

### Diary dates for October and November, 2014

2 <sup>nd</sup> October	10.30 Holy Communion 11.00 Bible Study – I am who I am 12.00 Bring and share lunch
6 <sup>th</sup> – 11 <sup>th</sup> October	‘Dinard, Today and Yesterday’ Exhibition
10 <sup>th</sup> October	16.30 Newquay Male Voice Choir Concert
6 <sup>th</sup> November	10.30 All Souls Service of Remembrance 11.00 Bible Study – I am the bread of life 12.00 Bring and share lunch
9 <sup>th</sup> November	11.00 Remembrance Sunday
27 <sup>th</sup> November	10.30 Council Meeting



### Prayer of the month

O God, whenever I think of Your infinity, I am racked with anxiety, wondering how You are disposed to me . . . You must adapt Your word to my smallness, so that it can enter into the tiny dwelling of my finiteness - the only dwelling in which I can live – without destroying it . . . If you should speak such an ‘abbreviated’ word which would not say everything but only something simple which I could grasp, then I could breathe freely again . . . You must make your own some human word, for that is the only kind I can comprehend. Don’t tell me everything that You are; don’t tell me of Your infinity – just say that you love me, just tell me of Your goodness to me.

*Karl Rahner SJ (1904 – 84)*  
*From ‘Encounters with Silence’*



### Prayer focus

The value of being together.



## St Bart's Monthly



October, 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**

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marriages or funerals:

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October, 2014

## Notices

Dear Friends,

### ***'Keep calm and carry on'***

Outside my apartment is a door-mat with it on. On my bedroom wall hangs a tea towel with it on. The coaster in the dining room with it on seems to have disappeared !

I first came across the poster in Woodbridge in Suffolk. I was spending the weekend with Father Richard in Colchester and we'd gone there for lunch. In several shop windows in the High Street, there was the poster. I'm not sure what it was about the succinct message that caught my eye and so fascinated me but it was impressive. Later, I was to discover it was a Second World War poster that the British Government would have issued had we been invaded. Fortunately, we hadn't so it wasn't but here, in the first decade of the C21, the message seemed to strike a chord !

So why is it so powerful a slogan ? Two things it recommends: 'staying calm;' and 'getting on with things'. It addresses our state of mind, our feelings; it addresses the need to carry on doing what we should be doing. If M Scot Peck, the author of 'The Road Less Travelled', is correct, then courage is not denying fear in the first place but acting in spite of knowing that there is something out there to be afraid of. So the slogan takes us to the heart of the problem. If we master our fear by remaining calm, then we are free to act in the face of any such fear.

It's how I came to swim by mastering my fear of being in water. What about you ?

***Father Gareth***



- **The St Bart's Lunch** on 7<sup>th</sup> September in the church garden raised 500€ for our church. A big thank you for those who made the occasion so very special and enjoyable for the 46 folk who came.
- **The Sunday School** will close from 28<sup>th</sup> October till Palm Sunday (29<sup>th</sup> March)
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the November edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> November***. Our November magazine will not appear in church until Sunday 9<sup>th</sup> owing to my holiday in October
- **Church Finances for August**  
Income: 9,572€ Expenditure: 5,712€



### ***All Souls' Service*** ***10.30 Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> November***

Why not come and remember in prayer in St Bart's those loved ones who have died. This year's list of the names of loved ones will include all those who have died in 2013 and 2014 but if you would like me to add the names of a loved one to those we will automatically mention, then please let me have their names by 1<sup>st</sup> November



### **Verse of the Month**

Jesus remember me when you come into your kingdom.

