

### Diary dates for July and August, 2014

10 <sup>th</sup> July	10.30 Council Meeting
13 <sup>th</sup> July	12.00 Friends AGM
2 <sup>nd</sup> August	14.00 Garden Party
24 <sup>th</sup> August	11.00 Patronal Festival



### Prayer of the month

O God, the protector of all who trust in you,  
without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy:  
increase and multiply upon us your mercy;  
that with you as our ruler and guide  
we may so pass through things temporal  
that we lose not our hold on things eternal;  
grant this, heavenly Father,  
for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake  
who is alive and reigns with you  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God, now and for ever.



### Prayer focus

What it might mean to be on holiday and what a holy day could mean.



### Verse of the Month

To you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour who is the  
Messiah, the Lord.

*Luke 2 v11*

## St Bart's Monthly



July, 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)



July, 2014

Dear Friends,

***‘A Christian country ?’***

At Easter, David Cameron asserted that the UK was a Christian country and it produced the usual disclaimers from those who felt we weren't or perhaps that no one should say so. At present, we are fortunate enough to live here in France but I wonder whether you feel that Great Britain and Northern Ireland are a Christian land ?

Of course, one needs to define terms – what is a Christian country and therein lies the rub, the room for discussion and for dissension.

Personally, I feel comfortable both here in France and back in the UK. The values that underpin society are largely ones with which I can live and practice without my fingers crossed behind my back (and that, my friends, in itself might be deemed by some as unchristian !). We are free to practise our beliefs in public and in private. I can send my non-Christian friends Christmas cards and wish them a Happy Christmas because it is a friendly thing to do. Our laws are largely informed by Christian mores. Our history is largely shaped by a Christian world-view. Times change and our understanding of who we are and of scripture, tradition and authority can and do change. Nonetheless, our consciences are properly informed by a love of God and of Neighbour even as we love ourselves.

So for me, personally at least, the UK remains at heart a Christian country, sufficiently diverse to embrace people of other faiths or none. But just because some of us are not, it doesn't mean to say that as a whole we can't be regarded as a Christian country.

***Father Gareth***

**Notices**

- ***Home wanted for a Labrador*** – if you are interested initial details can be obtained from Janet O'Brien tel 02 99 80 86 55
- ***Deadline*** for submission of material for the August edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> July***
- ***Church Finances for May***  
Income: 2,699€ Expenditure: 4,080€



**Readings in church**

***July 6th***

Genesis 24 v34 - 38, 42, 49, 56 - 67  
Romans 7 v15 - 25a

***Third Sunday after Trinity***

Psalm 45 v10 - 17  
Matthew 11 v16 - 19, 25 - 30

***July 13th***

Genesis 25 v19 - end  
Romans 8 v1 - 11

***Fourth Sunday after Trinity***

Psalm 119 v105 - 112  
Matthew 13 v1 - 9, 18 - 23

***July 20th***

Genesis 28 v10 - 19a  
Romans 8 v12 - 25

***Fifth Sunday after Trinity***

Psalm 139 v1 - 11  
Matthew 13 v24 - 30, 36 - 43

***July 27th***

Genesis 29 v15 - 28  
Romans 8 v26 - end

***Sixth Sunday after Trinity***

Psalm 105 v1 - 11  
Matthew 13 v31 - 33, 44 - 52



**Senior Moments**

David Morgan tried Bill's suggestion in last month's magazine re a shopping list but half way round Super U he found he'd left it on the kitchen table !

## Odd Words Miserable as sin

From somewhere in the back of my unconsciousness, for some unknown reason, surfaced the phrase 'as miserable as sin'. And I asked myself the question, 'Is sin miserable?' If sin is that sad, why would anyone? Isn't it a fact that temptation has to be attractive or why would anyone be tempted? What made the apple desirable to Eve if it wasn't somehow temptingly tasty, irresistible to take because of the fact she'd be told not to, because some snake-in-the-grass had sown a seed of desire in her mind?

The opposite mindset is to be found in the idea that if something is enjoyable, it must somehow be wrong. Here, the way of making sense of experience, to this puritanical worldview, is that which in itself is pleasurable, enjoyable, fun, must surely be wrong, must clearly be morally bad. How sad?

To me, God is good and what God has created is, in itself, good and we are made to enjoy God's goodness in all its fullness. Why sin may be miserable is not in the act itself but in the consequence of the act. A little wine for the good of the stomach is a blessing. Wine drunk to excess may produce hangovers in the short term and alcoholism and liver failure, possibly, in the long term.

