

### Diary dates for May and June, 2014

30 <sup>th</sup> April	Archdeaconry Synod
- 3 <sup>rd</sup> May	St Jacut de la Mer
10 <sup>th</sup> May	15.00 Teddy Bear's Picnic – Diana Wilson's
29 <sup>th</sup> May	10.00 Ascension Day
8 <sup>th</sup> June	11.00 Pentecost

### Prayer of the month

Gracious and Holy Father  
please give me  
intellect to understand you;  
reason to discern you;  
diligence to seek you;  
wisdom to find you;  
a spirit to know you;  
a heart to meditate upon you;  
ears to hear you;  
eyes to see you;  
a tongue to proclaim you;  
a way of life pleasing to you;  
and perseverance to look for you.  
Grant me  
a perfect end  
your holy presence  
a blessed resurrection  
and life everlasting.  
*St Benedict (480 – 547)*

### Prayer focus

May YOU be the focus of our prayer.

## St Bart's Monthly



May, 2014

### 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

e-mail : [gareth.randall@nordnet.fr](mailto:gareth.randall@nordnet.fr)

Website : [www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk](http://www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk)



May, 2014

Dear Friends,

### *'Non-dits' ?*

On May 8<sup>th</sup>, I will be at Notre Dame de la Côte d'Emeraude, Dinard, for the annual service to mark the end of the Second World War and I will stand at the War memorial facing the sea and there lay a wreath in memory of the British dead.

But early this year on Radio 4's Book of the Week - 'Priscilla' - I heard Nicholas Shakespeare use the phrase in French, 'non-dits', which refers to that which happened during the Second World War, that of which one does not speak.

I was intrigued. What memories are so bad, so unpleasant, so potentially hurtful that they are consigned to the pit of silence? What is it in our lives that we refuse to articulate, the truth we dare not name?

As a priest, I am all too aware of the power of sin and of wrong-doing to spoil and colour our lives but thank goodness there is also the grace of God and the possibility of repentance and forgiveness. To admit wrong, to express regret, to resolve to try to do better is the path to forgiveness.

But perhaps it is not so much a question of facing our personal horrors but sharing with others the joy of our faith. Last month, we celebrated Easter. We have the witness of the empty tomb to talk about, the promise of the life of the world to come to share, the encouragement of knowing that God loves us as a parent their child to pass on to others. So why be silent?

*Father Gareth*



### Notices

- **Lent Appeal** raised 1,010€ in aid of the SPA St Malo including an exceptional 860€ at the Easter lunch at Diana's – thanks to all involved who made it such a special occasion.
- **Notes from the Council**, the meeting for 24<sup>th</sup> April, will appear in the June edition.
- **Thank you** to Victor Pumfrett and his team who made St Bart's look so beautiful at Easter and to those who contributed to the Easter flowers in memory of their loved ones which raised 159€
- **Thank you** to the choirs of St Michael's Highgate and Amici Cantate who in early April between raised them 250€ towards church funds.
- **Thank you** to all who contribute time and effort to maintain our church garden and keep it looking beautiful.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the June edition of the St Bart's Monthly is *midday on Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> May*
- **Church Finances for March**  
Income: 3,974€ Expenditure: 5,113€



### Double entendre 5/8

*The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk*

My daughter asked me for a pet spider for her birthday, so I went to our local pet shop and they were £70! I thought I can get one cheaper off the web.

### Verse of the Month

He will guide them to springs of living water,  
and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.

*Revelation 7 v17*

## Readings in church

### **May 4th**

Acts 2 v14a, 36 - 41  
1 Peter 1 v17 - 23

### **May 11th**

Acts 2 v42 - end  
1 Peter 2 v19 - end

### **May 18th**

Acts 7 v55 - end  
1 Peter 2 v2 - 10

### **May 25th**

Acts 17 v22 - 31  
1 Peter 3 v13 - 22

### **Third Sunday of Easter**

Psalm 116 v1 - 7  
Luke 24 v13 - 35

### **Fourth Sunday of Easter**

Psalm 23  
John 10 v1 – 10

### **Fifth Sunday of Easter**

Psalm 31 v1 - 5  
John 14 v1 – 14

### **Sixth Sunday of Easter**

Psalm 66 v7 - 18  
John 14 v15 – 21



## Quotations of the month

‘The problem with our times is  
that the future is not what it used to be.’

