

Diary dates for August and September 2012

4 th August	14.00 Garden Party
26 th August	11.00 Patronal Festival 13.00 Parish BBQ at Diana Wilson's
6 th September	10.30 Council Meeting
30 th September	11.00 Harvest Festival & the celebration of the ordination to the priesthood of The Revd Alan Charters 50 years ago

Prayer of the month

Almighty God
we thank you for the gift of your holy word.
May it be a lantern to our feet
a light to our paths,
and a strength to our lives.
Take us and use us
to love and to serve
in the power of the Holy Spirit
and in the name of your Son,
Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen

A Prayer of Dedication

Prayer focus

In the month in which we celebrate our patronal festival, to reflect with gratitude on our past heritage here at St Bartholomew's and on how our present stewardship of our church may build on such foundations for the future good.

St Barts Monthly



August, 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:

 02 99 46 77 00

e-mail : gareth.randall@nordnet.fr

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



August, 2012

Dear Friends,

How poor are you ?

For me, Radio 4 provides essential listening, allowing me to keep abreast of what is happening in the UK and the World. So it was on Tuesday 10th July, I heard this telling phrase a ‘socially acceptable standard of living’ i.e. the income necessary in order not to be poor.

The research was the second undertaken by the Joseph Rowntree Foundation, based on a survey of people who identified what was for them necessary in order to enjoy a reasonable standard of living. It would be fascinating to see what is and what is not deemed ‘essential’ in the survey but in global terms, the sum required to fund a ‘minimally acceptable standard of living’ annually in the UK for a single person was £16,400 and for a married couple with two children £36,800.

Now what you think of this amount will depend on the salary, pension, and investments you enjoy but what I found interesting is the cost was not simply being able to afford food and clothing but of being able to participate in society. Poverty is now being defined according to our ability to go out for a drink or a meal or to take our toddler swimming, to speak on a mobile phone, to use broadband for our computer or to take an annual holiday somewhere. If we can’t, then we are the modern poor. According to the statistics, nearly a quarter of the folk in the UK fall into this group.

It would be interesting to speculate how each of you reading my letter defines poverty and whether you think of yourself as poor. As a priest, you will not be surprised to know that I also value a spiritual dimension to life. Poverty here might have a very different definition. Perhaps the widow and the example of the widow’s mite might provide us with a challenging definition of what it means here and now to be poor.

Father Gareth

Notices

- **Thanks** to all those involved in making the Flower Festival such a success.
- **Thanks** to Diana Wilson for the cheese and wine evening that raised 506€
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch** 4th August 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
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the September edition of the St Bart’s Monthly is *midday on Thursday 30th August*
- **Church Finances for June**
Income: 5419€ Expenditure: 5155€



Personal Column

Congratulations to:

Justin Herve Peter Aubrée, baptised here on 29th July

Armand and Françoise Villesalmon married here on 13th July

Dr Mark and Dr Stephanie Fremaux married here on 18th July

Stéphane and Maelle Sitayeb married here on 28th July

Gregory and Olivia Daniels whose wedding in April 2012 was blessed in church on 22nd July

Best wishes to and from Marjorie and Stafford Crane who have sold their holiday flat in St Cast.

Readings in church

August 5th Ninth Sunday after Trinity

2 Samuel 11 v26 -12 v13a

Ephesians 4 v1 - 16

Psalm 51 v1 - 13

John 6 v24 - 35

August 12th Tenth Sunday after Trinity

2 Samuel 18 v5 -9, 15 v31 - 33

Ephesians 4 v25, - 5 v2

Psalm 130

John 6 v35, 41 - 51

August 19th Eleventh Sunday after Trinity

1 Kings 2 v10 -12, 3 v3 - 14

Ephesians 5 v15 - 20

Psalm 111

John 6 v51 - 58

August 26th St Bartholomew

Acts 5 v12 – 16

1 Corinthians 4 v 9 – 15

Psalm 145 v1 – 7

Luke 22 v24 – 30



Quotations of the month

These two were sent to me by Peter Campbell:

A truly happy person can enjoy the scenery on a diversion.

How long a minute lasts depends
on which side of the toilet door you're on.



Confused ? 8

Lay not up for yourself trousers on earth.

John Marshall



Notes from the Council - July 12th

Unusually, the meeting was held in the side chapel in front of the altar dedicated to the memory of William Channing, an American past President of our Association. The relocation was to allow our flower arranging team the possibility of using the transept to start the process of greening in preparation for our latest Flower Festival.