I guess it's all down to choice. So may what we choose be truly beneficial. May we be truly joyful because, made in the image of God, we can rightly enjoy what it means to be embodied.

*Gareth Randall*



## Dinas Onwards

The journey from Porth to Dinas is but minutes and it is in line with most other towns and villages - its heyday has long since disappeared and the future looks bleak.

But it was never always thus for one of the first mines sunk in the Rhondda was by William Coffin in Dinas and whilst in school, the history teacher used to reinforce this point almost daily. It remains with me today.

I well remember with pen and ink writing such matters down in one's exercise book only to lose it later due to placing one's feet on the cross members of the desk and the ink then destroyed let us say many months of work.

Here I even remember the Teacher's name, one Vernon May, and whose Father was the Valley's money lender. No payday loans in those days. He made regular visits even to our home and whilst times were somewhat difficult, he never failed to get paid. Those who did not have use of the facility used to look down upon us with utter disdain.

My late Father used to argue his position in that he said that we all do the same thing when we use the toilet. In our case, it was an outside toilet sometimes inhabited by sheep who also liked the vegetation in the garden. That process has lingered in my mind and I was determined that my life would be different.

However at Dinas was the Wales Mine rescue centre and it remains today and was operational about two years ago when an open cast mine was flooded in the Swansea Valleys.

When you heard the sirens from the Pits you knew and with foreboding that once more we would pay homage to our fellow families.



Of course, it was the case that Miners used to take canaries underground with them to detect gas and earlier that women and children used to haul coal from underground to the pit surface. That was replaced later by Pit ponies and on the occurrence of the Risca pit disaster and when some 160 lives were lost the local paper lamented that the owner of the pit had lost 25 ponies with a value of £1000.

What price human life then or today?

At that time the 6<sup>th</sup> Marquis of Bute was not only a wealthy landowner but equally he held the routes to Cardiff for the coal and the exit route to the world.

## Personal Column

Our congratulations to:

John and Laura Davey on the birth of their first son, Theo John Michael on 23<sup>rd</sup> May;

Sharon and Bill Wignall on the birth of their grandson Arthur Wildey Wignall on 27<sup>th</sup> May and of course to his parents Christopher and Amy;

Ryan Carter and Cyndi Gueutier on the baptism of their son Albert John here in church on 17<sup>th</sup> May;

Nadja and Hagob Baboujian on the baptism of their daughter here in church on 29<sup>th</sup> May;

Lucie and Cecilia Cospain Davidson, Georgina Hewitt, David Boggis from St Bart's and Anna Talbot and Thomas Wazny from All Saints' Vendée who were confirmed here in church by Bishop James Johnson on 18<sup>th</sup> May;

Guillaume and Karyna de Jesus whose wedding I conducted at Manoir de Terre Rouge, Bonnemain on 14<sup>th</sup> June.

Our sympathy to Pastor Gilbert Beaume and family on the death of Christiane, his wife, whose funeral was held here in church on the afternoon of 11<sup>th</sup> May.

Our thanks to Tristan De Champchesnel who sadly has resigned from our Council of which he has been an invaluable, long-standing member, for reasons of health.

## The monk and his cat

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
my feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

*By an anonymous Irish poet  
and set to music by Samuel Barber  
'Hermit songs'*



## Quotation of the month

'All men make mistakes but married men find out about them sooner.'  
*Red Skelton*



He owned much of The Rhondda. No one trifled with him.

We move on somewhat to Trealaw and it is the 'longest' village in the Rhondda. Its cemetery, known as Llethrdu, (Black slope) covers some twenty five acres and is a monument to the lives lost by the mining communities in the Rhondda. It is fast running out of space and now encompasses some of the 'breasts' of the mountain. I not sure that translates. It is the resting place of my nephew Mark and on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February 2014 to my dearest Sister in Law.

In the days of 'walking funerals' miners used to walk behind the cortege and when the early columns were leaving the top gate the later columns were simply entering the bottom gate. I have absolute vivid memories of my time in the Rhondda and absolute respect was shown to those who left us and the attire of the day was black and white. Today we see a miscellany of dress sense and I am not sure I am with

that but, of course, the argument advanced to me is that I am a dinosaur. Whatever I have my own views and respect the views of others.



