

Diary dates for August and September, 2014

2 nd August	14.00 Garden Party
24 th August	11.00 Patronal Festival
5 th September	10.30 Council Meeting
28 th September	11.00 Harvest Festival



Prayer of the month

Almighty Father,
whom truly to know is eternal life:
teach us to know your Son Jesus Christ,
as the way the truth and the life;
that we may follow the steps
of your holy apostles Philip and Bartholomew,
and walk steadfastly in the way that leads to your glory;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

Collect for Ss Philip and Bartholomew



Prayer focus

Let us remember the centenary of the outbreak of the First World War
this month and the 75th anniversary of the outbreak
of the Second World War next month.



St Bart's Monthly



August 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:

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Dear Friends,

'A question of dates'

Over the next few weeks there are several significant dates:

4th August – the 100th anniversary of the start of WWI;

24th August – the feast of St Bartholomew;

3rd September – the 75th anniversary of the start of WW2.

Why should we remember anniversaries? The simple answer might be that to do so is to show that for us they have value.

24th August might have some value for some Christians especially to Armenians to whose land Bartholomew brought the gospel which cost him his life. For us, here, our patron saint is worthy of respect.

4th August and the 3rd September are the start of two World Wars that started in Europe and had consequences across the globe. They both cost many lives some of whom are recorded on our church walls.

But what did those who fought in the war and our patron saint have in common? They were prepared to die for what they believed in. True not everyone who was a soldier, sailor or airman died in these conflicts but many risked their lives and many of those who fought and many civilians, unlucky enough to be targeted, did die. It is their memory we honour by remembering.

Let me leave you with this thought about the nature of courage. Courage is not a denial of fear but a preparedness to act in the face of fear. Thank God that people who went before us had the courage to pay the ultimate price for what was perceived to be right.

Father Gareth

- **Our thanks** to everyone involved in making the Bar BQ at Diana's on 29th June such an enjoyable success and raising 576€ for church funds
- **Our thanks** to the Guernsey Chamber Orchestra and Choir whose concert on 26th July raised 448.50€ for the Organ fund
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the September edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 28th August***
- **Church Finances for June**
Income: 6,995€ Expenditure 3,987€



Readings in church

August 3rd Seventh Sunday after Trinity

Genesis 32 v22 - 31

Romans 9 v1 - 5

Psalms 17 v1 - 7

Matthew 14 v13 - 21

August 10th Eighth Sunday after Trinity

Genesis 37 v1 - 4, 12 - 28

Romans 10 v5 - 15

Psalms 105 v1 - 10

Matthew 14 v22 - 33

August 17th Ninth Sunday after Trinity

Genesis 45 v1 - 15

Romans 11 v1 - 2a, 29 - 32

Psalms 133

Matthew 15 v21 - 28

August 24th St Bartholomew

Acts 5 v12 - 16

1 Corinthians 4 v9 - 15

Psalms 145 v1 - 7

Luke 22 v24 - 30

August 31st Eleventh Sunday after Trinity

Exodus 3 v1 - 15

Romans 12 v9 - end

Psalms 26 v1 - 8

Matthew 16 v21 - end

Notes from the Council - July 10th

It was extraordinary that we essentially focused on just two issues:

Safeguarding;
and the Organ.

Val Carter brought us up-to-date on developments in the Diocese in Europe. We at St Bart's are committed to maintaining the principle that young people and vulnerable adults should be safe within our Christian community and it is essential therefore that those in posts of responsibility have the requisite police checks. Val was thanked for all her efforts on our behalf and we wish her well as she undertakes further on-line training in Safeguarding.

