

Diary dates for October and November 2012

4 th October	10.30 Holy Communion 11.00 Bible Study: Christian Basics - Angels 12.00 Bring and Share Lunch
1 st November	10.30 All Saints/All Souls service 11.00 Bible Study: Christian Basics - Satan 12.00 Bring and Share Lunch
11 th November	10.45 Remembrance Sunday
22 nd November	10.30 Council Meeting

Prayer of the month

*In the month when we may remember Trafalgar Day (21st October),
the following is Nelson's prayer before the battle:*

May the great God whom I worship,
grant to my Country and for the benefit of Europe in general
a great and glorious victory:
and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it;
and may humanity after Victory
be the predominant feature of the British Fleet.
For myself, individually,
I commit my way of life to Him who made me,
and may His blessing light upon my endeavours
for serving my Country faithfully.
To Him, I resign myself and the just cause
which is entrusted to me to defend.
Amen. Amen. Amen.

Horatio Nelson

Prayer focus

To reflect on the true cost of service.

St Barts Monthly



October, 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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October, 2012

Dear Friends,

Our vocation

On 30th September, the Revd Dr Alan Charters celebrates his fifty years in ordained ministry, appropriately enough at our Harvest Festival. The Revd Donald Pankhurst, who was priest-in-charge here before Alan, will bless our church's bell, purchased to mark the tenth anniversary of death of Elizabeth Hannay, one of the key figures in the preservation of St Bartholomew's after the Second World War.

Given the nature of this special occasion, I ask myself what the word 'vocation' means and what it means to each one of us.

'Vocation' comes from the Latin verb 'vocare', 'to call', and essentially means 'calling' - what we are 'being called' to do with our lives. There is a strong element of making ourselves useful, serviceable, serving others whilst we find fulfilment and meaning in what we undertake. A Christian vocation would take Christ's role as servant king, nicely illustrated at the Last Supper by his gesture of washing disciples' feet, as an example of due regard for others, of loving God by loving our neighbour even as we love ourselves.

Everyone has a vocation though the nature of that vocation is individual. Over a lifetime, the form and expression of our vocation may well change as we develop and change as people. What I'm certain of is each of us is called to serve. What I'm certain of is we have a choice whether we respond to that calling or not.

A vocation is a precious gift. May we, therefore, discern what God wants us to do for Him and how best we might do it. And may we have the energy and the desire so to do !

Father Gareth

Notices

- **Remembrance Day** – November 11th falls on a Sunday this year. We will be joined by members of the Royal British Legion for Brittany so our service **will start at 10.45** to allow us to time the 2 minutes silence for 11.00.
- **Appeal** – urgent request for empty jam jars from Gladys Dunnell who, as you know, provides excellent home-made marmalade for sale in the church (NB NOT pickle jars or Bonne Maman)
- **Thanks** to Diana, Sharon and Kate for the Aperitif evening in September that raised 680€ for the SPA
- **Tournebride Monthly Lunch** 6th October 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 November edition of the St Bart's Monthly is *midday on Thursday 25th October*
- **Church Finances for August**
Income: 10,905€ Expenditure 4,037€



Definition

The following definition of an icon may be found in Alan Garner's latest novel 'Boneland' the conclusion of the trilogy he started with 'The Weirstone of Brisingamen' when I was still a teenager!

An icon is a pictorial representation of a facility available on a computer system that enables the facility to be activated by means of a screen cursor rather than by textual instruction. Its original, religious meaning is the figure of Christ, the Virgin Mary or a saint, especially one painted in oil and gilded on a wooden panel and venerated in the Eastern Church.