They all then returned for sustenance to the pub and club opposite the main gates and known then and even today as ‘The resurrection ‘and where one chatted about the deceased and over a pint or three.

Once more, a short journey to Tonypany the birthplace of Lord Tonypany – George Thomas a Welsh Methodist lawyer and of course the Military intervention in the strikes of 1912 and when Winston Churchill was a Liberal. Tommy Farr the boxer was also born nearby.

This is and continues to be known as ‘Not a penny off the pay or a minute on the day’

## Questions Indecent ?

Last month, I was exploring the question of what was the decent thing to do. This month, I’d like to ask the opposite - what exactly do we understand by the word ‘indecent’ ? What exactly does indecent mean to you ?

Here, the meaning of ‘indecent’ is rooted in just one of the possible meanings of ‘decent’. Decent in this sense could mean to be dressed appropriately - not to be dressed in a manner that is inappropriate to be seen in public

And that is the question ? Are there parts of the human body that are best not seen except in private ? In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve were naked which in their innocence was okay till they ate of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and then they knew that they ought to cover themselves up. Nudism is acceptable in nudist camps or colonies. Here, on the beach at Dinard, a variety of state of undress is not remarkable. Personally, I prefer to go barefoot but to some, bare feet make them uneasy. Were we in a Hindu temple or a Moslem mosque, worshippers, let alone their priest or imam, would be barefoot. But for some Moslem women, there is an obligation to cover themselves up, to veil their face.

So what we have is a question of knowing what is appropriate, a matter of taste or decency or custom. What do you think ?

*Gareth Randall*



***Poems that make grown men cry'***

*On Radio 4, I learnt of the publication of this anthology of poetry edited by Anthony and Ben Holden in April this year. I promptly purchased a copy and one or two will be reprinted in our church magazine.*

*The following, my friend, Joan Gale, told me was read at her father's funeral:*

***Requiem***

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

***Robert Louis Stevenson***



***British humour 5/5***

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

A Yorkshire man's dog dies and as it was a favourite pet he decides to have a gold statue made by a jeweller to remember the dog by.  
Yorkshire man: "Can tha mek us a gold statue of yon dog?"  
Jeweller: "Do you want it 18 carat?"  
Yorkshire man: "No I want it chewin' a bone !"

For my dissertation of my Law Degree I researched this episode in our lives at the Miners' Library of South Wales at Hendrefoylan in Swansea. I held views which did not match those of my tutor ! However, I still was awarded an Honours Degree in Law. My father had died by this time but I am sure if he had been alive I would have been the Lord Chief Justice of England and Wales. We are guilty sometimes of exaggeration.

Later I will return to Tonypanyd but for this moment I simply add the following image which epitomises all things Welsh.



***Ken and Linda Ivin  
Monmouthshire  
2014.***

## A book about my father

Dedicated to 'All the children of Hero's', my book 'Reg Evans DCM. A Hero's war in his own words', tells the story of the life of my father, Reg Evans, who was born one month after his father died, was brought up in a children's home in London, after which he served an apprenticeship in Kents Brush Factory in Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

When the threat of war came, Reg and a group of colleagues joined and trained with the Territorials so that at the outbreak of war in August 1914 they were among the first to sign up and depart for Bury St Edmunds which was their rallying point prior to crossing the Channel.

Reg's war is recorded in letters to his mother; she had two other older sons in different theatres of war and some of their exploits are in the book but mainly the letters give a background to the war which came to an abrupt end for Reg when he stopped a bullet in his face. He was delayed treatment as he contracted Scarlet Fever before he could be repatriated back to Blighty.

Temporarily halted, after two years he volunteered for an unspecified destination, which eventually turned out to be North Russia, arriving in October at the start of the Russian winter. Returning in 1919/1920, facing unemployment, having nothing and when his mother died in 1921, he had nobody, until he met my Mother who took over the running of his life.

The book is a tribute to tenacity of spirit, determination to survive, and good humour at all times which encouraged and set a good example to his troops, directing them through adversity to success. As the author, I can thoroughly recommend this book - as your friend, I would like to share my heritage with you, and as Pamela Armitage Campbell, I would like to thank you all for your Loyal Friendship and Love over the past years when Peter and I were resident amongst you.

Duncan seems dejected, rejected by those around him, so he takes off to find some space by 'borrowing' a bicycle to explore the seaside resort.