In addition to the usual subjects of maintenance (congratulations to Roger Berry on the quality refurbish-ment and upgrade of the toilet in the Library), finance, and ecumenism, we heard Geoff Carter report on this year's Archdeaconry Synod in May; then John Davey talk first on the bell; then on a church postcard advertising St Bart's; and lastly on the organ refurbishment.

Geoff paid tribute to Paddy's articles in the St Bart's Monthly and then highlighted some key points of concern such as disabled access to the church; the safety of vulnerable persons in church and the possible reorganisation of the diocese under the care of four free-standing Archdeacons.

It was agreed that the organ be discussed in detail at the September meeting after John had circulated a paper outlining the possibilities.

It was agreed in principle to commission the postcards to advertise the church but first John would circulate the possible wording for final approval by the Council.

The bell had been purchased and John had brought it to church and by the time you are reading this, you will have heard it in action!

In a separate meeting of the Council of the Friends, Claude François was appointed President of the Friends and his appointment would be ratified formally by the Friends at our AGM held on 15th July.

Father Gareth

Bracchis of Bardi

With the development of the coal fields in Wales came the entrepreneurs and immigrants of Bardi in Northern Italy. Here it should be remembered that the coal field workings were twenty four hours a day and normally the day shift would commence at 06.00 the afternoon shift 14.00 and so on. My late Father when asked where he worked would reply 'I work in the 2' 9"' which meant that he worked in a coal of seam on his belly and he would be paid for the amount of coal he extracted from the seam. He did not even have to expand upon that description in that everyone knew that the seam was in the Bertie at Trehafod. He went into that pit with three important considerations: his family; his colleagues in the pit; and belief in God. His hate was the rats in the seams and particularly so his hatred of the albino rats. That is why the miners had their trousers tied at ankle level so limit the damage the rats could do! The rats made strange sounds and found their way down the pit to feed upon the food stuffs for the pit ponies. The miners of those days were petrified by rats and this seems impossible to believe when faced with the dangers they faced on a daily basis.

Thus when the miners walked out of the pit with their bars of soap and rough towels given to them by the pit owners (no pit head baths in those days) and later the NCB, they descended upon the Bracchis for sustenance. Here it must be taken into account that the miners did not speak Italian and the Italians did not speak either English or Welsh. However they survived. My memories centred around Ferraris at the bottom of Hannah Street in Porth and where I always had a frothy coffee and a meat pie steamed under the machine that made the coffee and if funds permitted with some brown sauce. On Sundays after Chapel Service and 'There is a green hill far away' and 'Bread of Heaven', the boys used to walk one way up Hannah Street and the girls on the other side almost a beauty parade. Totally innocent but the Bracchis were always there for us.

Rules for Reverends 6/11 – Canon Jeremy Fletcher

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

51. Some people have very noisy coats.
52. The tiptoeing thing people do when they are late into church doesn't work.
53. When you go to see the Bishop about your future, bear in mind that he might have said his prayers that morning. But then again, he might just have a gap to fill.
54. You drink more Communion wine than anyone else. You owe it to yourself to make it decent.
55. The Press has a memory shorter than a goldfish, and works on whims and timescales more rapid than a toddler in a toyshop. You will not change this.
56. No church hall booking system ever works.
57. *Common Worship* was written so that people previously at enmity with each other could have something to moan about together.
58. No one is ever happy about car parking arrangements.
59. Account very carefully for special collections, and write within nano seconds to the donor and recipient.
60. People who light a candle when they say a prayer are not being superstitious. The Holy Spirit is helping them with sighs too deep for words.

Blessed are

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

‘Blessed are the merciful’

Merciful is a good word. In the film ‘Eagle’, a poor adaptation of Rosemary Sutcliff’s excellent book ‘The Eagle of the Ninth’, the central character, Marcus Aquila, first saves Esca’s life by encouraging the crowd in the wooden amphitheatre to give him the thumbs up then berates him for sparing a life of Pict who had tried to kill him (Esca) !

Better known is the speech from ‘The Merchant of Venice’ ‘The quality of mercy is not strained’. Here Portia tries to appeal to Shylock’s humanity by encouraging him to show mercy. But Shylock is deaf to her appeal, wanting only revenge on Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, the man who has abused him simply for being a Jew and for having to earn a living as a money-lender.

