

Diary dates for July and August, 2013

11 th July	10.30 Council Meeting
14 th July	12.00 Friends AGM
3 rd August	14.30 Garden Party
25 th August	11.00 Patronal Festival



Prayer of the month

Almighty God,
who through your only- begotten Son Jesus Christ
have overcome death and opened to us
the gate of everlasting life:
grant that, as by your grace going before us,
you put into our minds good desires,
so by your continual help
we may bring them to good effect.



Prayer focus

To explore what helps us to confirm our faith



Verse of the Month

He has sent me to bring good news to the oppressed,
to bind up the broken-hearted.

Isaiah 61 v1



St Bart's Monthly



July, 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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July, 2013

Notices

Dear Friends,

Confirm O Lord your servant . . .

It was so good to have our Bishop, the Right Reverend Geoffrey Rowell, with us here in the middle of June and to be present when he once again took a Service of Confirmation at St Bart's. For more than a decade, Bishop Geoffrey has been the chief pastor of the Anglican Church here in Europe, leading our diocese in its growth and outreach to Christians of whatever denomination and encouraging us to put our faith into practice. We wish him well in his retirement later this year.

Confirmation is a rite in the church where the vows or promises that were made at our baptism - usually *for us* because infant baptism is the norm for Anglicans - are now made *by us*, formally giving our assent to what was said on our behalf. Our faith is being confirmed by what we say and by what we do. It is a public declaration of a private reality: that we take our faith seriously and are publically prepared to stand up and be counted in our belief in God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

'Confirm' is an interesting verb. It means to be 'made strong'. Our faith is firm because of what we believe but also because we are informed and enthused, shaped and energised, by the presence of the Holy Spirit with us in our lives. This fact is demonstrated by the laying on of hands and by the anointing of oil by the Bishop. A symbolic act or a living reality? Both perhaps, but the proof of the pudding is in our living out the Christian life.

Confirmation, then, shows we are not alone. We are, of course, individuals but we are also members of a family, the Church. May we all remain strong in the faith, rooted in the strength that comes from the presence of the Holy Spirit in our lives.

Father Gareth

- **Friends AGM** – Sunday 14th July straight after church at noon.
- **Garden Party** - Saturday 3rd August. Boxes will be placed in the transept during July for donations to the stalls. Please help to make the day a success by donating items to sell.
- **The wine cheese and sculpture evening** at the end of May at Caroline and Bryan Hewitt's home raised 465€ for church funds.
- **The buffet** at Diana's last month raised 390€.
- **Banque Alimentaire** - a further 3 boxes of food were delivered during the month of June - thanks to all who contributed.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the August edition of the St Bart's Monthly is **midday on 25th July**
- **Church Finances for May**
Income: 3,199€ Expenditure: 5,521€



Readings in church

July 7

Isaiah 66 v10 - 14
Galatians 6 v7 - 16

July 14

Deuteronomy 30 v9 - 14
Colossians 1 v1 - 14

July 21

Genesis 18 v1- 10a
Colossians 1 v15 – 28

July 28

Genesis 18 v20- 32
Colossians 2 v6 - 15

Sixth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 48
Luke 10 v1-11, 16-20

Seventh Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 82
Luke 10 v25 – 37

Eighth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 52
Luke 10 v38 - end

Ninth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 85
Luke 11 v1 – 13

Quotations of the month

'Leadership is the gift of disappointing people at a rate which they can stand.' - Ortberg

'Obesity is a big problem.' - James Quincy,
President of Coca Cola Europe on the PM programme 8th May 2013



Humour à l'école 8/11

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

Maitresse : Maria, indiquez sur la carte du monde où se trouve
l'Amérique du Nord

Maria : C'est là, maitresse !

Maitresse : Correct. Maintenant à toute la classe, qui a découvert
l'Amérique ?

La Classe : C'est Maria

(Uauuuuu)



God's Post-It Notes 16/18

The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk:

The task ahead is never as great as the Power behind us.

Report on the Archdeaconry Synod at St Jacut 12th - 15th June 2013

The meeting started on a sombre note when we learned that both the former Archdeacon, Ken Letts, and his wife, Isabelle, are seriously ill.

