

Diary dates for April and May, 2013

7 th April	12.00 AGM
2 nd May	10.30 Council Meeting
9 th May	10.00 Ascension Day
19 th May	11.00 Pentecost

Prayer of the month

Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake,
lay not our sins to our charge,
but forgive that is past
and give us grace to amend our sinful lives
to decline from sin
and incline to virtue
that we may walk with a perfect heart
before thee, now and evermore.
Amen

Lidley's Prayers (1566)

Prayer focus

How best to communicate the central message of Easter - of the possibility of new life in God through the death and resurrection of his Son, Jesus Christ - to the world in which we live by the way in which we live.

Verse of the Month

For waters shall break forth in the wilderness,
and streams in the desert.

Isaiah 35 v6

St Bart's Monthly



Easter, 2013

Services

Sunday 11.00 Holy Communion (with hymns)

Thursday 10.00 Holy Communion (said)

A warm welcome to all who worship with us.
During the service there is a Sunday School.
After the service coffee is served.

Priest-in-charge: The Revd Gareth Randall

For further information concerning baptisms,
marriages or funerals:

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April, 2013

Dear Friends,

Living on ?

Resurrection is at the heart of Easter. The empty tomb, the folded grave clothes are signs that Jesus has risen from the dead. A hug, a touch are confirmation of that fact. Jesus standing among the disciples speaking, sitting eating is all the proof they need.

For people of faith, the fear of death has been replaced by a peace beyond our comprehension. The universe is not a random event, a matter of chance. In truth, we have a purpose in life: to love God as he loves us and to love our neighbour as we should love ourselves.

In St Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday 30th April, there will be a Service of Thanksgiving for the foundation of Dame Alice Owen's School in 1613. The School's Quatercentenary is being marked in many ways but for me to go to church to thank God for the philanthropy of a Tudor lady whose educational charity endures to this day seems the best, the most appropriate thing to do.

As a twelve-year-old girl, Alice Owen (née Wilkes) had a narrow brush with death. In 1558, in the fields around Islington, Alice was standing up from milking a cow when a stray arrow from archery practice nearby pierced her stove-pipe hat. Thanking God for her lucky escape, she resolved to do something for the poor when she could. And she did. Having married and widowed three wealthy men, the mother of a dozen children, she established a School for 30 boys. That School, whose Trustees are the Worshipful Company of Brewers, survives today an all-ability School on the edge of Potters Bar for 1400 students. Her name lives on in that kind act of Christian love.

Father Gareth

Notices

- **Banque Alimentaire** In February, four boxes of groceries were delivered to the Banque Alimentaire and another four were delivered in March including a box of Easter treats for the children. Our grateful thanks to all who contributed - Helen Morgan
- **Concert** – The American Church in Paris 14th April at 17.00 - Véronique Daverio (violin) and Philippe Tamborini (piano) playing Mozart, Saint-Saëns and Prokofiev – entry free.
- **FOR SALE** : Saab Viggen 9.3 ; 2000 ; 121,000km ; leather upholstery ; auto air conditioning ; MOT till Dec 2013 ; 3,000€ ; Ron Frankel ☎ 06 89 06 85 83
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the May edition of the St Bart's Monthly is *midday on 25th April*
- **Church Finances for February**
Income: 2,894€ Expenditure: 3,665€

Garden Party 2013

Most people will know that the main source of fund raising for St Bartholomew's during the recent past has been the annual 'Garden Party'. This year it is going to be held on Saturday 3rd August and due to Diana's kindness will take place in her garden where it was been held in earlier years.

We urgently need volunteers to set up and run stalls at the garden party and to bake cakes for the tea stall. Would those willing to do either, please contact Helen Morgan to let her know. You can contact Helen at 0299738014 or dmorgan16@aol.com

There is a need for new ideas for stalls particularly for those which entertain. If you have new ideas please bring them forward. Most tents and stalls will be set up on Friday 2nd August. Please keep this date free as everyone is needed to help.