The Greek for mercy is ελεεω (‘eleeo’). It suggests the idea of showing compassion by excusing a fault, a wrong. It is about forgiving someone who is sorry for what they have done. It is to accept an apology and to move on. It is the principle enshrined in the Lord’s Prayer – ‘forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us’. It is to reflect one of the characteristics of God – mercy.

Key to understanding what it means to be merciful is the word compassion. Compassion means to be alongside someone; to feel for and with them; to know how they are feeling; to stand in their shoes and to see how they see the world. If we can sympathise with someone, we are much more likely to be able to show them mercy.

We all stand in need of God’s mercy so we in turn should be merciful.

Father Gareth

Then of course the Second World War and when the Italians were interned at Bridgend for we were obviously at War not only with Germany but Italy as well. It was so difficult to reconcile the basis for this isolation but one just accepted it.

I grew up in that environment and went to school with the children of the immigrants and later it became somewhat strange that my friends spoke Italian but with a Welsh accent. I could name hundreds from Bacchettas to the Ferraris and Gambarini’s and lots more. But, of course, on Sundays we went to Baptist Chapels; they to the Catholic Church in Ynyshir which in English means Long Meadow and there was undoubtedly some distance between us on religious fronts. They were my friends and in those days, we recognised human beings as simply that. We did not discriminate. Today I do not discriminate and will never discriminate.

Then to Tongwynlais near Taffs Well and where the pubs remained open for the miners and iron forgers finishing their shift at ten o’clock in the evening so the miners could slake their thirst. They were also open when they came up from the pit earlier in the day. Miners in those days could not travel on the first deck of buses they had to be segregated on the top deck and for very obvious reasons for they were covered in black dust. Indeed, in the Rhondda, there was a saying in relation to bad weather as in snow in that if the Rhondda Transport bus could not get up Trebanog hill, the weather must be bad.

Of course, drink was the curse of the devil and it was only in more recent times that Wales that had been ‘dry’ on Sundays for many years then became more liberal in that direction. My valley as in the Rhondda was the birthright of the Baptist movement and indeed the politics were left of centre and certainly in Maerdy because of its communist tendencies has always been known as Little Moscow. Maerdy, of course, was the last pit in South Wales to walk back to work when defeated by then Margaret Thatcher (and more of that later)

defiant and with Brass Bands behind them and with flags flying and the families admitting defeat but with pride. To admit defeat takes a certain type of person but with both dignity and pride sets one apart at least that is my belief. However I digress.

Here a more light-hearted approach in that in later years my home was Chepstow and whatever the argument, it is in Wales. Whilst I did not live there at that time I am reliably informed that people from Chepstow walked the one mile from the town centre to Tutshill which is in England to take their drink on Sundays. Much like the inhabitants of Tutshill now drive to the Doctors in Chepstow to collect their prescription for medical services and which is free in Wales but not in England. Equality or what?

Ken Ivin



God's Post-It Notes 5/18

The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk:

When you get to your wit's end,
you'll find God there.



Currying favour with Year 7

*John Johnstone, Head of Religious Studies at Dame Alice Owen's, my old school,
emailed me the following:*

Did you hear that someone fell ill last night in a local Indian restaurant?
He fell into a Korma !

definitely downwards, says energy Minister; Tate Bricks dropped from Gallery; *'Lady-in-Waiting used naughty word'* – *'Bullshit'* says Palace spokesman...

gaoled pensioner has one-day sentence doubled but suspended; *'alco pops are alcoholic'*, declares AA; high-rise flats coming down; Spaghetti Junction gridlocked; no-name mystery man disappears in bizarre death-threat riddle – *'puzzling'*, say police...

fraud-case osteopath accused of massaging figures; urban decay *'more obvious in towns'*; Harrods denies snobbery – *'we're above all that'* says under-manager; dental charges capped; shooting in Army barracks – *'everyday occurrence'* says military spokesman...

schools ignore misplaced apostrophe's; new Wembley Stadium ready *'when work completed'*; shopping mall musac sends guard dog into trance; absentee fathers fail to turn up; Elgin Marbles *'unlikely to move'*, announces Museum...

health tourists buy one-way tickets; leopard spotted on Downs; *'acne a problem for adolescents'* claims breakthrough report; estuary English to be taught at Essex University; gay husband gets legal aid to sue ex-wife's girlfriend in adoption wrangle; *'straight bananas not natural'*, says Green Peace...

landfill sites fill up; catering reforms put on back-burner; city-centre vandalism moves out of town; organized crime *'often planned in advance'*, say police; *'many bishops female in five years'*; Lelandii likely to spread, experts predict...

