

Diary dates January and February 2012

19 th January	20.30 Service at St Bartholomew's during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity
24 th January	20.30 Service at St Jean L'Evangeliste, St Malo during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity
26 th January	10.30 Council Meeting
22 nd February	10.00 Ash Wednesday

Prayer of the month

Encountering God

Living God,
May we encounter you this day
In the laughter of children,
In the skills of those who create,
In the pauses of the elderly,
In the patience of those who teach,
In the loyalty of friends,
In the dedication of those who serve,
In the exuberance of animals,
In those willing to make fools of themselves.
May we be your blessing to one another.

Jim Cotter from 'The Service of my Love' (Cairns Publications, 2009)

Prayer focus

A new year; a new beginning !

St Bart's Monthly



January, 2012

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:

☎ 02 99 46 77 00

e-mail : gareth.randall@nordnet.fr

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



January, 2012

Dear Friends,

'I'm good.'

One of the delights of a living language like English is precisely that – that it is alive, a vital and dynamic means of communicating in speech and writing which develops over time as custom evolves and adapts to new ways of expressing what we think and feel.

So watching the film 'Attack the Block,' released early last year and set in contemporary South London, I heard one of the boys in the gang say 'I'm good' and he did not mean what I normally understand when someone makes such a statement. Ok – so 'good' does have several meanings all of which are good. But here, the boy isn't telling us that he is morally good but that he's in agreement, ready to go along with what the others are suggesting they do.

Being good is surely what all of us would all like to aim at being. But Jesus challenges us in our search for moral goodness when he objects to the rich, young man addressing him as 'Good Teacher. Jesus tells him firmly only God is good so if we want to be good, what we want is probably unobtainable in this life.

If true moral goodness is wishful-thinking, what might we be able to attain in terms of being good? Perhaps the best we can hope for is to be good in the sense that we are fit-for-purpose. Granted perfection may be beyond ordinary human beings, perhaps we can at least strive to be the sort of people God wants us to be: to recognise that we are loved by God and that if he can love us then we ought to love not only ourselves but our neighbours too.

Have a Good New Year!

Father Gareth



➤ **Notices**

- **The Advent Appeal** raised 210€ for the Banque Alimentaire – thank you for your continuing kindness to those in need here.
- **Thanks** to Claude and Agnes François for hosting a concert at their home on 18th December which raised over 350€ for church funds.
- **Thanks** to the many folk (particularly to Sharon and Bill, Claude and Agnes, and Helen and David) who set up and manned the St Bart's stall at the St Malo Christmas Market on 21st December thereby raising the profile of the church.
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch 7th January** at the Relais de Tournebride - a good opportunity for British and French folk to meet. 15€ includes an aperitif, a four course meal, wine and coffee. **Mike Baber** 02 99 73 56 06/annebaber5050@aol.com
- **Central Brittany Journal** this month features an article on how to take French Nationality, stage by stage. Don't forget to buy it. Only 1€ at supermarkets and newspaper shops.
- **Freebies** 2 single divan beds; 1 double divan; 1 Clic Clac settee (converts to a double bed); 5 armchairs (some better than others); Large carved armoire with mirrored front; Large no. of English books. The above are available free to anyone who wants them from Mike and Ann Baber. All are clean. Anyone interested should ring/email annebaber5050@aol.com or 02 99 73 56 06
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the February edition of the St Bart's Monthly is **midday on Thursday 26th January**
- **Church Finances for November**
Income: 2,467€ Expenditure 4,450€

Readings in church

January 1st

Numbers 6 v22 – end
Galatians 4 v4 – 7

Naming and Circumcision of Jesus

Psalm 8
Luke 2 v15 – 21

January 8th

Isaiah 60 v1 – 6
Ephesians 3 v1 – 12

Epiphany

Psalm 72 v10 - 15
Matthew 2 v1 - 12

January 15th

1 Samuel 3 v1 - 10
Revelation 5 v1 – 10

2nd Sunday of Epiphany

Psalm 139 v1 – 9
John 1 v43 – end

January 22nd

Genesis 14 v 7 – 20
Revelation 19 v6 – 10

3rd Sunday of Epiphany

Psalm 128
John 2 v1 – 11

January 29th

Malachi 3 v1 -5
Hebrews 2v14 – end

Candlemas

Psalm 24 v7 - end
Luke 2 v22 - 40



Quotations of the Month

*The first is from the sixth century Chinese sage, Lao Tzu
who wrote 'Tao Te Cheng':*