*Paul Valéry – ‘The New Statesmen’*

Never believe anything  
until it’s officially denied

*Radio 4*



## Bishop David’s Easter Message 2014

On 17 March there was an unprecedented announcement from the Vatican and the Anglican Centre in Rome. For the first time ever, the Roman Catholic Church, the Anglican Communion and the Sunni Muslim Community (represented by the Grand Imam of Al Azhar in Cairo) have joined efforts in a project of "practical and spiritual action" to combat the modern slavery of human trafficking. Pope Francis and Archbishop Justin Welby, when they first met last June, shared a vision to build a world-wide movement to eradicate this injustice which enslaves and affects over 27 million people who are forced into labour, sexual exploitation and even into being sources of human organs. The initiative is called the Global Freedom Network.

The Passion of our Lord which we read in Holy Week presents a world filled with so many forms of slavery. There is the slavery of money – thirty pieces of silver were able to corrupt and "buy" Judas' treachery. The slavery of injustice is seen in the weakness of Pontius Pilate, who knew Jesus was innocent but chose not to defend him. The slavery of brutal and gratuitous violence is seen in the scourging and torture of Christ at the hands of the soldiers. And then there is the slavery of hopelessness seen in the utter despair of the disciples at the arrest and crucifixion of Jesus.

Easter celebrates God's action to deliver us out of slavery to freedom, freedom from sin and all that holds us back from being the people that God created us to be. On the night of the Great Vigil of Easter worshippers gather in darkness, the hopeless darkness that descended upon the world on the first Good Friday. The Paschal candle is lit from a new fire and the light of Christ is spread from person to person, eventually filling the church with joyful brightness, and we proclaim "Christ is Risen!" The ancient song of Easter Eve, the Exultet resounds, "This is the night when Jesus Christ vanquished hell, broke

the chains of death and rose triumphant from the grave. This is the night when all who believe in him are freed from sin, restored to grace and holiness and share the victory of Christ”.

Our Resurrection faith declares that all the darkness around us, and even the darkness of sin within us, has been overcome by the Risen Christ. Thus our Resurrection witness is about working for all that sets people free from every kind of slavery. The Global Freedom Network is but one such effort. As Easter people it is our calling to proclaim forgiveness from sin. As Easter people we offer love, compassion and justice where hatred, pain and injustice persist. As Easter people we stand for the dignity and worth of every human being. This is a powerful message of Good News which the world needs and to which we can witness boldly, as we know that we ourselves are born again to new life in the Risen Christ.

May the deep joy which comes from the liberation of Easter fill our lives and enliven our communities, for Christ is Risen ! He is Risen Indeed !

*+David*



### *Simple pleasure*

Going for bread  
I'm drawn by the sea  
to go down to the beach  
to soak in the sun  
the tiles awash  
with the in-coming tide

factors of my birthday (the reason for donating the stand). I have tried to be like the queen and claim two birthdays a year, not only the actual date of birth but also Good Friday for that too was the day of my birth. Sadly, no one has ever allowed this ! However, this year I feel that I can claim a kind of dual celebration, as I celebrated in Northallerton on Mothering Sunday, (the date), and my first time back in St. Bartholomew's was Good Friday, when I brought the stand with me.

Our final Sunday in France last November, Gareth had arranged the votives in a cross format and I felt that the first time votives were lit, this would be a fitting format. To whom could these seven lights be dedicated ? For the Mothering Sunday link, think of mothers, but in this case ladies who I know mothered this church through some of its very difficult years following WW2 but who are now no longer of this world. Many, if not most of the current congregation have only known the church with its good sized congregation but I remember when we were only eight in church and Wendy and I were just part timers. Not all the seven coming to mind were resident in France, but they did much to support the church so that it is what we have today. Therefore, and in alphabetical order, they are:- Virginia d'Albert Lac, Ida Beau, Sybil Fagg, Margaret Greenwood, Elisabeth Hannay, Betty Saville and Audrey Thompson.

*John Marshall*



### **Typo**

In an email replying to an article Bishop James sent me re the Queen's visit to Pope François, I accidentally typed, *'Totally inn keeping with your good selves and a prelude to you both coming to Dinard.'* - Ooops !

