

Diary dates for May and June 2012

3rd May 10.30 Council Meeting
9th - 12th May Archdeaconry Synod
St Jacut de la Mer
17th May 10.00 Ascension Day
27th May 11.00 Pentecost



Prayer of the month

Holy Spirit,
come and dwell in us and cleanse us from every stain.
Strengthen our courage and determination;
renew and impart new breath and power to the Church;
and give us the power to become, in today's suffering world,
martyrs of the cross and the Resurrection,
witnesses to justice, peace and hope.

Prayer for Pentecost by World Council of Churches 2011



Prayer focus

In a year of anniversaries, may we reflect on what are the important milestones in our own lives which have shaped who and what we are; and why and how we should personally mark the occasion.



St Bart's Monthly



May, 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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May, 2012

Dear Friends,

'Preload' ?

Any English teacher could tell you that English is a living language so it should come as no surprise that new words are constantly being coined and old ones are being used in new ways with new meanings.

Recently listening to Radio 4, I first heard the Home Secretary use the word 'preloaded'. Now 'preloaded' doesn't refer to the programmes already on your computer or the boot of your car already packed to go on holiday by your husband, wife or partner. 'Preloaded' is now used to describe a practice hitherto unknown to me, one of drinking cheap alcohol before going out for the evening to drink at a club or pub or wherever where the alcohol is understandably, necessarily more expensive. The clear intention is to get drunk without paying for it excessively – at least in not monetary terms!

As we approach Pentecost, I'm mindful of the accusation levelled by some in the crowd that the apostles were drunk at 9.00a.m.. In fact, full of the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues (glossolalia), they rushed out into the Jerusalem street to share the good news of Jesus the Messiah with their fellow Jews.

Christians believe in God as Father, Son and Holy Spirit and it is an article of our faith that all of us have the gifts and fruit of the Holy Spirit to varying degrees in our lives. When we come to worship God in St Bart's, one consequence of doing so is that our spiritual energy levels are being topped up.

Wouldn't it be good if we were to preload with the Spirit before we come to church on a Sunday? Who knows what might happen?

Father Gareth



➤ **Notices**

- **Soup Lunch** – 9th May from 11.30 a.m. at Diana's - La Tamara, route de Ploubalay, St Lunaire. 6€ in aid of church/SPA
- **Lent Appeal** – 282€ was raised for the further purchase of groceries for La Banque Alimentaire
- **Easter Flowers** - 149€ was raised in memory of our loved ones to defray the cost of our flowers in church this Easter
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch 12th May** 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
- **Thanks** to the Revd Mark Vidal-Hall and the Revd Gilbert Baume who covered the service on 22nd April while I was away preaching at All Saints' Vendée
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the June edition of the St Bart's Monthly is **midday on Thursday 24th May**
- **Church Finances for March**
Income: 1,992€ Expenditure: 3,586€

Garden Party

The garden party will be held at Claude and Agnes's house on Saturday 4th August.
If you are willing to help please contact Helen Morgan at church or tel. 02 99 73 80 14 e-mail dmorgan16@aol.com
Setting up Saturday 28th July and Friday 3rd August

Readings in church

May 6

Acts 8 v26 - end
1 John 4 v7 -end

Fifth Sunday of Easter

Psalm 22 v25 - end
John 15 v1 - 8

May 13

Acts 10 v44 - end
1 John 5 v1 - 6

Sixth Sunday of Easter

Psalm 98
John 15 v9 - 17

May 20

Acts 1 v15 – 17, 21 – end
1 John 5 v9 - 613

Sunday after Ascension Day

Psalm 1
John 17 v6 - 19

May 27

Acts 2 v1- 21
Romans 8 v22 - 27

Day of Pentecost (Whit Sunday)

Psalm 104 v26 - end
John 15 v26 – 27, 16 v4b -15



Quotation of the month

‘Nobody is more covetous and greedy,
than those who have far too much.’

Christopher Hitchens



Sunday School humour - 5/7

Sunday School is back in the swing of things so the following quip sent by Peter Campbell may raise a smile

A priest was talking to a precocious six-year-old boy, 'It's kind of your mother to pray for you each night. What does she say?'
"Thank God he's in bed!"

