

## Diary dates for April and May 2012

5 <sup>th</sup> April	10.30 Maundy Thursday Holy Communion
6 <sup>th</sup> April	11.00 Good Friday Service of Meditation
8 <sup>th</sup> April	11.00 Easter Day
15 <sup>th</sup> April	12.00 AGM
3 <sup>rd</sup> May	10.30 Council Meeting
9 <sup>th</sup> - 12 <sup>th</sup> May	Archdeaconry Synod St Jacut de la Mer
17 <sup>th</sup> May	10.00 Ascension Day
27 <sup>th</sup> May	11.00 Pentecost



### Prayer of the month

#### The prayer of humble access

*Though printed in our service of Holy Communion,  
this version is in the words of the Book of Common Prayer*

We do not presume to come to this thy Table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercies. We are not worthy to gather up the crumbs under thy Table. But thou art the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy: Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood, that our sinful bodies may be made clean by his body, and our souls washed through his most precious blood, and that we may evermore dwell in him and he in us.



### Prayer focus

The power of God to transform our lives; to be the sort of person that God is calling us individually to be.

## St Bart's Monthly



## Easter 2012

### Services

**Sunday 11.00** Holy Communion (with hymns)

**Thursday 10.00** Holy Communion (said)

A warm welcome to all who worship with us.

During the service there is a Sunday School.

After the service coffee is served.

**Priest-in-charge: The Revd Gareth Randall**

For further information concerning baptisms,  
marriages or funerals:

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April, 2012

➤ **Notices**

Dear Friends,

***'New life ?'***

This year, I received a most kind and generous and thoughtful Christmas present: membership of the Thalassa, St Enogat, for a month: use of the gym, jacuzzi, Turkish bath and swimming pool and five swimming lessons.

At the age of ten, I'd nearly drowned in the public baths adjacent to East Ham Town Hall. I was a pupil at Monega Road Junior School and the trauma informed my attitude to the water for the next half century. The French have a word for it – 'Aquaphobe' – and yes, I was afraid of the water – terrified in fact!

In the shallow end of a heated sea-water pool with the help of understanding teachers and through 'play', my fear began to disappear, the illusion of the years evaporating in the light of warm experience.

If Christmas is about presents and the presence of God with us, alongside us, in our lives, then Easter is about new life in God, the power of God to transform us, to refocus our eyes on what could be.

If we devote enough time and effort to something, what cannot be achieved? Salvation is an act of grace but love requires a response and our response to God's love to us could be part of the process of our transformation – a new life – which is the heart of the Easter message.

Anything is possible but are we willing to take a chance and step out into the deep?

***Father Gareth***

- **Flowers in church at Easter** If you would like to remember the name of a loved one, you can as we have in the recent past give their name and 3€ to Father Gareth which will be used to defray the cost of the lilies/flowers in Church this Easter.
- **Lent Appeal – Banque Alimentaire** There is still chance to contribute to the much needed purchase of food over the course of the year. Four generous-sized parcels were delivered on 4<sup>th</sup> March and on 1<sup>st</sup> April further parcels will be passed on including sweets for children. Thank you for your support.
- **Sunday School** – a reminder from Val that Sunday School is up-and-running once again till Autumn
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch** 7<sup>th</sup> April 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](mailto:annebaber5050@aol.com)
- **Thank you** to the Revd Canon Roger Gilbert, the Revd Dr John Marvell, and the Revd Mark Vidal-Hall for covering services and Bible Studies while I was away in March
- **For sale** Selection of 23 golf clubs, modern and ancient, which may appeal to a collector. Practice balls and tees etc. Worn, but functional, bag included in the sale. Suitable for beginners, gîte visitors etc. 100€ o.n.o. buyer collects from Matignon [lynette.jarvis@yahoo.com](mailto:lynette.jarvis@yahoo.com)
- **Notes from the Council** for the meeting on Saturday 31<sup>st</sup> March will appear in the May addition
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the May edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> April***
- **Church Finances for February**  
Income: €2,375 Expenditure: €2,663

## Readings in church

### **April 1 Palm Sunday**

Isaiah 50 v4 – 9a                      Psalm 31 v9 - 16  
Philippians 2 v5 - 11                Mark 14 v1 - end of Mark 15