Enter the unlikely 'knight-in-shining-armor', the zany, quirky Owen (Sam Rockwell), manager of Water Wizz. Who knows why they hit it off but somehow the sympathy one for the other gives Duncan the chance to come out of his shell to be the person he really is.

Okay, it's funny with a hard edge and the climax comes when the Duncan's mum pursues her son to the amusement park and discovers how others rate him – 'employee of the month'. For me, when Owen stands between Duncan and Trent and introduces himself as 'Owen, a friend of the three', I want to cheer. And, in gratitude, Duncan gives Owen a big, filial hug and says simply, 'Thank you, for everything'.

The summer may be over as they drive away but Duncan's mum climbs into the back of the station wagon to sit next to her son and there is the sense of optimism that whatever the challenges to come, all will be well.

*Gareth Randall*



### Double entendre 7/8

*The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk*

I start a new job in Seoul next week.  
I thought it was a good Korea move.





***Film Review of the month***  
***'The Way Way Back' Nat Faxon, Jim Rash - 2013***

'The Way Way Back' is a summer film, a feel-good film, a film in which an inept, 'ugly duckling' – 14-year-old Duncan (Liam James) – turns out to be a charming 'swan'.

The title, 'The Way Way Back', is key to our understanding of the film and could easily be lost on a British audience. Primarily, it refers to the backward-facing, third-row, back-seat of an American Station Wagon, a vintage classic Ford Country Squire that you wouldn't want to have to park in or around Dinard in July. The film opens with the boy's would-be stepfather, Trent (Steve Carell), driving his daughter, Duncan's mum, Pam (Toni Collette), and Duncan to his beach-house for the summer. Trent talks at Duncan (they are literally a car length away from each other, facing in opposite directions) bullying the boy for being a social isolate, rating him as a three on a scale of ten !

'The Way Way Back' also refers to the feel and references of the film, back to the fifties or early sixties, embodied in particular by the retro amusement park, 'Water Wizz', where Duncan's true self emerges.

Thirdly, the title hints at the redemption at the heart of the film – a boy finding his true self and being loved and respected for whom he truly is and not for what he seems to be in the eyes of unsympathetic others.

The word dysfunctional springs to mind. A society of divorcees in search of another partner. The alcoholic neighbour (the over-the-top Allison Janney) whose daughter (AnnaSophia Robb) like Duncan would be prefer to be with her dad and whose son, Peter (River Alexander) she wants to wear a patch to mask an out-of sync right eye. Trent too seems to have a wandering eye, taken with an available younger female, Catlin (Maya Rudolph), who is setting her cap at him !

ITV have made four one hour films to be shown in August, in which my father's story is told through his letters and I thoroughly recommend this to your viewing.

*With love*  
*Pamela and Peter Campbell*



**Warm Milk**

*The following heart-warming tale was forwarded to me  
by the Treasurer of the Friends – Ian Phillips*

In a convent in Ireland, the 98-year-old Mother Superior lay dying. The nuns gathered around her bed trying to make her last journey comfortable. They tried giving her warm milk to drink but she refused it. One of the nuns took the glass back to the kitchen. Then, remembering a bottle of Irish Whiskey that had been received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened it and poured a generous amount into the warm milk.

Back at Mother Superior's bed, they held the glass to her lips. The frail nun drank a little, then a little more and before they knew it, she had finished the whole glass down to the last drop. As her eyes brightened, the nuns thought it would be a good opportunity to have one last talk with their spiritual leader.

"Mother," the nuns asked earnestly,

"Please give us some of your wisdom before you leave us."

She raised herself up in bed on one elbow, looked at them and said, "DON'T SELL THAT COW."

*You will recall that a Pastor Gilbert Baume's wife died on 7th May and her funeral was held in St Barts on 11<sup>th</sup> May. The following letter was written by Gilbert whose presence in our Sunday morning services is always welcome*

***Dinard le 25 Mai 2014,***

Chers Amis, chers tous,

Les jours passent et je vous dois des excuses sur le retard apporté pour vous dire notre immense gratitude pour toutes vos expressions d'affection que vous nous avez prodiguées depuis le départ de Christiane.

Depuis février 2007, j'ai retrouvé le certificat du médecin, Christiane était devenue dépendante pour les actes essentiels de la vie... Alzheimer lui a progressivement ôté ses facultés, après avoir modifié son caractère, ses capacités à lire, à écrire, sa mémoire... Mais elle était toujours là, avec nous, un cadeau de la Vie !