'Seek not happiness too greedily'

The second is from a Chinese lecturer, Tehyi Hseih

*The key to success isn't much good
until one discovers the right lock to insert it in*



Notes from the Council - 24th November, 2011

My apologies to those of us who were disappointed not to read the November 'Notes from the Council.' in last month's Newsletter. The Thursday in question was a busy day. Before dawn, I had to pick up from the St Malo ferry terminal a friend who was staying with me for the weekend; the meeting itself was preceded by Holy Communion and followed in the afternoon by a memorial service for Tania's mother, Vanessa Hastings, so I decided to print the Christmas Edition of the Newsletter a day early to give me the time and space to cope. I did.

Our meeting as ever proved most encouraging. There seems to be some movement at last in our efforts to try to resolve the Moynihan legacy. Brian Cordery has worked long and hard on our behalf and it would be good to come to closure.

John Davey presented a summary of the first detailed quotation to renovate and restore the organ. Further quotations are being sought but though the undertaking will not be cheap, the work due after a century's use in underpinning the worship here will give our successors a sound instrument to continue our musical tradition.

We considered future events at the church: the Carol Service; the Crib Service, the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity at which I have been invited to preach in French; the Garden Party and the possibility of the Flower Festival which would be discussed next meeting.

We are grateful to David Morgan for agreeing to take on the role of Deputy Church Warden in addition to looking after our finances as our Honorary Treasurer.

I believe St Bartholomew's remains in good heart because of the positive attitude of our folk to our church. The welcome is warm and I warmly commend the work of your Council to you.

Father Gareth

Profile: Santa Claus

The following interview, one of a series, was originally written by Lynette Jarvis for last month's Central Brittany Journal. We now have the pleasure of printing it here in full for our readers

Hello Santa, it really is jolly nice of you to let me come to Winter Wonderland.

Well, Christmas is a jolly time of the year, and everyone's welcome here.

Can you tell me a little about yourself please, Santa? When you were born?

I'm very, very old now which is why I have such a long, white beard. I was born four centuries ago and I bet you don't know anyone else that old!

I certainly don't! Were you born in Wonderland?

Of course I was but it was only in 1820 that people knew I was here.

How did that happen?

Well, one day I was busy in my toy factory, minding my own business, when suddenly there was a tap-tapping on the door. There in the snow was a group of explorers who had come all the way from North America and Canada on their sledges, pulled by a team of husky dogs. Of course, we use reindeers in Wonderland to pull OUR sledges.

Well everyone knows that, but I have to admit that I've forgotten most of their names, except for Rudolph's!

Dear Rudolph, with his shiny red nose. My sledge is far too heavy for him to pull alone, so he's helped by Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder and Blitzen.

So you have 9 of them! No wonder your sledge travels so fast through the sky!

It has to! I have so many homes to visit that my sledge has to fit in lots and lots of toys.

Do you make all the toys yourself, Santa?

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24th January

10.30 Council Meeting

26th January

10.00 Ash Wednesday

22nd February

11.00 Start of Lent Bible Study

1st March

10.30 Council Meeting

31st March

10.30 Maundy Thursday

5th April

11.00 Good Friday

6th April

11.00 Easter Day

8th April

12.00 AGM

15th April

10.30 Council Meeting

3rd May

Archdeaconry Synod

9th - 12th May

St Jacut de la Mer

17th May

10.00 Ascension Day

27th May

11.00 Pentecost

12th July

10.30 Council Meeting

13th - 15th July

Flower Festival

15th July

12.00 Friends AGM

4th August

14.00 Garden Party

26th August

11.00 Patronal Festival

6th September

10.30 Council Meeting

30th September

11.00 Harvest Festival & the celebration of the ordination to the priesthood of The Revd Alan Charters 50 years ago

1st November

10.00 All Saints/All Souls service

11th November

11.00 Remembrance Sunday

22nd November

10.30 Council Meeting

22nd December

17.00 Carol Service

24th December

17.00 Crib Service

25th December

11.00 Christmas Day

Uncommon Sense - 3/4

Wisdom is not simply the preserve of the Old Testament Book of Proverbs. The following were sent to me by Ron Kirk:

Be eccentric now. Don't wait for old age to wear purple.
No one is in charge of your happiness but you.
Frame every so-called disaster with these words "In five years, will this matter?"
Always choose life.
Forgive everyone everything.
What other people think of you is none of your business.
Time heals almost everything. Give time, time.
However good or bad a situation is, it will change.
Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.
Believe in miracles.