### **April 8 Easter Day**

Acts 10 v34 - 43                      Psalm 118 v14 - 24  
1 Corinthians 15 v1 - 11            Mark 16 v1 - 8

### **April 15 Low Sunday**

Acts 4 v32 - 35                      Psalm 133  
1 John 1 v1 - 2 v2                    John 20 v19 - end

### **April 22 3<sup>d</sup> Sunday of Easter**

Acts 3 v12 - 19                      Psalm 4  
1 John 3 v1 - 7                      Luke 24 v36b – 48

### **April 29 4<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Easter**

Acts 4 v5 - 12                      Psalm 23  
1 John 3 v16 - end                  John 10 v11 – 18



## Old French jokes 2/4

*Our regular correspondent, Ron Frankel, sent me these and I laughed.*

*I don't normally understand French humour !*

Deux petites vieilles toutes ridées discutent.

« Tu te souviens, quand nous étions jeunes ? Nous voulions ressembler à Brigitte Bardot. »

« Oui, je me rappelle... »

« Eh bien, maintenant ça y est... »

## Ida Beau

For us, the death of Ida brings an era to an end, for when we first found St. Bartholomew's, she was the last survivor of those at the service. It was February 1992, and Sybil, as a lay pastoral assistant, led winter worship two Sundays each month, for the small flock resident in the area. Peter and Tove Polden, sidesman and 'organist', Elizabeth Hannay and Ida Beau. Ida was sitting across the aisle from us, and when she went to read a lesson, I noticed her Bible as it was backed with olive wood, identical to the one my parents gave me as I began my National Service. The church was cold, as there was no heating, but at the end of the service, Ida delved into her bag, and produced the flask of hot coffee to add physical to the spiritual warmth. I mentioned the Bibles to her, and hers had been a gift from her late husband Marcel. I said that mine was bought in Leeds, she lit up and said, "I'm from Yorkshire, even though I have lived on the Isle of Wight and of course in France, I'm still Yorkshire inside". Ida was born in Middlesbrough and when we said that our son lived and worked there the beginnings of a lasting friendship were forming.

Before we left the church on that Sunday, both she and Sybil asked if we would be joining them next time. Two weeks later and we were back. Service as before, coffee and chat to follow, then the master stroke, (a Sybil and Ida joint-effort and we cannot remember who actually asked us), they were going for lunch at the crêperie on the Vicomté, and would like us to be their guests. The first of many shared social events for us, both Church-based and individual. Ida was no mean cook and entertained in her home with wonderful food and good company. She made an exceptional coquille St. Jacques it makes my mouth water just to write about it!! Ida was proud of her church and also of her grandchildren who brought considerable pleasure into her life. Quite often we would hear of their latest achievements and interests.

When I was elected to join the council, I was soon to become aware of how Ida worked in the background, helping to keep up with the day to day running of the church and flat. She could be relied on to be active in the discussion and decision making at the meetings. Her ability to remember so much of past events was valuable in knowing what was needed or what had already been tried. It was on the way to one such meeting that I met Ida by her parked car. She had found it difficult to park, as the adjacent vehicle was angled over the line into her space. Its French owner made the sad mistake of returning just at that moment, and to hear an English woman telling him in no uncertain terms what she thought of him was unbelievable, but very Ida!!

Sadly, her health began to cause problems, and we recall the time when she was in hospital seriously ill. Sunday afternoon, and Bishop Clifford Wright, (chaplain at the time), rang. He knew that we hoped to visit Ida but I had a cold so needed to delay, but he had taken communion for her, and said it was a case of see her now, or there would be no other chance.

Wendy went and on her return said that I would never see Ida again. A week later and Ida was in St. Servan, we were both able to visit, and thought we had just managed to get in a final goodbye, yet another week passed and when we saw her, it was the Ida we knew, back with us, sitting in her hospital chair, and able to chat as normal. She would agree, that they make 'em strong and determined in Yorkshire. Before long she was even back driving herself to church and elsewhere. In more recent times, this included the scrabble Mondays at Diana's where her quick mind enabled her to be score keeper and still make high point scoring words.

### Quotation of the month

*'Success is getting what you want;  
happiness is wanting what you get.'*

*Ingrid Bergman*



### Sunday School humour - 4/7

*Sunday School is back but the following quips sent by Peter Campbell  
may raise a smile*

### Unanswered prayer

A 5 year-old girl noticed her father always paused and bowed his head for a moment before starting his sermon so understandably curious she asked him why.