John Davey had prepared a four page summary of the quotations received for the renovation of the organ. He took us through the tabulated quotations in detail and in situ and pointed out what each of the quotations received would deliver; comparing the merits of each. There was a full and extensive discussion and on the basis of the information received, the Council unanimously endorsed the motion proposed by Eric and seconded by Diana that we should approach Cooper and Co based on the Isle of Wight who undertook contracts in the Channel Islands. John was thanked for his detailed and professional work, hours of time spent in securing the most effective refurbishment of our 100-year-old instrument – a positive legacy of the stewardship of our generation to the future flock here at St Bart's.

The meeting also touched briefly on Finance, boilers and the need to comply with disabled access to our building.

The meeting ended as it began – prayer.

Father Gareth

Tonypandy onwards

Simply put, the Tonypandy riots were all about risk relative to reward. The new seam of coal was difficult and dangerous in that extraction was flawed by geological fault lines. The Mine owners wanted to give £x; the Miners wanted £y. At that time, human life was expendable and following pit disasters, there was more than enough 'slack' in the system to quickly get over the loss of life. Pit ponies were viewed more highly than human life.

Mining disasters in the Rhondda Valley 1850 - 1965

Colliery	Location	Date	Year	Death toll	Cause
Dinas Colliery	Dinas	1 January	1844	12	gas explosion
Cymmer Colliery	Cymmer	15 July	1856	112	gas explosion
Ferndale No. 1 Pit	Blaenllechau	8 November	1867	178	gas explosion
Ferndale No. 1 Pit	Blaenllechau	10 June	1869	53	gas explosion
Pentre Colliery	Pentre	24 February	1871	38	gas explosion
Tynewydd Colliery	Porth	11 April	1877	5	flooding
Dinas Middle Colliery	Dinas	13 January	1879	63	gas explosion
Naval Colliery	Penygraig	10 December	1880	101	gas explosion

Gelli Colliery	Gelli	21 August	1883	5	gas explosion
Naval Colliery	Penygraig	27 January	1884	14	gas explosion
Maerdy Colliery	Maerdy	23–24 December	1885	81	gas explosion
National Colliery	Wattstown	18 February	1887	39	gas explosion
Tylorstown Colliery	Tylorstown	27 January	1896	57	gas explosion
National Colliery	Wattstown	11 July	1905	120	gas explosion
Cambrian Colliery No.1	Clydach Vale	10 March	1905	34	gas explosion
Naval Colliery	Penygraig	27 August	1909	6	cage fall
Glamorgan Colliery	Llwynypia	25 January	1932	11	firedamp
Blaenclydach Colliery	Clydach Vale	25 November	1941	7	runaway trolley
Lewis Merthyr Colliery	Trehafod	22 November	1956	9	gas explosion
Cambrian Colliery	Clydach Vale	17 May	1965	31	gas explosion

Then, as today, the mantra was profit but today it is argued we have sufficient checks and balances in place to ensure no exploitation takes place but this was not present in those days. Indeed, I contend that today with Zero hours contract et al in place employment-wise that we

Questions 'The gift of pain' ?

I'm reading a book, 'The Examined Life' by Stephen Grosz, reflections on a life spent in psychoanalysis, drawing snippets from the many case histories he's encountered, nuggets of insights into the human condition. The chapter I'm reading is on pain and I'm surprised by his contention that pain, the ability to feel pain - and thereby to be able to empathise with the pain of others - is vital for our well being. An illustration he uses is drawn from the medical care of those suffering from leprosy. A leper's deformity is the consequence not of the disease itself but that the disease prevents the sufferer from feeling pain.

Pain I thought was something to be avoided. Pleasure I was led to believe was 'the highest good'. But can pain, the flipside of pleasure, also be a good in itself: a timely reminder that we all have feelings and a way, albeit uncomfortable, that helps us to be fully human ?

I used to think that one of the arguments in the debate about the problem of evil and suffering, that we can learn valuable lessons through suffering, was a nice philosophical argument but not very convincing when it was you or me that was the one who was hurting. Perhaps I was wrong ? Could there be good in pain which may be a necessary 'evil' ?

I don't want to be a pain but what do you think ?