Readings in church

October 7th

18th Sunday after Trinity

Job 1 v1, 2 v1 - 10

Psalm 26

Hebrews 1 v1 -4, 2 5 - 12

Mark 10 v2 - 16

October 14th

19th Sunday after Trinity

Job 23 v1 - 9, 16 - end

Psalm 22 v1 - 15

Hebrews 4 v12 - end

Mark 10 v17 - 31

October 21st

20th Sunday after Trinity

Job 38 v1 - 7

Psalm 104 v1 - 10

Hebrews 5 v1 - 10

Mark 10 v35 - 45

October 28th

St Simon and St Jude

Isaiah 28 v14 - 16

Psalm 119 v89 - 96

Ephesians 2 v19 - end

John 15 v17 - end



Well connected

Ron Frankel forwarded this from Rabbi Zalmen Marozov

G-d doesn't have a Blackberry or an I-phone,
but He is my favorite contact.
He doesn't have Facebook,
but He is my best friend.
He doesn't have Twitter,
but I still follow Him.
He doesn't have Internet,
but I'm always connected to Him.
Although people call Him all the time,
He never puts me on hold!

Notes from the Council - September 6th

Curiously, our Council Meeting, at which the principal focus was the organ, was preceded by our regular Thursday Holy Communion. The contrast between the two forms of worship, our Sunday Sung Eucharist of word and music, sermon and hymns with the Thursday Said Holy Communion of word and silence, captures something of the paradox and mystery at the heart of our faith.

To be able to devote the majority of the meeting to a discussion about the organ meant that the rest of the business of the day was brief and succinct. David Norris's excellent minutes were approved and matters arising promptly dealt with: not least the future of fund-raising and events considered by the Standing Committee in August a summary of which David circulated. David's Morgan accounts were as ever financially encouraging.

John Davey had prepared a detailed comparison of the two organ quotations we have already received, usefully clarifying points about how the organ works and the practicalities of how it could be renovated. He was warmly thanked for his clear explanation.

The Council formally endorsed what was clearly a de facto decision: that we would in due course renovate the organ for congregations in the future. Conscious of our real heritage and our stewardship of that heritage, we would ensure that our present instrument would be in good order, fit-for-purpose at the heart of the worship of our church.

It was agreed that one or two further quotations be sought, as far as possible on our desired specifications, and then, when we were in a position to make a decision, we should proceed.

The meeting as ever closed in prayer.

Father Gareth

Dr William Price of Llantrisant

I try very hard and at the very least twice a year to visit the Glyntaff Crematorium in Pontypridd where there is a plaque which acknowledges the life of my late Father and Mother. This routine has been part of my life ever since my Father died of 'dust' from working in the pit and then when the angel in my life suddenly was no longer there. I thank God for allowing me to be part of their lives and for all that they did for me in their painfully short lives.

Obviously my emotions are elsewhere and memories come flooding back but I think nothing of the place itself. I have been there hundreds of times not only for the funerals of my parents but equally for the funerals of other family members and indeed some friends. It seems so matter of fact to drive from Cardiff up the A470 turn right to Pontypridd, the birthplace of the Welsh National Anthem, park my car and go 'about my business.'

However Glyntaff was the very first crematorium in Wales and owes its presence to one Dr William Price of Llantrisant. He, according to my then history teacher, Mr Vernon May, who also doubled up as a PE teacher, was a sort of Druid and an eccentric. Vernon May's Father was what we call a 'tally man' but that is for another day. Dr Price too spent some time in France evading creditors and the wrath of a gentleman who accused him of having some sort of relationship with his wife!

Thus our journey takes us but a few miles to Llantrisant and where you will find a monument to Dr Price and who in 1884 cremated his infant son. He argued that the burning of corpses was not illegal but it was not until the 1902 Cremation Act that cremation became legal. This is of course a difficult subject area and if I have offended anyone then I do very much regret so doing. It was simply my intention to draw

Quotations of the month

Don't regret growing older;
it is a privilege denied to many.

Anon – Sunday Herald Sun



Confused ? 10

The following was sent to me by John Marshall:

Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birthmark.



God's Post-It Notes 7/18

The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk:

God himself doesn't propose to judge a man until he's dead.
So why should you ?



No Joke

The following was sent to me by Ron Frankel:

An elderly man was stopped by the police around 2 a.m. and was asked where he was going at that time of night.

The man replied, "I'm on my way to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body, as well as smoking and staying out late."

The officer then asked, "Really? Who's giving that lecture at this time of night?"