The acting Archdeacon, the Revd Ian Naylor opened the first session following a Eucharist presided over by Bishop Geoffrey. The Rev Dr Paul Vrolijk was to conduct a Bible study 'Jacob - God loving the unlovable' over two days which proved to be the highlight of the Synod. He mirrored the lives of Abraham and Jacob showing that God did not choose perfect people to work in and through them but people with both gifts as well as character difficulties.

A Baptist minister, the Revd Dr Keith Clements spoke on 'Christian faith in Europe - residual or potential?'. He based his talk on his book 'Unlocking the Growth' and explained an insecure Europe has been left like a box with very little inside it, empty of substance or meaning. Life on Sunday must be extended into the rest of the week if we are to make an impression in a largely secular Europe. He told a story which reminded me of Elizabeth Hannay about a lady called Marlene Badot from the Eglise Reformée who supplied medical assistance and food to refugees in France during the 2WW and was also a member of French Resistance. Speaking of the history of Ecumenism which he said started between the Germans and the British in 1908, he maintains that even though the dialogue must continue this exchange of views alone will not in itself produce significant developments. It needs the experience of congregations living, working and worshipping together rather than formal agreements between churches before it will succeed.

The really excellent standard of lectures, the fellowship of the delegates and the richness and diversity of the daily worship coupled with good weather and the fantastic location made for another inspiring Synod.

Geoff Carter

The Wacky World of French Nicknames

Ever heard of the French fictional character FanFan La Tulipe? Well, if you had never seen the iconic 1952 swashbuckler in which FanFan is the main character, you might have imagined FanFan as a little boy, not a grown man. It's such a cutesy name. But, no, FanFan is simply the nickname for François. And, in the film, he swashbuckles up a storm.

Now TinTin *is* a young fictional character but my research reveals his name was not short for anything, not even Martin. Hergé took the name from another cartoon character, apparently already named TinTin. Maybe that is why my mother calls any young-ish boy in the family "TinTin", no matter what their name. TinTin has come to mean "young man" and doesn't refer to the name Martin at all.

Let me give you some examples of other nicknames within my entourage. ChriChri. GéGé. LuLu. MiMi. RoRo. Given names: Christophe, Gérard, Lucienne, Michel/le and Rosine. There's also a SoSo whose daughter is PriPri. Solange and Priscilla. Catching on yet?

Wait, there are other options. What about MoMone (pronounced muh-muhn)? That's my mother Simone's nickname. She has a friend called Andrée. We call her DéeDée. (So, a male André would be DéDé.) And I knew a TiTine many years ago but can only guess her given name was Martine or Christine. I never heard anyone call her anything but TiTine even though she was well into her 70s.

If you are lucky enough to be a Nicolas, you have two choices. Colas for when you are young and Nico for adulthood.

I once knew a man who was presented to me simply as Archie. I later found out, to my dismay, that it was "Archi-" as in "archi-gros", super-large, if you will. He was, indeed, a very big man but did not appear to

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out, we say it is clearing UP. When it rains, it soaks UP the earth. When it does not rain for awhile, things dry UP.

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP, for now . . . my time is UP!



Logical ?

“Grandpa, were you on Noah’s ark ? ”

“ No dear, of course not.”

“ Well grandpa, how is it you weren’t drowned ?”

John Marshall



Church Notice boards 4/11

Nathan Barry Jordan’s son sent me this

God so loved the world that He did not send a committee.



Am I lucky or what ?

Coming out of the vestry, having looked up the church for the night, I felt a splat on my head – a calling card from a bird in flight and I thought how very lucky I am indeed to be your priest here at this time.

What's UP ?

The following was sent to me by a friend, Lisa Klein.

This two-letter word in English has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is 'UP.' It is listed in the dictionary as an [adv], [prep], [adj], [n] or [v].

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP ?

At a meeting, why does a topic come UP ? Why do we speak UP, and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report? We call UP our friends, brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver, warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen. We lock UP the house and fix UP the old car.

At other times, this little word has real special meaning. People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses. To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed UP is special.

And this UP is confusing: A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP. We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night. We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP!

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP, look UP the word UP in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost ¼ of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions.

If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a hundred or more.

take offense at being called "Fat" by everyone in the local bar tabac.

He had a large brother, called Mo-Mo, which had nothing to do with size. His name was probably Maurice.