Father Gareth



Film Review of the month
'The Apu Trilogy' Satyajit Ray – 1955, 1956, 1958

Extraordinary in ordinary

If you like films about people, the human condition rather than action-packed movies, then this trilogy may be for you. David Norris kindly lent me his boxed set at the start of this year, promising me I'd like it – and I did.

Set in India, Bengal, and filmed in black and white before I'd reached the age of ten, the story which unfolds in three films, Bengali with English subtitles, is a beautiful if uncomfortable vision, sometimes poetic, rooted in the reality of life for one small family: Apu, whose father is a priest and would-be writer, his mother, sister, their aging 'auntie' and his future wife-to-be. It is a film about life and death; in each film, there is poverty and the death of at least one significant character. Life is harsh but beautiful. It is about growing up, finding oneself, being true to whom you are and trying to be truly you in spite of the inevitable vicissitudes of life.

I've been to India as a tourist on three school trips so something of the culture and conditions there I know but these films opened my eyes to what can only be known by someone who is actually living there. Okay, so folk don't always behave as I would like them to behave but it is an engaging and fascinating view of real life there: I watched three films in three days and the effect was sobering and instructive. I loved the odd references to the British Raj in the unlikely tunes that issued from brass bands. Values and culture may be different but these films are positively human and not without humour amid the tragedy.

Give yourself a holiday – go back in time to another world and enjoy !

Gareth Randall

might have moved but in whose direction ? Has the balance moved and does the State have more or less influence upon the ways we run our lives ?

There was no Social Security system to exploit; Doctors were paid directly; the NHS did not exist; 'Poor Houses' were all too common and people could be thrown in jail for debt.

Then the basic human thought process of protecting one's family was also paramount and thus the strike started.

Here:



And:



Ken Ivin
Chepstow, Monmouthshire
February 2014



Personal Column

Congratulations to

Emily and Dominique Poviac on the birth of their second child Anna Thea Elisabeth who was born on the 19th June - her brother, Gregory, is delighted;

Professor Janet Derbyshire, CBE, on her election as President of the friends of St Bartholomew;

Solange Goffinet Dayre who has been awarded the Le Prix Théophile Gautier by L'Académie Française for her volume of poetry, 'Pille le Soleil';

Olga Pilley who celebrated her 86th birthday last month.

Verse of the Month

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have everlasting life.
John 3 v16



Quotation of the month

'Charm is the ability to make someone else think that both of you are pretty wonderful.'
Kathleen Winsor, novelist



Double entendre 8/8

The following was sent to me by Ron Kirk

I was driving this morning when I saw an RAC van parked up. The driver was sobbing uncontrollably and looked very miserable. I thought to myself 'that guy's heading for a breakdown.'



Capital Marmalade

The fame of Gladys Dunell's homemade marmalade has now spread to Paris with a recent order in bulk being transported to the French capital !



Odd Words

‘ . . . by whom and with whom and in whom . . . ’

Do you remember the traditional form of the service of Holy Communion which we used to use here at St Bart’s before I introduced the more modern, contemporary form of the Eucharist? Towards the end of the prayer of consecration came the ringing phrase, ‘by whom and with whom and in whom’, a neat Trinitarian formula, implicitly reminding us of the three-person nature of the One God in whom we believe.

So when on Radio 4, I heard a speaker talking about a company in the UK in terms of ‘from whom’ instead of ‘from which’, I was reminded of the gender difference that exists in English between who and which or in this case (dative/indirect object) between whom and which. The former (who /whom) is masculine/feminine whereas the latter (which) is neuter.

I appreciate that a company necessarily is made up of people but it is still an organisation, not a person, so strictly speaking it should not be a ‘who’ or a ‘whom’ but a ‘which’. But that said, reading an article in ‘Tatler’ (February 2014) about Dame Alice Owen’s, the last school in which I taught, somehow it felt to me that to refer to Owen’s as an ‘It’ seemed impersonal, lacking the life and humanity that any institution, full of young people, must necessarily contain.