The man replied, "That would be my wife."

Rules for Reverends 8/11 – Canon Jeremy Fletcher

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

71. Under no circumstances agree to judge a fancy dress competition where there is any possibility of you meeting any contestant, or any member of their family, during their lifetime.
72. If your church has lots of needy people, it's probably because it's doing the right thing. But that doesn't make it easier to handle.
73. Choristers have to work very hard to make sure they have the right stuff to sing at the right time. They might not, therefore, take in what else is happening in your brilliantly crafted act of worship. Give them some input another way.
74. Some people will never ever be satisfied. Find out who they are, and spend as little time as possible trying to sort things out for them.
75. The preferred communication style of most churches is osmosis and telepathy.
76. Decide which practical things in your church you will know nothing about. This could be how the clock is wound, or the way the boiler works. You do not have to do everything, only the stuff you have to do. Discovering what this is will be your life's work.
77. Look carefully at the retired clergy around you. Find a happy one, and ask them how they did it. Start planning to do the same. You could be retired a long time.
78. What they don't teach you at theological college is how to hold a plate and a glass of wine and a fork at the same time. They should.

upon my memories and the impact that events have had on my life and of course here many others.

Llantrisant is also now the home of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Royal Mint and this is the first cashless workplace for obviously contamination between newly minted coins and those in the pockets of its employees is not to be encouraged. A system of vouchers take the place of money and any visitors to the plant have to place their cash in secure storage. In Wales the names of Williams, Jones and Evans abound. We differentiate or at least used to by identifying Dai 'Top Road' as living in the top of the village and Dai 'Bottom Road' as living downhill. We also differentiated between Evan with a moustache and Evan without a moustache.

Unfortunately someone tried to walk out of the Royal Mint with newly minted coins in his shoes. We immediately called him Dai 'Bungalow' and for the first correct answer as to what this means there will be a prize. This is a very true story for my brother and who is now the leader of our family worked there for many years.

Again Llantrisant has another relationship with France in that in the 1300's I think it was the Black Bowmen of Llantrisant were very much to the fore in the battle of Crecy.

Strange how one place has so many memories and an historical place in our lives?

Ken Ivin



Of an alcoholic ?

Gloria Travers sent me this quip:

I tried to drown my sorrows but they learnt to swim

Five Pillars of Islam - 3

In the third of four articles, Claude Francois reflects on Islam and on how we in the West make sense of one of the three religions of the Book

On the one hand, Islam does not foster leadership. There is no Pope in Islam, no elaborate hierarchy with bishops, archbishops and cardinals in the Moslem religion, although Shiites have their Ayatollahs and Grand Ayatollahs.

The word "Islam" itself means submission and so the Muslim religion is more a general submission to a concept, to a "higher authority" without such higher authority being well defined. Non-Muslims often have a hard time understanding what Muslims should "submit" to. This is where interpretation becomes so important, the problem being that the Qur'an, in spite of its contradictions, cannot be changed, it is believed to be the "verbatim" word for word.

The emphasis in fact is largely negative, with a refusal of "false" values; originally, it was the adherence to monotheism, the refusal of multiple gods, and this was for a long time the main suspicion the Muslims had towards Christians, as Muslims rejected the "Holy Trinity", including the divinity of Christ.

The main difference between Christian and Moslem belief and practice possibly lies in the fact that Christians do accept the personal search for happiness – and for wealth for their beloved ones and even for themselves – and in this respect it seems that the general practice throughout the Christian world is in direct contradiction with some clear teaching of the Gospel (*"it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."* Matthew 19:23-24)

This hypocrisy often goes not only with wealth, but also with pleasure, knowledge and power. God becomes the ultimate tool instead of the

Recipe of the Month Baked Stuffed Peaches /Nectarines

I have noticed in all supermarkets there are a lot of Peaches/Nectarines these days. So why not try this?