Proud of his daughter for being so observant, he replied. 'I'm asking the Lord to help me preach a good sermon.'

"Then why doesn't he?"



### Confused ? 4

Four men came carrying a parable on a bed.

*John Marshall*



## A brief history of the paschal candle stand

In 1964, the ‘Campbell’ family was posted to Singapore en masse. The following year, an Indian door-to-door salesman came round selling various items and in an attempt to boost the economy of Singapore, we bought a picture and a standard lamp from him.

After settling in Céaux many years later, the lamp was put in the junk room because it really wasn’t very stable. Then coming up to Easter 2005, Doreen asked me if I could make a stand for the paschal candle as I was into wood turning by this time. I realised that here was a future for a part of the Indian lamp stand. I ‘turned’ the actual candleholder and modified/repared the base and part of the vertical sections. After a good staining, we presented the candleholder to St Bart’s for the Easter Paschal candle.

*Peter & Pamela Campbell*



### No pun intended (1) from BBC Radio 4 News

*Believe it or not, there are unobtrusive puns  
embedded in the newsreaders’ text.*

*This first in early February was on Iran’s nuclear ambitions:*

The introduction of Centrifuges is **speeding up** Iran’s capacity to develop nuclear weapons.



Patronal Festival  
Refreshments  
circa 1993 - 4



So it’s time to say goodbye to a good and valued friend  
both personal and to St. Bartholomew’s.

When UK county boundaries were changed, Yorkshire Day was inaugurated on August 1<sup>st</sup>. we always tried to take her a white rose but one year we were able to give her a white rose brooch, which many will no doubt recall seeing her wear with pride. Although I am not aware of her making any comment, I am certain that she was delighted when the white roses were planted in the church garden.

**‘Ope to sithee up yonder Ida, tha wor a reet grand lass!!**

*John and Wendy Marshall*



### Keep calm and carry on

In the face of darkness,  
To be light-hearted.

## Ida Beau

The passing of Madame Idea Beau marks the end of an era in the on-going history of Saint Bartholomew's Church, Dinard. Heather and I met Ida in 1971. And she was just one a few long-standing Old Stagers then. In forty years, the only changes in her have been quite superficial: Ida herself had barely altered in appearance, and certainly not in essentials during that time. Her age (in her 90's) was a closely-guarded secret.

In 1971, Ida was one of the leading lights in a very small but faithful congregation. Since that time and until the present, Ida has been a leading figure in the Church's affairs and its growth in numbers and influence, both in strictly ecclesiastical matters and in its influence in the community

Ida hailed from Yorkshire, and never lost that blunt (but always kindly), forthright manner which is so characteristic of those from the wrong side of the Pennines! There wasn't much of her, but she was always impeccably dressed and took an active part in whatever was going on. She had served on the Church Committee and was active in anything concerning the better understanding between the French and English elements in the Church or the town. Her husband, Marcel, had been an officer in the French Navy so she was ideally placed to help in every kind of liaison between the two communities. Standing astride the two, Ida was equally adept at solving bi-lingual crosswords and steering bewildered Chaplains through the complexities of bi-lingual bureaucracy.

Ida was an original member of the Lord Russell Association, attending both its functions and also many of the military and naval events. Part of this latter activity entailed "keeping an eye" on the cemetery where the graves of several former English parishioners were situated. When

## Avocado and Orange Salad

- ✓ 2 large ripe avocado pears
- ✓ juice of 1 lemon
- ✓ 2 oranges
- ✓ 1 small iceberg lettuce shredded
- ✓ 1 small onion peeled and cut into fine slices
- ✓ 4 tablespoons olive oil
- ✓ Salt and fresh ground black pepper

### *Victor Pumfrett*



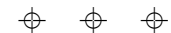
*The following passage was part of Ida Beau's choice of readings for her funeral.  
Given Ida's long association with those associated with the sea,  
you can see why she chose it*

### **What is dying?**

What is dying? I am standing on the sea shore. A ship sails and spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and sails out into the ocean. She is an object of beauty and I stand watching her till at last she fades on the horizon. Someone at my side says, 'She is gone.'

Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in the masts, hull and spars as she was when I saw her and just as able to bear her load of living freight to its destination.