David Morgan

Readings in church

April 7 Low Sunday

Acts 5 v27 - 32 Psalm 150
Revelation 1 v4 - 8 John 20 v19 - 31

April 14 3rd Sunday of Easter

Acts 9 v1 - 6 Psalm 30
Revelation 5 v11 - 14 John 21 v1 - 19

April 21 4th Sunday of Easter

Acts 9 v36 - end Psalm 23
Revelation 7 v9 - end John 10 v22 - 30

April 28 5th Sunday of Easter

Acts 11 v1 - 18 Psalm 148
Revelation 21 v1 - 6 John 13 v31 - 35



Quotations of the month

*From the Today Programme Radio 4
Monday 3rd December, 2012*

Average mileage for motorists in Great Britain
during the past ten years has been stationary.



Church Notice boards 1/11

Nathan, Barry Jordan's son, sent me this
Wrinkled with burdens ? Have your faith lifted here !



Notes from the Council March 23rd

As usual, our meeting in March took place on a Saturday morning instead of a Thursday because during Lent, after our regular Thursday morning service of Holy Communion, we schedule a course of Bible Studies followed by a Bring and Share lunch. The meeting's opening prayer captured the interesting paradox of being a member of our Council: that we should take our responsibilities as good stewards of St Bart's seriously but at the same time enjoy serving our Lord in this capacity.

Since the last meeting was taken up largely with the organ, we decided not to include it as an agenda item though John Davey told us a third firm had quoted for possible work.

There was an interesting range of topics touched on: the bell ringing three minutes before the start of our Sunday morning service; the lopping by the Mairie of the Cedar Tree overhanging the Library; the Mairie agreeing to name after Elizabeth Hannay a path leading down from Avenue Georges V to the Clair de Lune, which passes through a garden once owned by and much frequented by the lady herself. David Norris proposed the excess books donated to the Library be sold off in a Book Sale with proceeds going to the church. John Marshall proposed we take part in a toilet-twinning scheme sponsoring a toilet facility in Nepal. In principle, it was agreed that the church pews be rendered more comfortable by placing bespoke cushions along most pews. As ever, the financial state of the church caused debate and essentially indicates the spiritual health of St Bart's

One criterion by which to judge a successful church is how we cherish, value and respect each other. May we continue so to do.

Father Gareth

Bishop Geoffrey's Easter Message, 2013

At the very heart of our Christian lives, at the very heart of the life of the Church, is what we call 'the Paschal Mystery'. The word 'paschal' comes from the Greek word *pascha*, referring to the Jewish Passover which celebrated God's deliverance of his chosen people from slavery in Egypt and their exodus journey to the Promised Land. Passover was therefore a feast of liberation by God, and a recalling of God's faithfulness to his promises to his people. The Christian Passover which we celebrate every Holy Week and Easter is a celebration of an even greater liberation and faithfulness. This is not just a celebration of deliverance from slavery in Egypt, but of deliverance from the enslaving power of sin and death. It is a victory won by the God who in Jesus freely chooses to know from the inside our human condition, to bear the crushing burden of human sin, to enter into our dying.

As in Holy Week we follow again the events of our Lord's Passion, we remember on Maundy Thursday Jesus washing the feet of his disciples, taking the role of a servant; his taking of bread and wine at the Last Supper, breaking the bread and sharing the wine, identifying his life with this sacramental sign - and telling his disciples to go on doing this in remembrance of him to share in his life. We remember that this gift of communion is given in the context of betrayal - the denial of that very communion. We move to Gethsemane - the 'place of the pressing out of the olives' (for that is what the name Gethsemane means), where the Messiah, the Christ, the Anointed One, is 'pressed out in agony in the costliness of love and sacrifice'. Judas, one of the close circle of the disciples, gives a kiss not of friendship but of betrayal; the disciples flee; and the Lord is handed over, bound, led to trials, savagely scourged, mocked, condemned, and in the end led out to the appalling torture of crucifixion. Nailed to the rough wood of the cross in excruciating pain, hands spread wide in what is the human embrace of love, Jesus hangs a scarecrow figure, beneath a mocking inscription,

Can you read this ?