David Norris

BUT I READ IT IN THE PAPERS...

...snowed-under met office blames weather; mugged-for-trainers says *'they were nicked anyway'*; third-in-queue first-time buyers get second chance; shopaholics linked to workaholics; fridge disposal – new regulations; rural transport – new restrictions; breast enhancement – new worries; replica weapons – new penalties; Camilla – new hat; Valium no better than Ovaltine, scientists reveal ...

wife-swapping - *'mistake due to power-cut'* swear next-door neighbours; NHS queue-jumper breaks leg; *'kids like chips'* – £1m school meals survey finds; council workers swoop on pigeons; fur coats *'not cool'*; Harry Rednapp – his future; football star's £4m book deal – *'I've agreed to read one'*, says Rooney...

wheel-clamping to be tightened up; obesity linked to overeating; cut-price semis get plastic lawns; police attack 'aggressive' beggars; badgers keep heads down; outlawed moles go underground; decriminalized cannabis not to be re-criminalized – *'but remains a criminal offence'*, states Minister...

gypsies moved on to Beachy Head; nicotine – *'adult choice'*, say cigarette manufacturers; caffeine – *'adult choice'*, say coffee importers; cocaine – *'adult choice'*, say pushers; dog dirt – early-day motion put down in Commons; *'laddism'* linked to *'laddettes'*; teenage illiteracy – *'nobody's fault'* says teaching union...

North/South divide widens; set-backs on tail-backs linked to cut-backs; economists say hill-farming *'on economic slide'*; more litter linked to bigger bins; sex-change reversals – turnaround by NHS; benefit fraud? - *'end benefit'*, suggests Minister...

'chewing gum sticks to pavement', says think-tank; oil prices up; petrol prices up; gas prices up; electricity prices up; *'fuel price-trend'*

The Garden Party - from a small start in 1999

It was during our spring visit, in 1999, that Wendy and I with Sybil Fagg were invited to dinner by Tony and Carole Rogers. Nothing unusual in that as at that time, we often socialised together. During the evening 'chat', Carole or Tony, long term memory fails to recall which one, said that they felt that they had the space to be able to support a garden party in one area, with a second plot suitable as parking. We were the 'sounding board', and they wanted to know if we felt that it was a feasible idea.

At the meeting of the 'Managing Committee', appropriately held at Julian and Audrey Thompson's house in St Brieuc, 'Les Optimists' on May 22, it was put to the committee for approval. The date, August 23rd, and a ticket costing £1 or 10 francs including tea were agreed. Five diners were now the Garden Party organising committee. By August, volunteers had come forward to provide and run stalls, raffles or tombola etc. Someone had spotted a local shop offering gazebos on promotion, and approval was given to purchase three. These were to be used as shaded areas for those taking tea.

The day arrived, a scorcher, stall holders set up finding what shade they could until at the last minute, one couple arrived and set up their stall under one of the gazebos, no-one had the heart to point out where they ought to be! John Gay walked round with Dilly the dog, who was wearing a notice saying that she knew she was lovely. I can't remember the actual fee, one to be able to tell her, and double to stroke her at the same time.

Lucy Gay and her parents took charge of teas; Peter Campbell ran a game to win a joint of meat; Julian and Audrey a hoopla style game; Pam Campbell's stall was jewellery etc.; Wendy and I had a craft stall stocked by a number of our congregation especially knitted goods by Joyce Wright; Simone and Geoffrey sold dress making material and Diana and Michael sold bric-a-brac. I think it was a raffle rather than

tombola and I'm sorry if anyone has been missed out, again please excuse my memory.

After the clearing up was completed, we five sat enjoying a verre, as we shared views on the day. A gentle rain began and we just did not move, it was so refreshing after the heat of the afternoon. What others did on the way home, I cannot say, but we stopped to enjoy a meal on route, the fruit of someone else's labours!