Notes from the Council - March 31st

Why you may well ask are the 'Notes from the Council' for March appearing as late as the May edition of St Bart's Monthly? Good question! It's simply a matter of deadlines: the Easter edition went to press on the 29th while the Council took place on Saturday 31st so you can appreciate the problem.

That said, our meeting was both usual and unusual.

It was unusual in that we began in silence: a minute to remember the Revd Paul Topham, formerly one of our holiday chaplains who died at the start of March and Simone Emerson who died on the 21st.

As usual, we discussed the Monahan legacy – details are now being sought to enable us to negotiate the inevitable, legal, bureaucratic maze; the arrangements for our Flower Festival which sound most promising; Finance which over the year seems most encouraging.

Unusually, there was a difference of opinion re the proposed Children's Corner in church and the renovation of the toilet in the Library. The former was deemed to be a way forward to attract families with young children at the same time recognising the problem that noisy children can distract from prayerful worship. The latter recognised the professional cost-saving and time-consuming labour by members of the congregation working in difficult conditions to provide us with a vital facility against the desire to invest in excellence. Both issues were resolved. The former to go ahead to see if it meets the perceived need; the latter to be improved in the short term in a way that uses our members' talents and keeps costs down whilst meeting the demands for hygienic washing and drying of hands in situ thereafter.

As usual the meeting closed in prayer.

Father Gareth

St Bartholomew's Church Council

At our AGM, Doreen Collier retired as Church Warden; Bill Hughes was re-elected and David elected Church Wardens to serve for the year 2012 – 2013. Brian Cordery, Claude François, Chris Hughes and John Marshall were all re-elected to serve a further three year term on the Council and Ian Phillips was elected to the same. A photograph with names and individual pictures of all Council members may be found on the chest in the transept near our Book of Remembrance.

My report to the council included the following tribute to Doreen:

'Let me too take this opportunity to thank Doreen Collier for all her work for St Bart's, work that is seen and unseen. Doreen has been our Treasurer, treasurer that is of the church and of the Friends. Doreen has been our Child Protection Officer; Doreen has sat on the Church Council; above all Doreen has been Church Warden.'

'Doreen's commitment to our church has been categorical and professional, giving up and dedicating the necessary time to allow St Bart's to function smoothly. It is Doreen's smile and warmth that greets people as they come into church. Her welcome makes folk feel welcome. It is Doreen who does the small but necessary tasks like buying the wine for communion and the toilet paper for the loo. It is Doreen who braved the snow in December 2010 to get to the Carol Service when many were understandably deterred by the hazardous driving conditions. In all she did and all she does Doreen is an example to us all of faithful stewardship, of being a responsible, active Christian.'

'Personally, I have known Doreen since at least 1997, my first memory being at the Easter church lunch at the Kyriad with her husband, Stanley. Doreen was responsible for appointing me as Priest-in-charge

Rules for Reverends 3/11 – Canon Jeremy Fletcher

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

21. Every Vicar's surplice has a darker patch where it's been slammed into a funeral director's car door.
22. There is never a pen in your cassock pocket. Even when you know you left one there the last time you had it on.
23. There is a 'right' tune for every hymn. It's just not the one you chose.
24. You should never take your diary with you to church.
25. Visiting on spec is a waste of time because no one is ever in during the day. Except for the people who are.
26. Everything stops in September. You thought that's when it started, but that's when your congregation (who are all retired) go on cruises.
27. You don't have to make an emergency dog collar any more if you've forgotten the real one. Just say you agree with Archbishop Sentamu's stand on these things.
28. People have long memories, and everyone is related to everyone else. Be careful.

⊕ ⊕ ⊕
Confused ? 5

Thy rod and thy staff they come for me.

John Marshall

**Old Wives Tales
(Remèdes de Grand'mère)**

Sleeping with Onions

I was very run-down, feeling quite exhausted after a really nasty cold. I had been left with a very sore throat and practically no voice. The doctor ordered antibiotics, cough mixture and even an X ray of my lungs but there was absolutely nothing serious.