So accurate use of language is not simply having a good vocabulary but it is also a question of using correct gender and the suitable case.

Gareth Randall



The Wedding

It seemed a simple and straightforward operation – travel to the UK, present yourself at 1.00pm on Saturday 24th May in Market Harborough, take the hand of the bride, (Deborah my sister), and pass it to the vicar and then sit down!

As the eldest son surviving my father, I had the honour of giving away my sister together with my brother, Bryan, from Japan and my brother-in-law, Trevor, from Nottingham. Although my sister is now 51, she was determined to wait for the right man to come along before deciding to make the commitment to marriage. None of us thought it would take this long for our pretty sister to take the plunge. Although she is attractive, one has to say she is very different from her other sister, Shelia. Such tasks as laying a car driveway, converting a Mercedes lorry to a horse transporter were as natural to her as my other sister, Sheila, (aka Mrs Bouquet) serving tea and cakes to special guests in her best china cups.

Sue and I decided to take the Thursday ferry to Portsmouth but then delay our return until the week after the wedding returning on the overnight Saturday sailing. Our arrival at Berkhamstead late Thursday night coincided with my eldest daughter Julie’s 41st birthday. I ordered a special birthday cake from our local boulangerie only to be told it had to be eaten by mid-day or if later kept in cold storage. So we travelled all day with the cake perched on the top of all our luggage packed in an insulated bag with iced blocks. We duly arrived to sing happy birthday at Julie’s home much to the delight of our grandchildren who, on hearing us coming, rushed excitedly to the front door.

On the Friday morning, we took the two oldest grandchildren to school and then the girls with our youngest granddaughter Holly went off to Hemel Hempstead for some shopping. As I detest shopping at

the best of times, I was 'parked' in the M&S Café with a hot bacon bap, coffee and newspaper and was told I would only have to wait an hour. Two elderly guys joined me shortly after followed by a third friend sitting the other side of me. There then developed a conversation which I can best describe as a scene from the 'Last of the Summer Wine'. The discussion went something like this – Compo; "Ours was the golden generation." Foggy; "Yes, I bet every generation has said that." Cleggy; "Yes, but unfortunately ours happens to be true." There followed many other thoughts like 'the country's finished'; 'how's your pal Farage getting on?' etc. I couldn't resist any longer, particularly as I had just two weeks before had by pure chance a conversation with Mr Farage that went well into the evening. I suggested I swapped with the third member of the group and there then followed two and half hours of rambling thoughts and rants which turned into 'grumpy corner'. Shortly afterwards Sue and Julie duly arrived back apologising for taking too long not knowing I had had the most enjoyable conversation with kindred spirits!

That same afternoon, I had to be In Market Harborough to pick up my wedding suit gear at Greenwoods on the High Street by 4.00pm before they closed. Our hotel was just opposite so I decided to nip straight across while Sue unpacked. Entering the shop I announced why I was there and what I had come for. The lady responded by saying, "follow me upstairs". My response was "that's what all the girls say". Quick as a flash she then said "and I suppose you have never refused". Clearly the standard of the conversation was disappearing rapidly southwards. When I suggested I just try the jacket on as I had been measured by a French seamstress there was a blank refusal saying, "you are going to try everything, it's your sister's wedding and we are not going to leave anything to chance are we?" I was asked to call back in 20 minutes while she did some final ironing.

Transfiguration

What can I say ?
 In silence,
 I see
 mystery;
 encounter
 on a mountain
 in cloud
 and light
 and voice;
 Immanuel
 in flesh;
 the Son
 at one;
 as one
 with our Father
 in heaven,
 on earth,
 here, now,
 ever,
 always.



Abuse ?