The event was regarded as so worthwhile that the following year found us back for a second Garden Party. More people had organised stalls and I remember that Thora Hird had sent via her daughter, Janette Scott, signed copies of three of her books. It was decided that the best thing for these was that they should be auctioned individually towards the end of the afternoon. Earlier in the year, as executors, we had cleared the home of an eccentric lady and found a loft full of assorted toiletries and other items, all in perfect order. So after donating a quantity to our York Church, we brought the rest over and just had a sign on the stall to say 10p an item, raising quite a respectable amount. This time, John Gay was covered by posters of Jersey and he was raffling a trip to the island which he had had donated. Otherwise, I have little to add I was too busy to go around and spot what else was going on, though I think Helen Morgan had a craft stall. Though another success, it was felt that the venue at Trans-la-Forêt was too far from Dinard to attract more than our own people, but the Dobinsons offered their garden for Garden Party 3. By this time, more members had joined or been press ganged onto the Garden Party committee, and we met at the home of Anne and George. As they were to have two grandchildren staying on the day of the Garden Party, they were also allocated jobs, one being to guess the name of the doll. Again we were blessed with a successful event, but there was a problem. There was no 'on site' parking space, and so it was a case of find a space on the street. Anne or George had contacted the Mairie to ensure that this was in order.

Islamist terrorists believe that they have a mission that involves killing people in the name of Allah, so the first thing to do if we want to try to understand them is to look at the "five pillars" on which Islam is based.

We tend to accuse these terrorists to have death as a purpose but we refuse to recognize that for them, just like for all our own fighters, it may be just a means. This is why the "war on terror" was a misnomer. Everyone is trying to lead the last war, the war that will make all wars useless. Very few people actually want to die as a goal in itself, everyone tries at least to give one's death – or the death of others that they manipulate - some meaning. So let's try to understand why Islamist terrorists would want to kill innocents. Let's try to understand the Qur'an and see how it could lead to such actions and also maybe how a different reading could prevent those actions: instead of ignoring their logic, the idea being to study it, to understand it and to channel it towards more constructive actions.

Claude François



All women should live as long !

The following was sent to us by Danny Beau in fond memory of Ida, his mother, who died earlier this year and who is much missed by all who knew her.

Toward the end one Sunday service, the priest asked his congregation if they had forgiven their enemies. Most raised their hands. He asked again and all but one small, elderly lady then held up their hand. 'Mrs. Neely, are you not willing to forgive your enemies?' She smiled sweetly and said, 'But Father, I really don't have any.' 'How odd. How old are you?' 'Ninety-eight.' 'Then what's the secret of not having a single enemy in the world?' 'I outlived them.'

Five Pillars of Islam

Over the next four months, Claude Francois reflects on Islam and on how we in the West make sense of one of the three religions of the Book

Since September 11 2001, many people have tried to understand what makes so many millions hate “the West” in general– and Americans in particular - and how fanatic imams are able to mesmerize, motivate and hire recruits who were often intelligent and educated men and women and turn them into suicide terrorists’ candidates.

It is just too easy to accept that they are a bunch of bloodthirsty fanatics full of hatred, jealousy and resentment. If the world was made of “good” and “bad” people, everything would be easy, we would just have to support the good and fight the bad, preventing the latter ones from acting badly. No, the problem is simply that people that one considers “good” and people that the same person considers “bad” both consider themselves “good” or at least they think that what they do is justified; otherwise, why would they act that way?

Osama ben Laden and Adolf Hitler both considered that they were doing the right thing: Osama thought that America and our western civilization were wicked and that the only way to stop it was by using terrorism. Adolf thought that Germany had been humiliated and that the only way for Germans to get the place they deserved was to get it by force. He thought that the Jews – who considered themselves different by race – were a hindrance to his objectives and that the best way to “deal with that problem” was to exterminate them; he thought he had a mission to accomplish. They both believed in something very strong and they were ready to kill and die for it. Napoleon’s soldiers just like the French and British armies when they were conquering their colonies or fighting the Germans, the Spaniards against the American Indians, or the US army in Korea, Vietnam or in Iraq, all thought that they had a mission to accomplish.

Later, an offer came from Diana and Michael, that they were sure they had suitable areas for the stalls etc. and also a parking space. It’s no secret that the move to Le Tamara was to prove a great success and this remained the home for many years. Each year saw additions or changes to whatever was on offer and also the introduction of children’s games as the number of young ones increased.