Serves 8

- ✓ 8 Ripe peaches or nectarines
- ✓ 2 Egg whites
- ✓ 4oz caster sugar
- ✓ 4oz ground almonds
- ✓ 1 tsp almond essence
- ✓ 6 tbsps Port or Madeira



- Whisk the egg whites.
- Fold in the sugar, ground almonds and essence.
- Cut the fruit in half.
- Remove the stones.
- Fill the cavities with the mixture.
- Bake at 180 C, 350 F. Gas 4 for twenty minutes.
- Spoon over the Port or Madeira and cook for a further fifteen minutes.
- Serve warm or cold with cream.

Victor Pumfret



Sponsored Walk - 17th October

Please note the change of date for the above to help fund a motorised wheelchair for Barry will now be a week later to allow Victor time to recover from his cracked/fractured ribs. Sponsors are still most welcome.

Blessed are

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

‘Blessed are the peacemakers’

‘Blessed are the peacemakers’. War may be considered a necessary evil but peace is surely what we all ultimately desire. Peace allows the world to function and to grow and permits people to develop and to flourish.

Peacemakers are those who are actively engaged in creating the harmony which allows us the space to live a good life. A peacemaker builds bridges between people and communities, reconciles differences and disputes, fosters co-operation and respect.

The paradox of having a well trained, well equipped army, navy and air force is that our armed forces can maintain the peace through the potential for war. It is ironic that in order to make true peace, it may first be necessary to fight a war !

To be a peacemaker is to be positive and active, creating a climate which encourages human flourishing. We can seek peace within ourselves: by knowing who we are and accepting what we are meant to do, being at ease in our vocation. We can seek peace among those we live: by building right relationships which allows the communities where we belong to flourish.

To make peace, to find peace, to be at peace is the holy task to which we as saints are called.

Father Gareth

goal. He has the ultimate power and if the Christian really believes that He loves us then he should ask Him for His graces, as the most useful source of wealth, pleasure, knowledge and power which he dispenses to us according to our attention and our prayers.

Moslems on the other hand do not associate happiness with wealth, pleasure, knowledge and power but more with submission, self-pride, sharing and righteousness. God is feared, but praying God for some specific action, especially to one’s own benefit would not work. The One “*who forgives those who truly repent*” is expected to restore the balance of righteousness.

Islam pays a special tribute to ancestors and to the land. There are numerous holy sites and shrines which each have their own hierarchy while there is no such hierarchy in the clergy.

To non-Muslims, that religion appears to contain inherent contradictions, and it is very hard for non-believers to understand Islam. Islam seems to value peace, respect and self-control as three key values, yet the image that we have of the Moslem world is full of violence, intransigence and uncontrolled emotions.

We must also realize that the elites in the Muslim world tend not to apply for themselves the Islamic principles of sharing as presidents, sheiks and caliphs have certainly sought and enjoyed extreme wealth, pleasure and power over the ages and still today.

By the same token, we should not forget that the history of the Christian world is full of massacres, often even committed in God’s name or at least with religious blessing. If we add the crusades, the religious wars, the American Indians, the two world wars that were initiated and waged between Christian countries, it is more than 100 million people who were massacred.

Claude François



Women in Ministry

The following article (unedited) from Hilary Underwood popped into my email inbox in mid-September, written in response to an article on Women Bishops in the September edition of St Barts Monthly by my friend, Father Richard Tillbrook who has a parish on the outskirts of Colchester. The Anglican Communion is a broad Church, a union of many traditions in tension so it is always interesting to consider a different view.

Dear Friends,

It's Sunday and I have just returned home from the village of Eastnor where I took Morning Prayer, after Extended Communion at Much Marcle, some seven miles away. Thankfully, today is a quiet day, I can have an Evening Service at Putley.

I was saddened to read Father Richard's article, whilst I respect his point of view, from a female perspective, it seems he is a fully paid-up member of the "As it was is now and ever shall be" brigade. It seems to have escaped him, or perhaps he chooses to ignore, that there were female Deacons in the early church, maybe he should read "No Women in Holy Orders" by John Wijngaarde.