Notre reconnaissance va vers tous ceux, nombreux, qui nous ont permis de la garder à domicile jusqu'à son départ pour l'Eglise et le culte d'action de grâces... y compris par l'aide financière de la sécurité sociale et du département, une chance de vivre en France !

Anne a exprimé ce que nous avons vécu, nous ne regardions plus les photos, nous ne pouvions visionner nos films, tellement la maladie l'avait changée, une violence subie du fait de la maladie. Vos messages, vos fleurs, vos présences, vos souvenirs nous l'ont rendue... avec son sourire, son rire, sa voix, sa joie de vivre, ses engagements professionnels et associatifs (Aides), ses conflits aussi parfois... nous aimions la rencontre, l'accueil, le voyage, les découvertes, les partages et nous avons été comblés, au cours de nos errances ! Encore merci de notre part à tous, et les échanges plus personnels se feront au fil du temps !

## **In Spain**

*The following was sent to me by a proud grandmother, Val Carter – her grandson, Jonathan, had written the following as a piece of descriptive writing for school*

Along the North Coast of Spain, particularly Oyambre to Santander, lie some of the most attractive beaches on planet earth, where the deep blue seas with wispy white bubbles gently meet the line of gold, the beach. However this extraordinary place bares important, emotional attachment, be it the climate, the scenery or the facilities. This is one important place for me.

"Will there be much to do?" I asked my mother, as the boat slid into port. There was no reply. My family gazed silently at the view before them. The harbour of Santander is a picturesque image of beauty. The shiny windows of a luxury yacht reflecting the high angle sun all around its splendour. The sun was going to have to keep shining for there was too much colour to see in one simple glance. The smooth orange tiles of the individual shopping stores glimmering in a mirage of elegance. The harbour has become bay for small fishing boats towed to small wooden piers under the placid motion of the tides and the turbulence created by the ferry. We were in Spain.

We arrived at the campsite, my eyes a blur wondering what to look at first. Eager to explore I ran barefoot along the sandy paths to the beach of dreams once thought never to come true. The sight was not disappointing. The contrast of yellow and blue was remarkable. Dots of colour including people eating ice-cream galore, sun beds, flags, sun umbrellas, and kites gave the impression of a popular beach, somewhat well known to most around this area.

Standing there shading my eyes from the sun I gave a sigh of a relief and content. This was a paradise for the asking. I hoped it would last forever.

***Jon Banyard***

### How we see each other

*The following is the start of a sermon preached at a service at St Mary's  
by my friend, Father Peter Bevan, celebrating the town twinning  
of Potters Bar with Franconville and Viernheim*

What do the English know about France and Germany? Some things based on real memories, some based on prejudices!

First, France. Well the toilets might be one of those which does not have a seat; but the French are the last word in cooking – and then Michelin stars are the ultimate guide across the world to temples de gastronomies

And the Germans? Well they only eat sausages, bratwurst, don't they? They eat it with cabbage; if you have a salad you get köhl slaw – raw cabbage. Indeed my late mother thought it was cold 'kalt' slaw through not understanding the language. But Germany produces the best engineered cars in the world: BMW, Audi and Mercedes – though it is Lewis Hamilton leading the formula One Championship driving a Mercedes so you do need an English driver!

And what about the English? We eat roast beef and Yorkshire pudding every Sunday . . . and the pudding is not a dessert; gravy is a boring brown liquid poured over meat which the French call jus and the French jus is usually tastier. 'La sauce anglaise' is not a sauce at all but custard which you pour on Christmas puddings and if your very French in England then you might add a little brandy and set it on fire – oh la la!

My point is how much do we really know about our neighbours in Europe – fact or fiction? Even 70 years after World War II, we still have much to learn and appreciate with regards the wonderful diversity of language, art, literature, music, film, scenery and technology.

*Father Peter*

Nous avons voulu, en guise de remerciements, partager les témoignages que nous avons écrits pour le Culte d'Adieux, au cours d'un beau service où liturgie, témoignages, musique, chants, l'accueil de l'Eglise anglicane et de son prêtre si chaleureux, la prédication d'Eléonore Léveillé Belutaud, l'orgue de Jacques et la guitare de Magali, la beauté des fleurs ont alterné... Pour moi, le moment le plus émouvant fut de voir l'entrée dans l'église de Christiane portée par ses quatre enfants! Christiane repose au cimetière de Dinard, pas loin de cette maison dont elle avait tant rêvée au cours de sa vie, cette maison qu'elle voulait familiale et qui l'est devenue!