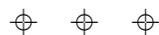
Ron Kirk



Confused ? 1

A lie is a sin and abomination in the sight of the Lord,
but a very present help in trouble.

John Marshall



Goodness me, no! Just look around you and you can see all my little elves busily making dolls and hobby horses, teddy bears and sailing boats, IP3 players and tom-toms. (Even the grown-ups like presents!) This factory is so magical, especially what it's made out of! All the houses and factories in Wonderland are made out of ice. Even our hotels are made out of ice, and the shops and restaurants. It's so cold here nothing melts.

Goodness, I never thought it would be possible to stay in a real hotel up here at the North Pole. I'm glad I brought an overnight bag with me. Can you ask one of your elves to book a room for me, please?

Of course I can. I'll ask Montgomery to arrange it for you. Long, long, ago there was just Mrs Claus living here with me, and our elves and reindeers but now there are lots of people in our town.

What's the name of the town Wonderland's in, please?

Rovaniemi, just within the Arctic Circle. Of course before the Explorers knocked on our door, back in 1820, nobody knew where we were but we're not complaining. We look forward to seeing all the boys and girls who come to visit us. Mrs Claus especially likes it when their grandparents bring them because she likes to have a natter about 'old times' with the grannies.

Did it take a long time for the rest of the World to find out about you, Santa?

Not at all! The Americans and Canadians discovered where we were, quite by accident I may say, and then one of your British queens married a prince from Germany. Victoria and Albert soon heard about me and almost overnight all the children in Europe knew where I was. And now the whole World knows!

Albert adored Christmas trees, which originated in seventeenth century Alsace, an area of France right next door to Germany and Switzerland. He had one sent over to England and Victoria and the Royal children loved it so much that very soon every one of the Royal Palaces and Castles had them, adorned with baubles and beads, candles

and candy. That's how they came into being for us ordinary folk. Did you know that, Santa?

What a silly question! I know everything there is to know about Christmas, ho, ho, ho!

So then, Mr Claus, what food do you like leaving out for you on Christmas Eve?

I'm rather partial to a mince pie with a blob of brandy butter on top, and a nice 'hot toddy' or a glass of warm, mulled wine. Some people think that Rudolph and the other reindeers like carrots but they really prefer sugar lumps. Don't tell Mrs Claus, though, or I'll get into trouble. Too much sugar is bad for their teeth!

You must visit so many homes that you can't fit in the sledge by the time you've eaten all those mince pies.

Well I don't eat them all myself. Goodness me, no! The sledge on our return journey to Wonderland is full of mince pies, slices of Christmas cake and puddings, chocolates and crackers, and all the sugar lumps the little elves need to give them energy while they make the toys for the following year. Mrs Claus would be very upset if we went back empty handed. The poor lady's so tired dealing with all the children's letters and emails that she hasn't any time left for baking. I get over 700 000 letters every year and Mrs Claus and her helpers try and answer every one of them. You'll have to tell your Readers to be quick, though. Mrs Claus's team of elves really need them to arrive before the 16th December. Emailing is much quicker, of course.

You mean the children can email you!

