

Diary dates for December, 2013

5 th December	10.30 Holy Communion 11.00 Bible Study - St Paul 4 12.00 Bring and share lunch
21 st December	17.00 Carol Service
24 th December	17.00 Crib Service
25 th December	11.00 Christmas Day



Prayer of the month

O Lord, raise up, we pray, your power, and come among us, and with great might succour us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness we are grievously hindered in running the race that is set before us, your bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, to whom with you and the Holy Spirit be honour and glory now and for ever.

Amen

Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Advent



Prayer focus

To reflect how Christ might come again into our lives; that this Christmas, he may not only be born again in our imagination but that he may be rooted in our experience as our friend and Saviour, our teacher and our guide.



Verse of the Month

Arise, shine out, for your light has come,
the glory of the Lord is rising upon you.

Isaiah 60 v1

St Bart's Monthly



Christmas, 2013

Services

Sunday 11.00 Holy Communion (with hymns)

Thursday 10.00 Holy Communion (said)

A warm welcome to all who worship with us.
After the service coffee is served.

Priest-in-charge: The Revd Gareth Randall

For further information concerning baptisms,
marriages or funerals:

 02 99 46 77 00

e-mail : gareth.randall@nordnet.fr

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



December, 2013

Dear Friends,

'Peace, perfect peace'

Advent has come; Christmas is coming. The familiar rush up to celebrate the birth of Christ, which the Church, in her wisdom, has located around Midwinter, is once again with us. Good luck with all you need to do before the big day !

Amid the seasonal hustle and bustle, its hassle and noise, the universal busy-ness, do you ever long for a moment's peace ? And if you do, where might you find it ?

For me, one of the privileges of being your priest is that I get to open our church most mornings then close it again in the evening. I am invariably struck by the profound silence here in St Bart's as I move from the vestry into the church proper. First thing in the morning, there is always a tangible stillness around me as I move to the side altar to light five small candles, rooting a prayer in each, then move across to turn on the strip light above a fully clothed icon of our patron saint.

For me, another place of a profound silence out-of-time is when I'm swimming. There are moments when I'm upheld by the water, suspended in time and space, an embodied out-of-body experience where I feel in the presence of otherness.

I'm not sure where you find peace – why not write a short piece for the St Bart's Monthly ? – but oddly enough, the message of the angels at the time of the conception and birth of Christ was one of peace !

Father Gareth



Notices

- **Advent Appeal** This year we are going to support the Philippine disaster fund. Money in euros can be placed in the box at the back of the church or given directly to David Morgan if you wish to receive a form for tax relief in France or by sterling cheque to enable us to collect gift aid in England.
- **Remembrance** Thank you for your exceptional generosity in contributing to £450 sent to Headley Court Rehabilitation Centre from the collection at our Remembrance Sunday service and for £400 sent to the Royal British Legion this year. Our thanks to David and Helen Morgan for organising our appeal.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the January edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 26th December***
- **Church Finances for October**
Income: 4,618€ Expenditure 4,031€



Personal Column

Congratulations to

David and Helen Morgan who have received a five year Certificate of Commendation from the Royal British Legion for their efforts in raising money for this charity (In fact, they have actually organised our poppy appeal here for the past eight years !)

Johann and Emma Bardey who were married here in church on 2nd November;

Victor Pumfrett who is celebrating his 70th birthday this month.

Readings in church

December 1

Advent Sunday

Isaiah 2 v1 - 15

Psalm 122

Romans 13 v11 - end

Matthew 24 v36 – 44

December 8

2nd Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 11 v1 - 10

Psalm 72 v1 - 7

Romans 15 v4 - 13

Matthew 3 v1 - 12

December 15

3rd Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 35 v1 - 10

Psalm 146 v4 - 10

James 5 v7 - 10

Matthew 11 v2 - 11

December 22

4th Sunday of Advent

Isaiah 7 v10 - 16

Psalm 80 v1 - 8

Romans 1 v1 - 7

Matthew 1 v18 - end

December 25

Christmas Day

Isaiah 62 v6 - end

Psalm 97

Titus 3 v4 - 7

Luke 2 v8 - 20

December 29

1st Sunday of Christmas

Isaiah 63 v7 – 9

Psalm 148 v7 - end

Hebrews 2 v10 - end

Matthew 2 v13 - end



Not to be missed

UK Top Ten Carols
Sunday 22nd December
BBC1 Songs of Praise

Victor & Barry

Notes from the Council

21st November

November is surely a month for remembering and at our Council Meeting, there was much to remember about what is distinctive and special about St Bartholomew's.