***Luke 23 v42***

## Readings in church

### *October 5<sup>th</sup>*

### *16<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 20 v1 - 4, 7 - 9, 12 - 20

Psalm 19 v7 - end

Philippians 3 v4b - 14

Matthew 21 v33 - end

### *October 12<sup>th</sup>*

### *17<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 32 v1 - 14

Psalm 106 v1 - 6

Philippians 4 v1 - 9

Matthew 22 v1 - 14

### *October 19<sup>th</sup>*

### *18<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 33 v12 - end

Psalm 99

1 Thessalonians 1 v1- 10

Matthew 22 v15 - 22

### *October 26<sup>th</sup>*

### *Bible Sunday*

Nehemiah 8 v1 - 4a, 8 - 12

Psalm 119 v9 - 16

Colossians 3 v12 - 17

Matthew 24 v130 - 35



## Personal Column

Congratulations to:

Catherine and Jean-Marc Lefrais who were married at La Ville Bague on 6<sup>th</sup> September;

Fanny and Jérôme Weil who were married here in St Bart's on 13<sup>th</sup> September;

Marie and Jérémy Delahaie who were married at St Jacut on 19<sup>th</sup> September;

Hans and Lina Johansson to be married on 4<sup>th</sup> October at Grand Val;

and Denis and Hélène Craveia to be married here in church on 18<sup>th</sup> October

## Notes from the Council - 4<sup>th</sup> September

The day after my 65<sup>th</sup> birthday, the day after the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the declaration of the 2WW, we had an amicable and productive Council Meeting.

In one respect, it felt like déjà vu – Safeguarding and the Organ – but there were fresh fields to consider, the Garden Party.

Val Carter reported that all the folk at St Bart's who should have a police check were in receipt of one so that we are again fully compliant with Diocesan Safeguarding.

John Davey reported on clarifications from our preferred Organ Builder. There is every possibility of the work beginning in January and if all were to go well, then it might be possible for the organ to be back in service by Easter. Clearly, the next stage is to launch the actual appeal to meet the cost and a sub-committee was identified to initiate the appeal. Exciting times ahead !

The Garden Party which has long been the major source of our fundraising is a major commitment both in time and energy from our ageing congregation. This year the result was disappointing. It was agreed with the Standing Committee's deliberations last month that we should have a sabbatical but instead hold an event actually in the church Garden to coincide with the Braderie.

Disabled access to the church, the maintenance of the Church Garden and a new boiler in the church flat were all discussed.

The meeting ended as ever as it began – in prayer.

*Father Gareth*

## Going to a funeral

It is relatively early on the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> February 2014 and snow is forecast for higher ground. In my opinion, that encompasses the whole of the Rhondda Valley, so it was with some apprehension that Linda and I set out for the funeral of my sister-in-law, my dearest Pat.

However journey was trouble-free and on approaching Porth, I had to take a direction that I had not taken for years in order to get access to the Chapel of Rest. Through Leslie Terrace built for the miners and then to the Parade where the grander houses sit and conventionally where the Ministers of Region, well-to-do business folk, indeed Managers of the pits, lived. It was a clear demarcation of that time between those who had and those who did not have. The differences exist today.

In Welsh, we use the word ‘crachach’ - I suppose a term of abuse to those with power and authority and who are also considered to be snobs. My late Father always but always had respect for these people, their views, their standing, but was never subservient. I funnily enough follow the same route.

Then to park near St Paul’s Church of Wales Church. This is boarded up and it is a sad indictment of today’s world. My late brother and his wife were married here. I was not present but bed-bound at home with scarlet fever and the local sanitation board clearly identified that with a rather large white notice in our front window. It is I suppose akin to having someone who controls rodents parking up outside one’s house with his livery displayed upon the sides of his van ! There was at time much discussion in Turberville Road and where I lived. I think I was six or seven years of age. I shudder to think what our neighbours thought.

## I AM . . .

**Autumn 2014 & Lent 2015 Bible studies**  
***Thursdays at 11.00 following Holy Communion at 10.30***  
***and followed by a bring-and-share lunch at 12.00***