They certainly can! We're very modern up here in Wonderland. Here's where they can find me:

Santa Claus, Arctic Circle, 96930 Rovaniemi, Finland (by letter)

And by clicking on these links below, they can find our email addresses:

www.santaclaus.live.com

www.northpole.com

and if anyone would like to help the N.S.P.C.C. they can log on to

Christmas Word Search Solution

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Y           E O T E L T S I M           S
T A D V E N T                               R
I       S                                     E
V           D                               A   G
I D E C O R A T I O N S           U       N
T           D E R           G M           I
A       O           H E           U   A   F   S
N N           P P           S   G   N R   L
           K           E   G E T   I M S A A   O
E           E   O   U H           E U Z N   R
Y           K   L   S           S   H S A K   A
           N   D                               E N R I H C
           N                               L E E N R S
G N I D D U P S A M T S I R H C T C R U
C E L E B R A T I O N S           T   H E Y S
           L E I R B A G E           N M E
S T A B L E           A N G E L S B           S A J
G I F T S                               J O S E P H E R
                                           Y
L I G H T S

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*Our thanks to **John and Wendy Marshall**
for the Christmas Word Search*



Anagram

This topical anagram, given this next month sees the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, was sent to me by Peter Campbell:

Presbyterian – best in prayer

I say nothing !

A question of tone

It's Tuesday 22nd November and I'm in the kitchen washing up and listening to the end of the Today Programme on Radio 4 FM. Earlier, apparently, Ed Balls had touched on what made him cry and John Humphreys, whose skills as an interviewer I admire, was exploring the idea of being lachrymose. There was an implicit challenge to the Listeners to come up with something that would have the power to move us to tears. One response was the end of 'House at Pooh Corner' which you will recall is Christopher Robin's goodbye to his friend and playmate, Pooh.

John was challenged to read the last paragraph without a tear being shed. He did and I didn't. Why? Why not? Simply because of the way he read it, carelessly, flatly without empathy or imagination, with none of the inflection and interpretation that would have made the words live. I felt as flat as he had consciously chosen to read. I took the book from the shelf to read myself: *'So they went off together. But wherever they go, and whatever happens to them on the way, in that enchanted place on the top of the Forest a little boy and his Bear will always be playing.'*

What can be learnt from this? That the best writing can seem excruciatingly poor if the person reading it lacks the skills to make the passage come alive. We are fortunate here at St Bartholomew's with the range and number of folk who read at our Sunday service of Holy Communion. We are most fortunate in the way David Norris reads the gospel with resonance and authority.

If the intention of the King James Bible is to be realised, that the Word of God be a properly dignified medium for us to hear God's Truth articulated, then the way in which it is read and the tone with which it is read is vital for what we hear to be truly life-giving and to connect us with His Spirit.

Father Gareth

www.nspcc.org.uk/santa

where there's a competition to win a trip to see me!

Santa, I'd love to stay and chat longer, but I know how busy you are.

I'm never too busy to talk to people. You don't get to be as old as I am without being friendly. Don't you know, that's the secret for a happy life? Now just pop your head round Mrs Claus's office door and ask her to make us all a nice cup of tea. Oh, and did you remember to bring the mince pies? I'm starving!

Lynette Jarvis.



Sunday School humour - 1/7

With our Sunday School closed for the winter, the following quips sent by Peter Campbell may raise a smile:

Lot's wife

A Sunday School teacher was describing how Lot's wife had looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt, when little Peter interrupted, 'My mum looked back once while she was driving, and she turned into a telephone pole!'



Cantate

Vitrail
ô transparence
de lumière millénaire
maintenant je te vois
tu ressembles à la mer
lieu de maternités
où se meut l'infini

allé d'un rayon l'autre
et d'une crête à l'autre
pouvoir toujours plus fort
que l'empire matériel
tu es
avec le ciel autour
qui chante le Laudate

maintenant je te vois
vision dont tout dépend
et je te crie mon âme
comme un essaim d'amour
clame sa nativité
deux mille ans ont passé
qui n'ont été que nuit
l'homme en crucifiant Dieu

depuis
à pleins vaisseaux il va
plus esclave qu'hier
vers d'erratiques ports

Fish and Chips

One of the English things I miss being here in France is our English fish and chips.

I've been here in Dinard long enough (I did my first chaplaincy at Easter 1995) to remember the excellent fish and chips that Joyce, Bill and Chris Hughes used to serve up in their restaurant in Paramé. There is, of course, an English fish and chip shop in Dinan though I've never eaten there – I usually visit Dinan with friends from England and what would be a treat to me seems a bit like taking coals to Newcastle – is such a thing still common in the North East?

