

Diary dates for August and September, 2013

3 rd August	14.30 Garden Party
25 th August	11.00 Patronal Festival
5 th September	10.30 Council Meeting
12 th September	10.30 Holy Communion
	11.00 Bible Study - St Paul 1
	12.00 Bring and share lunch
29 th September	11.00 Harvest Festival



Prayer of the month

O God whose beauty is beyond our imagining
and whose power we cannot comprehend:
show us your glory, as far as we can grasp it,
and shield us from knowing more than we can bear
until we may look upon you without fear;
through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Common Worship post communion for the 3rd Sunday after Trinity



Prayer focus

The places that connect you with a sense of God, of otherness.



Verse of the Month

You shall be nursed and carried on her arm.
As a mother comforts her children,
so I will comfort you;

Isaiah 66 v12, 13

St Bart's Monthly



August, 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:

 02 99 46 77 00

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August, 2013

Notices

Dear Friends,

Sacred space

When were you last in a special place, somewhere which moved you, somewhere impressive ? One of the arguments for the existence of God is that from religious experience. I've felt close to God on a Scottish mountainside and on the banks of a river in India. But what about in church ? Folk who visit St Bart's often comment on the prayerful quality of the weekday silence they find here.

On Tuesday 30th April, I was in St Paul's Cathedral in London, dressed as an Anglican clergyman in black cassock, white surplice, university hood and black preaching scarf. The occasion was the Service of Thanksgiving to mark 400 years since the foundation in 1613 of Dame Alice Owen's School. All I had to do was to take part in the procession and sit and listen and sing. It was great !

But what was truly great was the fact of being in such a magnificent building. Beautifully restored, the cathedral combines stone and light and art on a huge scale. The West Doors soar above the verger who opens them to admit the Lord Mayor, silhouetted against the light from Ludgate Hill falling away behind him. The dome crowns the transept and the pulpit lifts the Dean, who is preaching, above contradiction. Being there, I felt a little of the overwhelming majesty of the God whom we worship. I was well impressed !

And what about you ? Would you care to share your experience of Otherness with our readers? Write to me if you do.

Father Gareth



- **St Bartholomew's Day** - Sunday 25th August. Following the service on St Bartholomew's Day, a Buffet lunch will be held in the church garden. All you can eat and drink for €12 per person. If you want to come add your name to the list in the transept or contact Helen Morgan (02 99 73 80 14).
- **Lost** - Has anyone by chance found a couple of DVDs: 'Avanti' and 'Skyfall' ? If so, could you let the Rowlands have them back – they're much valued presents.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the September edition of the St Bart's Monthly is *midday on 29th August*
- **Church Finances for June**
Income: 4,207€ Expenditure: 3,987€



Readings in church

August 4

Ecclesiastes 1 v2, 12 - 14, 2 18 - 23
Colossians 3 v1 -11

Tenth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 49
Luke 12 v13 - 21

August 11

Genesis 15 v1 -6
Hebrews 11 v5 – 3, 8 - 16

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 33 v12 - 21
Luke 12 v32 - 40

August 18

Jeremiah 23 v23 - 29
Hebrews 11 v29 - 12 v2

Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 82
Luke 12 v49 - 56

August 25

Acts 5 v12 - 16
1 Corinthians 4 v9 - 15

St Bartholomew

Psalm 145 v1 -7
Luke 22 v24 - 30

Quotations of the month

*Apocryphal prayer from
the Amazon UK electronic book site - Theology section:*

Kindle we pray thee in the hearts of all people,
a true love of thy Holy Word.



Humour à l'école 9/11

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

Maîtresse : Tony, dites-moi sincèrement, vous priez
avant chaque repas ?

Tony : Non, maîtresse, je n'ai pas besoin ...
ma maman est une excellente cuisinière.

(sans commentaires)



God's Post-It Notes 17/18

The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk:

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass.
It's about learning to dance in the rain.



Notes from the Council - July 11th

The July meeting was preceded, as usual, by our regular Thursday 10.00 service of Holy Communion. Father Richard Tillbrook, Vicar of Old Heath, Colchester, and a friend from our time as teachers at Davenant Foundation Grammar, was staying with me and he kindly took the service for us. He showed us clearly that there was a rite way to celebrate !

Val Carter attended the meeting to update us on recent changes to the Diocesan Safeguarding policy and we are grateful to her for her work as our Safeguarding Officer. To assist her, Paddy Vidal Hall was proposed and appointed as appointed her Deputy. Paddy would give her report on the June Archdeaconry Synod to the Council in September.