An old acquaintance (French) heard on the Dinard grapevine that I was poorly so she rang me up, heard my terrible voice and immediately asked, "Have you tried sleeping with onions?" I thought she was off her head but she insisted that if I were to put three normal-sized onions, unpeeled on a plate by my bed, then by next morning my stuffy nose and sore throat would be gone! As proof, she told me her husband (84) slept with onions by the bed all winter and never caught a cold. Moreover, her mother who will be 100 in May is good health, busy knitting 100 little presents for the guests at her forthcoming party!

So I did try sleeping with onions and did have a clear head the next morning but I still had to take vitamins and iron pills for three weeks to get over the exhaustion. Maybe had I slept with onions for a whole week when my cold was just beginning then I might not have been so ill for so long.

Anne Payan

NB Don't use the onions for cooking thereafter – they'll be full of germs!



back in July 2006 and twice, subsequently, she has had a hand in renewing my 'rolling' three year contract. When things are tough, I know I can always phone Doreen and have a ready, wise and sympathetic ear!

'It has been sad to say goodbye to Julian as Church Warden a couple of years ago. It was sad to say goodbye to Sybil as Reader last year when illness took her from us in her prime. Now it is sad to say goodbye to Doreen. But Julian, Sybil and Doreen have this in common. By all they have done, they have ensured the future of the church and community that they love by passing on the responsibility at the appropriate time to new folk. It is the strength of our church that such people are coming through our doors and are ready to share the work of being a Christian in this place and at this time.'

Father Gareth



God's Post-It Notes 2/18

The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk:

Some people are kind, polite and sweet spirited -
until you try to sit in their pews.



Thought for the Day

The KISS principle:

Keep It Short, Stupid.
Corrie Stein

Keep It Simple, Stupid.
Neo Notley



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

3 SOUNDS PECULIAR

Every morning, at 6 o'clock precisely, I bleep.

It isn't my alarm clock - or my pacemaker, and certainly, sadly, it isn't anybody else. It's me. Lying in bed - asleep or awake, at the crack of dawn, I bleep.

Is it because at that time every day for thirty-five years I got up for work...? Well, I've given up wondering why. At my time of life it's more of a surprise that I wake up at all. And it's a positive bonus to find evidence of any kind that I - or a least something inside me - is still clocking in...

Though some sounds aren't quite so reassuring.

Nowadays, whenever I hear the *pim-pom pim-pom* of the *pompier* van, I open my front door, sit down with my overnight bag - and wait a while. After all, it could be me they're coming for.

But isn't that just the normal roll-over of life ?

When we were young, it was the ice-cream van. And we knew those chimes were meant for us. At first you ran for a cornet. When you were big enough you pushed in and asked for a tub. Then, as you grew up and upper, you waited patiently at the back of the queue for a wafer... But we were all summoned.

Later on, your conscience started to tune in. A police siren made you quake slightly - or blush... The wail of an ambulance made

Blessed are

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

'Blessed are those who mourn'

How odd that to mourn should be a sign we are blessed ! Mourning is the natural process of grief whereby and through which we express our sadness and pain at the loss of those we love and come to terms with the fact of the absence of their physical presence in our lives. There is no time limit to our mourning though it is accepted that in time such wounds can heal and that our grief diminishes as we move on with the business of living. Good grief is to confront the pain and distress we rightly feel at the time, to give it proper expression and to receive due comfort and love from those who cherish us. By expressing our sense of loss at the time of ending, we are showing respect for those we love, recognising the strength of our emotions and enabling us to continue with our lives for however long we may have left.

To mourn is to remember, to hold the departed in our minds, to demonstrate that they matter to us. On anniversaries such as Remembrance Sunday, it is part of a well ordered society that we can feel and show individual and collective sorrow and respect for those who have lost their life in war.

To mourn is a sign we are alive. Mourning means we can feel. Through such experience we grow up, become adults, aware of pain and suffering of which in part we may be responsible. Though mourning in itself is not good, the tears we shed, the way we cope with grief, our attitude to it, can make us better people.

Saints are folk aware of and awake to what it means to lose someone we love and to accept the pain that comes with loss.

Father Gareth

*The following anonymous poem was sent in by Helen Morgan
who was, as you know, herself once a nurse*

Patients grow better year after year,
Because a nurse in her own sphere,
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking temperatures, giving the pills,
To remedy all our many ills,
Longing for home, but all the while,
Wearing that same professional smile.