Over the years, with the encouraging increase of people at church and the relocation of the venue from Diana’s to the home of Claude and Agnes, we decided it was time for us to relinquish our jobs at the Garden Party, not least since our plans meant that at times, we may not be back here in France.

John & Wendy Marshall



The Perfect Church.

On our recent visit to Taormina in Sicily, we sought out St. George’s Church, an English church in the Diocese in Europe. While walking round, we saw the following notice:

“If you should find the perfect church
Without one fault or smear,
For goodness sake don’t join that church
You’d spoil the atmosphere,
But since no perfect church exists,
Where people never sin,
Let’s cease in looking for that church.
And love the one we’re in.”

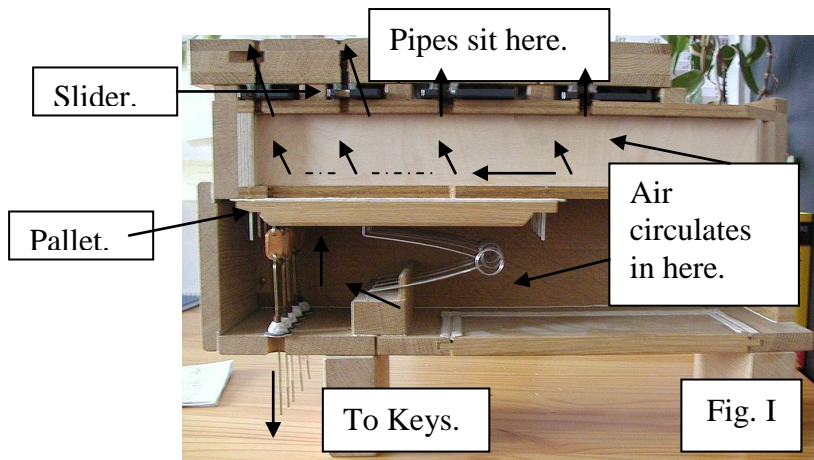
Val Carter.

The Organ – by John Davey

In principle, the modern pipe organ has changed very little from its conception. Wind is supplied and regulated through bellows that is then fed into a box, in which there is a mechanism allowing the wind to pass through to individual pipes that are sat on top.

Organs became progressively more complex and large with the creation of each additional timbre. By the 17th century, most of the sounds available on the modern classical organ had been developed. From that point in history, the pipe organ was the most complex man-made device, a distinction it retained until it was displaced by the telephone exchange in the late 19th century.

In today's organ, a blowing plant provides air for one or more reservoirs from which air travels via trunking into one or more airtight boxes known as soundboards or wind-chests (see fig I). Rows of pipes are then arranged on top of the airtight boxes.

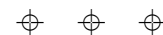


When the organist depresses a key, a system of connected wooden rods pulls the 'pulldown' (labelled To Keys), which in turn opens

*The following poem, written as a token of thanks,
was read first to the Harmony Men as they left St Malo to return to Jersey
then again at their AGM on the Monday:*

Harmony Men, O Harmony Men
To us you really must come gain.
Come on a Sunday, hear Gareth preach
Or do Flower arranging – I can teach.
We met in the market at Midi to hear you sing
Then again in the evening a concert you did bring.
You do the Island of Jersey so proud
Your voices so tuneful, clear and loud.
I know that to get you booked is so hard.
But we must get you back again to Dinard.
So thank you again from the bottom of my heart
By letting me organise I felt I had taken part.

Victor Pumfrett



Alfred Edge
29th June 2012
RIP

Lorraine told me that she was fortunate to be able to with her father back in England in the time leading up to his death. He was cared for by a team of Macmillan nurses who used the phrase 'end-of-life-pathway' to describe the care which enabled him to feel cherished, relatively pain-free and with his dignity

Flower Festival 13th -15th July 2012

The inspiration for this year's Flower Festival was taken from Ecclesiastes 3 v1 – 15 – 'A Time for Everything'.

All floral arrangements were based on 'A Time for . . .' In the entrance, you were greeted by 'A Time to Worship', then in the body of the church by arrangements on 'A Time to be Baptised'; 'A Time to Sing'; 'A Time to Heal'; 'A Time to Plant'; 'A Time to Listen'; 'A Time to Rejoice' and a 'Time to Remember'. The windows and pillars were all on the theme 'A Time to Love' while the chancel was dedicated to the theme 'A Time to Pray' which included a stunning arrangement on the main altar.