Session 1	2 <sup>nd</sup> October, 2014
	I AM WHO I AM
Text	Exodus 3 v1 – 15a
Session 2	6 <sup>th</sup> November, 2014
	I am the bread of life
Text	John 6 v35
Session 3	4 <sup>th</sup> December, 2014
	I am the light of the world
Text	John 8 v12
Session 4	26 <sup>th</sup> February, 2015
	I am the door
Text	John 10 v9
Session 5	5 <sup>th</sup> March, 2015
	I am the good shepherd
Text	John 10 v11
Session 6	12 <sup>th</sup> March, 2015
	I am the way the truth and the life
Text	John 14 v6
Session 7	19 <sup>th</sup> March, 2015
	I am the true vine
Text	John 15 v1
Session 8	26 <sup>th</sup> March, 2015
	I am
Text	Mark 14 v62
Session 9	2 <sup>nd</sup> April, 2015
	I am the resurrection and the life
Text	John 11 v25

*Father Gareth*

**Grave mistake ?  
A joke for Hallowe'en**

*The following was passed on to me by Sue Holman*

On the outskirts of a small town, there was a big, old walnut tree just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys filled up a bucketful of nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts. "One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me." Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, "One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me..." He just knew what it was. He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend, he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along. "Come here quick," said the boy, "you won't believe what I just heard ! Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls !" The man said, "Beat it kid, can't you see it's hard for me to walk ?" When the boy insisted, the man hobbled slowly to the cemetery.

Standing by the fence, they heard, "One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me." The old man whispered, 'Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth. Let's see if we can see the Lord...' Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, yet were still unable to see anything. The old man and the boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord. At last they heard, "One for you, one for me. That's all . . . Now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done..."

They say the old man had the lead for a good half-mile before the kid on the bike passed him.

Then to the Chapel of Rest and Humphreys who had 'looked after' our family and it is still privately owned. However a sad notice in the window 'why do you not plan for your funeral costs with our 5\* policy' or something broadly in those terms.

It is a very small Chapel of Rest and it was absolutely full and indeed there were some family members that I had not seen for decades. My brother and his immediate family arrived and then the Reverend Gethin Rhys, a good Welsh name. My sister-in-law had particularly asked for the Reverend Rhys and I thought privately whether he would match up to the great orators of my earlier life. He did in his own quiet and dignified way.

The first hymn was 'Morning has broken' and then the words I was dreading 'Now Kenneth is going to read the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm.' Gareth had encouraged me to read the psalm without reference to the Order of Service, indeed from memory and the heart. All around me I could hear sobbing and witnessed pain and suffering. I looked upward and asked for help in that I was not sure I could deliver the Psalm without breaking down.

In the end, something told me to read from the text so I composed myself and was able to deliver the reading. It seemed to set the tone and there were nodding heads within the assembled family. However it was the King James Version and the 'eth' caused me more problems than the French verb endings.

Then Reverend Rhys provided us with a brief historical outline of the lives that Elvet, my brother ,and his wife, Pat, had enjoyed. Together some 71 years and married for 65. They knew each other at around sixteen years of age and before retiring at night placed lit candles in the windows of the respective houses and which could be identified across the valley.

On their wedding night, they went to the pictures (what we now call the Cinema). On leaving found out that they only had 4d -they had to walk to the next village before being able to afford the bus to take them back home.

Then Elvet was called up and Pat joined the land army in the belief she would be nearer to my brother. Elvet was shipped to Burma, my sister-in-law to the West Country !

Then the second hymn 'Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine'. Immediately, I was drawn back to Puy de Serre, the Reverend Brian Davies and my baptism and where I used this hymn as an introduction to my journey through life with the theme 'This is my story, this is my song.' Someone orchestrated this, of that I am positive. The hymn is a very famous non-conformist hymn by an American lady who was blind from very early in her life. She composed over eight thousands hymns and songs despite being blind. Then and now I argue that we walk with faith and not sight.

In Puy de Serre a member of the congregation is Mike Mylord and on the day, he remarked as a retired senior Police officer and after my address that it was a refreshing change not to be charged by a lawyer for such a presentation. He said that he normally paid for such services.

We then left the Chapel of Rest for Trealaw cemetery and en route I pointed out to Linda the landmarks of my youth, including Lovers Lane and with which I had a brief relationship, then at the front gates of the Cemetery the Trealaw Workingmen's club and called The Resurrection. It gets its name from the time of funerals where on foot the miners walked behind the cortege and then retired.