The diminished size and total loss of sight is in me, not in her. Just at the moment when someone at my side says, 'She is gone', there are others watching her coming and other voices take up the glad shout, 'There she comes' and that is DYING.



**Recipe of the Month**  
**Devilled Pork Burgers (serves 4)**

*Serve with chipped or sauté potatoes or cooked rice.  
As an addition Avocado and Orange Salad might go very well.*

- ✓ 675gm/1½lb of minced pork.
- ✓ Dash of Worcestershire sauce
- ✓ 1 teaspoon chilli powder
- ✓ 1 tbsl made English mustard
- ✓ 1 tbsl concentrated tom purée
- ✓ Oil for cooking
- ✓ 1 Clove garlic, peeled crushed
- ✓ Salt & freshly ground black pepper

**To serve**

- ✓ 4 Burger Buns
- ✓ 150ml strained Greek Yogurt



- Mix the pork with all the other ingredients (apart from the yogurt).
- Divide into four equal portions and knead into burgers.
- Brush with little oil and cook under a hot grill until well browned on both sides.
- While the burgers are cooking split and toast the buns.
- Put a burger on each bun
- Top with a little yogurt then the bun.
- Serve immediately, offering the remaining yogurt separately.



the Tournebride Monthly Lunch was inaugurated, Ida was one of its enthusiastic supporters.

A few years ago, Ida was the moving spirit at the hiring of a holiday home in the English Lake District for a family holiday; that was a great success. It was just one more generous gesture among the many items of support which Ida lavished on her four grandchildren.

Her funeral was well attended and we shall give thanks for Ida and will remember her with great respect and affection. May she rest in peace and rise in Glory.

*Donald Pankhurst.*



**Personal Column**

Congratulations:

on the birth on 4<sup>th</sup> March of a second son, Louis James François Hein to Claire and Andrew; little bro to Jules; grandson to Claude and Agnes

on the birth on 15<sup>th</sup> March of another grandchild, Holly Mirabelle Ormandroyd to Sue and Ron Kirk

to Hilary Underwood who has at last managed to sell her home in Much Marcle near Ledbury.

**The Revd Paul Topham**  
Former holiday chaplain at St Bartholomew's  
**Madame Simone Emerson**  
**RIP**

**Common Senses**  
***Five pieces on how it feels to live in France***

**2 Touché**

Oh I've kissed. Of course I have.

When my grandmother emigrated to Australia, for instance - I stretched a point on that occasion, at Heathrow, at the departure gate. But then she *was* ninety-three.

It's just that I've never liked making a meal of it.

Perhaps that's why '*air kissing*' is getting so popular in the trendier parts of London. You pout and then you come in hard for a cheek-to-cheek - but you don't quite make contact. You say *muh-muh* and you get a *muh-muh* back. Very straightforward, with little risk to your make-up. I hear even women are doing it now...

But here! In France! It's up-close and personal. And the time... the physical effort... the mental energy it all takes.

Sometimes I find myself in the teachers' staff room in a local lycée. Usually I'm one of the earliest arrivals, for an eight am start. If I'm already standing up, that's a bonus. If not, then it's up, *Bonjour!*, fasten my jacket, smile, lean in for the kiss, and (swap sides) then another... then *ça va ?* (the question)... *ça va !* (the answer)... and (undo jacket) down again.

Then, not a minute later...

I've calculated that at present I know twelve female members of staff. If I get to know any more, I'll have to catch an earlier bus.

**Rules for Reverends 2/11 – Canon Jeremy Fletcher**

*The following were forwarded to me by my friend Father Peter Bevan*

11. Some different coloured raffle tickets are hard to tell apart.

12. The most emotional funeral visit is the one you're not expecting to be.

13. Saying 'yes please' when offered a drink in someone's home is an extreme sport.

14. You can't help watching someone's TV, even with the sound turned down.

15. Being more interested in the parents' Mercedes/motor bike/hi-fi rather than their baby is not good form on a baptism visit.

16. Just because you're on Twitter doesn't make you acceptable to the young.

17. You are not there to outshine the Bride, nor give the Best Man's speech.

18. Organists are uniformly lovely, and uniformly misunderstood.

19. People who say they are sorry for disturbing you because you're very busy really mean it, and really are.

20. No other role gets you involved in the highest and lowest points of people's lives, especially not all in the same afternoon.