I always thought of fish and chips as one of our great English dishes but it seems I may well be wrong! Perhaps fish and chips are no more an English national dish than chicken madras which has recently entered our national psyche as typically English!

According to a letter by Simon Walters of London, written to the Times, which I read in 'The Week' (19th November 2011) a weekly magazine summarising the British Press and kindly passed on to me by Irène Bishop, fish and chips are in fact a Jewish dish introduced into our country some 150 years ago. According to Mr Walters, the first fish and chip shop was opened in London in 1860 by Joseph Malin. The batter was made from matzo meal, the ingredient of Pain Azyme from which the unleavened bread of Passover is made.

I was surprised. I smiled. It seems to me that our cooking like our language loves to take that which is best from other cultures and to make it our own. With that thought I will don my pyjamas, snuggle up under my duvet and be refreshed by the reverie of cod in a crisp batter. What could be better ?

Gareth Randall

- stir fry onions, carrots and sprouts in sunflower oil for 10 minutes
- Add rice and sufficient soya sauce to brown rice,
- Continue cooking for 2 minutes
- Add remaining ingredients and cook until all is hot
- Serve decorated with slices of egg and chili peppers
- Eat with spoon and fork or chopsticks

Enjoy it - *I did (GJR) !*

David Morgan

Feedback

Following last month's article entitled 'Toast' by our Church Warden, Bill, I received the following in an email from his friends, Tony and Carole Wingrove-Rogers who understandably wish to remain anonymous

With reference to the culinary skills of Bill Hughes, as dear friends we write to share with your readers that we two are some of the lucky few to have accepted a kind invitation to dine at his home. We can, therefore, categorically confirm that everything Bill states about his cooking IS TRUE ! But don't be put off, it's the man not his cooking that makes his home worthwhile a visit.

Thank you from Barry Jordan

I felt I had to write to say a big thank you for my reception at church on my 65th Birthday. My thanks are due not only for the kindness and welcome gifts that I received but also for the unexpected pleasure of the whole thing and the hard work and generosity of those who contributed food and drink for us all. Lastly, my thanks in particular to Gareth for his permission to use the church. My love to you all.

ô vitrail prends pitié
de ses séismes extincteurs
refais-le sève et toi vigie
efface l'ombre de son iris

reprends-le au sang agressif
de ses désirs extravagants
toujours
bouillonnant et misère
repeuple-le de cathédrales
et de chemins de Compostelle
redonne-lui l'instant premier
où Poème debout
sur le roc de son âme
il chantait l'Univers

Vitrail oh !
Toi devant qui l'Impur efface
Toi dont il suffit qu'un rai passe
cristallier de lumière
Pour graver dans la tourbe
Humaine ton sillon d'or
As-tu songé à un prochain retour

Solange Dayres Goffinet

The above poem, an extract from 'L'Etrave de lumière' (Edition Librairie-Galerie Racine – Paris) is the third poem contributed by a local French poet whose poems 'Lointaines roses en leur écrin' and Coquelicots have appeared in our Newsletters



Film Review of the month
'Les Intouchables' Eric Toledano et Olivier Nakache 2011

Perfect imperfection

It was the end of November. My friend, David Tanner, was coming to spend a long weekend. A former colleague at Dame Alice Owen, before retiring, Dave had been Head of Modern Foreign Languages and taught French film as part of the A Level French course. Having read a review in 'The Independent', he recommended we go and see it. We did. It was a very good film.

It starts off at a cracking pace – a car chase through Paris. Philippe (François Cluzet), a quadriplegic aristocrat, is being chauffeured in his Maserati by his carer, Driss (Omar Sy). Breaking the speed limit and driving with élan, Driss inadvertently attracts the attention of the police who eventually stop them after a breathless chase. A potentially explosive situation is redeemed by Philippe pretending to have a fit and instead of arresting them, the gendarmes escort them, lights flashing, to the 'Urgences' of a major hospital!

The film then flashes back to the painfully funny interviews for the job of care assistant. Among a sad collection of professional misfits, Driss distinguishes himself by having real 'attitude' and his sparkiness strikes a chord with Philippe who, against the odds, employs him. We see the troubled background from which Driss comes – Senegalese; living in the Projets, the banlieux of Paris, in a flat overcrowded with a mum struggling to cope who exercises the 'hard love' favoured by Mr Cameron and kicks her son out.