This puzzle was sent to me by Peter Campbell

7H15 M3554G3

53RV35 7O PR0V3

H0W 0UR M1ND5 C4N

D0 4M4Z1NG 7H1NG5!

1MPR3551V3 7H1NG5!

1N 7H3 B3G1NN1NG

17 WA5 H4RD BU7

N0W, 0N 7H15 LIN3

Y0UR M1ND 1S

R34D1NG 17

4U70M471C4LLY

W17H 0U7 3V3N

7H1NK1NG 4B0U7 17,

B3 PROUD! 0NLY

C3R741N P30PL3 C4N

R3AD 7H15.

⊕ ⊕ ⊕

? ? ? (2/6)

Peter Campbell forwarded the following question:

Why is it that people say they 'slept like a baby' when babies wake up like every two hours?

The Hypochondriac

Do you fancy a night out of laughter at the theatre for a change? At the Manoir du Luo, Dolo, near Jugon du Lacs on April 24th to 27th, a group of Anglo/French Thespians called "Les Rosbifs et Crepes" are presenting Moliere's most popular farce "La Malade Imaginaire"

"Les Rosbifs" have been established for about six years and are best known for their annual Pantomimes. In addition they have produced various plays including "Merry Wives of Windsor". April English's translation of Moliere's last farce, is as furiously funny and topical today as on the first night in 1673. Poking fun at the high cost of medicine and difficulties of second marriages inheritance laws. Dressed in C18 costumes with new specially written songs, Breton style dancing a great nights entertainment is promised.

Admission is only 8€ and to reduce the evenings costs, those travelling to Dolo on Wednesday there is a discount for advanced booking of parties of four for a total of 25€, a saving of 7€. It is a beautiful intimate theatre in a renovated Manoir, so book early to ensure a seat.

For more information call Roger on 02 69 83 51 28.

Roger Saxton Howes



Anagrams

Further to David Bargioni's possible anagram of 'gather' for 'Gareth', I would like to suggest an alternative – 'The Rag' – after all he is a bit of a comedian !

Bill Hughes

'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews', a crown of sharp and spiky thorns rammed hard down on his bleeding brows. There is darkness over the land, over the whole world, as the Light of the world is blotted out. And from the heart of that darkness comes a cry of dereliction - 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?' And then with a great cry Jesus dies. The centurion at the foot of the cross utters words of amazing faith - 'Truly this was the Son of God!'

He is dead. Wrapped in a shroud, laid in a tomb. Holy Saturday, Easter Eve, is a day of desolation, a day on which the living God embraces the annihilation and nothingness of our human dying.

But if that was the end, the full stop, so to speak, of the story, there would be no story for Christians to remember, to enter into, to celebrate. It would simply be one more story among many of another martyrdom, another terrible example of torture and the triumph of evil and injustice. There would be no church, no Christianity, and Jesus would be but another deluded prophet broken on the crushing wheel of human sin.

Yet this is not the end. The horizon is not the death of Jesus, but new life, new creation, a life born out of death. All four Gospels end with accounts of that new life - a tomb found empty, a stone rolled away, frightened women who had come to perform the last rites for the dead and found themselves face to face with a new, overwhelming and unbelievable mystery. Mark, the earliest of our Gospels, probably ended with the women fleeing from the tomb, *for fear and astonishment had come upon them; and they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid - they were overcome with awe.* That awe and wonder is at the heart of Easter. This event blows open human history, blows open human life, to the life of a new order. Jesus, the Risen One, appears the same, yet different, transformed, transfigured, his physical being taken up into this new order. His disciples and Mary Magdalene recognise him – and

yet not immediately - as the two disciples on the road to Emmaus. St Paul, trying to explain to the Corinthian Christians what this means, uses the analogy of the seed sown in the ground and the plant that springs up from it - the same but different. This is Paul says, a 'spiritual body', by which he means a body 'animated by the Holy Spirit'. For this is the life of God's new creation. It is because this is the case that we can sing at Easter, *Jesus lives! Henceforth is death, but the gate of life immortal!* It is because of this that we can speak triumphantly in the Creed that *we look for* (literally *wait with longing expectation for*) *the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.*