## Votive Stand

As Gareth reported in an earlier 'monthly', along with Anne Payan and Bill Hughes, this was the year we reached the 80 point. Late last year, knowing that I would be in England at that stage, I felt that I would like to mark the occasion in St. Bartholomew's, but how? I asked Gareth if he felt there was anything that would be a useful addition to the church artefacts. His response was virtually instantaneous, as he said that a 'proper' stand for the votive candles would be an asset. Good idea and easy to sort out, I thought, internet, here I come.

Stage two, and from time to time, trawling the net, trying variations on a theme in search engines in case a different wording would yield better results, all to no avail. I could find an assortment of floor standing stands, usually far too bulky for the space we have available, and also some table / altar top versions which were more like candle sticks and certainly not made to hold enough lights. Should I ask Gareth for a new suggestion or hope to eventually find and answer? Well, a possible answer came, a neighbour and friend is a metal worker, so I would have a word with him. The response was just as I had expected, if he had a drawing, he could make it. Producing an idea and a 'drawing' took a while, in actual fact it was more of a photograph of the top part of a stand which I had downloaded and then amended on the computer, but Richard could see no problems in following it and using the approximate dimensions I had given him, the size was roughly that of the base Gareth was using for the votives.

A few weeks later Richard arrived at the door with the completed stand, to ask if it was what I had hoped for, or did he need to make any changes. It was fine by me and I emailed a picture to Gareth for him to approve, (I hoped). I must have gone to sleep with it still on my mind that night, as I woke the next morning with the germ of an idea re the day of its dedication in church. It revolved round the two

## Questions Memory?

How good is your memory? If your answer is 'I can't remember', then chances are you haven't remembered to take a copy of St Bart's Monthly, let alone open it or get to read this article.

As a boy, my memory was good. I was a good pupil, quick on the uptake with a retentive memory. In the fifties, you sometimes had to learn things off by heart, by rote, and I could. In the sixties, at Grammar School, I learnt four languages, committing the vocabulary and grammar to memory with little difficulty. As a teacher, I had a good grasp of whom I taught, of what I taught and of when I taught it.

Now, in my sixties, I begin to wonder. In particular, I find some names harder to recall. I may forget where I last left my cars keys but, thankfully, not what they're for!

But how do you know you don't know? Only when someone is kind enough to remind you! Neo reminded me of a book I'd promised to give a friend a month earlier. That fact had completely slipped my mind.

So should I worry that I am beginning to lose it? Isn't memory loss something that naturally comes with old age – the fruit of having lived? What are the best ways to cope? Should we be worried or is selective forgetting a blessing in disguise?

What do you think? And if you want to write something in reply, I trust you'll remember to give it me.

*Father Gareth*

## Cardiff to Treherbert (1)

I would like to trace some of the history of South Wales, using the Cardiff to Treherbert railway as the skeleton on which to put some 'flesh' - not a railway journey as undertaken by Michael Portillo through the Tyrols of Austria or the high mountains of Switzerland but a portrayal of a gold rush, black gold, coal.

We start our journey on the Valley Lines from Cardiff but before doing so take a short walk to the Civic Centre of Cardiff built by the 6<sup>th</sup> Marquis of Bute. Known as Cathay's Park, we witness the City Hall, the National Museum of Wales, the Crown Court again The Temple of Peace, the Welsh Assembly Government and last but not least the magnificent buildings of the University College of Wales, Cardiff.

The development of the coal fields of South Wales was fraught with geological difficulties but a greater obstacle had to be overcome in that Marquis both owned the railways and the ransom strip of land between the end of the railway and the Docks of Cardiff. He indeed owned Bute Docks from where the steam vessels carried the coal all over the world. In 1890, the Marquis charged one farthing per ton for crossing his land. That year alone over 25 million tons was exported from the Rhondda Valley (The Rhondda Valleys E. D. Lewis 1959). From these continuing revenue streams, the Cathay's Park as we know it now emerged! He was also responsible for the Victorian folly known as Castell Coch near Tongwynlais and, of course, the outer walls of Cardiff Castle.