I had spent the four Tuesdays leading up to the festival running workshops on how best to construct the shapes which would enable our team of arrangers to express their themes. Corrie, Kathy, Kate, Diana, Ian, Sylvie, Doreen, Sheila and I, joined by a visiting florist from Jersey, created the arrangements you may have seen. Those who did come commented enthusiastically on how beautiful the church looked and appreciated the warm welcome in the church and not least the English cream tea on the lawn provided by Kate and Sharon assisted by a team of helpers.

On the Saturday evening, we were fortunate to welcome 'The Harmony Men of Jersey' under the leadership of Trevor Prouse who gave us an outstanding concert a mix of religious and secular songs.

A big thank you to all who supported our Flower Festival, named and unnamed.

Victor Pumfrett

the spring-loaded pallet thus allowing the air circulating below the pallet into the chamber below the feet of the pipe.

In addition to pressing keys, the organist can also select different 'stops'. By pulling out different 'stops' at the console, they can activate different sets of pipes that have different pitches, volumes and timbres. Each 'stop' brings into play an additional potential 61 notes for use. For example, the organ at St. Bartholomew's has approximately 886 pipes in total. 'Stops' have different names in common usage so that the organist knows what sort of sound is going to be produced before they play. A common name for a 'stop' is Open Diapason, a 'stop' that produces a large string-like tone.

Pulling the 'stop' out at the console causes a system of rods to move the 'slider' (a thin piece of wood with holes in) laterally beneath the organ pipes until the holes line up with air holes beneath, and the pipes above, so that air can now circulate freely from the bottom of the diagram, out through the top whenever a key (which opens a pallet) is depressed, thus sounding the corresponding pipe.

Before the invention of pipe organs with multiple sets of pipes, the word 'stop' in a musical context had meant 'note' or 'key'. Today's modern phrase 'to pull out all the stops' does derive from the use of the word in an organ-playing context and pulling out all the stops enables the player to play with maximum potential volume.

In the modern organ the mechanisms between the key and the soundboard and the stop and the soundboard have been largely, but not entirely, superseded by modern electronic mechanisms. The organ at St Bartholomew's is of the mechanical type described above and is something that Bach would have been familiar with. The only electric piece of equipment on the organ at St Bartholomew's is the blower and that is c. 1950!

*The following poem appeared in last year's August Newsletter.
It is a valuable source for reflection so I'm printing it again this year
but because it's not an easy read, I'm adding a brief commentary
to help clarify its meaning.*

An Hymn upon Saint Bartholomew's Day

What powerful Spirit lives within!
What active Angel doth inhabit here!
What heavenly light inspires my skin,
Which doth so like a Deity appear!
A living Temple of all ages, I
Within me see
A Temple of Eternity!
All Kingdoms I descry
In me.

An inward Omnipresence here
Mysteriously like His within me stands,
Whose knowledge is a Sacred Sphere
That in itself at once includes all lands.
There is some Angel that within me can
Both talk and move,
And walk and fly and see and love,
A man on earth, a man
Above.

Dull walls of clay my Spirit leaves,
And in a foreign Kingdom doth appear,
This great Apostle it receives,
Admires His works and sees them, standing here,
Within myself from East to West I move
As if I were
At once a Cherubim and Sphere,

Or was at once above
And here.

The Soul's a messenger whereby
Within our inward Temple we may be
Even like the very Deity
In all the parts of His Eternity.
O live within and leave unwieldy dross!
Flesh is but clay!
O fly my Soul and haste away
To Jesus' Throne or Cross!
Obey!

Thomas Traherne (1636-1674)

The title tells us that the poem is not so much about St Bartholomew but written on 24th August, the day dedicated to his memory. At first, it's not clear of whom or of what Traherne is asking the question but by the third line, it's obviously of himself. He's possibly looking down at his hand or studying his face in a mirror. His reflection suggests that inside him dwells the Holy Spirit, that his body is in fact a template of the Temple, our human body, in which that same Spirit has, is and will inform, inspire and enthuse for all eternity.

The second stanza develops the idea of the human body as a sacred space, a meeting place of the human and divine, by which communion the mind of Man is liberated to a surprising extent.

The third stanza is a mystical, out-of-body experience in which Traherne travels through time and space to be with our patron saint himself.

The final stanza points to our soul's ultimate destination: to be with Christ in the New Jerusalem.