## Questions Lost meaning ? 'Man' ?

So you think you know what a word means ?

Last month, I wrote about what the word 'faith' might mean. This month, I'd like to turn our attention to the word 'Man'.

I was a boy at a time when capital punishment was possible and I was taught in Primary School (Monega Road Junior) when and how to use them. Sadly, the chap who edited my history of Owen's School operated under a different system, his criteria for capital use being based on an American standard current in British book publishing ! That said, I am really only concerned here with the word 'Man', the use of a capital M for man when Man means mankind, all people in general.

Now the PC thought police, in search of an all-inclusive language, replace 'Man' with, for example, human being. No problem but the problem comes when something of the resonance of a piece of scripture known off-by-heart is changed to be more inclusive. So we read in Psalm 8 verse 4,

**not**

'what is Man that thou are mindful of him' ?

**but**

'what is a human being that you are mindful of them' ?

Sadly, it doesn't have the same force for me. But what do you think ?

*Gareth Randall*



## Odd Words Cwtch

My mother was Welsh from the Rhondda Valley. And that's why I'm called Gareth which in Welsh means 'gentle' My mum was not a Welsh-speaker herself, her mother, a Morris, did have some Welsh and so my mum must have learnt the odd word or two from her. When I was a boy in London, she used some of them from time to time and strangely, the other day, one came back to me – the word 'cwtch'. Have you any idea what 'cwtch' might mean ?

Well my problem was since I'd only ever heard it, I'd no idea how to spell it. To my mind, it sounded something like 'khuhtch' with the vowel sound something like the sound an owl might make ! So I emailed Ken Ivin back in the UK and sure enough, he told me how to spell it !

So what does 'cwtch' mean ? Oddly enough, my memory tells me it has two distinct meanings. One means the cupboard under the stairs where you could store things, hide things away against future use. The other was to give someone a cuddle, to snuggle up to someone as a mark of affection - sweet or what ?

Well childhood memories are something to treasure and it's odd what one can remember after all these years. What I wonder, too, are the words that hold special memories for you ?

*Gareth Randall*



Helen would like to thank all those who came to the lunch, and those who worked to make this a time of fellowship. God is a God who invites us for a meal, but even more than that - He invites us to come into His kingdom.

Then through the cemetery to the 'new area'. As we did so you were overwhelmed by the colossus of headstones all of which I thought at the time were individual time capsules and capturing so much history of earlier times. For some the family lines are no longer and for Health and Safety purposes a number of headstones have been removed.

At the graveside we were joined by my other brother Roy and his wife and who had lost their son, Mark, some eighteen months ago in tragic circumstances. He too is buried in Trealaw Cemetery and quietly I asked of Roy the final resting place of Mark. He looked up and pointed to a place some five metres away. Thus we have the family name of Ivin and encompassing two differing generations almost side by side on a mountain-side in our home valley The Rhondda Valley. Again someone is responsible for this having taken place and one can only wonder.

Before leaving I glanced across the valley and which was lit by dappled sunlight and marvelled at view and which stretched towards Porth and which means in English gateway.

These hills are truly 'the green green grass of home' and I am positive that our Lord has opened a gateway and my friend my sister-in-law has proudly walked through. Pat was somewhat like that –direct.

RIP Prescilla (Pat) Ivin  
who passed away on the 19<sup>th</sup> February 2014.

*Ken Ivin*



**Stop Press**

Congratulations to Keith Mears and Heather Smith who have just got engaged in England. We wish them well in their life together and look forward to welcoming them both back next summer.

## Visitors to the Holy Land (2)

After a beautiful warm evening in Tiberias and a good night's rest, the next day started gently with a stroll to the pier for a cruise on the Sea of Galilee. We boarded a traditional fishing boat typical of those used at the time of Jesus and as we sailed down the coast we passed many much smaller boats of the same type that the disciples would have used. We anchored and the crew demonstrated how the fish would have been caught. They used a circular net about two metres diameter and weighted around its circumference. Only one member of the crew had the skill to spin it above his head and cast it out into the water. Slowly it sank into the clear water and then as a shoal of fishes swam over it, it was gently raised by cords attached evenly around its edges closing it up at the same time so that the fish were trapped inside and lifted out of the water.