## Blessed are

*In the second of a series of articles looking at the Beatitudes found in St Matthew chapter 5, we consider the first:*

### ***‘Blessed are the poor in spirit’***

What do you make of this, the first Beatitude ? What does the phrase ‘the poor in spirit’ mean to you ? Unsure, I sought clarification from William Barclay’s commentary on Matthew where I found a satisfying explanation. Barclay points out that the Greek word used here for poor is πτωχος (ptochos) which means someone who is completely destitute, without money or resources of any kind. In Hebrew, the equivalent word would be ‘ani’ or ‘ebyon’ which has the additional meaning of describing someone who is so poor that they have come to rely totally on God.

So there we have it. ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit’ means ‘O how blessed is someone who realising their own utter helplessness has placed their whole trust in God’. Here ‘poor in spirit’ is being used as the complete opposite of the spiritual pride which the Pharisee shows in ‘The Parable of the Pharisee and the Tax collector’ (Luke 18). The truly spiritually aware do not boast to God of what they have achieved. In His presence, they are only too aware of their own imperfection.

Saints, then, are folk who know in themselves what they lack only God can provide. Saints come to trust Him to energise their lives and to enable them to be fully the people that God intends them to be. Sainthood begins with a right understanding of self in relationship to God.

***Father Gareth***



PS The motto of the Worshipful Company of Brewers and my former School, Dame Alice Owen’s is ‘In God is all my trust’.

But it’s the mental strain I can cope with least. I have to remember who I *don’t* kiss, whom I don’t actually shake hands with, whom I don’t in fact even *know*...

Back home, the formalities in schools were much less complicated. No colleague spoke. No colleague smiled. No colleague kissed. Heads were sometimes shaken; hands – never !

You just arrived each morning wearing that “*Roll on home time*” look. That look, shared by all, was *possibly* equivalent to a chorus of “*Good mornings*”. Or to “*Leave me alone till I wake up*”, more likely. Certainly it was an impenetrable force-field until first lesson, when you swapped it for the slit-eyed “*Don’t start*” stare, and went in to greet your pupils, in their den.

But here in France, one can’t really complain about the physical contact. I can’t. It’s probably all that keeps me going.

Would I still bother to shave every morning if I didn’t have my daily quota of kisses to give – and receive ? Would my heart get its required exercise and the blood still move around if my arm wasn’t pump-handled ten times or more every day ?

But we know that changing our life-style can force on us all sorts of new benefits, social and personal. After all, we’re *here*: we’ve done it – at least once. So why stop now, I ask myself. For example, walking on my own along the prom last week, when my nose got cold I wondered if I still had time to become an Eskimo.

***David Norris***



## Eastern Adventure

In January we paid a second visit to our son and his family in Singapore as they are scheduled to return home to England in August. Whilst there to celebrate Val's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, they took us on a holiday to Vietnam. It was a memorable visit to this fascinating country especially as it was over the period of the Lunar New Year.

First we went to Ho Chi Minh City which almost everyone refers to as Saigon. It is said that this vibrant City never sleeps and we had to refuse an invitation to the Hotel cocktail party because we needed the sleep. On the roads, there are half as many motor cycles as there are residents plus lots of pedal cyclists wearing the traditional flowing Ao Dias dress in addition to normal traffic. The motor cycles, however, are used to carry whole families, often up to five people and a dog or they are loaded up with all sorts of things from arm chairs to cages of fighting cocks. The broad tree-lined boulevards, dating back to the French Colonial days, are almost impossible to cross unless you allow the motor cycles to swirl around you as you walk.

In Saigon, we visited the Reunification Palace (formerly the Presidential Palace) the Niet Ban Tinh Xa Pagoda and the American War Crimes Museum. Having three children with us, we asked to miss this out but the guide said that he would have problems keeping his job if we did not spend at least 45 minutes there to see the evidence of American atrocities!