Merci !!! Affectueusement

*Gilbert, Eric, Anne Gilles, Philippe, Pascale, Hélène, Catherine, Florence,  
Victor, Raïfael, Corentin, Anatole, Arthur et Benjamin!*



### No pun intended (4) from BBC Radio 4 News

*Believe it or not, there are unobtrusive puns embedded in the newsreaders' text.  
This comment on The Mayor of London purchasing second-hand German Water  
cannon was on the News at 6.00 a.m. on Thursday 12<sup>th</sup> June.*

Boris Johnson has purchased five aging water cannon from Germany at a **knock-down** price.



## Garden Party 2<sup>nd</sup> August

Please remember that the Garden Party is the main source of income for the church other than personal giving. During July there will be boxes in the transept for each stall. Please place your contributions there or give them to stall holders.

### Stalls

Groceries - Corrie, Ian & Sylvie	Church - Doreen
Raffle - Sheila, Bill	Mystery Parcels - Gladys
Books - Anne & Pierre	Bric à Brac - Elaine
Cards, Jigsaws – Dee	Bran Tub - Barry
Plants – Sue	Bottles - Stan, Phil

We also need more volunteers for children's games and to help at some stalls. Help is needed to make cakes. Let Stan or Jackie know how many you can provide. Cakes without icing can be frozen and iced later. If you cannot freeze them pass them to Stan to freeze. We need help to set up marquees and tents during the week particularly during Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

### Diana's Garden

Diana would like help to tidy up her garden before the Garden Party. On Wednesday 2<sup>nd</sup> July she is offering lunch for those who help. If you can bring a trailer it will help take rubbish to the Déchèterie.



### *The latest from Armenia*

A significant moment occurred in the history of links between the Church of England and the Armenian Apostolic Church. Possibly for the first time in the history of our inter-church relations, an Anglican priest the Revd John Barker, our priest-in-charge in Yerevan was invited by the Armenian Church to preside at an ecumenical celebration of the Eucharist for the Feast of the Ascension.

*Bishop David*

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## British Charitable Fund

If you would like to make a donation or apply for support then details are now available on-line: [www.britishcharitablefundparis.org](http://www.britishcharitablefundparis.org). Our aim is both to encourage people to make donations and those in need to get in touch. The text and drawings tell all there is to know about the BCF, both past and present, and we have tried to show anyone facing the daunting task of asking for help that our welfare team is both caring and approachable.

*Julia Kett (Chairman)*



### Cavavin

The last Sunday in May, in church I'd preached a sermon on 'Clear Communication'. The following Tuesday morning, around 8.30, I'm walking up Vavasseur, a fresh pain au cereal and a warm croissant in my canvass shopping bag and the prospect of breakfast just five minutes walk away uphill. On the other side of the road, I notice the old Nicolas wine shop is being renovated and the new name on the shop front is 'CAVAVIN' !

I smile at the possible pun in French: «Cave à vin » or « Cava Vin » - 'a wine cellar' or 'a sparkling Spanish wine' ! And by the door leans a lean youth, jeans, leather jacket, waiting for someone to arrive with the key so he can start work on/in the shop. For a second, I toy with the idea of walking over to him to share the joke with him. But fortunately my courage fails and common sense prevails as I think perhaps my French is not up to it nor perhaps is his !

So with the notion of clear communication in mind, I keep the pun to myself. Wise or what ?

*Father Gareth*

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Wicked Slaves'; 'The Wise and Foolish Girls'; 'The Talents'; 'The Sheep and the Goats'. They are thinly veiled criticism of a failure of those who should know better to respond to the Love of God, preferring to go their own way rather than obeying God's will for them, of being unprepared, neglectful, failing to act wisely with compassion.

No wonder those in authority wanted to have Jesus removed from the scene – permanently!



That Wednesday we talked about the end times.

What started it off was one of us admiring the Temple and Jesus predicting its destruction which, as we now know, was to happen. Then Jesus told us about the end times: wars; rumours of wars; earthquakes; famines. We would be persecuted and there would be a collapse of family values. When the time came, people should get out into the countryside without delay. Then false prophets would pretend to be him but before his actual return, there would be series of natural phenomena: the light of the sun and the moon eclipsed and meteorites falling on earth from heaven. The end will come but no one knows when except God our Father. So we should be prepared.