Going off duty at ten o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, ready to drop,
Hoping to pass and make the grade,
To earn the right to be folk's aid.

When one day we cross the bar,
Lord will you grant us just one star,
To wear with our crowns and uniforms new,
In the place where our head nurseis you ?

**No pun intended (2)
from BBC Radio 4 News**

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

This second on 24th February concerned Labour MOP, Eric Joyce:

Eric Joyce, a former Major in the Black Watch, has been charged with 3 counts of common assault following an incident in the Strangers Bar of the House of Commons the previous evening. The report informed us that he had won his seat for Falkirk at the General Election following a *closely fought* battle with the SNP.

your stomach lurch... The belling of fire-engines... ? You put your cigarette out, pronto.

Personally, though, I came to like bells.

The telephone:

"Hello, love, it's only us..."

The doorbell:

"Any chance of a cuppa...?"

The Bell, Bromley:

"Scampi and fries, please, and a schooner of medium white."

The local:

"A large one, Jack..."

"Bells, sir?"

"Of course..."

Now my telephone merely tinkles, usually with a cold call; my doorbell buzzes, harshly; The Bell, Bromley is Spud-U-Like; and I'm not allowed to drink...

Never mind, here and now in Dinard my ears are still just about working - provided the sounds suit.

And not just familiar holiday sounds - the rapturous shriek of the seagull that's nicked your waffle... the lash of the rain on your pak-a-mac... the *clump-clink-clump* of the CRS patrolling the prom...

No, here it's the magical *absence* of sound I appreciate, too - no transistors on the beach... no nasty Punch-and-Judy squawks... no mechanical Muzak from penny arcades...

Most of all, of course, there are still - everywhere, human voices - music, especially when they're speaking English - always the best sound in the world to me. And with a French accent? Heaven!

Take the girl who delivers my post:

"Nuzzing for you today, monsieur..."

Wonderful!

The parking-policewoman:

"I 'ave to geeve you zees tickette..."

Only one?... But thank you... Thank you...

The waitress:

"And 'ow would you like your biftek, monsieur... wix a leetul sorce?"

"Just with you, chéri... at a table for two, quietly..."

David Norris



Recipe of the Month Spicy Chicken Burgers Serves Four

- ✓ 500g / 1lb 2oz lean minced ground chicken
- ✓ 4 spring onions finely chopped
- ✓ 4 tablespoons chopped coriander leaves
- ✓ 2 garlic cloves crushed
- ✓ ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- ✓ 1 egg white lightly beaten
- ✓ 1 tablespoon olive oil
- ✓ 1 lemon halved
- ✓ 150g / 5½oz tabouleh - a mix of small lettuce leaves, chopped parsley, fresh mint, onion, tomatoes diced, salt pepper, lemon juice olive oil, make to your taste
- ✓ 4 wholegrain bread rolls



- Mix together the chicken, spring onions, coriander, garlic, cayenne pepper and egg white.
- Season with salt and freshly ground black pepper.
- Shape the mixture into four patties.
- Refrigerate for 20 minutes before cooking.
- Heat the oil in a large non stick frying pan over medium heat.
- Add the patties and cook for about 5 minutes on each side, or until browned and cooked through.
- Squeeze the lemon on the cooked patties and drain well on crumpled paper towels.
- Add the patties to the halved wholegrain rolls and fill with the tabouleh.
- Serve with a green salad and some chilli sauce if you like.

Victor Pumfret

Film Review of the month
J Edgar' - Clint Eastwood, 2011

Since coming to Dinard in 07, I have discovered just how much I enjoy films produced by Clint Eastwood and this well crafted story of J Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI for an unparalleled 48 years under 8 presidents, is well worth watching for most of its 136 mins.

For a start, his mother is played by Judi Dench without the least trace of an American accent – a formidable woman who demonstrates clearly what every good boy owes his mum. There were strong supporting roles from Naomi Watts as his secretary, Helen Gandy, and from Armie Hammer as his friend and colleague, Clyde Tolson.