Valerie Trevino was confirmed as a member of our now six strong team of servers under the leadership of our Sacristan, Helen Morgan. The income from the film in October and from the Harvest lunch organised by Victor Pumfrett was most welcome and the amount raised for the SPA at a lunch at Diana's was exceptional. It was agreed that our Advent Appeal should be for the Philippine's disaster appeal. There is the possibility that our Lent Appeal will be for the SPA.

There was discussion on how to reduce expenditure on gas and electricity and the maintenance of the church garden by our parishioners was confirmed.

In November, for the Groupement Oecuménique, Father Gareth contributed to a Table Ronde on the Second Coming and the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity was being planned in early December with the expectation that St Bart's would again provide a venue the services in Dinard.

The Remembrance Sunday Service on 10th November had been well attended with representatives from the Royal British Legion present. Record sums were raised for Hedley Court Rehabilitation Centre and the Poppy appeal.

As usual, the meeting which began with a well attended service of Holy Communion closed in prayer.

Father Gareth



**Help the Heroes – the Big Battlefield Bike Ride 2013
Friday 31st May – Le Touquet (Etaples) to Calais
(A Cauldron of Emotions)**

Emotionally, I suppose this was the most demanding day for several reasons. I had been given the honour of reading the poem at the Canadian Cemetery. There are 290 Canadians buried there. They were an important force in liberating most of the French Ports from Le Havre all the way up to Calais. My brother-in-law's father landed with the Canadians on Juno Beach so I resolved to do my best to recite the poem for him, the lost, and the 11 Canadians who had joined us on this trip. It is difficult saying the words at the best of times, but when you feel the responsibility of doing your best for everyone it is difficult not to choke on the words in such a setting.

Etaples Cemetery

I am very familiar with this cemetery, as I undertook many flights as a private pilot to Le Touquet for weekend visits. One of my co-pilots was a Paul Ridgard, who unfortunately died prematurely, and is well-known to a group of us private aviators. Paul was a commercial pilot flying A300 but was always up for a flight with us. On the one occasion when I had to undertake an emergency procedure of diverting to another airport in very poor visibility, I was grateful for Paul's role as co-pilot running through the checks to ensure we landed safely at Southampton Airport in thick fog. Bless him, I hope he is flying with the angels now, we all miss him greatly. Paul visited the cemetery several times, so it seemed appropriate to say a few private words on behalf of his fellow aviators on our visit. Julian read 'The Ode of Remembrance' and did it very well

Wilmereaux Cemetery Grave of Col. McCrae

Climbing out of Boulogne, one passes the cemetery of Wilmereaux where the poet Col. McCrae is buried and is well known for his poem

A social club ?

In the October St Bart's Monthly, Father Gareth asked the question whether St Bart's was more 'social' than 'religious'. In my opinion, we have the balance right.

People do come early to have a 'cuppa' and a chat before the service. After the service, most of the congregation stays for coffee and biscuits. I am sure that many friendships have been and are formed during this 'socialising'. We are a happy crowd at church but during the service itself, the congregation is attentive and respectful.

We have many people reading lessons which would not be the case if they were not that interested in our worship. Most take communion which shows they are serious about what we believe. We welcome people from different branches of Christianity: Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Brethren, Eglise Reformé as well as C of E ! I do not think they come purely for the social side.

Not many live close to the church. On average, most of us travel for half an hour and often much more ! Would they (and I'm one of them) travel so far and so long for just a cup of coffee and a chat ? I think not.

We are a happy lot at St Bart's and long may it continue with both the service and the coffee afterwards having their rightful place on a Sunday morning.

*Bill Hughes,
Church Warden,*



Quotations of the month

Is 'a rubbish priest' a minister of religion who helps clear up after the Carol Service ?



Court reports 12/12

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

And last:

ATTORNEY: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy,
did you check for a pulse?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for blood pressure?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for breathing?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive
when you began the autopsy?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

WITNESS: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

ATTORNEY: I see, but could the patient have still been alive,
nevertheless?

WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive
and practicing law



'In Flanders Fields'. It seemed very appropriate that his words would be repeated at our next stop.

The climb was long and tedious and made all the more demanding by the headwind as we reached the top. I managed to take a breather at the top and take on some water, as I now could be sure I would make the next stop in time for my reading.