The humour is good with the clash of cultures refreshingly honest. I loved the scene in the opera; the piece of modern art 'worth' a fortune; the attempts by Driss to seduce Philippe's secretary. But honestly my

Recipe of the Month
Malaccan Fried Rice
(almost as tested by Father Gareth)

Malacca is a port on the east coast of Malaysia. The sea just offshore, the Malaccan Straights, is reputed to be the busiest shipping lane in the world where ships are forced into the narrow channel between Malaysia and Sumatra. The old town has been settled by Portuguese, Dutch, British and Chinese over the last 5 centuries and their descendants still live there as well as the local Malay population. Most religions are represented in the town and a visit to the town can be fascinating.

To prepare the dish one needs pre-cooked pork, chicken or both cut up in small pieces. The veg selected are those readily available rather than the original. The rice should be boiled the previous day. Par boiled rice is often used but I use complet. A wok is best for cooking.

Ingredients for 4

- ✓ 1 egg beaten
- ✓ 1 large onion chopped
- ✓ 2 cups carrots cut to matchsticks
- ✓ 1 cup sprouts halved
- ✓ 3 cups boiled rice
- ✓ Light Soya Sauce (available in most supermarkets)
- ✓ 1 cup pork pieces
- ✓ 1 cup chicken pieces
- ✓ 1 cup frozen peas
- ✓ 1 cup cooked prawns

- Fry the egg to make a flat omlette
- Set aside

Mobile Phones in France – finding the best deal.

UK residents in France who feel they may be paying too much for their mobile phone use, may find this of interest.

LeClerc Mobile offers two options with a local Pay-as-you-Go SIM card: Formule mini. This costs €1.50 per month. Calls within France are 39c per min. (and in UK 42c per min to make and 13c per min. to receive). SMS cost 7c for France and 15c to UK. Formule maxi. This costs €3.50 per month. Calls within France are 16c per min. SMS are 7c for France.

You will need a mobile phone that is deblocké (unlocked). The SIM card costs 14.90€, available from LeClerc Supermarket and includes 10€ of calls. Top ups are valid for 12 months. You can top up on the LeClerc website anytime, or by phone within or outside France.

Another reasonable option for part-time residents with a UK address is an ASDA SIM card using the Vodafone network in UK and SFR network in France. SIM cards are free. Calls within Europe are 35p per min. to make and 15p per min. to receive. SMS 11p to send and free to receive. In the UK calls cost 10p per min. and SMS 6p. Voicemail is 10p per min.

Again, you will need a mobile phone that is unlocked. You can top up with a UK credit/debit card or using an ASDA voucher obtainable instore. Top ups do not expire.

The chaplain has five free ASDA SIM cards to give away. Happy telephoning/texting.

The Revd Mervyn Kingston



French was not up to coping with the quick-fire, colloquial dialogue and I sat there bemused but mesmerised. As a boy, I learnt to read comics by looking at the pictures, grasping the storyline without bothering to read the captions. So I did cope and I did enjoy the experience.

To be honest, it was a life-affirming film, billed as an ‘anti-depressif’. Certainly, it shows that with the right attitude what could not be achieved? It is also essentially a Christian film of the love, the love of neighbour that informs our faith. Based on a true story, the two men, being alive some twenty years, on are described as remaining ‘très proche’ though both went their separate ways to marry and have children! For me, it was French cinema at its best.

Gareth Randall

Personal Column

Congratulations to:

Lynette and Alex on the birth of William James on 17th October in Winchester to Susannah and Matthew Jarvis brother to Tom (aged 3);

Odile and Tristan de Champchesnel on the birth of Beatrice on 23rd November, a second grandchild to their daughter, Anne, and their son-in-law, Alexis Vialle;

Dr Krishna Valayden who was baptised during our service of Holy Communion on Thursday 22nd December;

Zack Lamy-Le Main, second child of Giselle and André, who was baptised on Christmas Day;

David Morgan who is now Deputy Church Warden;

Pierre Payan who celebrated his 80th birthday on December 10th.