Even though the water seemed very calm the captain had frequent weather forecasts as he explained that thunder storms could quickly blow up. With that reminder, one of our fellow travellers read to us the story from St Mark chapter five, of how Jesus rebuked the storm, calming the sea to the amazement of his disciples. This was a very moving time especially as a dark cloud was approaching and, as we sailed on the open sea, the miracle of that story came home to us all.

Most were anxious to disembark as we reached a small port near Capernaum where Jesus lived, healed the sick and recruited his first five disciples. We then went on to Tabgha, the site of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. This is a beautiful but remote area, ideal for a picnic but not a place to be stranded without food. The remains of St Peter's house, in a sizeable village not far from Capernaum, seemed much more credible than most of the other shrines that we had visited. The area had been preserved because a Monastery was built next to it in the fourth century and only recently discovered. Many items had

## Family humour

*I was sitting having lunch in the summer with Val and Geoff,  
their children (now adults) and their children's children.*

*The following are just three examples of the wordplay*

*I heard at table:*

If you were to drop a cottage piano down a colliery shaft what would be the key consequence ?

A flat minor !

**Tom Carter**

At General command, the map of the attack was set out for all to see. One General pointed out a key position, held by an elite regiment. The spot was marked by tiny paper flag, held in place by a drawing pin. A frivolous Brigadier was heard to mutter – 'They're under a tack.'

**Ben Carter**

### **A Riddle**

"The person who made it doesn't want it,  
the person who wants it doesn't need it;  
the person who needs it doesn't know they need it;  
What is it?

A coffin

**Jon Banyard**



### **Questions 3/8**

*This mini-series was forwarded to me by Ian Phillips*

If a pig loses its voice, is it disgruntled ?

*Film Review of the month*  
*'Shadowlands' – Richard Attenborough 1993*

The September film review – 'Dead Poets Society' – remembered the late Robin Williams. This month, let's remember Richard Attenborough who died in September.

'Shadowlands' is a true story about C S Lewis – academic, Christian apologist, writer of many books, not least the seven volume Chronicles of Narnia. 'Shadowlands' is a love story, an unlikely love story, the story of how Jack (C S Lewis disliked his given names) falls in love with an American divorcee, Joy Gresham (Debra Winger). Antony Hopkins gives an extraordinary, powerful and sensitive performance as C S Lewis and is nicely balanced not only by his brother (Edward Hardwicke) but also by his circle of Oxford dons.

The whole is beautifully shot by Richard Attenborough, a time machine taking us back to the Oxford of 1952 (no central heating in our bedrooms then): interiors – Magdalen College, its dining room, chapel and SCR; exteriors, the familiar Oxford sky-line, Magdalen College tower at dawn on May Day. The whole is effectively underscored by a haunting sound-track.

But for me, it is the struggle of an honest, intelligent Christian with the problem of pain and suffering, of how a loving God can allow bad things to happen to good people. There are no easy answers and the tears Hopkins sheds for his late wife with his arms round her son (Joseph Mazzello) are convincingly real.

Even if you've seen it before, 'Shadowlands' is well worth watching again.

*Gareth Randall*

been found in the one house in the village which had led to the conclusion that it was the home of St Peter's family.

In the same area is the mountain of the Beatitudes which now has a modern church and a very well kept garden on it. Val was chosen, thanks to David Norris's training, to read the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew V) and a large crowd gathered round to listen. Our party had personal head sets and she spoke into the guide's microphone so that everyone could hear; but this prompted us to ask just how Jesus could be heard by the multitude? It was demonstrated to us how Jesus would have stood towards the bottom of the hill in the centre of the natural bowl. The crowd would have been seated on the slope of the bowl all around him. The hillside is a natural amphitheatre so it would not have been too difficult to hear.

As you can imagine, it was a very thoughtful group which boarded the tour bus ready for the journey to our next hotel at a resort called Ein Bokek on the Dead Sea.