Later, the Marquis began to lose his control and monopoly in that various Acts of Parliament received Royal Assent and access to the ports of Newport, Swansea and the like were enacted and new railway lines established. One of these was at Blaenrhondda through the

It is a film I can recommend though it is not for the faint-hearted or those with a limited attention-span for much of the drama is in the language and the tension between rival ideologues. Given that we are a century and a half on from the debate about emancipation of the slaves, what we are seeing is in 'fact' history unfolding. Nevertheless, history is essentially a shared story from which to learn the lessons of the past.

If I were Daniel's father, I would be proud of him – he makes Lincoln live though mercifully his assassination is merely a report as the film draws to a close.

*Gareth Randall*



### **British humour 3/5**

*This series plopped into my in-box from Geoff Scott, bless him!*

Police have just released details of a new drug craze that is being carried out in Yorkshire nightclubs. Apparently, Yorkshire club-goers have started injecting Ecstasy just above their front teeth. Police say the dangerous practice is called "e by gum"



### **CHALLENGE**

***Are you up for it ?***

In 'Gilead', a prize-winning novel by Marilynne Robinson, a question posed is 'How many Christians can define Christianity?' Could you in a paragraph or a one page article (250 words) summarise what you believe Christianity is for you? If you like try, and then let me have a copy, I'll try to print it!

*Film Review of the month*  
*'Lincoln' - Steven Spielberg 2012*

'Lincoln', which earned Daniel Day-Lewis his third Oscar for best actor at the 2012 Oscar Ceremonies, came as a birthday present from my great nephew, Ben, and I saw it last October.

It is not an easy film to view. Some 144 minutes long, 'Lincoln' charts the political manoeuvrings necessary for the 13<sup>th</sup> amendment to the constitution of the United States of America to be passed, all this set against the backdrop of the American Civil War.

Abraham Lincoln is, of course, the part that Daniel Day-Lewis makes his own, bringing the character alive, exploring the personal cost being a leader of the people to the man himself. The tension with his wife, older son, colleagues and opponents is clear. We warm to the man who always has an apt story to cast light on what is going on. A politician, he is above all human with flaws, a C19 American superhero without supernatural or extraordinary powers except a will of iron and a determination to do the right thing for his fellow man regardless of the colour of his or her skin. A lawyer, he is above all truthful though economical with that truth.

If you like politics, then this is a film for you. But be warned, it paints politicians in an unflattering light: the lengths to which they are prepared to go to control the reigns of power. Were he alive, Machiavelli might well have smiled in recognition at what he saw. The cost to ordinary folk is glimpsed: for example in the unceremonious throwing of a dead soldier's naked body into a mass grave of naked humanity.

Interestingly, given the film company is Twentieth Century Fox it should come as no surprise that the Republicans are the heroes and the Democrats the nasty party.

Rhondda tunnel and near to the home of the late Mother of our Priest, Gareth. The tunnel was 3300 yards long and the seventh longest in the United Kingdom. More of that later.

The first part of our train journey takes us from Cardiff Queen Street through Llandaff North then to Taffs Well and nearby the BBC have built recording studios and where 'Dr Who' and 'Casualty' are filmed. Pinewood Studios of Buckinghamshire have also recently announced the building of new studios on the same site.

Then to Pontypridd and where and until recently the station had the longest platform in the Western world. Indeed, at the height of its époque, more than eleven thousand passengers passed through its doors in any given day.

It has an 'old bridge' which was built in 1750 and, at that time, it was the longest, single spanning bridge in the world with a span of 140 feet. The bridge was built by William Edwards, a Welsh Methodist Minister – who also practised as an architect and bridge engineer. I wonder what other attributes Gareth has command of? Beware the first two attempts of building the bridge fell down! William Edwards was paid £50 I believe to look after the bridge for seven years.

Amongst its luminaries are of course Sir Tom Jones, Sir Geraint Evans, Stuart Burrows, Neil Jenkins, the rugby player, and William Price who carried out the first cremation of his young son who was named Jesus Christ. Price was later taken before the Assizes and cremation then became both legal and acceptable. William Price was held locally as being a bit of a Druid, particularly apposite I suppose for Wales?

The River Taff runs through the town and it has now recovered from the pollution of the nearby but now closed pits and trout and salmon now populate the river.