But the tour de force comes from Leonardo DiCaprio in the title role. I remember first seeing him here in the Dinard cinema in ‘Titanic’ and then in ‘Man in an Iron Mask’ when I was a locum chaplain. DiCaprio, whose Romeo was suitably moody and adolescent, proves that it is possible for a gifted child actor to cross the bridge as an adult. And he captures an unsympathetic character sympathetically. The quality of his acting can be gauged by just how convincingly the unsmiling DiCaprio ages in a film interleaved with flashbacks and flash-forwards: a lad on a bicycle, a young man on the make; a man in his prime, someone ageing; someone awaiting the heart attack that will kill him.

It is a film that raises real ethical questions: how far to bend the rules and personal moral standards in order to combat an evil that threatens the foundations of the society you value? How legitimate is it to use what you know about people’s peccadilloes to guarantee a position as guardian of the welfare of the state and her citizens? There is a nice line in suppressed sexuality: his secretary is more interested in her job rather than an affair with him; his friendship with Tolson is unconsummated. How true it is as history I’m not sure but I doubt you’ll be bored.

Gareth Randall

Memories of the Rhondda Valley 1

An occasional series of articles from Ken Ivin.
Like my mother’s family, Ken spent his childhood in this mining community

In the Rhondda, all the members of the Chapels be they Methodists, Non-Conformists or Baptists really pushed to have the travelling Ministers to their home for afternoon tea on Sundays. Of course, no drink just dandelion and burdock. My late father was brought up in the faith and we had lay preachers everywhere and with huge Family Bibles as witness to our faith. Faith was two dimensional in those days and sometimes, I walked away seriously challenged and worried. If you were lucky, it was cooked ham and then vegetables as well. All came from the Co-op and in those days no scanners at the check out. Someone shouted one shilling for lamb chops etc and everything was added up manually. You could even get loose butter and someone patted it all together for you. In those days, Davies Maypole ran the local stores and ran the Boys’ Brigade for us. On anniversary Sunday three times to chapel and changed my shirt three times for Margaret Franks was on stage and I was in love with her. I did not marry her!



Old French jokes 3/4

Our regular correspondent, Ron Frankel, sent me these and I laughed.
I don’t normally understand French humour !

Le bus est en retard et le temps passe. Au bout d'une heure, une des vieilles se tourne vers l'autre et dit, « Tu sais, ça fait tellement longtemps qu'on est là à attendre assises sur le banc que j'ai le derrière tout endormi ! »
Et l'autre se retourne vers elle et répond, « Ouais, je sais ! Je l'ai entendu ronfler ! »

Air Cadets

In 1957, when I was nearly 13-years-old, I discovered, through a friend at school, the existence of the Air Training Corps. I went along to the local squadron, No 162 (F) in Stockport. The (F) signified that 162 was a founder Squadron, dating from the war years when the ATC was founded as the Air Defence Cadet Corps.

For the first five years of my service, I stayed with 162(F) Squadron but then the Squadron spread to Heaton Moor, very near my home, where a "Detached Flight" was formed. At that time, I was a First Class Cadet but within a year the 162 Detached Flight became No 1804 (Heaton Moor) Squadron and I was promoted to Corporal, then to the rank of Sergeant. I was principally a drill and small arms instructor (the ATC was issued with point 303 Lee Enfield rifles). My drill instruction was rewarded when the Squadron won the Cheshire Wing Trophy for drill and I was commanding NCO.

Over the next few years, I was promoted to Flight Sergeant and then to Cadet Warrant Officer, this being the highest rank a cadet could attain. I was awarded the Commandant's Certificate of Good Service together with other awards for rifle shooting. At 22, I became too old to serve as a Cadet but, within a few months, I was appointed as an Adult Warrant Officer and then to the rank of Pilot Officer in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, (Training) branch.

At that point, I had just graduated as a teacher and had recently married. To further my career, I decided to move from the North of England and I found work teaching in a preparatory school in Jersey where I remained for the rest of my working life.

I had, of course, intended to move from Heaton Moor to the local squadron in Jersey but discovered to my horror that there was no ATC squadron in Jersey! Knowing little about Jersey, I did the best thing I

service, as during the morning, Pam Campbell rang to invite us over that afternoon for a cuppa and a hot cross bun. It was on our return that Wendy remarked, that back in England we wouldn't have considered driving 40 miles each way just for an afternoon cup of tea!