Now the stage was set for the final act – but not as final as the authorities had intended.



## The Bartholomew Gospel

### 14 Three days in Jerusalem

*By what right do you do these things?' Mark 11 v28*

The next three days, we divided our time between Bethany and Jerusalem: spending a lot of time in the Temple itself; finding space to be alone in the Garden of Gethsemane near the Mount of Olives.

The Jewish authorities were out to catch Jesus out if they could.



Opposition had come from different groups at different times in different places. In Galilee, it had largely been from the Pharisees. To be a Pharisee was to have a certain mindset, legalistic, nit-picking, following the letter of the law in practice as precisely as possible. To tithe was to give God a tenth of everything, even of your herbs! They were self-righteous, small-minded, good on minutiae but blind to the bigger picture. They were obsessed with ritual cleanliness and with keeping the Sabbath holy, wholly work-free. To them, the Law was literally binding on their thoughts and deeds.

There had been a potential threat from Herod Antipas. He had removed John the Baptist and now Herod seemed ill-at-ease with the voice that filled the silence after John's beheading.

In Jerusalem, the priests held sway. Once, in the Temple, a woman caught in the very act of adultery was dragged before Jesus for judgement. A great trap that. The Law of Moses was quite clear – stoning to death – but given Jesus was known to be compassionate, it was thought he'd be soft on her and so he could be accused of not taking the Law seriously. But Jesus remained silent till pressed when he simply said, 'Whichever of you is without sin should throw the first

stone.’ And they had the grace to leave shame-faced, one-by-one. But what made me smile at the time was if she’d been caught at it, where was the man? Nice one!



You have to give them credit: their questions were good, well thought out to catch him out but of course they didn’t - no chance!

The chief priests, the experts in the Jewish Law and the elders of the people came to question Jesus about his authority to act the way he did. Good one given what he’d done the previous day. ‘By what right do you do these things? Who gave you the right to do them?’

Jesus answers their question by framing a question of his own. If they answer his, then he’ll answer theirs. And so he asks, ‘Was the baptism of John from heaven, or was it a human invention? What’s your answer?’

Very clever. If they state it was from God, then Jesus can ask them why they took no notice. If they say it was human invention, then they will alienate the people who recognised John as a prophet. Between a rock and a hard place, they refuse to answer so neither does Jesus need to answer theirs.

If he’d told them the truth, that his authority was, like that of John, God-given, they would not have believed him and they would have been happy to accuse him of blasphemy. But if they’d been listening carefully to what was implied, then they might have heard his unspoken answer. Posing a question about John’s authority is to tell them the source of his own.

The question about paying tax was excellent. It is put by some Pharisees in the company of some Herodians. Strange bedfellows these who would not normally be seen dead in each other’s company. But then needs must when . . . ‘Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar?’ Say yes and Jesus will alienate the people; say no and he can be charged with stirring up civil unrest. Not having any money, Jesus asks to see a coin with which the tax is paid. They show him a Roman denarius and Jesus asks whose image is on it. Caesar’s! So Jesus can say, ‘Give Caesar back what belongs to Caesar and give God back what belongs to God.’ A breath-taking response which leaves them speechless.

The question ‘Whose wife a seven-times widow would be in heaven?’ is a little academic but it came from the Sadducees whose name says it all - really. It’s a technical test question aimed to show that the idea of resurrection, of life after death, is silly. It involves a woman who successively marries seven brothers all of whom die without children. When the woman too dies, whose wife will she be in the after-life? Jesus’ answer is sharp and to the point. He tells them that they have no idea and little understanding. Heaven is not like earth where folk are married. The proof of life after death lies rather in the fact that God says He is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Since God is a God of the living not of the dead, then these patriarchs though once dead are now necessarily alive.

The question ‘Which Law is the most important?’ is sincere. Framed by an expert in the Law, it is a genuine question which allows Jesus to express what is truly at the heart of the Torah: Love of God and Love of Neighbour. The expert agrees and Jesus pays him this complement: ‘You are not far from God’s kingdom’.



His teaching during these three days was sharp, pointed - parables, a stream of them: ‘The Tenants’; ‘The Wedding Feast’; ‘The Wise and