Matthew's Gospel ends with the Risen Jesus appearing to his disciples in Galilee and sending them out to proclaim the good news, *Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always to the close of the age.* That is our life - your life and mine. That is the Church's mission. That is the Easter message running like wildfire in our lives and hearts - a new creation energised by the Holy Spirit, the living breath of God breathed out by the Risen Lord on his disciples on the evening of the first Easter Day. For Easter is not something shut up in the past, in a single life, but is your life and mine, for, as St Augustine proclaimed long ago, *We are Easter people and "Alleluia" (Praise be to God) is our song!*

May God bless you in the singing of that song and the living of that life. And may you over and over again meet and know the Risen Lord of life as did the disciples in the breaking of bread at the supper at Emmaus.

+ ***GEOFFREY GIBRALTAR***

Bishop Geoffrey will be retiring in November. His letter announcing his intention to do so will be printed in full in our May edition.

what's being proposed is simply a sleepover; he insists he gets to sleep on top because he's going to take the top bunk !

Inevitably, the charm has to come to an end and Josh says to Susan with disarming honesty that he's not ready for a serious relationship and that he misses his family. Finding Zoltan with the help of Billy who has remained loyal to his friend in spite of the growing distance between them, Josh wishes to be small again. The film ends with a moment of sadness and regret as Susan drives the man/boy she loves home where Josh becomes the boy he was.

Pure magic or what – watch and enjoy.

Gareth Randall



Court reports 4/12

The following are a series of what was actually said in American courts and has been sent to me by Ron Frankel

ATTORNEY: This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And in what ways does it affect your memory?

WITNESS: I forget.

ATTORNEY: You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?



Film Review of the month
'BIG' Penny Marshall - 1988

For Christmas, my friend and former colleague, John Johnstone, gave me a quiverful of DVDs. 'BIG' was the first I watched doing the ironing one Monday afternoon shortly after Epiphany.

Essentially, a modern fairy story set in and around New York, 'BIG' tells the transformational tale of a thirteen-year-old, Josh Baskin (David Moscow and Tom Hanks) – a normal, all American boy with a best friend next-door, Billy (Jared Rushton) and a loving mum (Mercedes Ruehl). Josh is on the point of discovering girls and wanting to be grown-up – the 'BIG' of the title. And, being a modern fairy tale, of course, his wish is granted when one night at a visiting fair, a fortune-telling-machine, 'Zoltan', grants his wish. Josh goes to sleep a boy and, to his horror wakes up a thirty-year-old man.

Essentially a comedy, its charm lies in an exceptionally convincing performance by Tom Hanks who captures effectively what it might be like for a boy to find himself in a man's body.

Fantasy yes but pure comedy. Charmingly innocent but not unrealistic. There is the real distress of Josh's mum who thinks her son has been abducted. New York is not necessarily a nice, friendly place but aided by his 'spunky' friend, Billy, Josh gets a job working for a toy company where his computer skills and innate sense of what children love rocket him to success as a Vice President with real money, a fabulous apartment and a life any child might dream of.

The love interest comes from a high-powered colleague, Susan (Elizabeth Perkins) who falls for this oddly charming, sweet-natured 'man'. Her first attempt to seduce him is very funny because he simply doesn't understand the signals, the language or the context. To him,

Women's World Day of Prayer

The day Father Gareth handed me an email about an upcoming event that I had never heard of and said, "I thought of you", I had no idea what I was in for. But, always curious, I said yes to going to a meeting and found myself helping to prepare the local celebration of the World Day of Prayer. A total of six women showed up for the first meeting. The author of the email, Agnès Thirion, was our guide throughout the process.

The World Day of Prayer (WDP) is an event that was started in the USA in the 1880's and began to be celebrated in France's Alsace region after WWI. It is organized by Christian women but everyone is welcome to join in WDP celebrations. It's become an international event and this year was France's year to be host.