This little gem comes from Pauline Eyre:

A small boy, subject to physical abuse by his parents, was consulted by the relevant authorities about whom he'd like to live with. The boy declined to live with either set of grandparents or any of his many aunts or uncles but suggested he'd be willing to be adopted by any of the players in the current English World Cup Football squad. When asked why, the boy honestly replied – well they don't beat anyone!

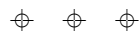
Significantly, the emphasis in the museum and the adjacent memorial is predominantly that of the world's desperate need for peace. Any time a nation, anywhere, runs a nuclear weapons test, its head of state receives a letter of protest from the current Mayor of Hiroshima.

The bomb is a fact of history. Hiroshima tells its tale candidly but does not dwell on self-pity. In the few days I spent there the atmosphere was as light and as friendly as anywhere else in Japan - even towards people who, like us, looked as if we might as well have been from the US, the nation that destroyed the city.

Let the final word go to Ichiro Kawamoto, who survived the bomb: 'The most important thing in life is to help all those who are in need and who suffer.'

I feel sure that Our Lord, at the Transfiguration and throughout His life and ministry, would scarcely have disagreed.

David Boggis



Questions 1/8

This mini-series was forwarded to me by Ian Phillips

If 4 out of 5 people SUFFER from diarrhoea, does that mean that one out of five enjoys it?



In the meantime, Sue and I had a short stroll into the centre of the town and thought we ought to try and pop-in to the church as we had not visited it before. The place was locked up but on Sue's insistence we went all the way round checking each door. Anyone watching must have suspected we were burglars. As we approached the front door again two people were about to open up one of whom transpired to be the organist at our wedding the following day and the lady was his wife. Remarkably we also learnt that David Johnson had also played at Saint Bartholomew's some years ago and knew many of our parishioners. There is obviously something special to about Saint Bartholomew's as we keep getting these connections that are difficult to explain in a rational way.

Picking up the suit before Greenwood's closed we decided to go for a meal at the Wildwood Restaurant taking the suit with me. The manger kindly offered to take the suit off me and Sue and I at last could relax, have a few aperitifs a very nice meal washed down with a lovely New Zealand Chardonnay. Returning to the Hotel, we met up with some of the other guests before going upstairs to change into our fancy dress for the evening 'Renee and Fifi'. As we were about to go to our room a breathless girl ran into the hotel with my suit in her hand saying, "I believe this is yours"! What a fatal mistake I had just avoided. I think my sisters would have parted me from my breath had they known of my oversight.

The Wedding appeared to go well. The bride arrived in her beautiful splendour in a carriage drawn by two black horses. There were no real issues getting out or forming the train for the grand entrance. I had already advised the bride, Debbie, to take it gently down the aisle as this is the moment she will remember for the rest of her life and she should try and take in everything. My sister noticing I was still carrying the order of service containing the hymns whipped it out of my hand and said she would place it on my pew. It never did arrive. We

managed to walk slowly down the aisle without tripping over or getting ahead of the bridesmaids. At the part I placed Debbie's hand to the vicar, he didn't seem to grasp it and I was 'thinking come on vicar take a proper hold', only for him to whisper, "You can let go now". What a numpty am I, to make light of it I responded I didn't want to let go and there was an exchange of smiles before I resumed my seat. Well that was the next problem as there wasn't enough space for a lean jockey never mind me, so I had to resort to the tactics of an English Prop Forward and elbow my way in.

The service was magnificent coupled with two special visions I will never forget, the lighting of the wedding candle and my sister walking back from the altar just as the sun shone through the stained glass windows bringing out all the colours on her white wedding dress. From the wedding until late into the evening all the families and friends joined in a marathon of festivities with particularly the children just enjoying it to the hilt.

The following day we had both breakfast and lunch at the hotel and then in the afternoon went to Nottingham to lay the wedding wreath on my parents' grave. We all knew they would have been so delighted with it all and only wished they had lived long enough to witness the day. The groom and bride went off on honeymoon to the Dominican Republic with my other sister and husband and Sue and I resumed our short break with family based around London.