Canadian Cemetery

Our priest again said a few words beforehand to focus on what we were doing, our wreath was laid, the Ode of Remembrance recited, the Last Post sounded and I read John McCrae's Poem just well enough not to choke on the words.

Our team had come through quite a lot at this stage but we were still together, cheerful and determined to complete the Ride into London.

Fortress de Mimoyecques Site of V3 Rockets

Historical Note: This is a little known location, an old quarry hidden away in the French countryside and which was at one time the home to the German V3 rocket. Fortunately for us, the intelligence collated on thousands of prisoners of war (mainly Polish) being gathered in an unlikely location, and its railway tracks, identified it early on as a potential rocket launching site. It was to be one of Group Captain Cheshire's last raids, which successfully bombed the site and eliminated the threat

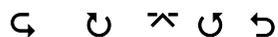
Again, my Guardian Angels were on hand to help me out for the rest of the day. First my bell fell off my bike on descending a hill, which Davey doubled back from and then promptly did a temporary repair until the next break, when he fixed it permanently. I now couldn't get the bell off even if I wanted to, as it is almost welded to the handlebars! On the next occasion, as we were nearing the end of the ride, they

shouted again, "Are you OK Ronnie, not far now and we'll get you a nice cup of tea at the next stop." Sure enough, as I cycled in, absolutely shattered, there they were with a cup of steaming hot tea in hand saying "have a gulp of this, it will make you feel better." What great guys to have around.

It was great to get to Calais, even though we had another four miles more than the others for our Holiday Inn Hotel. It was well worth the effort, lovely rooms, nice hot bath, great staff service and I was even able to wash all the mud off my bike with a hot water hose at the back.

Thankfully it was also the first time I ate a decent breakfast and I felt 100 million dollars again.

Ron Kirk



Pantomime Season joke

Val Carter who's currently at home recovering after a successful knee op sent me this little gem:

What did Cinderella say to Boots when they apologised for losing her photographs ?

Some day my prints will come.



From the Parish Magazine of Ss Simon and Jude, Quendon

This one appears courtesy of my sister-in-law, Lin:

Did you hear of the dyslexic pagan who sold his soul to SANTA ?

Incarnation

In Christ
our God
sets aside
'otherness'
to be
'one of us'



Ever present ?

The following was sent to me by my friend, Father Peter Bevan

A couple were Christmas shopping on Christmas Eve and the whole place was heaving, packed with other last minute shoppers.

Walking through the shopping centre, the surprised wife looked up from a window display and noticed her husband was nowhere to be seen. She knew they had lots still to do and she became very upset.

She rummaged in her handbag and found her mobile phoned then used it to call her husband to ask him where he was.

The husband in a calm voice replied: "Darling, you remember the jewellery shop we went into five years ago, where you fell in love with that diamond necklace that we could not afford and I told you that one day I would get it for you...?"

His wife's eyes filled with tears of emotion, she began to cry softly and stifling a sob she whispered: "Yes, I remember that jewellery shop..."

"Well," he said, "I'm in the pub next to it!"

A Christmas Quiz

Peter Campbell emailed me this one in July and I thought it might amuse you as you got to grips with preparations for Christmas

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years' War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What colour is a purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) What is the colour of the black box in a commercial airplane?

Pass mark $\frac{4}{10}$



- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| 1) 116 years | 6) Dogs |
| 2) Ecuador | 7) Albert |
| 3) Sheep and Horses | 8) Crimson |
| 4) November | 9) New Zealand |
| 5) Squirrel fur | 10) Orange |



Meditation

It was in the May copy of St. Bart's Monthly that I read 'Prayer is not giving instructions to God but reporting for duty'. I am grateful to Ron Kirk for this. In fact I used it at the beginning of Intercessions I was leading in our Parish Church on Sunday 21st July, 2013, drawing out our duty to pray for others and what should be our approach.

There is more to it, however, as our 'duty' is to allow ourselves to be embraced by the Holy Trinity in eternal love. The Eastern Orthodox churches use a 'Jesus' Prayer' - 'Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on us/me'. For them, this is not asking for God forgiveness, rather it is a prayer to be enfolded in the love of Christ, and is a form of meditation. Years back, visiting a parishioner when one of the neighbours was there, I was challenged by the visitor who announced that they 'did' meditation. "Do you?" I was asked somewhat forcibly. I replied, "Yes, daily". Seeing that person's surprise, I asked what method they used, discursive or contemplative? There was no reply, but there was a look of puzzlement. I suspect that person was into a form of meditation like Yoga or Transcendental meditation. I have met others who have said that they are 'into' meditation, or have tried it, usually some oriental form. I find that much of this kind of meditation is subjective, used for one's own well-being. That's fine as far as it goes. Christian Meditation, on the other hand, is objective - God.