There was discussion about the possibility of members of the congregation assuming responsibility for the upkeep of the church garden. Bill and David would research the feasibility of doing so wef January 2014.

Future events were discussed, not least the Garden Party at Diana's, a forth-coming concert in church on 2nd August, a sculpture exhibition in church on 4th/5th October and the use of the church for a film location between 7th and 10th October.

Valerie Trevino has expressed interest in the possibility of offering herself for training as a Reader in the Church of England with a view to be licensed to us here at St Bart's. Members of the Council were asked to reflect and give their views at the September meeting.

The meeting as ever opened and closed in prayer.

Father Gareth

The onward journey to Spain.

The well-trodden journey at least to Bordeaux was ahead of us in that we once lived in the Vendée in Foussais Payre where I was confirmed by Bishop David. So to Rennes then to Nantes and unlike some people I do not have a head of heights so the southern route avoiding the bridge where below people appear like the matchstick men in Lowry's sketches. Not for me I am afraid in that it is not exactly like the Severn Crossings into my 'home' of Wales.

Then to Bordeaux where we were both caught up in a traffic jam and then faced with the Bordelaise rushing home for the evening meal! I was always told to avoid Bordeaux during the lunch time and especially during autumn when the ceps arrived and it was entrecote with ceps bordelaise.

Having survived that particular episode, it was then towards Bayonne but then faced with a new motorway and then rain which assumed biblical proportions. Finally to the hotel where the restaurant was closing but with some persuasion and later a healthy tip we did at least manage to have something to eat.

Bright and early the following morning towards Spain and we very quickly crossed the border and headed towards Pamplona. I have read all Hemmingway's books on Spain and being an animal lover quickly realised that whilst one cannot change culture that goes back hundreds of years one can at least avoid it and vote with your feet. However Cataluña has indeed banned bull fighting so the message is getting home but Cataluña is, of course, strong on independence.

Indeed, I had thought and from seeing TV programmes that Pamplona was a somewhat small place and where for 'fun' the inhabitants ran ahead of the bulls. It is not: it is a sprawling largish town and we began

Court reports 8/12

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

ATTORNEY: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?
WITNESS: The autopsy started around 8:30 PM
ATTORNEY: And Mr. Denton was dead at the time?
WITNESS: If not, he was by the time I finished.

⊕ ⊕ ⊕

What do you think ?

After a sermon on the Marriage Feast in Cana of Galilee in which Jesus miraculously changed water into wine, producing in volume something in excess of some 960 bottles worth, Eric Lambert wondered whether our patron saint, Nathaniel of Cana, had drunk a skinful.

⊕ ⊕ ⊕

?? ? (6/6)

Peter Campbell forwarded the following question:

How come you never hear father-in-law jokes?

⊕ ⊕ ⊕

Church Notice boards 5/11

Nathan, Barry Jordan's son, sent me this:

When down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out all right.

'Martha and the dragon'

If you would like a copy of the full text of the above poem which featured as part of the service taken by the Revd Mark Vidal Hall here on 30th June, then simply e mail him at mark@vidall.co.uk with the simple message 'Martha' and he'll forward you the text.



How true ?

"Mummy. Is it true God made me?"

"Yes dear?"

"Mummy. Is it true God made you?"

"Yes dear?"

"Mummy. Is it true God made Grandma?"

"Yes dear?"

"Hasn't He improved a lot since he made Grandma?"

John Marshall



How Children perceive their Grand parents 2/9

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

My young grandson called the other day to wish me a 'Happy Birthday'. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 80. My grandson was quiet for a moment then asked, "Did you start at 1?"



to see en route signs and in a language that we did not totally understand. We, of course, were in the Basque region going through the Pyrenees and some people have criticised the Welsh language for lack of vowels but strong on consonants! Of course, we have Llanfair PG in North Wales but very seriously not as many 'X's and 'Y's as in the Basque region.

Then to Zaragoza and which I had problems with in Grammar School always linking it with the elvers that travel (or at least used to travel) up the Severn and before the Japanese developed a liking for them and very wealthy people emerged from Lydney to Gloucester. Quickly onwards towards Valencia and we have all seen in the supermarkets 'late Valencia' as in oranges. However a score of Tesco's could not accommodate these oranges in that there are acres and acres of orange and lemon groves. To the left is the Mediterranean and the climate had really changed. But, of course, not my favourite oranges - Seville - which with the help of Delia I have made hundreds and hundreds of pots of marmalade in my life. Did you know that more men than ladies make marmalade? Yes of course I am a sad person but I have over 1000 books on various methods of preserving in my bookcase. I must seek help at least that is what Linda says and almost continually.