Coal used to pass through Pontypridd initially by road then by canal then by rail. Today, imported coal repeats the journey but in a totally differing direction.

Here was the birthplace of the Welsh National Anthem by Evan James and his son, James: 'Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau' and when the assembled voices deliver this before rugby matches at the Millennium Stadium, it raises hair on one's neck – or at least it does mine. Versions of the anthem are to be heard in Cornwall and in Brittany.

My thoughts stray for a little whilst in Pontypridd and my memories take me back to a Methodist Chapel in Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire and the funeral of my late brother and where his daughter recited the following poem:

To be born in Wales,  
Not with a silver spoon in your mouth,  
But, with music in your blood  
And with poetry in your soul,  
Is a privilege indeed.

Your inheritance is a land of Legend,  
Of love and contrast.  
A land of beauty so bright it burns the eyes.  
Of ugliness that scars the Spirit  
As the Earth.

Wales is an old land with wounds  
That weep in hills.  
They wept before in the bodies of men  
And in the hearts of women  
And time will never heal them.

### Odd Words 'Almighty God . . . have overcome'

Last year, I was writing the sermon for 28<sup>th</sup> April which I was going to preach at St Barnabas, Old Heath, where my friend Father Richard is vicar. As is my custom, I began the printed version of the sermon by typing out the Collect for the particular Sunday – in this instance, it was the collect for the Fifth Sunday of Easter, the text of which appears as this month's 'Prayer of the Month'. As I did so, my in-built grammar check detected a mistake. It starts: 'Almighty God' and then just two lines later the verb is 'have overcome'.

Now the great thing about Christianity is that like Judaism before it and Islam thereafter, we, the peoples of the book, believe in one God – our faiths are a monotheism. But here we have the plural form of the verb 'to have', not has the singular that I was expecting.

And then it dawned on me that the author of the prayer was thinking of Almighty God not simply as God the Father but of the Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

It's good to be reminded of the grammar of our faith by the grammar of a prayer.

*Gareth Randall*



### Nice notice 4/4

*The following is from our Church Warden, Bill:*

### ***On the door to a maternity ward***

No children allowed.

- If we commit ourselves to returning a dividend on God's investment, he will bless and multiply our efforts. If we don't, we will have to answer for our negligence.
- Whether our talents involve writing, teaching, or caring for people, we can utilize them in ways that bring people closer to God, help them understand him better, or give them a tangible example of his love.



### St Bart's Garden Party

The Garden Party which takes place on the first Saturday of August each year is our main fund raising event of the year.

There are stalls which we need volunteers to look after:

- The Church Stall
- Ladies Accessories
- Car Parking

Should anyone have an idea for a new stall please let us know about it  
 We need volunteers to help with children's games and side shows  
 We also need volunteers to help set up tents and take them down after the event

If you are willing to lend a hand with any of the above, please contact David

Tel 02 99 73 80 14 or e-mail [dmorgan16@aol.com](mailto:dmorgan16@aol.com) or add your name to the list in the transept



The stigmata of sorrow,  
 Of pain and poverty,  
 Of lonely crucifixion in the dark,  
 Remain our lives to feed.

This Land of our Fathers was built on coal.  
 Its rivers of mingled blood and sweat  
 Have forever darkened it,  
 Relieved only by death.

We are a sad people.  
 Our sadness being wrapped in harps and music  
 And praise to God,  
 For the lovely, yearning light  
 That feeds the Spirit as well as the eye

So that is the end of the first part of our journey and I am now off to the Pontypridd indoor market for the traditional cockles and faggots and peas.

I will continue the journey from Pontypridd to my home town of Porth a little later in the year and until then I send my best wishes to everyone at St Bart's.