More intriguing are the Cu Chi Tunnels which are 75 km outside Saigon and stretch some 250 km to the Cambodian border. We crawled through a 40m length and it was terrifying. Just about large enough for a Westerner to get through, 3m below the surface, dark, dank and twisting with a shortage of air and not knowing when next the opportunity to get out into the light will present itself. We knew in

Continue if you will but a few miles north and to the southern slopes of the Brecon Beacons and you come upon Crawshay Castle. This was built by William Crawshay and known as the 'Iron King.' His business ethics were based upon fear and simply that. For his workers, he built housing: a sort of two-up, two-down with no bathrooms - quite obviously - and outside toilets. Once in the housing, the workers exhibited the primeval values of protecting their families and thus were subjected to horrific working conditions and which they had to endure for otherwise it was the workhouse for them! The terraced houses exist today but are punctuated by larger houses and which were the homes of the Mine Managers, Doctors and, dare I say it, Ministers of Religion. The class system was very much in operation in those days.

The housing was I suppose an early form of Port Sunlight and Bourneville but not in the same class and the motives for which were simply control and thus fear and, in part, vengeance.

William Crawshay was notorious and truly an evil man and is buried in the near-by Ponstycyll cemetery. His tombstone is enormous for he was a large man and the grave itself is surrounded by about two metre high iron railings. Upon his death his family was worried that his workers would desecrate the grave hence the railings. The inscription on the tombstone reads simply this 'May God forgive me for what I have done.'

The final Act of Penitence.

*Ken Ivin*



## Roots

I come from Cwm Rhondda (Rhondda Valley) and it is separated from the Merthyr Valley by the Aberdare Valley. All three have the same topography: deep, high-sided mountain slopes with, on the bed of the valley, the road structures and rivers. With the onset of the discovery of coal, pockets of inhabitation sprung up all over the place and hence in the Rhondda we have Wattstown where coal was exploited by the Watts family and at Tylorstown by the Tylor brothers.

It is much the same in the Merthyr Valley and all three valleys witnessed their own pit disasters but Merthyr differs. If one takes the road from Pontypridd to Merthyr you pass Fidlers Elbow then come fairly soon upon Aberfan and who can ever forget 1966 and when, as a twenty two year old, I was working nearby and my first knowledge of the disaster was a tannoy message instructing us not to use the water supply. The water was black with coal and the black gold, which had made Aberfan, subsequently destroyed it. Today, it is a soul-searching journey to the local cemetery on the hillside and to witness the names and young ages of the children and the generation of which was lost to us for all time. Who can ever forget Cliff Mitchelmore in tears when presenting on the old grainy television pictures and Miners digging with their hands to free the children. That had a marked impression on my soul and I have and will never ever forget that time. It challenged my faith and continues in part so to do.

If you continue to Merthyr Tydfil from Aberfan you come upon the southern industrial area and we have all heard the expression 'I must Hoover the carpet' or 'get the Hoover out.' Well Merthyr was the home for many years of the Hoover factory and, of course, Hoover now appears in the Oxford English Dictionary. I wonder whether Dyson will achieve such fame.

advance about these tunnels and, by chance, I found a novel in St Bart's library called 'The Tunnel Rats' by Stephen Fielding, which we read before visiting but the book was not as scary as actually going down the tunnels. The Viet Cong lived in these tunnels emerging only after dark furtively to tend their crops. They are accessed through small, hidden trap doors and feature many booby traps such as pits with bamboo stakes in the bottom. This underground city had kitchens, storage chambers, weapons factories and hospitals and many spent almost their entire lives living there.

On the river at the Mekong Delta, we visited a floating market selling many things from turnips to garden plants. We saw families working in paddy fields, the manufacture of the familiar conical hats, rice paper, snake wine, popped rice and toffee all by traditional methods but mostly for tourists' benefit.

From here we journeyed to the Ho Tram Beach Resort in Vang Tan for a few days' relaxation and leisure in sumptuous surroundings. Time to reflect on an action-packed, exciting and informative time in an unusual country with the busy people of Viet Nam.

The Vietnamese countryside in the South is flat and made up of a patchwork of contrasting fields the vivid green of the paddy fields standing out against the fruit trees and vegetables and punctuated with an ornate, colourful temple here and there. These temples represent many different religions including Christianity but all look similar. The people always seemed to want to please us but also gave the impression that their spirits had been dampened down. Their faith impressed us as they simply made the appropriate offering to the relevant god when they wished for anything and left it in that god's hands. This may have been to the god of the sea if they were travelling or to Mariamman if they have a serious illness or to any one of a myriad of other gods each with a speciality. Military uniforms caused these people to shrink into

their shells. Our guide told us that a common sanction for not supporting the communist regime would be the loss of a job with devastating consequences. He himself had lost a career in government service because his father was employed by the deposed President.