So how may a Christian meditate? I begin in my thinking with the words of Jesus St John 15 verse 4 (NRSV), 'Abide in me as I abide in you'. By this, I acknowledge my baptism. It also takes me to the Prayer of Humble Access in the liturgy ('We do not presume....'), which looks towards making our communion or common-union. Incidentally, it is a mistake to talk about 'taking' communion. I am mindful too of Elijah when in 1 Kings 19, verse 12, we can read his experience of hearing 'a still small voice', as the King James Bible so elegantly puts it.

How does one start? First, by **preparation**. I find an upright chair, like a dining chair and sit upright with both feet firmly on the ground, hands resting on the knees. Some do this with palms down, others with palms up in a receptive position. Some employ deep breathing, I just listen to my breathing. Doing this gives me an opportunity to unload the luggage in my mind, sometimes having a notepad available to collect it. Some may be important requires my attention later, but there is often a lot of rubbish! All this is very important. Preparation is essential and sometimes may take up all one's allotted time. No matter. Try this for 5 minutes at a time, then extend it for meditation, say up to 15 minutes, perhaps longer. We have to do what suits us and our lifestyle. After practice, set yourself a definite time (a little alarm piece may help) for meditation.

Consider **Discursive Meditation**. This is looking into a Bible Passage like one of Jesus' parables or healing. Place yourself into that situation as if you are really there in person. Ask 'how do I react?' - 'what would I do or say?' An interesting example is shown in Ignatius Loyola's 'Spiritual Exercises', which employs the five senses. Some may find this Ignatian method too regimented. There are many books published offering different styles of discursive meditation. Whatever form is used one should try to make a resolution about our future conduct based on our meditation, and do not neglect to thank God for the insights gained. Many flourish and gain great insight with discursive meditation and you may be one of them.

The other form is **Contemplative Meditation**. This, rather like the 'Jesus' Prayer', concentrates on one sentence of Scripture or the Liturgy. Here are two examples: 'Peace I leave with you; my peace give you. I do not give you as the world gives' St. John 14 verse 27, and 'I have loved you with an everlasting love, therefore I have continued my faithfulness to you' Jeremiah 31verse 3 (both NRSV, you may prefer the KJV, especially for the Jeremiah passage). One can shorten both of

P is for Prophets, when living on earth foretold His redemption and blessed birth.
Q is for Quickly, as shepherds who heard hastened to act on that heavenly word.
R is for Rejoice. The sorrow of sin is banished forever when Jesus comes in.
S is for Saviour. To be this He came; the angel of God assigned Him His name.
T is for Tidings of joy, not of danger, telling of Him who was laid in a manger.
U is for Us, to whom Jesus was given to show us the way and take us to heaven.
V is for Virgin, foretold by the sage, God's revelation on prophecy's page.
W is for Wonderful, His works and His words, the King of all Kings, the Lord of all Lords.
X is for Christ. It's X in the Greek, Anointed, Messiah, mighty, yet meek.
Y is for Yes, called God's Yes in His Word; God's answer to all is Jesus the Lord.
Z is for Zeal as it burned in Christ's heart.
 Lord, by thy Spirit to us zeal impart.



How Children perceive their Grand parents 6/9

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

A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor. She told him she was writing a story.
 "What's it about?" he asked.
 "I don't know. I can't read."

Christmas Alphabet

The following is sent to us by John Marshall

A is for Angels, appearing so bright,
telling of Jesus that first Christmas night.
B is for Bethlehem, crowded and old,
birthplace of Jesus by prophet foretold.
C is for Cattle, their manger His bed,
there in the trough where He laid His head.
D is for David and his ancient throne
promised forever to Jesus alone.
E is for East, where shone the bright star
which Magi on camels followed afar.
F is for Frankincense, with myrrh and gold,
brought by the Wise Men as Matthew has told..
G is for God, who from heaven above
sent down to mankind the Son of His love.
H is for Herod, whose murderous scheme
was told to Joseph in a nocturnal dream.
I is for Immanuel, "God with us,"
for Christ brought man back to the Father's house.
J is for Joseph so noble and just,
obeying God's word with absolute trust.
K is for King. A true king He would be,
coming in power and authority.
L is for Love that He brought down to earth
God enfleshed in lowly birth.
M is for Mary, His mother so brave,
counting God faithful and mighty to save.
N is for Night, when the Savior was born
for nations of earth and people forlorn.
O is for Omega, meaning "the last;"
He's eternal present, future and past.