One Palm Sunday, when Barbara was our organist, we had the usual outdoor start and re entry whilst singing 'Ride on, ride on in Majesty'. The two usual tunes, both start with the same four chords, in we trooped singing heartily and once inside, I said to Wendy, that the congregation was singing one tune, whilst Barbara was playing the other. In true Barties spirit, no-one faltered, and we completed the hymn as we started, two tunes but a single act of praise.

One year, we had the Easter Church lunch at the now defunct Marcotel. Paschal lamb for most, so why did I have a slice of the shepherd's boots? It really was so tough that I never did manage to cut any to eat. As it happens, lamb is not a particular favourite, so I didn't feel too disappointed. We have enjoyed church lunches in various locations over the years and have always been grateful to those taking the trouble and responsibility to organise the event so sorry we missed this time.

There were a few years when Sybil persuaded us to be here for Lent, to boost the attendance at Bible Study and the bring and share lunch. The congregation was still quite small in those days and before our move in UK, where we have greater commitment at our village churches. We shall never forget the day when one of the group said to another lady (now no longer a church member), who was enjoying a glass or so of red that she understood that she did not drink wine. The response was, that it was fine, there being railings all the way home. At the same events, Denise West declined the wine (not from her favoured region), as she did not drink vinegar.

John B. Marshall

Hit 16 then miss 1

Easter 2012 and for the first time in 17 years, I did not make it to any of the Easter Services in St. Bart's. I ought to have been at all, as I was in France, but sadly, the weekend of Palm Sunday, the bug arrived. Although Wendy and Charles were able to be in church for Palm Sunday, I was out of action. By Good Friday, Charles was back in England and the bug had struck Wendy.

For the previous sixteen years, we have had a variety of celebrations, and in the earlier (pre Gareth in charge), also a variety of chaplains. Yes. Sometimes we had Gareth as he used his school holiday to be our locum chaplain and this is when we were persuaded to take part in his Good Friday contemplative readings. If I remember his first correctly, a number of us stood at the front for part of the service, each representing a character in the Good Friday story, and reading our little offering.

One year we arrived in France a few days before Easter, and Ann (the organist) rang to see if I could stand in for her on Good Friday, as she had another commitment if I could oblige. There will only be two hymns she assured me. Alan Charters was chaplain, and when I receive the order of service, he had planned something rather like a Christmas nine lessons and carols event. Still no problem, until we were into hymn two, when a lens fell out of my glasses, and dropped between the foot pedals. During the next reading I reported to Alan, who announced that because of my mishap, we may need to struggle with the hymns. Both Julian Thompson and Doreen offered me spare specs, whilst Wendy charged up the hill, to the point where we had parked, to locate my spare pair. Two hymns played through the blurred borrowed vision and I was reunited with a personal prescription for the rest of the service. Although I cannot remember the reason why, we must have had a least one Good Friday without a

could have done and applied for an interview with the Lieutenant Governor of Jersey, Air Chief Marshal Sir John Davis. The Governor let it be known to the island government that he wanted an ATC squadron to be formed.

A committee was selected and we worked hard for almost 5 years to persuade the States of Jersey to pay for an ATC squadron to be formed. In 1974, we were successful and No2498 (Jersey) squadron was founded. From the first the squadron was a success and I surrounded myself with a group of air-minded adults who inspired all the cadets with their enthusiasm. Meanwhile, my other life as a teacher had reached the point where I felt that I needed to improve my qualifications and I there fore applied for a one year post graduate degree in Philosophy at Birmingham University. This meant that I would be absent from my squadron for more that 18 months and I therefore resigned my commission as a Flight Lieutenant and Commanding Officer. In my absence, the squadron has grown from strength to strength. It is now No 7 (Overseas) Squadron and has a bright future.

As some of you may know, I have just been honoured with the Cadet Forces Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct, thanks to the efforts of my good friend Victor. Because of this, we have been nominated from the ballot to attend this year's Trooping the Colour in London.

Barry Jordan



Personal Column

Congratulations to Alexandre Pierre Bourner, the son of Richard and Gail who was baptised here on 15th April.