Claude Francois, the singer, is referred to as CloClo, Laurent Fignon, the cyclist, as LoLo, Johnny Halliday, sometimes as JoJo. If you have a name that is too long or are just incredibly famous, you might be reduced to your initials: PPDA, Patrick Poivre d'Arvor, BHL, Bernard-Henri Levy or the now infamous DSK. BB always refers to the one and only Brigitte Bardot. BéBel is Belmondo, of course. And fittingly so, il est, en effet, un *bel* homme.

Sometimes, a nickname can be used/overused to tarnish a celebrity's image. The Guignols on French TV call Bernard Tapie's puppet character NaNard, which lends itself to an ugly-sounding pronunciation, convincing a lot of viewers that the real Tapie was a smarmy buffoon. Jean-Pierre Papin, a star football player, suffered a similar fate and was portrayed as an idiot for years via the JPP puppet. Again, the sound of "jee-peh-peh" was made into a part of the puppet's idiot persona.

Sometimes, it's hard to keep up. Remember Pri-Pri from above? She presented me to her boyfriend Jean-Bé. Only after their break up did I learn that his real name was Jean-Baptiste. I have a friend who signs his emails "RV". His name is Hervé.

My godfather gave me the typical nickname for Valerie when I was little but I know an adult Valerie whose friends call her Valou. I prefer her nickname to mine.

I will leave you with this last thought. Can you figure out what Father Gareth's French moniker would be?

Valerie Trevino

**The Mistress
a fond farewell ?**

On my arrival in Bretagne and particularly so as a Member of the Congregation of St Bartholomew's, I harboured and brought with me a secret! Nothing too (in my considered opinion) serious although, on reflection, capable I thought of raising a few eyebrows. Thus I remained silent.

In April, we left Bretagne for a brief sojourn in Spain and thus the secret remained with me. Some weeks later I sought guidance from Gareth and the collective belief was that the secret must now 'come out.' I can now hear from afar the gasps but for the last thirty-five years I have had a mistress. Linda is aware and just understands. It is the way it is.

In my youth, the experience was based upon unadulterated love and as time went by the lust of youth diminished and was overtaken by a more mature approach. I was at times frustrated by some of the things that occurred between my Mistress and myself. We parted for some but later rekindled the relationship and the deep love remains ever constant.

I travelled extensively with the help of my Mistress and she was able (gently at first) to introduce me to culture, language and to instil a better understanding of all that is good in food and wine. She scolded me; she mocked me and embraced me; we had wonderful moments together - it was absolutely true love. We are both older but nothing much has changed. I adore her and, in my youth, she gave me a vision for the future a vision which with her help I was able to grasp firmly with both hands.

Friends AGM

High noon Sunday 14th July
Be independently minded:
Be a friend of St Bart's and come to our AGM

***Extra Film Review of the month
'Skyfall' Sam Mendes - 2012***

Breathtakingly silly !

Gareth Randall



How Children perceive their Grand parents 1/9

*Another mini-series of humorously sharp observations
sent to me from my friend, Lisa Klein*

A grandmother was in the family bathroom putting on make-up under the watchful eye of her young granddaughter. Starting to leave, having applied her lipstick, a tiny voice said, "Grandma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!"



?? ? (5/6)

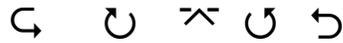
Peter Campbell forwarded the following question:

Why does Superman stop bullets with his chest, but ducks when you throw a revolver at him?

team 'The Four Musketeers' raised over our minimum target of £10,000 and we are still counting the contributions.

Thank you again for your support - to date of the £2,500, I have received a magnificent £750 (or nearly E900) from the folk of Saint Bartholomew's. Your generosity has made all the difference in my fund raising.

Ron Kirk



Personal Column

Congratulations:

to Ron Kirk for successfully completing his sponsored cycle ride to raise money for Help the Heroes;

to Christophe and Candice Badel whom I married at La Chapelle de Sainte Sophie at La Ville Bague on 8th June;

to Dr Krishna Valayden and Nicolas Cheeseman from our church and
to Joan Stewart, Lynn and Daniel Talbot from All Saints' Vendée who were confirmed here on 16th June by Dr Geoffrey Rowell, Bishop-in-Europe.