these passages easily. Contemplatives mull over the passage over and over again allowing God to speak to them. This may often lead into holy silence, a constructive condition not an emptiness, but a growing into the Holy Trinity. Allow God to speak, the Jeremiah quote may then become 'My love in you'. Again, do not forget to say thank you. All our prayer and worship, 'going to Church' is an expression of our gratitude.

Meditation is a helpful preparation for liturgical worship with the Church. Look at the St. Bart's Monthly list of Bible Readings, consider the next Sunday's readings, may be discursively. Arriving in Church try to make time for some contemplative prayer before the service. Then taste the silence making communion as others make theirs. Anyway, you can pick up on something that came to you in Meditation at any time.

Enjoy your prayer time. Do not get anxious about it.

Malcolm Cherry



Valuing Silence

I love the buzz of conversation before our services. I love the fellowship after the service. St Bart's is a friendly church and we do like talk to each other. In truth, why not? But would it be possible to observe a period of silence during the time when folk go up to receive communion then return to their seats to pray in silence, in the quiet of being together to feel quietly close to God?

Thank you.



Le Hautecloque

I suppose it all began – like everything else, with my mother.

I was near-enough nine and starting to notice what other people ate. Before that I'd spent most mealtimes shutting my eyes and saying '*It makes me feel sick*' - even when I couldn't see what it was.

Or, at tea on Sunday I would repeat '*No, thank you*' (my Sunday-best version of *Yuck* !) to my Auntie Elsie proffering a stick of celery. She could do my mantra before I did. '*A thin slice of beetroot ?*' she would say and then say '*No, thank you*' – in the same breath... '*Cucumber ? No ? Mustard and cress ? Just the cress ? ...*'

My mother could have killed me. '*What's not to like about a radish ?*' Those were the Death Penalty Days. Except that being finicky was worse than murder. '*You can understand murder,*' she used to say, '*At least I can...*'

But times change. One day - it might have been a Shrove Tuesday but more likely it was because my mother felt '*like a change*', we had pancakes for dessert. Well, to tell the truth, they weren't our *dessert*: they were our *afters*. My dad was on wages, not salary.

It was then that another change came over her, simultaneously. Now she was saying she felt '*like a Babycham*'... I looked at her. She didn't *look* different.

But it was a Turning Point. An epiphany. Even my father, ever reticent and tolerant, had to say '*Ob*', and blink. While I sat and watched, and listened - and changed...

One pancake each. Plop.

Guardian Angels

A sermon on, angels in early October has produced three responses so far the first of which is printed in our December magazine with two to follow in January and February. If you have your own story to share, then do let me have it.

When I was about ten, totally uncharacteristically, my mother allowed me to walk to a St. John's Ambulance meeting, in the dark, by myself. Someone was able to bring me home, but for some reason no-one was available to take me. I set off somewhat nervously when a black Labrador came and walked beside me. It was, for all the world, as if he were my dog. The first part of the walk was along a lonely road. It was so comforting having the dog alongside me especially when I saw a man, a stranger, coming towards me. He spoke as he passed but with the dog there, I wasn't frightened. That dog was still with me until I got safely to the hall. I had never seen it before, I never saw it again, but it was such a blessing to me that night.

Can angels come in all shapes and sizes ? I rather think they can.

Sue Holman



'The marriage of true minds'

On an Order of Service of a wedding ceremony taken by the Revd Canon Roger Gilbert last August in the chapel of Le Grand Val, near Combours we can read the following apt comment:
'You will be welcomed by the lovely Canon Roger Gilbert.'



Questions 'Grace' ?

I'm in the swimming pool and I'm well impressed. One of the swimmers moves effortlessly, easily through the water, each stroke as fluent and as fluid as the medium in which they move. One word springs to mind – grace; graceful; full of grace.

When I was a teacher at school, one of my pupils was called Grace. According to the Ave Maria, Mary is 'full of grace'. We may say grace before a meal and there is a prayer, the Grace, which opens with the words, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ . . .'