*Geoff Carter*



**Quick quips 1/12**

These little beauties were sent to us by Bill Hughes

"Doctor, my hair is falling out. Can you give me anything for it?"

"What about this box?"



## The St Philip Icon

St Philip is the second icon I have written for St Bartholomew's. The first of your patron saint himself was prayerfully completed in church the week before St Bartholomew's Day, 2011, when you marked 140<sup>th</sup> anniversary of your church in Dinard.

Icons are 'written' not 'painted' because an icon is there to be read, deciphered. An icon is an image and as such provides us, the reader, with a window onto God. The great insight our Jewish forebears had was that God was in fact one God and that any representation of him would necessarily fall far short of our unknowable Creator. The great Christian revelation is that in the incarnation, Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh, God is embodied and is making something of his character known so that it is now possible to represent something of the numinous in Man who is indeed created in His Image.

Your icon of St Philip has its prototype in the second half of the tenth century, ultimately originating in the monastery of St Catherine's on Mt Sinai. Traditionally young, beardless, his face is elongated narrowing to a point at the small of his chin. His eyes are large, dark and deep set.

In the top right corner floats the figure of Christ blessing Philip – thereby 'naming the icon'. The aureole around the head of Christ has three Greek letters indicating the name of God from Exodus 3 v14 – 'I am who I am'.

The fingers of Philip's right hand spell out the name of Christ while in his left hand Philip holds a scroll linking him to the figure of Christ above his shoulder.

The proportions of his body are delicate and rays of light pierce his robes making them seem light and shining and thereby suggesting the transformation of the figure of Philip through the light of Christ.

## Straplines

My friend, the Revd Canon Gregory Webb, Rector of St Gregory's Church, Sudbury wrote to me on reading our September Magazine to tell me of his church's strapline:

### 'Your Community, Your Church'

If you think that St Bart's ought to have one, why not suggest one to me ?



### Quotations of the month

'I'm approaching 70 – from the wrong direction !'

*Dame Edna speaking of her age.*

The weekly heroism of teachers'

*Simon Sharma*



### *A feather*

A speck of white,  
caught up by the wind,  
spins through the air  
till losing height, it falls  
down into a drain.



### Dog joke

*This was sent to me by a former colleague at Owen's, Maria Rossi*

My dog, Minton, likes to eat shuttlecocks ! Bad Minton !!

## Greetings Cards / Christmas Cards

At the Garden Party, you may well have bought some of the excellent cards that Tricia and Tony had there for sale.

You will now have a second opportunity to buy/ order some of the above in church on Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> October and will be able to collect your orders at St Bart's on Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> November.



## Independence for Scotland

It's Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> September, the evening, and the result is still to come as I sit to write this small piece to say just how tired I've grown of the coverage of the possibility of the above on British media – principally on Radio 4, my prime choice for British news here in France. So let me share these two jokes:

The first I heard on Radio 4's PM programme:

*Alex Salmond criticising the No campaign for being negative.*

The second is mine:

*Is it fair to accuse Ed Milliband of being in favour of a Union ?*

**Gareth Randall**

### ***Breaking the Union***

Thank God they didn't:  
the people in Scotland  
voted to keep our Union  
by a margin of 10%.

19 9 14

The background of the icon is entirely gold. According to mediaeval symbolism, gold is 'Divine Light'. This light has surrounded Philip, completely engulfing him. He seems to be coming from some unknown dimension to stand before us.

It has been a privilege to be asked to write a second icon for you. It is written on a piece of wood from a C19 pulpit, the gift of Stan and Jackie Norman. The icon itself is the gift of Father Gareth to mark twenty years since his ordination to the priesthood.

I am sorry that illness in my family prevented me crossing over from Jersey to be with you on the day to be present when Canon Roger Gilbert blessed St Philip and to see the icon in situ. Thank you again for the chance to contribute to the life and worship of your church.

**Karen Blampied**



## Holy Cross Day September 14<sup>th</sup>

Reading Gareth's sermon reminded me of the story of Holyrood House which today is the Queen's official residence in Scotland although little remains of the abbey itself.