We stayed with friends on the first night near Jesus Pobre and where there is an Anglican church but currently being refurbished due to dampness! It reminds me of one of the Mexican churches that you saw in all of the Clint Eastwood westerns and where he was sat on a horse with a cigar in his mouth and with let us say an unshaven look! There is little or no comparison with St Bart's but should there be? I view Churches as a place I go to continue with my beliefs and to practise my religion and indeed in the Vendée and with the blessing of the Roman Catholic Monsignor of Lucon we used two Roman Catholic Churches, ours being Puy de Serre where we first met the Reverend Brian Davies and his wife Pam and who were so instrumental in our religious journey.

However the comfort factor that I enjoyed at St Bart's tucked away in the corner 'doing my own thing' was now lost to me but in my mind I knew that Spain is not forever. The journey to St Bart's from Minihic on those special sunny mornings and when one viewed the sea is in my memory bank and I used to muse to how lucky I was. A special gift had been given to me and sometimes I had been guilty of not recognising that fact. So now a big thank you!

Then on the Saturday to our villa which we had only seen on the internet in that Linda's brother and his wife and our dearest friends Richard and Shirley King had done countless viewings of many villas and pointed us in the direction of what is now our home at least on a temporary basis.

Thus with baited breath the villa with its swimming pool, orange and lemon trees figs and quinces and blinding sunshine. What are those funny things towards the rear of the villa – air conditioning units! Then a mini disaster . . .one of the dogs fell into the pool. Doggy paddle does exist. So yours truly had to become involved despite the fact I do not swim so why a pool? The cats viewed the pool and continue to do so with suspicion but what are those funny things in the walls look like lizards we did not have in Minihic? All our cats are French so have pre-ordained views on things. Equally they travelled from Minihic to Spain at great cost with Posh Pet Travel but they deserve of it. There's posh is inherently a Welsh term and was prevalent in the Rhondda Valley the home of Gareth's Mum or as we say Mam. Ministers of Religion were always 'posh' so were Funeral Directors but not Insurance Agents. More next time . . .

Ken and Linda Ivin Javea (Alicante) province.



Recipe of the Month Trempee au lait / Trempee au vin

A refreshingly easy summer dish. Got milk ? Got stale bread ? Got hungry youngsters around the table this summer ? Treat them to a trempee au lait one evening. Just prepare a bowl of cold milk for each child. Let them have fun placing the slices of bread into it and letting the bread soak up the milk before eating them. Children will love this.

The adult version is the trempee au vin. Take leftover red wine and chill it in the fridge. Mix with a little sugar in your bowl before soaking the stale bread in it. If the wine is very strong, you can also dilute it with a little cold water.

It isn't uncommon for French youngsters to ask for wine to be like the adults. I remember having a little wine in my trempee on occasions. If the summer heat ever arrives, you might think of trying a trempee after a long, hot day. I think you'll enjoy it!

Valerie Trevino



Puzzled 2/5

The following were sent to me by Peter Campbell

What do you think this means :

r/e/a/d/i/n/g

Answer :-
reading between the lines

r
road
a
d

Answer -

crossroads

Film Review of the month
'Avanti.' Billy Wilder 1972

Some films you may never come across were it not for the kindness of friends and the Rowlands were indeed kind enough to let me watch their copy of a DVD of a film that dates from 1972 – the year I graduated from Southampton University !

Pat and Chris love the film as much as I love Italy and all things Italian. And 'Avanti' (Italian for 'Come in') is a film they invariably watch again and again to cheer them up and it is designed to do so – a romantic comedy starring Jack Lemon as Wendell Armbuster Jnr, a rich American businessman, and Juliet Mills as Pamela Piggott, a poor London Shop assistant.

Essentially telling the story of two grown-up children independently travelling to the island of Ischia to repatriate the bodies of their parents killed in a car accident on a dangerous hairpin bend, the story is one of discovery: the uncomfortable discovery that their parents had had over a number of years an on-going love-affair and the delightful discovery of who they truly are as people.

There are lots of stereotypes, not least the manager of the Grand Hotel Excelsior, Carlo Carlucci (Clive Revill), but honestly, 'Avanti' is a better time machine than Dr Who's Tardis if you want to return to another gentler age of American Romantic comedy set on a picturesque Italian island.