Sometimes, we might say, with more than a tinge of thankfulness, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

So my question this month is what exactly do you understand by the word grace ? In what sense, if any, does grace have a part to play in your life ? Is grace little more than an old-fashioned word which you feel too awkward about to use in your everyday conversation ?

Let me know what you think ? In the meantime, may I have the grace to wait with patience against the chance someone, if not you, will wanting to respond !

Father Gareth

And purely by chance(?), Sue Holman gave me the following thoughtful definition at our November Bible Study:

G		God's
R		Riches
A	is	At
C		Christ's
E		Expense

"Sugar or Jif ?" She.

"Is there any jam ?" Me.

"Do you have Babycham in a glass ?" He.

"Can I taste it ?" Me.

"Well -" He.

"Go on, then. Just a sip." She...

...And, as the child is father of the man, so sixty years on I'm sitting here in **Le Hautecloque** (the family name of Maréchal Leclerc and the restaurant sitting discreetly at No. 2, rue Maréchal Leclerc, in Dinard, just round the corner).

Before me once again is a pancake - kind of. But this one couldn't plop if it tried. This one is soft and thin and curls and folds. It slipped onto my plate, as off the best culinary catwalk. And close to hand is a bowl of cider. I raise it gratefully. Thanks, mum. *Near enough ?* Cheers.

There are probably thirty-two places in this crêperie: it's small and simply decorated but bright and immediately relaxing. The tables are plain dark wood, with a freshly varnished look, and nicely laid. The chairs are familiar Breton basket weave and comfortable; the music is mild jazz, quiet and friendly.

The waiter (and co-proprietor) is the same. If you eat there twice, he might ask you your name, shyly. And then he'll call you by it if you go again - as you will. *He's* called Laurent, by the way. So now we're all friends.

Beyond the bar is the kitchen, quite open and quite visibly occupied by François, the other owner and the chef. He creates and cooks the best crêpes in Dinard, probably in Brittany, perhaps in all of France, and just possibly the whole...

That's not just an opinion (though it *is* mine). No, it's a *fact*. Which is to say I've heard it stated by at least three French couples, speaking separately and at once - as they do, and with clarifying gestures. They might be still at it.

They could well be recommending lunch at **Le Hautecloque**. In addition to *galettes* and *crêpes* galore, there is - always on weekdays - a *plat du jour*. Very tasty pork in a variety of forms... or *brandade de morue*... or a curry, for example... And no more than 10 euros.

In the evening look at the menu. Best to do this with a glass of house white wine. No choice here (other than red or rosé), nothing confusing, nothing to hold you up: simply a cool and untangling drink. But if it doesn't quite suit, the wine list is shrewdly selected and modestly priced. Or there's real Breton cider, in Breton *boules* - and bottles.

Then... straight in? Or do you start with puff-pastry of crab (*péquillos*), or the tangy, creamy soup? (Answer: try both.)

Next, choose from the impossible choice of *galettes*. The *Campagnarde*? A crispy buckwheat-flour pancake, a bed for smoked bacon, *crème fraîche*, onions and mushrooms... I *think* that's what it is - that's what Laurent *says* it is - but I'm so transported when I'm eating it, my eyes close and everything goes dreamily dark.

Could I actually be inside the Large Hadron Tunnel in Switzerland? Is this that world-shaking moment when the All-Day British Breakfast

Each includes and each omits little touches peculiar and distinctive to each. Spotting the difference between the two is a real part of the fun!

The plot is imaginative without being totally incredible. The characters are engaging and authentic. The villain is unpleasant, quite 'creepy' but not essentially evil, just a criminal bent on doing wrong, someone who has the gall to steal Emil's money - 140 marks in the film, £7 in the book.

There is humour and suspense. The children are independently minded and would make any parent proud to acknowledge them as their off-spring. It is a life-affirming story in which virtue is rewarded and the strength of altruistic co-operation triumphs in the end.

Curiously enough, Kästner was one of the authors whose books the Nazis had burnt as a decadent, corrupting influence, someone who failed to represent true German values. As someone who only has the lowest grade of pass at German 'O' Level, I would beg to differ.

And were you to buy the DVD, there is a real bonus - the 1935 English faithful remake of the film - two for the price of one!

Enjoy and have a Happy Christmas.

Gareth Randall



Child Protection

Following a recent baptism, Val Carter, our Safeguarding Officer, advised Father Gareth that it would be wiser to rock the baby from side-to-side rather than up-and-down if he wanted to avoid bringing up more than he was clearly intending.