Finally I will leave you with this thought 'Loves last gift – memories'

*Ken Ivin  
 Chepstow, Monmouthshire  
 February 2014*

*The following prayer in French then translated into English  
by Francis Tchertoff was read at Barbara Tchertoff's funeral  
by her grandchildren Alienor and Laurent*

### **Prière ancienne des Indiens d'Amérique du Nord**

Quand je ne serai plus là,  
relâchez-moi, laissez-moi partir,  
j'ai tellement de choses à faire et à voir.  
Ne pleurez pas en pensant à moi.  
Soyez reconnaissants pour les belles années.  
Je vous ai donné mon amitié,  
vous pouvez seulement deviner  
le bonheur que vous m'avez apporté.  
Je vous remercie de l'amour  
que chacun m'avez démontré.  
Maintenant, il est temps de voyager seul.  
Pour un court moment  
vous pouvez avoir de la peine.  
La confiance vous apportera réconfort  
et consolation.  
Nous serons séparés pour quelque temps.  
Laissez les souvenirs apaiser votre douleur.  
Je ne suis pas loin, et la vie continue...  
Si vous avez besoin,  
appelez-moi et je viendrai,  
même si vous ne pouvez me voir  
ou me toucher, je serai là,  
et si vous écoutez votre cœur,  
vous éprouverez clairement  
  
la douceur de l'amour que j'apporterai.  
Et quand il sera temps pour vous de partir,  
Je serai là pour vous accueillir.

- You may find that it takes you places you never expected to go to and gives you fulfilment and satisfaction you never imagined possible.

### **36 Give God the credit**

*Matthew 5 v5*

- God chooses to work through humble people because they won't claim undue credit for themselves.
- Every good thing we do is the result of God working through us
- God uses us to make a difference in this world.

### **37 Comfort those who grieve**

*Matthew 5 v4*

- Take the Initiative.
- Don't say: "Let me know if there is something I can do for you" – do something without being asked.
- Avoid unhelpful words.
- Understand the value of your presence.

### **38 Don't retaliate**

*Matthew 5 v38 - 42*

- The person with the courage and character to turn the other cheek and go the extra mile for an enemy will leave a lasting impression on all who witness it.

### **39 Love your enemies**

*Matthew 5 v43 - 48*

- The worst people you know love their friends too.
- If you say that you love your enemies, prove it with the way you treat them.
- Refuse to respond in kind when the person insults or gossips about you.
- If you have an opportunity to help that person, take it. If you consistently follow Jesus' instructions, you likely won't have an enemy for long.

### **40 Use your talents**

*Matthew 25 v2*

- Our responsibility is to use our resources in valuable ways that will benefit others.

## Empathy 4/5

### 31 *Find satisfaction in work*

*Ecclesiastes 3 v2, 4*

- When you eat or drink or do anything else, always do it to honour God.
- Our talents and abilities - our God-given gifts - are tied intimately to the concept of work.

### 32 *Find a trustworthy companion*

*Ecclesiastes 4 v9 – 12*

- This kind of friend won't toss you under the bus to save his or her own skin, undermine you behind your back with gossip and innuendo, second guess you or make you doubt yourself, throw past failures in your face.
- A companion brings out the best in you, he knows your strengths and helps you play to them, helps you minimize your weaknesses, roots for your success, allows you to reciprocate.

### 33 *Choose the right path*

*Isaiah 30 v21*

- Take the right turn.
- Keep moving forward.
- Beware of easy travelling.

### 34 *Be bold*

*Daniel 3 v16 - 18*

- The point is that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego all stood ready to give their lives for what they believed in.
- The essence of faith is found in the words "but even if he doesn't": they knew God could save them but didn't know if that's what He wanted to do.
- What mattered was obedience.

### 35 *Embrace your calling*

*Jonah 2 v2 - 3*

- Your calling may run completely counter to your expectations – as Jonah's did.

Absente de mon corps, présente avec Dieu,  
n'allez pas sur ma tombe pour pleurer,  
je ne suis pas là, je ne dors pas.  
Je suis les mille vents qui soufflent.  
Je suis le scintillement des cristaux de neige.  
Je suis la lumière qui traverse les champs de blé.  
Je suis la douce pluie d'automne.  
Je suis l'éveil des oiseaux dans le calme du matin.

