry many people, but cannot be insured or taxed as they do not comply with road traffic requirements. How many people does a 2 seater phut phut hold? We never found an answer, for as with all Indian transport, the answer is as many as can crush in and hang on.