**Circle South America 2012
Peru to Argentina**

We are always amazed by the abrupt and total change in the landscape as we move from the verdant tropical forests of Columbia, Panama and Ecuador to the barren deserts of Peru and Northern Chile – from areas where rainfall is measured in meters per year to areas where the rainfall is zero and the only water comes from the few rivers flowing down from the Andes Mountains that form a backdrop to the coastal areas we visited.

Our first port of call in Peru, Salarerry, was a new one for us. It is a small commercial port and the reason for our stop was the nearby town of Trujillo and the remains of one of the ancient civilizations which inhabited this barren wasteland. We took what turned out to be one of the best conducted and interesting tours we have taken in a long time – certainly the best on this voyage and one of the best in recent memory. We drove through the town of Trujillo which can only be described as ugly – really ugly – composed of squatty rectangular buildings covered with graffiti in neighborhoods festooned with discarded trash, especially plastic bags. At this point, we really wondered why we were there at all but this changed quickly and dramatically. During the years 900 – 1470 an ancient civilization, the Chimu, lived and thrived here existing from the bounty of the sea and the water from a river flowing through the area. We first visited a large, walled structure which housed tombs constructed of mud formed into adobe bricks or applied like plaster. The tomb itself increased in height as more were buried creating a structure probably 25 feet high with ramps leading up to the top. Below the structure was completely filled with coffins with no access from any direction. The walls of the tomb were elaborately carved with geometric designs as well as fish and birds common to their world. The view from the top of the tomb gave us a better view of the town of Trujillo although it did not improve from that vantage point.

fourth time they have joined us for a segment of our cruises – our Christmas and Birthday presents to them and the great pleasure to us of having them with us.

*Robert Pierpoint
February 2012*



Pronunciation exercise 2

For a native English speaker, there are certain sounds in French which are difficult to pronounce. The following is the second 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?

Hein

A Pleslin, le chemin sous les pins est plein de vilains chiens.



Come Dine with Vic

Theme – Beach wear

Saturday 9th June

13.00 – St Bartholomew's Church

Ticket = 10€ in aid of Church Funds

relatively clear and we actually had some good sunshine as we rounded Cape Horn.

Our stop in Ushuaia, the most southerly city in the world, was on a Sunday and again the weather was not cooperative – windy with frequent, hard rain squalls. We made no effort to go into town and many who did came back very wet. Umbrellas were of no use with the high winds. We headed out that night toward the Falkland Islands and the bad weather followed us giving us a very rough night and day before reaching the islands. The weather had cleared and the rain stopped but the winds were too high for the ship's anchor so Captain Felice had to cancel our stop there and we headed toward Puerto Madryn a day early. As I write this we are in Puerto Madryn and the weather, believe it or not, is great. Clear, sunny and about 80.

Now some observations on the cruise so far. We continue to be spoiled by a truly delightful crew who have wonderful attitudes and seem to be thoroughly enjoying their work. Ray Solaire continues to amaze us with his entertainment skills and both the Jean Ann Ryan singers and dancers and the orchestra are excellent. Most of the other entertainment is not so good but with the on board team we really don't need them. We enjoyed sailing with Captain Stan De LaCombe and now we are so pleased to be sailing with Captain Felice Patruno again. He has really had it since he came on board with the weather problems in the most difficult areas to navigate and, so far, six medical emergencies which included one evacuation by helicopter. Fortunately we hear that all those who have had to leave the ship are doing well and most are safely back home by now.

Our itinerary will next take us to Montevideo on Saturday and then Buenos Aires on Sunday. Here there will be another big change over and, most importantly for us, the scheduled arrival of Claudia and Rob for the segment from Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro. This will be the

We then went several miles out of town to the walled city of Chan Chan that the Chimu had built. It covered 8 square miles and included all types of dwellings from huts to elaborate palaces, temples and courtyards. Much work has been done by several university groups to clean and restore many of these buildings, particularly the principal palace and courtyard. Today this city, all constructed from mud and sand, shows the talent of the inhabitants in the elaborate carvings on the walls depicting the birds and fish they knew and symmetrical geometric designs. Each of the living quarters had built in benches and tables, again all created from the native mud and adobe. We spent almost two hours walking through the city – a good test for Mary and one she handled very well. Adding very much to the experience was a combination of a good bus driver who operated at Mary speed and our guide, Napoleon, a former school teacher who knew what he was talking about and gave us pertinent information without over doing statistics, etc – a rare talent for tour guides!