Saint-Jouan des Guérets
Chopin, Liszt et Ravel à quatre mains
Piano romantique aux Trauchandières

Dans l'atmosphère féerique du grand salon de la Malouinière des Trauchandières à Saint-Jouan des Guérets, les pianistes Bastien Crocq et Anne-Lise Dodelier ont rendu hommage dimanche 18 décembre dernier aux deux plus grands pianistes de l'époque romantique, Frédéric Chopin et Franz Liszt. L'atmosphère était déjà assurée par la lueur des chandelles et la chaleur des feux de bois dans les cheminées. Devant la fresque évoquant les expéditions lointaines de Guillaume de la Perche au XVIIIe siècle, Bastien Crocq commença la soirée en interprétant majestueusement la Polonaise héroïque, la Fantaisie-Impromptu, un Nocturne, la Barcarolle et une Etude de Chopin. Après l'entracte, Anne-Lise Dodelier enchantait diaboliquement avec la Sonate en si mineur de Franz Liszt, les deux artistes nous ayant auparavant dévoilé quelques secrets de cette grande fresque virtuose. Rappelés instamment par le public, les deux pianistes ont clôturé en interprétant 'A quatre mains' un extrait de Maurice Ravel.

Le soir a été organisé au bénéfice de l'Eglise Saint Bartholomew's de Dinard - se termina dans les salons par un cocktail offert par les propriétaires des lieux Agnès et Claude François.

Bastien Crocq et Anne-Lise Dodelier de Montpellier, deux disciples de Monique Deschaussées, grande pédagogue du piano, prévoient de revenir donner des autres concerts dans notre région, dont un récital entièrement A quatre mains la soirée du Dimanche de Pâques. Pour tout renseignement acfrancois@aol.com

Claude and Agnès François



Words from the King James Bible (11)

The truth shall make you free
John 8 v 32

In the film 'Dead Man Walking', Susan Sarandon plays a nun whose pastoral work 'liberates' Sean Penn, a prisoner on death row whom we will observe being executed by lethal injection for his part in a murder he had previously denied. The key to set him free is the verse above.

Truth and freedom are two great abstract concepts. Truth (αληθεια 'aleitheia') in an absolute sense of the word means that which reflects reality, an accurate description of what actually is. To make free (ελευθερωω 'eleutheroo') means to break that which binds, confines, prevents movement.

John chapter 8 focuses on truth. It opens with Jesus teaching in the Temple when a woman caught in the very act of adultery is hauled before him by indignant Pharisees who demand Jesus' verdict on the woman given that Moses's injunction to stone an adulterer is unambiguous. They instinctively know Jesus' compassion will cause him to go soft on applying the rigour of the Torah thereby giving them the chance to accuse Jesus of undermining the Jewish Law.

In one respect, truth sets us free because the opposite, living a lie, is ultimately self-destructive. The effort of trying to sustain an illusion is corrosive and drains the energy we need to be the people we are meant to be. Lies ultimately kill but the truth is the way to eternal life. Jesus famously says as much in John 14. Jesus is the truth and belief in him can and will set us free.

Father Gareth

The grace given to us is a life and love to be lived – for Jesus gave us two commandments, the love of God with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, and the love of our neighbour as ourselves. That in the end is what human life is about, and it is the grace that makes this possible that we celebrate Christmas by Christmas as we come to worship and adore Mary’s child, born at Bethlehem, Christ your Lord and mine. May each and every one of you know the peace and the joy of this great Feast of the Incarnation.

+ *GEOFFREY GIBRALTAR*



When is a Crib a Crèche ?

Un Maman est en train de parler à sa petite fille au sujet de l’enfant Jésus de Noël. Celle-ci demande à sa maman quel était le métier de Marie.

<< Marie était une bonne ménagère qui s’occupait bien de la maison de son bébé et de Joseph. >>

<< Alors pourquoi Marie a mis Jésus à la Crèche puisqu’elle ne travaillait pas ? >>

Annette Delahaie



A Christmas message from Bishop Geoffrey

Just under a century ago, in 1918, Eric Milner-White, the Dean of King’s College, Cambridge, devised the service of Nine Lessons and Carols, which has since become the most widely known of all Anglican services. The ‘carols’ which were and are so much part of this are now closely linked with Christmas, but were originally what was sung as joyful dancing songs, so perhaps the mediaeval carol ‘Tomorrow shall be my dancing day’ in which Jesus tells of his life as a dance in which we are invited to share reaches back to the original meaning. An early Christian hymn also echoes this theme, speaking of divine grace dancing; and Greek Christian thinkers spoke of the communion of love of Father, Son and Holy Spirit in the Trinity as *perichoresis* - one of the meanings of which is a round dance.