Breakfast in our London Hotel proved a little memorable as the fire alarm went off in the middle of breakfast. No one moved even when a member of staff ran out of the kitchen passing us. Something like a scene I had watched before in 'Fawlty Towers' ! The staff had already said there had been a problem with the gas supply so I decided I had to investigate to check if this was for real. It turned out that it was the alarm system triggered by the works in the kitchen. On my return still

Transfiguration

One point on which Matthew, Mark and Luke agree almost to the letter is the story of Christ's Transfiguration. Jesus took Peter, James and John up a mountain where, right there in front of them, Jesus lit up like a neon sign. According to Matthew: Jesus' 'face shone like the sun, and his clothes became dazzling white.' Moses and Elijah - figures from the distant past - appeared, talking with Jesus.

Christians celebrate the Transfiguration on August 6. In one of history's greatest ironies, that's not the only thing August 6 is remembered for.

At eight-fifteen local time that morning, in 1945, a light, described by one surviving witness as 'brighter than a thousand suns' blazed in the sky over Hiroshima. The destructive power of the first atomic bomb produced devastation never caused before by a single weapon.

A city built on the flat land of a river delta was levelled, all but a few telegraph poles and a brick-built structure that still stands today: the A-Bomb Dome. Figures for the dead have never been definitively established, but the best guess is that close on 100,000 people lost their lives to the immediate heat and blast. Another 40,000 were dead of radiation sickness by end-1945, a tally that had risen five years later to 200,000. It was the first the world had even known about radiation sickness.

Hiroshima today is a thriving, busy city perched, like so many Japanese towns, between rugged mountains and sea shore. I've been there. A visit to the city's Peace Museum is a must, and I can assure you it's a sobering experience. Few details of the horrors are spared; yet at the same time the museum presents an honest, if brief, account of the country's military adventurism that led to the attack.

*A la mémoire des combattants
de la guerre 14 - 18*

Eloge

L'Œil universel
s'est posé sur les croix blanches
comme un peu de neige
sur l'épaule blessée

le silence crisse à l'écho des collines

puissances de l'instant
les ailes de la mémoire bourdonnent
en sillonnant la béance des tranchées

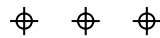
il y a un siècle
l'herbe était rouge et rouge la terre
sous la saignée d'une fureur maligne
étrangère à la beauté tranquille

ils ont été des milliers d'anonymes
tous des frères aux électrons juvéniles
à couler la gemme de la paix
dans les sillons de la poudrière

il flotte dans l'air un duvet bleu
de cendres immortelles

Solange Dayres Goffinet

Extrait de 'Ecoute chanter le ramier'



no one had moved even though the alarm was still sounding. I called out it was a false alarm and that the only thing that will be burnt this morning was the toast. There was still no movement and not even a reaction. No wonder there are problems when there are real emergencies on board ships if the passengers are like these dummies ! Anyway we did manage to chat to a lady having breakfast with her two sons who happened to be going to Wimbledon for the Junior Championships. We are now looking out for Angus Baxter should he make it into the top flight, a particularly tough challenge to achieve.

We did manage to see Julie and our three grandchildren once again and experienced one of those magical moments for grandparents when all three from the age of 7 to 2 gave a rendition of 'Let it Go' from the recent Disney Film 'Frozen'. It was slated by the critics but children have really taken to it, so much we have ordered the DVD.

The few days we spent with Sue's cousins, Les and Janet was great fun. We managed quite a few visits out with Les and Janet and we couldn't have been made more welcome by everyone. Every morning Les would make me a cup of tea and bring me the morning paper while he made breakfast, what a great guy he is.

We enjoyed great drives out to family in the beautiful Surrey Hills and was shown the driveway to Michael Caine's House just in case I was invited round at some stage. The driveway is between two mansions but all you can see is the driveway as it disappears over a hill to his house. Well at least I can now find it in the dark when he turns 90 ! He has done very well for an 'Elephant and Castle' lad.