Film Review of the month
'Emil and the Detectives'
Emil und die Detektive
Gerhard Lamprecht 1931

The novel for children by Erich Kästner was published in German in 1929 and appeared in English in 1931, the year the film was released in Germany. Last August, Geoff Scott leant me a brand new paperback copy of this book which he had enjoyed so much as an eight-year-old. Coincidentally just after I had read it, a DVD of the film was released by the BFI and I was interested enough to purchase a copy through Amazon.

The book and the film might make an interesting Christmas present for children and adults alike. It is an insight into another world, a very different monochromatic world before mobile phones or the internet, a world before Nazi Germany, a world so very different from the 21st Century in which we now live.

Films and books are unquestionably very different media.

The written word appeals very much to the imagination, to the mind's eye, though the paperback does have some great illustrations by Walter Trier. The translation by Eileen Hall hits just the right note: the voice of Emil, his mother Mrs Tischbein and the other characters are distinctive and convincing.

A film is visual, through movement conjuring the drama, engaging the viewer with interesting images and action. The film presents Berlin before the Second World War, a capital city, an impressive backdrop of trains and trams and architecture. The children, all boys with the exception of Pony, Emil's cousin, look and sound so very different.

collides with French Haute Cuisine ? Is this simply an earthly *galette* – or am I tasting the mystical Higgs Boson particle ? You must decide.

Friends of mine have also chosen the *Galette Nordique* (smoked salmon, chives and cream)... or the *Galette Saint-Jacques* (scallops, leeks and a white butter sauce)... or the *Américaine* (savoury minced beef, onions, fresh tomatoes, cheddar cheese, with *béarnaise* sauce)... Afterwards they usually beg me to let them pay the bill.

As I'm equally happy after *my* meal (try an omelette or the entrecôte – plus chips !), usually I'm only too delighted to make that concession. But if I've been feasting on François' green salad – more appetising, believe me, than Auntie Elsie's allotment crudities, bless her – then *I* can come over all generous, too. (Could there be something in that delicious dressing ?)

Pause now. Are you going to cool yourself down with ice cream ? There's plenty of choice. Or are you going to award yourself another birthday ? Surely one extra *fête*, occasionally, doesn't really count, not at our age.

So... a *crêpe flambée* (with Calvados and Grand Marnier ? ... a *crêpe profiterole* ? ... or the *cœur fondant au chocolat* ? The moment you taste any one of them, all fear of cholesterol or blood sugar levels positively defibrillates. Luxuriate ! Enjoy !

And finally, don't forget to have a little coffee. At least it will keep you awake long enough to finish your wine (or order another carafe) - and then pay my bill.

Because you will tell me when you're going, won't you...?

David Norris

Odd Words Selfie

You may be forgiven for not knowing what a selfie is. Each November in the recent past, the Oxford English Dictionary (OED) identifies the most used new word that year. For 2013, it is selfie.

So what is a selfie ? Simply a photo you take of yourself. Apparently, it's first recorded use was some ten years ago when an Australian took a picture of himself showing the injuries he'd just sustained from falling over. He excused the fact that the picture was rather blurred by the fact that he was somewhat drunk at the time. The term selfie caught on and reflects the current practice of snaps people take of themselves to post on internet sites like the aptly named Facebook or My Space.

So we now have a new phenomenon that reflects how technology and custom have changed. In the days of my first camera, a Box Brownie, I would not have wasted a precious frame on a roll of my black and white film on something so uncertain. It's only in the age of digital photography with self-focussing cameras and the possibility of snapping seemingly infinite numbers of pics that you might want to do so. It is only the fact of social media that prompts anyone to do so.

So this new word, selfie, tells you where the world is at though I guess I am not a part of it, but very much apart from it. For me, a photo of me is best done not by me but by another person for me. Am I being unselfish or perhaps I'm simply being snappy ?