I spent my early years in Hong Kong. My family were members of the Cathedral congregation in the mid-to late fifties. **The Priest was female.** Yes, you read it correctly a "**Woman**". She and a colleague were ordained. After the war, there were no men left, and so they filled a very large gap. Therefore, it never entered my head to question their authority/position as Clergy. They were the Priests, and that was that. So it was something of a shock when returning to Europe as an adult I discovered that female Clergy were "persona non-grata", something I experienced at first-hand during my training.

Students in Theological training then and now are predominantly

Film Review of the month

'La petite Venise' / 'Io sono Li' / 'Li and the poet'

Andrea Segre - 2011

Not surprisingly, given the film's French title, Venice is the location for this film. Not strictly the Venice known and beloved of tourists, though there are familiar shots of familiar sites and sights. Rather we see the world of the working Venetian – Italian fisherman; Chinese restaurant/bar workers on the Island of Chioggia, 25 kilometres south of Venice at the entrance of the Lagoon.

Unsurprisingly, given the film's Italian title, the film unfolds with Shun Li (Zhao Tao) as the first and central focus. An immigrant worker from China, we see her working first in a textile factory in Rome only to be told she is being transferred to work in a Venetian osteria. A mother separated from her eight-year-old son living in China with his grandfather, Li is presented with sympathy as an individual in a hostile world struggling to earn enough to be reunited with the boy she loves.

No surprise given the English title, there is a poet, an aging fisherman, Bepi (Rade Sherbedgia) a Yugoslav, who has worked as a fisherman in the Lagoon for 35 years, now accepted as part of the community. A widower, he amuses his friends with his verse.

It is the growing sympathy and understanding between these two unlikely 'friends' that is the warm heart of the film. Platonic, their friendship is touching and life-affirming. But their communities, deeply suspicious of what they share, bar their relationship.

At the end, two figures in a boat silhouetted against a grey sea/sky, standing, looking on at the distant orange of a fisherman's cabin in flames is an image that will stay with me.

Gareth Randall

*The following was sent to Ken Irvin by a friend
when his nephew, Mark, died at the beginning of last month*

Fly, fly little wing
Fly beyond imagining
The softest cloud, the whitest dove
Upon the wind of Heaven's love
Past the planets and the stars
Leave this lonely world of ours
Escape the sorrow and the pain
And fly again

Fly, fly precious one
Your endless journey has begun
Take your gentle happiness
Far too beautiful for this
Cross over to the other shore
There is peace forever more
But hold this memory bittersweet
Until we meet

Fly, fly do not fear
Don't waste a breath, don't shed a tear
Your heart is pure, your soul is free,
Be on your way, don't wait for me
Above the universe you'll climb
On beyond the hands of time
The moon will rise, the sun will set
But I won't forget

Fly, fly little wing
Fly where only angels sing
Fly away, the time is right
Go now, find the light.

female. Out of eight students I started with ten years ago, half of whom (unusually) were male, only one finished. Me. That's an enormous drop out rate in anyone's estimation. And it's a sad fact that most of the five sometime seven parishes where I take services on a weekly basis would not have a service otherwise, it would be impossible.

Despite every conceivable hurdle women have with God's help, persevered and striven towards the goal of equality in all walks of life, even the Church, and many are "Non-stipendiary". In other words they are unpaid volunteers. In 2015, 65% of all Clergy in Herefordshire and in other counties, are retirement age, there are very few to replace them. Even the most ardent anti-feminist congregation will have to look elsewhere, and I really don't think God has time to look down and say "Oh heck, it's a woman here today"!

Women like St. Olympias served as Deacons in the Greek-Byzantine churches for at least six centuries, between 200-800 AD. In 1695 Jean Morin of Antwerp whilst researching Greek Liturgical manuscripts stumbled on ancient ordination rites for women Deacons. The Didascalia Apostolorum is a pastoral handbook that urges Bishops to ordain men and women Deacons, and the Council of Nicea 1 (325 AD) witnessed the existence of women Deacons, preserving some of the oldest ordination rites, in a Codex (a book written on parchment) going back to 550 AD. Alas it was not until the 20th century scholars seriously re-examined his discovery.