So, two preparatory meetings and a quick musical rehearsal later at the Protestant Temple in St Servan, it was 1 March, 6p.m., and time to open the temple doors and hope for the best.

The WDP theme this year was "I Was a Stranger and You Welcomed Me," based on the text of Matthew 25, focusing on (im)migration. We presented a short program, a mini-play, interspersed with music. At one point, the audience was asked to form small groups and talk about their own experiences as a "stranger" with each other. Later, small sections of ribbon were knotted together by everyone present and placed around the shoulders of the woman playing the role of *the Stranger*, as a sign of our solidarity with her.

We did our best and with the participation of those who came to celebrate with us, I can only say it was a success. Jean Mansell and Yvonne Daguët had kindly come along to play roles in the mini-play, sing and represent St Bartholomew's.

(Thank you, both of you, so much!) And many thanks to Agnès for being such a calm, efficient leader.

A pot luck buffet was available after the service and enjoyed by all.

Over 200 other WDP celebrations took place in France the same day. To us, it may seem like just another religious celebration. But Agnès told us about how a small group of women in a little town in the Ukraine had decided to prepare a 2012 WDP celebration and dared to ask the local authorities to use the town's old church, which, for years, had been taken over by the local men's card-playing club. The women were granted the right to use the church, leaving the Christian community there with the hope that, in time, the old church will be used for additional religious events in the future.

Let's hope so.

Valerie Trevino



Humour à l'école 5/11

*From a dear friend in Potters Bar, Lisa Klein,
a parent of pupils who are/were at Dame Alice Owen's School:*

Deux élèves arrivent en retard à l'école. Ils s'expliquent :

- Le 1^{er} élève dit : Je me suis réveillé en retard, maître. J'ai rêvé que je suis allé en Polynésie et le voyage a duré longtemps.

-Le 2^{ème} élève dit : Et moi je suis allé le chercher à l'aéroport.

(Bien argumenté ...non ?)

Recipe of the Month Cucumber and Salmon Chiffonade (for 4)

- ✓ 1 cucumber
- ✓ 3 slices smoked salmon
- ✓ 1 small can salmon roe
- ✓ 1 bouquet chervil
- ✓ white vinegar
- ✓ 1 tsp white sugar
- ✓ salt, pepper



- Wash and dry off the cucumber.
- Thinly slice the cucumber from top to bottom with a vegetable peeler, turning the cucumber as you go and stopping when you reach the core.
- Place slices in a colander to drain.
- Chop the salmon into pieces and set aside.
- In a small pan, mix 1 tsp white vinegar, 2 tbsp water and sugar.
- Bring to a boil, stirring to make sure the sugar melts.
- Add salt and pepper to taste.
- Set this "syrup" aside to cool.
- Remove the leaves from the chervil.
- Place the strips of cucumber in a dish.
- Dress them with the syrup.
- Then, sprinkle on the salmon roe and the chervil leaves.
- Finish the dish by pouring a fine trickle of Modena balsamic vinegar (Maille brand) over the ensemble.

*Solange Dayres Goffinet (translated by Valerie Trevino)
(Inspired by Marie-Caroline Malbec's recipe)*

fed her son presses against breast of the woman whose son contributed to his death. Directly or indirectly, each played a part in the death of his friend. Their mother's take what comfort they can from what they share: their humanity; their grief; their sense of loss; their love for their boys.

Who knows how long they embraced before Mary went on her way ? Who knows how Rachel coped in the future ? I'd like to think that Mary could bring peace to the soul of the mother of the man who had betrayed the Son of God.

If only . . .



Father Gareth



Personal Column

Congratulations to:

The Revd Donald Pankhurst , a former Priest-in-charge of St Bart's, who celebrated his 85th birthday on 26th March;

Gregory Alban Vincent Poviak, baptised in our church on Easter Day, the first child of Dominique and Emily whom I married here in St Bart's and grandson of Christian and Carol Xueref.



Two women in grief What if ?

‘And he threw down the money in the Temple,
and left, and went and hanged himself.’