Je suis l'étoile qui brille dans la nuit,  
N'allez pas sur ma tombe pour pleurer,  
Je ne suis pas là,  
Je ne suis pas morte

### Ancient Native American Prayer

When I am gone, release me,  
let me go.  
I have so much to do and see.  
Do not cry when you think of me.  
Be thankful for the good years,  
I gave you my friendship.  
You can only guess  
the happiness you brought me.  
I thank you for the love each have shown me.  
Now it's time to travel alone.  
For a short time you might feel sad.  
Confidence will bring comfort and consolation.  
We will be separated for some time.  
Let the memories ease your pain:  
I'm not far away, and life goes on ...  
If you need, call me and I will come  
even if you cannot see or touch me,  
I'll be there,

and if you listen to your heart,  
 you will experience clearly  
 the sweetness of the love I bring.  
 and when it's time for you to go,  
 I'll be there to welcome you.  
 Absent from my body, present with God.  
 Do not go to my grave and weep,  
 I 'm not there, I do not sleep.  
 I am a thousand winds that blow.  
 I am the flicker of snow crystals.  
 I am the light that passes through wheat fields.  
 I am the gentle autumn rain.  
 I am the awakening birds in the morning calm.  
 I am the star that shines at night .  
 Do not go to my grave and weep:  
 I am not there;  
 I am not dead.

***Pour sourire un peu***

*This joke was sent to me by my friend, Pasteur Gilbert Beaume.*

*It is not intended to be anti-Catholic - you could substitute  
 Anglican, Eglise Reformée or Methodist and still smile  
 but my French isn't good enough !*

Cette histoire d'Alsace : un vieux paysan perd son unique ami, un chien auquel il était très attaché. Il va voir le curé de son petit village et lui demande : "Mon Père, pourriez vous bénir mon vieil ami, dire une messe ?" Le Prêtre est désarçonné et dit : "Ce n'est pas l'usage ! Mais dans la vallée il y a des Baptistes qui, eux, peut-être le feraient". Alors le paysan avec un sourire heureux demande : "Mon Père, croyez vous que si je leur donnais 1000 Euros cela faciliterait les choses ?" Le Prêtre répond d'un souffle : "Mon fils, pourquoi ne m'avoir pas dit que votre ami était catholique ?"

we are a small church community, everyone is able to be a close friend to everyone else and no one is just a 'church acquaintance'.

I had so many cards, that it has been a work of art to find space for them all in our small, modern, box-build home. I found one to be very humbling, for as most of you know, we are actually members of the Methodist Church but this was a greeting addressed 'From all your friends at St. Thomas' Church', our village Anglican Church. I do feel that our time in St. Bart's had meant that we have been able to feel at home there as well as in our Methodist Services and anyway, when we get down to basics, we are all members of the same Christian family, just in different branches.

The reason I chose my heading is quite simple, I have lived for 80 years and for some people it seems that age is a burden to be borne grudgingly, but I hope never to feel like that. To me, my age is a good reason to celebrate and be thankful for all the good milestones I have past throughout the years. From a loving family and Christian upbringing, continuing in my present family and not least the wider church family in different locations over the years. A job which I enjoyed, hobbies and interests to keep my hand and mind active and the opportunity to travel and see many countries, especially to take communion on the banks of Galilee. Yes 80 was another milestone, and no way a millstone for me.

My heartfelt thanks to all who have made it so !!

When you read this, I hope that you will already know how my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration was marked in Dinard and how this was with the helpful suggestion of a very good friend over many years, our chaplain who I am delighted to call my brother in Christ, Gareth.

***John Marshall***

## Milestone or Millstone?

I had a wonderful day to celebrate arriving in a new decade, as my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday and Mothering Sunday were on the same day. Can there be anywhere better to celebrate and give thanks for a long life than in church with a church family? I think not! Our village church tradition is that to celebrate Mothering Sunday we follow morning worship with a bring and share lunch, which this year this was turned into a combined event with '80' serviettes for all.

When the list for flower rota was produced at the end of December, we had been able to ensure that church flowers were to be our responsibility for March 30<sup>th</sup> and so used as many daffodils in church as we could. This included a large bowlful on the pedestal by the communion table, together with vases at either end of the pulpit as well as others in the entrance. Then, not our doing, the ladies in the service were all given bunches of daffodils by the Sunday School children, their normal Mothering Sunday giving. We do not leave the church flowers in situ for the week, instead they are given to members or friends. Recipients being chosen for many reasons, ranging from ill health to special occasions, bereavements to births etc. As all the ladies had already bunches of daffodils, we decided that many of the gentlemen should take some of the others which meant that there was an exodus like a follow up to a flower parade.