Sadly and on the 12th of April 2013 it all came to an end. I crossed the Barrage de Rance and viewed in my rear-view mirror the image of my Mistress waving me good bye. She was colourful, majestic and bid me well and asked that I keep in touch something and never to forget her. That I willingly will do for I owe her so very much. I said silently my thanks and I was sad for I was leaving my beloved France for Spain.

With God's help I will return one-day and Linda and I wish everyone at St Bartholomew's the very best of luck.

*Ken and Linda Ivin
Javea, Spain.*

Puzzled 1/5

The following were sent to me by Peter Campbell

What do you think this means :

man

board

Answer :-
man overboard

stand

I

Answer :-
I understand

Film Review of the month
'Der Ganz Grosse Traum' ('L'incroyable équipe')
Sébastien Gobler 2011

The first week in June in Dinard saw the first 'Semaine du Cinéma Allemand' here so I found myself watching a film in German with French subtitles interspersed with a smattering of English for the sake of authenticity.

Not without faults, 'The Really Big Dream'/'The Incredible Team' is a boys' own story of an actual, visionary German schoolmaster, educated at Oxford, who brings the British game of football to Brunswick.

It is humorous and touching and above all a feel-good film with villains and heroes, not least the inspirational teacher, Konrad Koch (Daniel Brühl), who transforms the regimented, authoritarian lives of the perfect class of pupils into individual, thoughtful and thought-provoking students who learn the virtues of fair-play and team spirit.

Not for the first time did I find myself the only one laughing out loud in a French cinema at English jokes (or to be precise in this instance, jokes with an English flavour scripted by a German)! There is bullying, class prejudice and the hint of a love interest. But the real hero of the film is a leather football.

Set after the Franco Prussian War in the early 1870s, the story is about the partial acceptance of this English game into the German Empire though apparently football was still banned in Bavaria until 1927!

You'll love the climax – a schoolboy international in the park in which the Germans beat the English 2 – 1! Okay, so you can't win them all but in many respects this film is a winner.

Gareth Randall

'Outside Your Comfort Zone'
Help the Heroes
the Big Battlefield Bike Ride 2013

Without the generous support of my sponsors and my wife, Sue, I would never have been able to participate in the toughest physical challenge I have ever done, an experience I will never forget. Apart from the prime objective of helping our wounded, I enjoyed the camaraderie of wonderful people from all walks of life committed to finishing in London safely and all together. I believe I am better for having done it. It was clear that following the tragic events which took place at Woolwich Barracks and in Paris, our Ride was to take on another dimension.

The ride supposedly was over 380 miles, but my colleagues measured it at 420 miles and in my case 450 miles (750 kilometres in the Eurozone) having taken the scenic route a couple of times. In total, we climbed the equivalent of 14,500 feet, almost the height of Ben Nevis every day! The route took us through single track farm roads with nasty water-filled pot-holes, loose gravel and mud, not to mention those blasted cobblestones that both shook your body and could throw you off at any moment. The rain and cold wind was incessant, apart from the very last day. At one stage some of us started to suffer from hypothermia so we decided to ditch lunch and continue cycling to keep warm. The ride was taking on the guise of a 'Paris Roubaix' rather than a Tour de France Stage.

The terrain took a great toll on the bikes, and stress on the mechanics, and we were all kept busy carrying out repairs. I went through two sets of tyres and inner tubes, whilst others faced more punctures than me, broken spokes, chains and gear sets. When ex-Marines and TA's start suffering, you know you are in for a battle of wills and stamina. All the effort proved worthwhile, as the Ride raised in total some £2m and our

And my reply surprised me and surprised him. Yes, my mouth shaped the words but I felt inspired, informed by an understanding greater than my own. All that I longed for, all the hopes Philip and I had shared, were embodied here in this man, 'Jesus, Joseph's son from Nazareth'. And I heard myself blurting out my faith in him, 'Teacher you're the son of God! You're the king of Israel!' Blasphemy or what? But it felt true to me.

And gently, he smiled encouragement at me and the warmth of his prophecy washed over me: 'Are you telling me that you believe just because I told you I saw you under the fig tree? You'll see a lot more than that! You'll see heaven opened, and God's angels going up and down upon the son of man.'