At Christmas our carols catch us into this dance of divine grace, and the meaning of that dance is set out in Luke’s story of the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, in the muck and straw of a cave for animals, and yet whose praises was sung by the angelic hosts of heaven; in St Matthew’s account of the three astrologers from the east, who come guided by a star to worship the child in Mary’s arms with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh; and in St John’s speaking of the Word of God becoming flesh in whom we see and know the Divine glory.

One of my favourite carols, ‘See amidst the winter’s snow’, written originally as ‘A Hymn for Christmas Day’, by the nineteenth-century priest, Edward Caswall, echoes in the mind and heart because of the wonderful tune to which it was set by Sir John Goss, the contemporary organist of St Paul’s Cathedral. The tune is appropriately called ‘Humility’. One of the verses speaks of the wonder and mystery of God coming among us in the child of Bethlehem:

*Sacred Infant all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
So to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.*

Our Christian faith is said to be ‘a religion of the incarnation’, and it has also been said that Easter is *the* festival for the Orthodox, Good Friday for Lutherans, but it is Christmas and the Incarnation that is *the* festival for Anglicans. Certainly there has been a significant stress on the incarnation in much Anglican theology, and carols and Christmas are a popular expression of this. Yet the reality of incarnation takes us beyond the tinsel and the trimmings, to harsh reality. I often like to remind people that Christmas cribs, which go back to St Francis wanting to have a visual aid for poor, illiterate Christians at Greccio, never smell. There may be straw, but there is no dung! I treasure an Ethiopian illumination which shows the ox and ass leaning over the manger, and the artist has written ‘the ox and ass warm the child with their breath.’ The child of Bethlehem was born into a world of oppression and occupation. St Matthew records King Herod’s slaughter of the children of Bethlehem, which we commemorate on Holy Innocents Day, just three days after Christmas – as the day after Christmas (our Boxing Day) honours St Stephen the first martyr. The world is nasty, brutish and horrible in so many ways, and the God who made us and the whole vastness of the universe, did not stand aside from the mud, the muck and the mess. Lady Julian of Norwich, that remarkable mediaeval mystic, says in a wonderful phrase that ‘the goodness of God is our highest prayer, and it comes down to the lowest part of our need.’ St Paul in his Letter to the Philippians writes of the Christ who did not think equality with God a thing to be grasped at or held on to, but he ‘emptied’ himself, poured himself out in the love that goes to the uttermost. It is for this reason that a great preacher of the seventeenth century said to his Christmas congregation, ‘by this day’s emptiness we all were filled.’

‘Down to such a world as this’ – the God who meets us at Christmas, is a God who does not stand aside, but reaches out into the darkness of the world, even in the end to the darkness of our human dying. He redeems a fallen world by remaking that world which he loves from the inside. If we as Christians share that life, if in our Christmas communion we feed on that life, then we are called to live that life. We are to be ‘christophers’ – literally Christ-bearers in our world. That means, as another great Anglican preacher and teacher, Henry Scott Holland put it, ‘you cannot believe in the incarnation and not be concerned about drains!’ Nor about the hungry in the Horn of Africa, the victims of land-mines and the casualties of war, those suffering from HIV/AIDS; about justice and the right ordering of the economic life of the world; about the environment – deforestation in the Amazon, the melting of ice-caps, polluting industries, the multifarious consequence of human selfishness. The child of Bethlehem was not born into a never-never land; the Christmas story is not a fairy-tale, but is of a love which comes down to the lowest part of our need – your need and mine, and the need of every man and woman whom we meet.

Christina Rossetti’s words sung as another well-loved carol sum it up:

*Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas:
Star and angels gave the sign.*

*Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, love divine,
Worship we our Jesus,
But wherewith the sacred sign?*

*Love shall be our token;
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and to all men,
Love for plea, and gift and sign.*