The lunch itself was wonderful, food here is often short on food miles, we are in a farming community, and the provider/ producers of eggs and meats etc. are likely to be at the table. Not only good food but also a large and varied selection, which ensured that most people were able to take home some of the food they had brought and no doubt for most, the evening meal would be like ours, quite small.

Good food makes for a memorable event but even more important is good fellowship, and, in this respect, I could not have had better, for as

## The Bartholomew Gospel

### 12 Palm Sunday

*'The crowds . . . shouted out, 'Hosanna now to David's Son'.' Matthew 21 v9*

On the first day of the week, we entered Jerusalem with Jesus. Though we did not know it at the time, we'd just entered our last week with him before his death on the cross.



We left Bethany on foot. Nothing unusual in that. We went everywhere on foot. What was unusual was that Jesus told Philip and me to go over to a village across the way and to bring him back the young donkey we would find tied up there. If we were challenged, we were to say, 'Because the Master needs him.'

'The Master needs him' - why? What earthly reason could he have for wanting us to fetch him a donkey? The journey from Bethany up to Jerusalem was less than an hour. Why did he want a donkey, one that no one had ridden before? What was in his mind?

What was in ours were questions. Would we find the donkey as he said? Would anyone try to stop us? Would they accept the words Jesus told us to say? Would we be accused of stealing? We had learnt to trust Jesus over the three years we'd been with him. Our hearts were his. But at the back of our minds lurked a shadow of doubt.

We didn't talk as we walked to the village but we were glad there were two of us, that we weren't doing this on our own. And sure enough, there was the colt just as Jesus said it would be. So we did as we'd been told. We untied it. And sure enough people from the village asked us what we were up to. So we told them, 'Because the Master needs it.' And they smiled at us and let us lead the donkey away.



When our friends saw us bringing the donkey back, I could sense their sense of excitement. To make Jesus more comfortable on the donkey's back, we improvised a saddle for him to sit on, some spare clothing we didn't need to wear on so hot a morning.

Off we set, excited to be going up to Jerusalem for Passover, Pesach, the time we had been freed from slavery in Egypt. God was our God and once, kings of the house of David had ruled his people from here under his authority. We had been free from foreign rule in the past. Could now be the time that Jesus was going to set us free again?

As we made our way together up towards the eternal city, our sense of excitement was palpable, contagious. Riding on a donkey, surrounded by his twelve disciples singing psalms of joy, our Master presented an image the meaning of which was not lost on the pilgrims who saw us.

Slowly, gradually, spontaneously, the crowd began to join in our singing. Some broke off palm branches from the trees near the road to wave them in the air. Some took off their outer garments to lay them on the road in front of the donkey as a mark of respect. And a shout went up:

'Hosanna now to David's Son!  
 God's blessing on the coming one –  
 The one who comes in the Lord's own name!  
 Hosanna in the highest!'

But not everyone shared our joy. For a start, Judas looked as if his mind was elsewhere. I thought he was still smarting about being contradicted by Jesus in front of us. And some Pharisees were openly miffed by the noisy procession. Not simply by the noise of people enjoying themselves, making a fuss of a well-known preacher,

wandering teacher, respected miracle worker from Galilee but also by what they were saying. To call Jesus David's Son was to recognise him as the Messiah. But a Messiah who came in peace. That was what he was saying by choosing to ride a donkey. To ride a horse would have been a sign he had come to fight. Whatever, not good in their eyes, given what the Pharisees already thought of him.

So they told him to tell the crowd to shut up. But Jesus shut them up instead by telling them that if the crowd were to be silent, then the stones themselves would sing for joy. They were not pleased. And so we entered Jerusalem and took the next step on the journey whose destination was written in stone.



### Shop puns (2)

*Bryan Larkin sent me a second newspaper cutting reporting the best shop names which are plays on words !*

- |   |                    |                                 |
|---|--------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 | Wright Hassall     | solicitors in Leamington Spa    |
| 2 | Dolittle and Dally | estate agents in Kidderminster  |
| 3 | Blumen Eck         | florists in Guernsey            |
| 4 | Luv a duck         | Chinese restaurant, Auckland NZ |
| 5 | Au plaisir du pain | boulangerie in Paris            |

My favourite, however, is the notice on the side of a painters van often seen in and around Bolton, Lancashire:

Patel and Son  
 You've tried the cowboys now try the Indians