We had two minor clashes with authority. The first was on arrival at the airport where we had to obtain visas. These can only be purchased with American dollars which we purchased but the military cashier rejected some of the bills as being dirty or old causing us to search for cleaner notes. Again as we were leaving the country our hand baggage after scanning was placed on a table for further checks. A two star army general then appeared and demanded that a small pink case belonging to our six-year-old granddaughter be opened up. Having first put on protective gloves, the general poked amongst the toys in the case and cautiously extracted a toy snake. (This snake had been bought at the Alligator Park at Mt St Michael.) The General's attempt to dispose of the snake resulted in a flood of tears from Sophie followed by protests from her Mum and Dad. Officialdom would not back down and a compromise was eventually reached and the case, with snake, had to go back through the gate to travel with the hold baggage. Poor Sophie endured the flight without any of her toys. This we thought summed up the Communist attitude - Red Tape!!

*Geoff Carter*



### **God's Post-It Notes 1/18**

*The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk:*

Don't let worries get the best of you.  
Remember Moses started out as a basket case.

### ***Film Review of the month 'The Iron Lady', Phylida Lloyd - 2011***

February was a great month to see films in Dinard. The day after Meryl Streep won an Oscar for the best actress as Margaret Thatcher in 'The Iron Lady', I had the chance to see it here and it was a wonderful film. I felt proud to be British and I felt like clapping at the end.

It is cleverly constructed with a series of flashbacks through the eyes of Baroness Thatcher who is elderly and infirm and suffering from what seems like a form of dementia. Meryl Streep captures the look and the sound of Mrs Thatcher and, though her eyes are not so vivid a blue, hers is a convincing performance. The film does justice to Margaret Thatcher's real achievement whilst not concealing her faults.

Jim Broadbent is a delight as Dennis Thatcher and I really felt sorry for her daughter, Carol, while glad her son, Mark, was only a disembodied voice on the other end of a telephone from South Africa.

It is odd to see a film whose story I lived through. I am in two minds about the woman: who can fail to admire her leadership in the Falklands War; who can be but appalled by the Poll Tax? She broke new ground and broke the power of the unions, not least the NUM, and Britain is a different place for her 11 years as Prime Minister.

The film made me laugh; it made me cry. I was horrified by IRA bombings and the violence on our streets. I was sobered by the thought that we all have our sell-by date and that a strong will can turn in on itself. What made Margaret Thatcher great was probably her weakness too.

Whatever you think of the lady who was not for turning, you should turn up to see this film for yourself!

*Gareth Randall*

good news is that sin and death are overcome, the powers and forces of darkness and destruction are disarmed and destroyed. 'Christ is risen, we are risen.' The life of the Church, the mission of the Church is Easter life, an eternal life which can never be destroyed. It is a life that the disciples discovered at the empty tomb, which transformed Mary Magdalen when she was called by name, and which was found at Emmaus when the Lord was known in the breaking of bread. He shares his life with us that we may share it with others. That is both the blessing and the challenge of Easter – I pray that in this diocese this may be known and lived.

A very happy Easter to you all.

+ **GEOFFREY**



### Pronunciation exercise 1

*For a native English speaker, there are certain sounds in French which are difficult to pronounce. The following is one of three pronunciation exercises written for me by a former French teacher of English and friend of St Bartholomew's, Marie-Thérèse Bailly. Why not give it a try?*

**On**

Selon le dicton, les moutons tournent en rond autour du perron en mangeant du mouron.



### Easter message 2012 from Bishop Geoffrey

Many years ago, when I was first studying theology in Cambridge, I met a young Jesuit priest from Australia called Gerald O'Collins. Over the many years since we have kept in touch, and I rejoiced that he was able to be present in St Paul's Cathedral in 1994 when I was consecrated as a bishop in the Church of God. Gerry O'Collins has over the years produced many fine books, and I believe him to be one of the clearest writers and apologists for the Christian faith. He has written much on the Easter Gospel, and his most recent book, *Jesus our Redeemer*, explores the very heart of our faith – what does the passion and death of Jesus mean for us today?