I am only too aware that the Church drags its feet and moves at a Snails Pace, but surely to goodness we have moved on a fraction and progressed a little from the third Century. That being the case, why not "Women Bishops"!!!

My love and prayers to you all Hilary U.

Reflections on fifty years of Ministry

Fifty years ago at Michaelmas (29th September), I was ordained deacon in Lincoln Cathedral to become curate of St James Grimsby, then a huge parish with three daughter churches and five curates. The vicar was a redoubtable, Cambridge-educated man of the old school. We all had to be at Matins and the Eucharist at 7.00a.m. each morning except on Wednesdays when we had a service on one of the trawlers in the port at 5.45a.m. before the fish market opened. During normal weekday afternoons, the vicar required us to carry out twenty-four new parish visits each week and we would go through the results at the Monday morning meeting. Woe betide any curate who failed to fulfil his duties.

Our first winter was the notorious one of 1962-63 when the ground was frozen from October to March, snow was deep and transport was almost at a standstill. During one week in February, I conducted 28 funerals while the senior curate had 53 the week following (he is now a bishop!). At that time, the only crematorium in Lincolnshire was in our parish. In those days, the social services were not as well developed as they are to-day and it was taken for granted that the clergy and the parish would be heavily involved in tackling the social problems of the area. Frances has never forgotten that, when our second child Charlie was born, I was busy leading a group in our parish home for unmarried mothers, most of whom had been thrown out of their house as a result of the family disgrace.

Another important duty was the Churcing of Women on Saturday evenings. There was always a good group of post natal women giving thanks for the safe birth of their child, but there was also a good deal of superstition attached to it.

Some felt “unclean” and were not permitted to go out into society until they had been “churched”. Trawlermen would not go to sea until their

Saint of the Month St Emilion – 16th November

One of my favourite wines, St Emilion, is named after a man from obscure and humble origins who was born in Vannes and only decamped from Brittany to La Gironde later in life.

Emilion was originally a baker and this story is told of him. Moved by the distress of the poor, Emilion used his loaf to relieve their need. The problem was the bread in question was not strictly his to give and the master baker, aware that some of the bread seemed to be disappearing, ordered Emilion to show him what was concealed under his cloak. Quick-thinking, he confessed it was in fact wood and when he showed it to his employer so it proved to be. But the same was changed back to bread when the saint came to give it on to the poor.

Towards the end of his life, Emilion quit the monastery where he was the monk in charge of the cellar to live alone as a hermit in la forêt de Combes near La Dordogne. There, according to my source, ‘attiré par le parfum de ses vertus, les peuples vinrent en foule écouter ses leçons et lui demander des miracles.’ Around him gathered faithful disciples and after the saint’s death on 16th November 767, a monastery was established after which the town that grew up in the locality was named.

Gareth Randall



‘You and Yours’

On the Radio 4 programme on 24th September at 12.07, it was reported that potential sales of a house in North Wales fell through owing to a disused mineshaft in the front garden.

It has all been fascinating, enjoyable and, I think, worth while. But above all during these years, I have basked in the love and support of a wonderful Frances, five children and eleven spirited grandchildren.

The Revd Alan Charters



Personal Column

Our congratulations to:

Malo Hancock, the son of Tim and Marie and brother to Mathilde, Hugo and Maelle, baptised in church on 2nd September;

Benjamin and Anne-Laure Schmitt married at La Chapelle Sainte Sophie, La Ville Bague on 8th September;

Mark and Tamsin Bradbury married in the chapel of La Grand Val on 15th September;

Hagob and Nadja Boubayan married in church on 15th September;

Gérard and Claire Beyney married at La Ville Gilet on 15th September;

André and Giselle Lamy married in church on 22nd September;

The Revd Dr Alan Charters celebrating fifty years in ministry this Michaelmas.



If you referred to someone as a ‘Pleb’, would it be a class insult ?

wives had been churched and the baby christened. I was usually given the Churching job as the vicar and other curates usually had to take about 17 weddings on a Saturday while I was playing rugby for Grimsby. It was in Grimsby that I first learned to teach as the large Choir School needed a French teacher and I was the only person within reach.