The prejudice is extraordinary but at least it made me smile and made me laugh and, honestly, at the end I, like my friends, felt better for having seen it. And so might you !

Gareth Randall

Odd Words

'with respect'

The Fifth Commandment, beloved of parents and children alike, the King James Bible essentially renders as 'Honour your father and mother . . .'. The verse in its original Hebrew, translated into English, literally runs: 'that mother of you and father of you honour.' The verb in Hebrew we translate as 'honour' has the underlying meaning of 'to value': for example, the heavier your silver or gold, the more it is worth; simply, more weight means more worth. In this sense, to make heavy, to give weight to something, means that that something has real worth in the eyes of those who possess it. So to honour your parents means you value them. Simply you respect them.

Respect is a word with modern currency among the young. Everyone wants to be respected and a form of greeting might be the simple statement, 'Respect'. The opposite 'disrespect', 'to dis' is a form of insult, treating someone with contempt, less than the respect they deserve - not good, not acceptable.

And so we come to the phrase 'with respect'. Whenever one of my former Heads used it in a meeting, then I knew that what was about to be said would be sharp and critical – a linguistic cue to note that something hard was about to be said. In the cut and thrust of radio interviewing that forms the majority of my listening on the Radio 4 news output, the interviewer often adopts a sharp, confrontational tone with the interviewee. Even on what might be thought as innocuous like 'Farming Today', the woman interviewer can be sharp with the person being questioned. The default position nowadays seems to be one of challenge. So when I heard the interviewer preface what was about to said with 'with respect', I knew it would be anything but !

Gareth Randall

Who pays ?

Health insurance in America as you may well know, is a real problem for those who are poor. When an Hispanic American had a heart-attack on a street in down-town New York, he was rushed to the accident and emergency department of the local Catholic hospital where he received life-saving surgery.

As he lay recovering in a hospital ward, he was interviewed by an earnest young nun who was solicitous about his health and welfare but who was also anxious to find out who would be paying for the treatment.

The man smiled sadly saying that he had neither health insurance nor the money to pay himself.

“What about a one of your family paying for you ?” she asked.

He smiled weakly and said that he only had one sister, a spinster, who was herself a nun.

The young nun keen to correct what she saw as a theological error gently reminded him that all nuns were in fact married – they were all brides of Christ.

The man flashed her a beautiful smile and said, “Perfect - send the bill to my brother-in-law !

Bill Hughes



Child Minder

If you need someone to look after your children this summer, then Laura Manis, 17, who lives at Pléneuf Val Andre, is available to help out from 23rd July till the end of August.

If you are interested then please contact Val Carter on 02 96 84 47 51.



Skipping Church

Peter Campbell sent me this example of American Catholic humour.

Father Norton woke up Sunday morning and realizing it was an exceptionally beautiful and sunny early spring day, decided he just had to play golf. So he told his curate that he was feeling sick and persuaded him to say Mass for him that day. Father Norton then headed out of town to a golf course about forty miles away. This way he knew he wouldn't accidentally meet anyone he knew from his parish. Setting up on the first tee, he was alone. After all, it was Sunday morning and everyone else was in church!

Looking down from heaven, St Peter, shocked, said, "You're surely not going to let him get away with this, are you, Lord ?" and the Lord sighed and said, "I guess not." Just then Father Norton hit the ball and it shot straight towards the pin dropping just short of it, rolled up and fell into the hole. **IT WAS A 420 YARD HOLE IN ONE!**

St. Peter was astonished and asked, "Why did you let him do that?" The Lord smiled and simply said, "Who's he going to tell?"



Help the Heroes – the Big Battlefield Bike Ride 2013

Monday 27th May – Paris Arrival

(All for One and One for All – Alexander Dumas)

Over the next seven months, our readers will be able to follow the daily account of what it was like for Ron to cycle so far for so long!

The Four Musketeers gathered at St Pancras Station, registering our attendance with the Organisers, collecting the Eurostar tickets and delivering our bikes to be taken by lorry to our hotel in Paris. We had pre-arranged to meet at the Champagne Bar, where Peter required us to wear our Musketeer hats complete with coloured feathers (red, white and blue) representing the main arms of our Forces. Liz, a delightful RN lady, asked us to join her with the still half empty champagne bottle, supplemented by Arthur to keep the bubbles flowing. We all pledged our Musketeer allegiances and wished ourselves a safe and successful challenge.