The last chapter of his book is entitled 'Bodily Resurrection and the Transformation of the World', and Fr Gerry begins with a quotation from the American, Mitch Albom's book, *Five People You have to meet in Heaven*. It is the story of Eddie, a wounded war veteran who lives what he believes to be an inspired and lonely life fixing seaside rides at a seaside amusement park. On his 83<sup>rd</sup> birthday Eddie is killed while trying to save a little girl from a falling ride. He awakes in the afterlife, where he learns that heaven is not a location but a place where your life is explained to you by five people who were in, who affected, or were affected by your life. Fr Gerry's quotation from this book is 'Life has to end...love doesn't.'

Life has to end – that is true for each and every one of us. Our life is, as the German philosopher, Martin Heidegger, said a 'being towards death.' That is the horizon, the line, towards which our lives inexorably move. And that simple fact challenges the meaning of our human existence. Our lives are built up out of relationship. We are not just 'I' but 'I and Thou' 'You and me'. We do not make our lives we receive them, most obviously from our mothers and our fathers;

and we receive our lives by how our families shaped us, loved us and nurtured us – and that means there will be for all of us the consequences of inadequate love. As the Anglican poet-priest Thomas Traherne wrote in the seventeenth-century, ‘No one in this world has been loved too much, but many have been loved in the wrong way, and all in too short a measure.’ So our flawed lives move towards an ending, our dying, which seems to mock at any meaning. And yet we know that at the heart of what we are as human beings is our capacity to love and to relate. Our Christian faith tells us that this is because we are made in the image of the God who is a communion of a love, a love which hopes all things and endures all things. Somehow we cannot escape this capacity for love which defines who and what we are. It is part of the DNA, the fundamental DNA, of what it is to be human.

‘Life has to end... love does not.’ That quotation from Mitch Albom, Gerry O’Collins sees as providing a window into the Crucifixion, Passion and Death of Jesus, and the Easter Gospel of his resurrection. The Lord whom we as Christians are called to follow, to be his disciples, is the Lord who walked the Way of the Cross. The God who created us in love, comes in that same love to our fallen, flawed and sinful world. He comes to remake that world, to remake our lives, from the inside, drawing us into the transformation of our lives. The living out of that Divine love in our world proves demanding and costly. There is no magic wand to be waved, but simply an entering into our human condition, coming down to the lowest part of our need. St John at the beginning of his Gospel tells us that the Word (the living communication of God) became flesh and dwelt among us. And in that identification we see who and what God is. We see, as St John puts it the ‘glory; of God. What that glory is, is seen in the Crucifixion, the lifting up of Jesus, a king whose crown of thorns rammed down upon his head, speaks of the costliness of the love

which embraces us with hands outstretched and pinned by nails to the rough wood. Jesus dies. He is an outcast, the victim (as so many are in our world) of crude and sadistic violence – in his dying that appalling pain and suffering of the world is taken into the very heart of God. Jesus, the one who is Emmanuel, ‘God with us’, goes into the non-existence, the nothingness of death. ‘If I go down to hell’, said the psalmist, ‘Thou art there also.’ In Jesus’ dying God is indeed found to be, so to speak, at the inside of our dying, in the nothingness, and the needful letting go, and in the breaking of relationship. On Holy Saturday, between Good Friday and Easter, what has been called the most neglected day in the Christian calendar, we know that God himself has freely chosen to enter into the nothingness of death which mocks at meaning. Even in hell, in apartness from God, God is present, the Divine love reaches from the heights of heaven to the depths of hell.

We only understand the meaning of Easter if we follow Jesus in his Passion, suffering and death. Easter is being surprised by joy, the totally unexpected, unlooked for, happens. The tomb, the grave, the place of death is empty. God cannot be imprisoned. He blows history open in an act of new creation. Gerry O’Collins contrasts the ending of Mel Gibson’s film, *The Passion of Christ* and that of another, Pietro Pasolini, in his film, *The Gospel according to St Matthew*. Gerry O’Collins writes: Gibson does not picture a glorious resurrection but merely a reanimated corpse.’ Others are not involved. By contrast ‘Pasolini’s presentation of the resurrection bursts with a revolutionary newness for the whole world...we see the eleven disciples and other followers of Jesus, full of fresh energy and running up a mountain towards the risen Christ. He sends them on a mission with the comforting promise: “Go, make disciples of all nations....I will be with you all days, even to the end of time.” The resurrection is nothing, Easter is nothing, unless it touches, changes and impels us, sends us out with the good news of the life of the new creation, Easter people for whom the