The vicar also required all his curates to engage in serious study each week and in 1963 chose the topic for us, “Can women be priests?” For most people, this was an unthinkable subject but after six months research in the Bible, social and Christian history, we came to the conclusion that there were no theological objections to women priests. We cautiously added that “there may be psychological objections but if there were we did not know them.” The vicar sent our findings to the Church authorities who ignored them. It took another thirty years for women to be ordained.

Teaching appealed to me and, by a stroke of fortune, I was appointed chaplain and assistant master at Elizabeth College, Guernsey. It was somewhat ironical that while my own pay increased fourfold when I went on to a teacher’s salary, it coincided with the first national strike by the National Union of Teachers protesting against the disgraceful pay levels of the teaching profession. I thought I was entering the millionaire class! And so it was that I entered a profession in the traditional “public “schools of working sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. Saturday school was normal with games in the afternoon and, as it happened, the school chapel was also a parish church with the largest congregation on the island and I was priest in charge! It had compensations with a very large group of young people, an excellent choral tradition and a vibrant atmosphere which attracted many islanders and visitors. While everyone else enjoyed long school holidays, I was on my bike catching up on the parish visiting and work.

It was also during this time, I was invited to go to Brittany to talk and worship with Roman Catholics about the Anglican Church and other Christian issues.

I continued this for many years. We became good friends to the extent that I celebrated and concelebrated mass many times in Catholic churches as well as the local Anglican Church in Dinard. I always took a choir with me from the school I was in which helped to enrich the music in churches which had no choral tradition.

And so it was that I returned to England and, after a brief interlude as deputy head of a comprehensive school, I went on to become chaplain and deputy head of St John's, Leatherhead, originally a school founded for the sons of the poorer clergy. It was an exciting time. The chapel, designed by Field Marshall Montgomery, was the centre of the school and at the Sunday Eucharist with many parents and visitors, we continually had some 350 communicants. About two thirds of the boys were confirmed each year and the Confirmation register which I have kept from Grimsby days until my final parish in France reveals that I have prepared some 963 people for confirmation of whom 34 at the last count are now priests with one monk. At St. John's, it was said that the Chapel was the greatest religion, second only to cricket! Toward the end of my time there, I went off to London each week to deliver a course of lectures on Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century at the university.

After ten very happy years, we moved on to Gloucester to be headmaster of the King's School, one of the seven king's cathedral schools, descended from the medieval Benedictine monastic schools. It was a new and exciting world, not only for being in a cathedral setting but after years of school mastering, I was now responsible for the support and pay of some 100 staff including gardeners, caterers, cleaners and ground staff. It involved a number of sleepless nights!

And that was in addition to the first requirement of the education of the children.

I suppose I may be remembered for being the wicked headmaster who introduced girls into the senior school for the first time in 800 years. The boys and girls who came in at the age of eleven found nothing unusual. Some of the bachelor masters found it a strange and scary experience for after a lifetime of single sex education and military service, girls were creatures from another planet! It is amazing how traditional ways of life and assumptions have changed radically over a few years.

During my time, the school grew to its largest ever size with 651 pupils, all of whom I made sure I knew by name. As a priest and a headmaster, I found I did more serious pastoral work than I ever did in a parish.

It was a chance meeting with the bishop of Swansea and Brecon shortly before my "retirement" that I found myself doing another job as rector of the Aberedw group of parishes. Another new experience and Frances and I recall those years as some of the happiest of our lives. We enjoyed the utmost support from the local farmers and residents, we had a thriving Sunday school and even a little choir. Between us we managed to restore all five medieval churches and regularly services were conducted by the Young Farmers and the children. Those were heady days.

Finally "retiring" in 2000, within a month I was asked to go out to be the permanent priest-in-charge in Dinard for another seven years. It was there that I had the privilege of preparing for confirmation three children of a father whom I had prepared thirty years before. It was there also that I conducted marriages of people of many different nations and languages. As a result of a book I wrote about Anglicans in Brittany I was awarded a D.Litt. by an American University!