Matthew 27 v5

‘It was about nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him.’

Mark 15 v25

The idea for this short piece touching on a meeting that may or may not have ever taken place in the flesh comes from a paragraph in the second chapter of Lucy Winkett's book, 'Our sound is our wound'. She writes of a painting by Mark Cazalet, picturing Mary and the mother of Judas meeting on the evening of Good Friday – 'two women, two uncomforted mothers, sitting talking together about their terrible, terrible day'. I thought the meeting would be better placed the following day which gave them both a little space to breathe. Judas's father was called Simon but I've no idea what his mother's name was – has anyone ? It seemed good to me to name her after the Rachel mentioned in Matthew and Lamentations who wept for her dead children - certainly she would have wept for her son.



The following day was the Sabbath.

Mary had spent a bad night, alone with her thoughts. Proper sleep had not been possible though she may have briefly nodded off. Everything in her world had been turned upside down. Jesus, her son, the boy she loved, was dead. She had been with him when he died. She had cradled his lifeless body, still warm, in her arms, remembering the times she'd held him as a baby or comforted him when he'd been hurt as a child.

Mary had been shocked by the shameful way he'd been treated. Roman soldiers had nailed him, naked, to a wooden cross. 'King of the Jews', their thorns had crowned his head with a circlet of blood. His body, bruised, was evidence of how he'd been abused. There he'd hung in full view of the public, exposed to the critical eyes of passers-by. There he'd hung in full view of the public, open to the contemptuous taunts hurled at him as he began to struggle to breathe.

But even as he was hanging there, dying a painful death, he had spoken gently to her, entrusting her to the care of the disciple he loved. But before she went to stay with John, to look after him and love him as a mother should a son, first there was something she needed to do.

With daybreak had come the news that Judas was dead. His body had been found, hanging from a tree. Shame and guilt, remorse at what he'd done, self-disgust and self-loathing may have made him kill himself. And Mary knew what she had to do. She had to go and weep with the mother of the man who had betrayed her son.



From the place where Rachel, Judas's mother, was staying came the cry of women, the sound of weeping, keening the loss of a soul they had loved. It was the familiar, everyday wail of Jewish grief, lamenting the loss of a life in a world where death was ever-present. Rachel was not alone nor should she be alone at such a time. But alone, Mary came to her to be with her now in their grief.

It was obvious which was the woman she sought. The one circled by a group of friends and neighbours – women who knew the pain of childbirth and of death. Hardship was part of their lives and they could cope because they were there for each other in their times of need. And here that need was simple: to mourn the loss of a son. The

sound was bitter - grief expressed - better out than in. For a moment, Mary hesitated, uncertain of her welcome. But as she paused in a moment out-of-time, she saw Rachel looking up at her, each recognising in the other the pain they shared.

Words at times like this are inadequate. If they had spoken, what might they have said, one to the other, son-less mothers ?

Judas's mother might have said how sorry she was. How sorry that Mary's son had died. Without recrimination, she might have tried to say sorry for her son, express regret at his lack of faith in his Master, accept the shame of him betraying his Rabbi, the man he'd loved. I doubt she knew the reason why any more than Judas could have articulated his disappointment in the man he'd thought had been the Messiah but who had proved that he was anything but the warrior king he wanted him to be.

Jesus' mother might have said how sorry she was. How sorry that Rachel's son had died. Without recrimination, she might have tried to explain what she knew in her heart. That her son had to die when his hour had come. That myrrh, the Wise Men's third gift, pointed to his death. That Simeon had prophesied her pain. Was Jesus not bound to be about his Father's business ? How could she tell her it would be all right in the end because Judas had done what had to be done and his death proved he was sorry ?

Both might have borrowed the words of King David, bewailing the death of his son: 'My son, my son, O Absalom, my son'. A parent's grief, each cut to the heart by the loss of the child they love. The name is different; the pain the same.

Instead, they say nothing. Moved by compassion, one for the other, they embrace. Their tears mix on each other's cheek. The breast that