Legend has it that King David I, son of Malcolm Canmore and St Margaret, was hunting one day in 1128. His horse was startled by a stag which appeared from nowhere, and King David found himself hurled to the ground and in mortal danger of being gored by the stag's antlers. In desperation he grasped hold of them whereupon they miraculously changed into a Crucifix. This story has echoes in the similar story of St Hubert in France. That night King David pledged to build an Abbey for Canons devoted to the Cross. Holyrood means "Holy Cross".

**David Morgan**

## I was there

I have been reading with passing interest the seemingly “Tour de Wales” item by Ken Ivin over the past months “until” the July and August newsletter editions. Then I really began to take note as he was passing through “my bit of Wales.” I too was born in Llwynypia hospital 2 years and 2 days after Kevin on the 4<sup>th</sup> September 1946 but my parents lived in Pontypridd which is not in the Rhondda but Llwynypia is and so when anyone asks where I was born I always say in the Rhondda. It seems to carry some sort of aura to the non-Welsh as it is somewhere they have heard of, with its mining heritage and male-voice choirs or “coyers” as it was pronounced.

It is only a short distance from Pontypridd to Trehafod where it was mentioned that the coal mine there was now a heritage park. My Father actually worked in that mine down in the “4 foot seam” after he left school at the age of 12. Who said the Welsh were a “short” race? Well, I'm not surprised, working in tunnels only 4 foot high! Kevin also mentioned that one of the mine shafts at this pit was called the “Bertie”. Again, I thought of stories from my old Dad and he mentioned 2 shafts - the “Trevor” and the “Bertie”, but had no idea where the names came from. I did actually learn on a recent visit to the heritage park that Mr Griffiths, the mine owner, named them after his children - not many people know that!

Further up the valley, Kevin came to Porth, the gateway to the Rhondda, where my Father's parents lived. My Grandfather was a fireman down the mines which conjured up a picture of a fire-fighter underground but it turned out that his job was to test for gas before a shift and anything else undesirable underground before the workforce came down. It strikes me that he and his canary were sacrificial and if he came up all was safe, but maybe it wasn't quite like that. OK forget the canary, read Davey Lamp . . . but the canary gets more sympathy.

Galilee who has become too popular for his own good, their good, a direct challenge to their authority. Jesus must be silenced. Their justification - blasphemy.

Peter is accused of being one of them, which is simply their way of saying that he is not one of us. Peter's accent gives him away – he has an unmistakable Galilean twang to the way he speaks Aramaic. His denial drives him out into the night. They're right – he's not one of them and having denied Jesus three times, he's not one of us either.



## A discovery from Synod 2014

If you think you'd like to know more about the Christian life and would like to study its Biblical background and how it relates to current thought and belief, **FOUNDATIONS 21** may be what you have been looking for.

This on-line study resource is available any time, any where and is free. Personal learning styles are catered for, and it offers opportunities for individual and interactive work. **FOUNDATIONS 21** offers an enormous range of study aids. You can choose from videos; themes to follow; links to other websites; prayer and reflection exercises all with associated help and inspiration. Why not log onto [wwwFOUNDATIONS21.net](http://wwwFOUNDATIONS21.net) and find out more about it?

*Paddy Vidal-Hall*

## Accommodation and Board

If you were able and willing to provide hospitality to the people who will be dismantling and then later reinstalling the organ when we finally settle on the contract and date then please contact John Davey –

02 96 86 08 16

The same serving girl sees Peter hanging around the forecourt and for a second time, she voices her doubts about him, this time to the people who are just standing around doing nothing. She persists, claiming ‘This man is one of them.’

For a second time, Peter rubbishes what she’s said.



Some spit at him. Jesus is blindfolded and hit while others taunt him by shouting, ‘Now prophesy!’ Servants then take Jesus away and beat him up.



Meanwhile, one of the men standing in the forecourt says to Peter, ‘You really are one of them, aren’t you? You’re a Galilean!’

Upset, frightened, backed into a corner, Peter loses it and says a little too loudly, a little too vehemently, ‘I don’t know this man you’re talking about!’