From Salaverry, we continued on down to Callao (Lima) which was the end of the first segment of the cruise. We were there for three days to allow for disembarkation and embarkation of some 400 passengers. We did take a tour into Lima which, unfortunately, was the opposite of our experience at Salaverry – a driver trying out for Le Mans and a tour guide who could not stop talking. Lima, which we have visited several times before, combines the splendor of the principal city of the Spaniards in South America with the large Plaza des Armes surrounded by the Cathedral, Bishop's Palace and Government administrative buildings being the center piece of this large, bustling city. Each time we have visited Lima we have seen evidence of the civil unrest that has been a part of their culture and politics for years. This year was no exception with several squads of riot police with their plastic shields at the ready were station at the principal entrances to the plaza and a small detachment of mounted police wearing plastic armored suits almost reminiscent of the Conquistadors of Pizzaro's time. He is

buried in the Cathedral. Unfortunately many of the 19th century buildings in the center of town are deteriorating badly and many are uninhabitable and derelict. A shame because they represent some really beautiful architecture. We were able to go through the Cathedral this time (it was being repaired after earthquake damage when we had been there before) and it is impressive although not as elaborately decorated as the Cathedral in Quito.

Our stop at Pisco was a disappointment. The last time we were there four years ago I took the boat ride to see the extraordinary concentration of bird and marine life in the Ballestas Islands. At that time, the boats were small excursion boats with some cover to protect you from the sun. When we arrived at the dock this time so much had changed! It was Sunday which, no doubt was part of the problem and the pier was very crowded with people boarding the boats. The boats now are high speed, open speedboats with almost nothing to stand on when boarding or disembarking. It was just too dangerous for Mary so we backed off and came back on the next bus to the comfort of the ship. Several friends who stayed told us we were lucky since they got soaked from the spray in the open boats. Well you win some and lose some.

We next moved into Chilean waters and along the driest desert in the world in Northern Chile. Since we had seen this area before, we did not take tours in Antofagasta but could see from the ship how much the town has grown since we were last there. Both Peru and Chile have benefitted by the sharply higher prices for copper, gold and silver and it shows in the development of these cities although they could spend a lot more on the infrastructure which universally needs work. I did take a tour of Valparaiso and Mary had planned to go also but was not feeling well with a cold. This city has all the natural advantages to be a truly beautiful place with its steep hills overlooking the bay much like San Francisco. Both of us had very positive memories of the city

and looked forward to seeing it again but, once there, I was glad Mary had stayed on the ship. The natural beauty is there but the city is anything but attractive now. Most of the buildings need repair or repainting, the walls of everything are covered with graffiti, some talented but most just ugly graffiti. Adding to the problem is that much of the infrastructure, particularly the many funiculars one of which broke down requiring to descend (better than climbing!) by a rather precarious stairway. The other surprising feature was the large number of stray dogs on the streets – typically three or four to each block. The tour did have its good points the best of which was a visit to the house, La Sabastiana, that Nobel Laureate Pablo Neruda had designed and built on one to the highest hills in Valparaiso.

We next headed into the most beautiful part of the entire voyage – the glaciers, fjords and snow covered mountains of the Patagonia. We did not have the best of weather – lots of showers and some fog and damp, 40 degree days but, fortunately, the weather seemed to cooperate when it was most important and we got to see them all. We particularly enjoyed the voyages up the fjords ending in the glaciers coming from the high mountains and the immense glacial pack covering them.

Our original itinerary had us going outside directly to Cape Horn and then back to Ushuaia but here the bad weather helped us. It was too rough to go out so we went through the Beagle Channel and passed the avenue of glaciers, the six all named for European countries – Spain, Romania, France, Germany, Italy and Holland. The Italian is the most impressive – the largest and the only one that reaches the water. We had all kinds of weather – rain, fog, snow, hail and sunshine during our passage which was accompanied by several whales. This day was the very best and most fabulous.

We did get out to the Cape since the weather had improved although we did experience wind gusts of 70-80 mph on the way out but it was