And of course he was right – eventually I did.

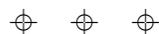


Court reports 7/12

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

ATTORNEY: Doctor , how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?

WITNESS: All of them. The live ones put up too much of a fight.



The Bartholomew Gospel

*Here follows the second chapter of the Bartholomew Gospel.
Biblical quotations are from Tom Wright's translation of the New Testament*



2 Who me ?

'He appointed twelve . . . to be with him' Mark 3 v14

We were friends. Philip liked me and I liked being with him.

Sometimes I went to stay with him. The journey from Cana to Bethsaida where he lived with his family was more than twenty miles. If I wanted to see him, to be with him, I had to go and stay with them. Philip was a fisherman: he taught me to fish and to swim. My love of water dates from our experience in the Jordan. There's little chance to swim in Cana.

Together we studied Torah. Philip could read but he was not that quick or that good - and I was pleased to help him. With the other young men in the Bethsaida synagogue, we spent time in prayer and in study when Philip was free from work in and on his family's boat.

Together we talked about the coming of the Messiah, sometimes well into the night. We felt excited that now was the time the Messiah would appear. The Roman presence in Jerusalem was resented. A Roman garrison overlooked the Temple. A Roman governor had replaced King Herod as ruler in Judea. Surely now was the time to free us from foreign rule, the time for justice and mercy to walk humbly hand-in-hand, the time for us to be ruled again by a Son of David?

It felt good to be young and alive at this time.



The day our lives changed for ever, Philip had gone down to the shore to work on his father's boat while I took myself off to his family's plot of land. It was walled. There were vines, some olive trees and in the centre an old fig tree. As ever, the weather was good. The sun shone in a cloudless sky. As it grew warmer, I sought the shade of the fig tree.

There Philip found me lost-in-thought. He was excited, breathing hard, having run up from the shore. What he said was what we'd longed to hear. He had met the Messiah in the flesh. He had spoken to him. Now he wanted me to come with him and to meet him for myself. And sleep-confused, amazed, I heard who this Messiah was supposed to be: 'Jesus, Joseph's son, from Nazareth?' Nazareth? He must be joking. 'Are you telling me that something good can come out of Nazareth?' As I heard myself pour cold water on my friend's enthusiasm, I blushed at being so petty, so prejudiced. But Philip, ever patient with me, helped me up and told me to come and see for myself. So we did.



We found him where Philip had left him, walking by the shore. Before I had a chance to speak, he spoke to me.

'Here he comes. Look at him! He's a real Israelite. Genuine through and through.'

'How did you get to know me?'

'Oh I saw you under the fig tree before Philip spoke to you.'

'Rabbi, you're the son of God! You're the king of Israel!'

'Wait a minute. Are you telling me that you believe just because I told you I saw you under the fig tree? You'll see a lot more than that! In

fact I'm telling you the solemn truth. You'll see heaven opened, and God's angels going up and down upon the son of man.'



So Philip and I became two of his disciples, two of the Twelve. And the rest is history as well you know. But what was going on in the dialogue that in his gospel John so faithfully records?

For a start, Philip and I are excited, out-of-breath from having hurried down to the shore. On our way, we didn't waste our breath talking: we just wanted to find him. I wanted to see him for myself. And as we approached, I was too nervous to speak but he spoke first and what he said touched a chord in me. It wasn't simply his words; there was something else. It was as if he already knew me, recognised me and was welcoming me home.

And his words were so me. He knew me all right. He caught me to a T. He knew who I was, what I sought to be – 'a real Israelite' - the 'genuine' article, honest, without deceit or guile.

But something held me back. Earlier with Philip, it had been my stupid prejudice about Nazareth - about nothing good coming from Nazareth. Now with Jesus, it was simply a question of self-defence, of not letting me be so easily caught by him. So my defence was simple logic – how come you think you really know me? I was challenging him to prove what, in my heart, I already knew – that he truly knew me, that I felt good with him.

And he did know me – he said I was sitting under a fig tree – the fig, fruit of our land, symbol of the Torah, the love and care of our Lord for His people. Before Philip came to get me, Jesus said he'd seen me sitting there. How could he have known? There was no one to tell him. He must be clairvoyant, have the gift of second sight.