At that very moment, the cock crows for the second time. Dawn is at hand but for Peter all is black - he stumbles out into what’s left of the night, blinded by his own tears.



In truth, this night is all about being on the inside or being on the outside; about being an insider or being an outsider.

Jesus has been condemned because of who he is - he is not one of them. In their eyes, he is a wandering rabbi, a trouble-maker from

When he retired, he and my Grandmother ran the Duke of York public House in Tylorstown and I remember watching the slag being brought from a distant mine on little trains of trucks, like in Indiana Jones, and going back and to completely automatic - well I was only 7 so it didn't take much to keep me amused. OK I know nothing much has changed there. Also I remember getting my first taste of alcohol there when he introduced me to a “Shandy” - I was 28 at the time - only joking!

Kevin continued further up the valley leaving me behind with my thoughts that “I was there” . . . or was that Max Boyce ?

*Chris Rowlands*



### **Events in Church during the British Film Festival**

If you are free, then there TWO events in church that could tempt you into St Bart’s during the second week in October.

From Monday 6<sup>th</sup> to Saturday 11<sup>th</sup>, there is an exhibition ‘Dinard, Toady and Yesterday’ (10.00 – 18.00) – pictures and text courtesy of the Mairie vividly bringing to life the story the seaside resort we love and cherish, the reason in the past for our church here today.

Then, on Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> at 16.30, the Newquay Male Voice Choir will be giving a free concert in St Bart’s with a retiring collection in aid of our Organ restoration fund. This year, the choir is celebrating its 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary and has sung at the Royal Albert Hall among other famous venues. The programme will largely consist of sacred music.

So do come and enjoy !

**The Bartholomew Gospel**  
**17 Night at the High Priest's**  
*'They took Jesus away to the high priest.'* Mark 14 v53

Earlier that night, Jesus had said that one of us would betray him and that all of us would desert him. Straightaway, Peter swore never to leave him whatever we might do. Calmly, sadly, Jesus told him that before the second cock crow, he, Peter, would deny him three times.

When we ran away scared into the night, true-to-his-word, Peter did follow Jesus. When Jesus was taken into the house of Caiaphas, the High Priest, and brought before the hastily assembled court inside, Peter waited outside in the courtyard.

Of course, I wasn't there. I heard what happened later.



The Great Sanhedrin, the Jewish Council, met in Jerusalem. Most of its 71 members were from Jerusalem or from Judea. We were from Galilee – outsiders by definition. And Jesus came from Nazareth - 'Can anything good come from Nazareth?'

The Sanhedrin hears several witnesses testify against Jesus. The charges are invented and inconsistent; fabricated fiction; at best, truth at a tangent; at worst, lies. They say, 'we heard him say "I will destroy this Temple, which human hands have made and in three days I'll build another, made without human hands."'

The High Priest invites Jesus to answer the accusations made against him. Jesus remains silent.



Outside, in the courtyard, Peter is drawn by the light and warmth of the fire to squat down on the edge of a circle of servants, waiting for their masters inside to leave.

A serving girl in the household of the High Priest notices Peter sitting there, warming himself. Looking more closely at him, she challenges him: 'You were with Jesus the Nazarene too, weren't you?'

Instinctively, in self-defence, Peter replies, 'I don't know what on earth you're talking about.' No longer comfortable in the warmth of the fire, he gets up and goes out into the forecourt. The cock crows for the first time to announce the approach of dawn.



The High Priest asks Jesus a direct question, 'Are you the Messiah, the Son of the Blessed One?'

Jesus replies, 'I AM and you will see "the son of man sitting at the right hand of Power, and coming in clouds of heaven".'

Horrified, Caiaphas ceremonially rips his priestly robe. He has heard Jesus speak the name of God. To him, to us, said in a certain way in a certain context, 'I AM', is the name of God told to Moses at the Burning Bush. And so he shouts, 'Why do we need any more evidence? You heard the blasphemy! What's your verdict?'

With one voice, they all agree Jesus deserves to die.