Boarding the Eurostar to Paris, we were able to mix with other participants, including teams from some City Law and Accountancy Firms. There was even a team called ‘The Five Fat Cavalry Officers’. The reality of what we had let ourselves in for was now beginning to dawn on us, especially as we began to be surrounded by our soldier amputees.

I suppose it was at this point that my approach to such people began to change. Like most of us who are not often surrounded by so many wounded people, we tend to look at the injury first and then the person second. During the trip it changed from seeing the person, and then observing the obvious injury. At times, some black humour came into play, when one forgot oneself and for instance I asked at a bar for someone standing behind to give a hand with the drinks, to be given the answer “I would if I had one!” The humour and fortitude of these guys did get to you emotionally. You either wanted to cry for them, or just laugh along in their highly motivated company.

Ron Kirk

The Bartholomew Gospel

3 Wedding in Cana

‘There was a wedding at Cana in Galilee’ John 2 v1

I had two invitations to one wedding. One as Bartholomew, a disciple of Rabbi Jesus of Nazareth. One as Nathaniel, my father’s son.

But first I had to see my father.

☆ ☆ ☆

It wasn’t easy for me; it wasn’t easy for him.

My father, Tolmai, was a good man. He loved me as a father should his son. He wanted the best for me and I respected him because he had fathered me.

I wanted to share my joy with him, my enthusiasm at having met the one we’d long expected, my excitement at having been called by him to be one of his disciples. My father trusted me. What I felt was clear for him to see and he respected my judgement. If I said something was true, then he believed me. He assured me that I could always come home if I ever felt the need. Our door would always be open. My welcome would always be warm. Then he gave me his blessing, gave me a hug and kissed me good-bye. Separately, we made our way to the same wedding.

☆ ☆ ☆

The wedding was excellent. We were well received. The groom was a close relation of Mary, the mother of Jesus, so that’s why she and he and we were all invited. The wedding took place in our synagogue in Cana and that’s why most of us who lived in Cana came as well.

We Jews love a wedding. Marriage is life-giving, life-long, 'lechayim'. Marriage is the best place for two people truly to know each other. By becoming one, children are born - if possible 'a quiverful' as the psalmist says!

One thing we Jews do well is party. There was wine to drink before the meal; there was wine to drink with the food; there was wine to drink with the speeches; there was wine to drink with the singing and dancing; wine to drink while the music played and to drink while we talked. There was no end of wine and no one could complain.



The first sign that something was seriously wrong was when Mary came to Jesus to tell him the wine had run out! Not to have enough to drink was a serious breach of hospitality. Such shame would not easily be forgotten. Such a lapse would not easily be forgiven. The damage to a family's reputation would be considerable and lasting, not something you'd wish on anyone especially not on their wedding day.

Jesus was not pleased. He knew his mother wanted him to do something. But he told her that it was not his problem - besides his time had not yet come. Mary was unfazed by his apparent refusal to act. She knew he could and she knew he would so without any fuss, she simply told the servants to do whatever he told them.

And they did. He instructed them to fill with water the stone jars set aside for a mikvah, the ritual purification bath we Jews take at certain times for certain reasons according to the Law. Water from the well was used to fill all six, over a hundred gallons in all. Then he instructed them to take some of it to the chief steward of the wedding banquet to taste without letting on where the water-now-wine had come from. Astonishingly, the man liked what he tasted, liked what he was drinking

so much so that puzzled, he called the bridegroom over and said, 'What everybody normally does is to serve the good wine first, and then the worse stuff when people have had plenty to drink. But you've kept the good wine till now!' What the young man then replied John does not record, but perhaps he smiled: after all, such criticism is a compliment.

Good or what? The servants knew; Mary knew; and we, his disciples, knew; but the chief steward, responsible for making sure that all went well, had no idea that what tasted like good wine to him had just been drawn from a well.

Jesus' first miracle in public took place at this wedding in Cana of Galilee. Turning water into wine at the time seemed like an excellent start to his career but the exact purpose of what he was doing was not so clear. Certainly, Jesus had saved the day for the family of which he was a part. But on reflection, the miracle itself at heart was transformational: water into wine was a sign that Jesus had come to transform us all.

Well he would – if only we would let him.



A Methodist sense of humour

Our visiting preacher on 28th July, Keith Mears, teacher, Methodist Lay Preacher and member of St Bart's, shared this joke with me over coffee one Sunday after church:

How many Methodists does it take to change a light bulb ?

None: all Methodists are shining lights for Christ !