We visited Brighton one day to do some book shopping and have a wander around the shopping area of the Lanes. In twenty odd years the place has not changed a bit except for the addition of a Carousel and the East Pier burning down. Couldn't help noticing that the sign to the

main car park in Churchill Square directed you over a central reservation ! The signs in the car park, whilst all new were incomplete; they didn't show where the exit was only signs to other floors. What are the local councillors doing with their time ?

Saturday loomed faster than we would have liked but I have to admit I was glad to be back home and start catching up on the backlog of duties.

Reflecting during the ferry trip back I suppose weddings are very special. They bring families together; you can spend hours reminiscing of the years gone by and the people you miss and of course the joy of seeing the new generation beginning to play their part in family life. Perhaps in a way we had experienced the full meaning of marriage.

Ron Kirk



A bare fact ?

*The following 'cheesy' joke was sent to me by Bryan Hewitt
who was told it by his niece !*

With what sort of cheese might a French zoo-keeper entice an anti-social bear out of the privacy of his den into his enclosure where the public are keen to see him ?

Come on bear !



shop and restaurant with a few branches in the county, I decided that to keep in with the spirit of the day, our French themed lunch could be followed by a Yorkshire themed afternoon 'cuppa' so I bought Yorkshire Fat Rascals which I understand have been made and eaten in Yorkshire since Elizabethan times. It was rather good to have the two national television broadcasts side by side, as mostly it worked that the commercial breaks did not coincide we listened in English and had the sub titles on the French set and they were mainly such that we could get the gist even though we were multi or dual tasking. We know that we are proud of our county so were delighted to note that it seemed to have made a very favourable impression on both the French officials etc as well as many visitors from other parts of U.K.

As last year Le Tour passed the end of our impasse in St. Malo, we were out there for the afternoon and so brought back our t-shirts which we wore throughout the weekend, they came as part of a pack, in a Le Tour bag, and earlier in the week, Wendy had hers in town and there were people asking if they could buy it from her.

We hope that people watching could sense the way in which our region has wholeheartedly taken to Le Tour as we have only heard one person who was against holding it here, simply because her daughter would have a road closed for part of a day, and that for a once in a lifetime event !!

Although we watched later in the day on day two, we missed the time in York, so do not know if any of the broadcasts showed the large yellow jersey on York Minster Tower. Someone quick thinking and witty, as it had the words Allez, Alleluia printed on it.

John, Wendy and Charles Marshall

VIVE YORKSHIRE

LE GRAND DEPART YORKSHIRE 2014

The real depart was from Harewood House but much of the route for stage one of Le Tour, was within easy visiting distance for us as Northallerton is virtually on the edge of the Yorkshire Dales. Just over a week before, we had driven along that part of the route where we would need to go to find a viewing point, and realised that other than in the areas in which large crowds would be gathered, there was no suitable spot devoid of the signs warning that parked cars would be towed away. We were out to buy ice-cream for the freezer, as we buy at the farm shop of the actual producer. There are no food miles for the milk used as the cows are in a nearby field. It was on the way home, that we decided our viewing of Le Tour, would be courtesy of T.V.

For some time, we have seen in local news both in print and on ‘the box’, evidence of the way many had entered into the spirit of the event with all manner of decor, ranging from whole buildings painted white with red spots, sheep coloured yellow or spotted red, straw bales making giant cycles as well as others made from a variety of materials in fields or on hillsides, even greetings such as ALLEZ TDC mown into the grass then down in size to knitted or sewn bunting featuring the various tour jerseys. Of course on our drive, we were able to see at first-hand, including yellow bikes both real and cut-outs and one in Masham with strings of onions on the handle bars.