Gareth Randall



Church Notice boards 9/11

Nathan, Barry Jordan's son, sent me this
Looking for a sign from God ? This is it.

refais-le sève et toi vigie
efface l'ombre de son iris

reprends-le au sang agressif
de ses désirs extravagants
toujours bouillonnant et misère
repeuple-le de cathédrales
et de chemins de Compostelle
redonne-lui l'instant premier
où Poème debout
sur le roc de son âme
il chantait l'Univers

Vitrail oh !
toi devant qui l'Impur s'efface
toi dont il suffit qu'un rai passe
cristallier de lumière
pour graver dans la tourbe
humaine ton sillon d'or
as-tu songé à un prochain retour

Solange Dayres Goffinet
Extrait du recueil « L'Etrave de lumière »



Magnificat

Vitrail
ô transparence
de lumière millénaire
maintenant je te vois
tu ressembles à la mer
lieu de maternités
où se meut l'infini

allé d'un rayon l'autre
et d'une crête à l'autre
pouvoir toujours plus fort
que l'empire matériel
tu es
avec ce ciel autour
qui chante le Laudate

maintenant je te vois
vision dont tout dépend
et je te crie mon âme
comme un essaim d'amour
clame ta nativité
deux mille ans ont passé
qui n'ont été que nuit
l'homme en crucifiant Dieu
a modelé sa perte

depuis
à pleins vaisseaux il va
plus esclave qu'hier
vers d'erratiques ports
ô vitrail prends pitié
de ses séismes extincteurs

The Bartholomew Gospel

7 Who do you say I am ?

Jesus came to Caesarea Philippi.' Matthew 16 v13

Crunch time! Jesus pops the question. Who am I? Who do people say I am? Who do you say that I am?

Of course, we knew already. We'd need to be particularly sad or stupid - and often we were - not to know. Now I don't like to boast or anything but after just a couple of minutes of being with him for the very first time and hearing him, I knew who he was and, as you know, I was inspired to say as much.

But Jesus had to ask us because he wanted to share something important, something quite shocking, with us.



Mark places what went on half way through his gospel. Matthew two thirds of the way in. Luke about a third into his. John doesn't mention it at all.

According to Mark and Matthew, the incident takes place somewhere around Caesarea Philippi, a town set in the beautiful foothills of Mount Hermon, the main source of the Jordan.

So Jesus asks us who people think he is. No sweat. John the Baptist, Elijah, Jeremiah or one of the prophets - come back to life.

Then, he asks us, 'What about you?' Now Peter is a sharp act, quick-off-the-mark - you've got to give him that. Without a pause for breath, he says straight out: 'You're the Messiah'. So Jesus smiles at him and tells him he's inspired and promises him 'the keys to the kingdom'.

And we're all impressed till Jesus then tells us the bad news. What lies ahead of him. He's going to have to suffer. The Jewish authorities will target him, arrest him, have him executed but three days after his death, he will rise again from the dead.

You should have seen Peter's face. He was horrified. He actually takes Jesus to one side to read him the riot act. He tells Jesus that's so not going to happen to him! To him, God does not want anything bad to happen. No way!

Now it's Peter's turn to get his ear bashed by Jesus who's not best pleased with him. 'Get behind me, satan! You're trying to trip me up. You're not looking at things like God does! You're looking at things like an ordinary guy out there.'

Then Jesus tells us a hard truth. 'If anyone wants to come after me, they must give themselves up, and pick up their cross, and follow me. Yes: if someone wants to save his life, they must lose it; and if anyone loses their life for my sake, they will find it.' Now I know that the cross to which Jesus referred was literally the crosspiece, the beam of wood the condemned carried to his crucifixion, which was slotted into place on a fixed upright and later buried with him. As such, the cross not only came to symbolise our faith in Jesus as the Son of God but it also became a symbol of what willingly we would suffer for him.



I'm not sure that I really understand what exactly he was talking about then but I had an impression of what lay in front of me and it wasn't very nice.

And of course, later, I was to find out just what 'not very nice' would mean for me. I guess I must have been looking pretty serious and

certainly Peter was looking pretty hurt, bruised by the way Jesus had talked to him. In fact, none of us were that happy. But what struck me was just how shocked and just how very disappointed one of our number looked at what we'd just heard. At the time, I didn't realise the significance of what I was seeing. But in the light of what was later to happen, I think I now know what that guy was thinking.

That man was Judas.



10 Commandments for Positive Leadership 2/2

Olive Browne sent in the following piece of wisdom that was pinned to her office wall as a nurse

- 6 The biggest people with the biggest ideas can be shot down by the smallest people with the smallest ideas.
Think big anyway.
- 7 People favour underdogs, but follow only top dogs.
Fight for a few underdogs anyway.
- 8 What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.
Build anyway.
- 9 People really need help but may attack you if you help them
Help them anyway.
- 10 Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.
Give the world the best you have anyway.