Come the day, Saturday June 5th and it was into market early to be home in time for the start of broadcast. By now, Charles had managed to get a satellite dish fitted to pick up French T.V., having bought the ‘box’ at Carrefour last year, this meant that his house was the base and as we have an artisan baker in town he bought pain au raisin so that we could have a French lunch. Passing Betty’s, which is a famous cake

The Bartholomew Gospel 15 The Last Supper *‘This is my body.’ Mark 14 v22*

Where to eat our Passover meal? Back in Bethany? Jesus had other plans. Where else but Jerusalem?

Philip and I were told to get the room ready. We were to follow a man carrying a water pot into the house he entered and ask to be shown to the large, upper room, set aside for us. In Jerusalem, thronging with pilgrims, in this quiet, safe space, we were to prepare everything for nightfall.

It was as he said it would be and we did as we were told. And if you’re wondering how we could spot the right person in a crowded city then you know nothing of Jewish men. Carrying water pots is women’s work; no self-respecting man would be seen doing so except the one we were meant to see and follow.



Before we sat down to eat, Jesus washed our feet.

To say we were surprised is an understatement. Washing someone’s feet is a menial task. In Cana, in my father’s house, when a guest arrived to dine with us, one of our servants would wash their feet. Not surprising given we live in a country where roads are dusty and wearing sandals means our feet will get covered in dust.

Imagine our surprise when Jesus takes off his outer garment and, taking a bowl of water and a towel, squats down to wash our feet. Of course, one of us should have thought of doing it. But we didn’t. I guess we were all too preoccupied or thought too highly of our own

self-importance. But Jesus was teaching us a lesson in humility and we blushed at how, after all this time with him, we still fell short of the standards he set for us, for him.

Without embarrassment on his part, he calmly does what is necessary and when it comes to my turn, I'm touched by just how much I feel he cares for me. For me, he's prepared to get down on his knees and with the same hands that have healed so many, he touches me, gently washing the dust off my feet with his fingers and the palms of his hands. I feel the warmth of his love flush through my body and I blush at what he, my Master and my friend, has come to mean to me.

But Peter hated the idea. He knew who and what Jesus was. He knew who and what he, Peter, was. And horrified, Peter wanted none of it. Jesus was gently firm with him, told him that, in truth, it was needful. So Peter asked Jesus to wash not just his feet but all of him. But smiling encouragingly, Jesus replied there was no need since only Peter's feet were dirty enough to need washing.

Less than a week ago, Mary had anointed Jesus' feet with perfume. This evening, Jesus used water. But the effect on us was extraordinary. We felt cherished. How good to be valued by one we respect. How good to be loved by one we hold dear.



At table, we took our places to eat, John next to Jesus. We ate and drank and talked and it was good to be together.

Then Jesus told us that one of us was going to betray him. Now we know but then we didn't. Each of us was deeply uneasy that Jesus might be pointing the finger at us.

Then Jesus did something special, something that has come to mean so much to us as Christians. First, he took the unleavened bread, blessed it, broke it, then said, 'Take it. This is my body.' Passing the bread round the table we each ate a piece. Then he took the cup of wine blessed it and gave it to us with these words, 'This is my blood of the covenant which is poured out for many'. Passing the cup round, we each drank a sip. And what it meant then and what that means now is open to speculation and much debate.

After that, we sang a hymn then left to go out into the night in the direction of the Mount of Olives across the Kidron then up into our special, private place in the Garden of Gethsemane.

But one of us was no longer with us when we left.



Last Supper

In L'Abri, the nice restaurant on La Bretagne - the Brittany ferry from St Malo to Portsmouth - on the right-hand wall towards the back of the ship, you can see a large black and white picture of a Breton sculpture of what I take to be the Last Supper. The figure of Christ, a little larger than the rest, is centre right with four figures on his right and eight to his left. I wonder which one is Peter, which one John, and who is Philip and his friend, Bartholomew? But most curious of all is a thirteenth figure kneeling in front of the table. Now who on earth do you think he can be?

Father Gareth