

Diary dates for November and December, 2014

6 th 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 th November	11.00 Remembrance Sunday
27 th November	10.30 Council Meeting
4 th December	10.30 Holy Communion 11.00 Bible Study – I am the light of the world 12.00 Bring and share lunch
20 th December	17.00 Carol Service
24 th December	17.00 Crib Service
25 th December	11.00 Christmas Day



Prayer of the month

Bénédictio des mains

Seigneur, vois ces mains unies
qu'au jour du mariage tu as bénies :
mains qui caressent ou bercent
en signe de ta tendresse ;
mains du travail et de l'amitié ;
qui nous disent ta générosité.
Elles portent les anneaux de l'alliance
qui nous rappellent ta présence.
Merci pour l'amour et la vie
que chaque jour elles ont servi.
Garde ces mains dans la tienne
pour les noces éternelles.



Prayer focus

To remember . . .

St Bart's Monthly



November, 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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November, 2014

Dear Friends,

'Justified by ink'

It's late September. Lunchtime. The sun is shining. I'm sitting in a restaurant in Rennes. From Lille on the TGV the Revd Canon Debbie Flach sitting opposite me. There's a lot at steak. And she shares this wonderful phrase with me – 'justified by ink'!

I smile. What she means is people gauging their worth, measuring their significance by the number of appointments in their diary. I think of the eight volumes of Church Diaries back in the flat on the shelf above my computer, about to be joined by a ninth. I think of the new A4 lever arch file proudly proclaiming 'Sermons 1301 – 1400'.

So is this me? Workaholic clearly I am but do I measure myself by the volume of ink in my pen? Not really – though I can see what she's getting at. Is it busy-ness that defines us? Are we what we do and if we are, therein may lie the danger inherent in retiring.

But what we do is an expression of who we are. How we choose to spend our time will tell us a lot about ourselves. But implicit in Debbie's phrase are questions: 'Are we defined by what we do?'; 'Are we uneasy being still, quiet, relaxed?'

One verse from Psalm 46 speaks to me in this context – 'Be still and know that I am God'. Do we have the space, do we make an opportunity, to be still and to hear the still, small voice of calm?

Father Gareth



Notices

- The **Newquay Male Voice Choir** at the concert on 11th October in St Bart's raised 569€ for our Organ restoration.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the December edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 27th November***
- **Church Finances for September**
Income: 5,127€ Expenditure: 4,817€



Readings in church

- | | | |
|--|---|----------------------|
| <i>November 2nd</i> | <i>All Saints</i> | |
| Revelation 7 v9 - 17 | | Psalm 34 v1 - 10 |
| I John 3 v1 - 3 | | Matthew 5 v1 - 12 |
| <i>November 9th</i> | <i>Remembrance Sunday</i> | |
| Amos 5v18 - 24 | | Psalm 70 |
| 1 Thessalonians 4 v13 - end | | Matthew 25 v1 - 13 |
| <i>November 16th</i> | <i>2nd Sunday before Advent</i> | |
| Zephaniah 1 v7, 12 - end | | Psalm 90 v1 - 8 |
| 1 Thessalonians 5 v1 - 11 | | Matthew 25 v14 - 30 |
| <i>November 23rd</i> | <i>Christ the King</i> | |
| Ezekiel 33 v11 -16, 20 - 24 | | Psalm 95 v1 - 7 |
| Ephesians 1 v15 - end | | Matthew 25 v31 - end |
| <i>November 30th</i> | <i>Advent Sunday</i> | |
| Isaiah 64 v1 - 9 | | Psalm 80 v1 - 7 |
| 1 Corinthians 1 v3 - 9 | | Mark 13 v24 - end |

Verse of the Month

In the tender compassion of our God
the dawn from on high shall break upon us.

Luke 1 v78



Quotations of the month

Life is like a swimming pool –
all the noise comes from the shallow end.

Richard Bryers



In remembrance

To be present
in God's present
in God's time
out of time
not of mind
and known
knowing
held
in love
by God



Visitors to the Holy Land (3) – The Dead Sea

The road from Capernaum to the Dead Sea resorts forms the border between Jordan and the West Bank. Hostile, very barren and full of tension, it is an area occupied by Israel since the Six Day War and one they firmly intend to hang on to. Guns mounted on these hills are quite capable of firing shells onto Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and any of the populated areas in the narrow fertile strip of land down to the Mediterranean coast. As we drove, to the left of us a flat plain stretched down to the river Jordan, reduced to a mere trickle as most of its water is used for irrigation. On the right of the road, sheer bare mountains rise up so that to see the sky it is necessary to press close up to the bus window. The Dead Sea Scrolls were found in caves in these hills which two thousand years ago were partly submerged. The guide pointed out the site of a ruined monastery with caves on the rock faces all around it that were occupied by hermit monks who had food and water sent to them on a system of ropes.

Following a long, hot and sticky ride behind a convoy of Israeli tanks on low loader Lorries we eventually arrived at a smart hotel in the Dead Sea resort of Ein Bokek. There we enjoyed a long swim in the cool crystal clear swimming pool to refresh us before preparing for dinner.

The Dead Sea is the lowest point on Earth some 427metres below sea level and has water with a salinity of 35% which will support one's body weight. After special safety instruction we were let loose on the private beach to try "bobbing". This is sitting down gently on the warm water and lifting up the feet so that you are sitting almost upright, supported by the water. We had been told to be careful not to let the water get into our eyes or our mouths and as our feet rose to the surface we bobbed about like corks. It was even possible to sit and read a book and we did this making sure that we did not get top heavy

and roll over to finish face down in the water. It was all great fun until we tried to stand up. We found it impossible to push our feet down onto the sand and had to paddle with our hands until we reached water shallow enough to allow us to stand up.

The hotel offered all sorts of treatments in the water and mud of the sea which we were assured would improve our skin and circulation but we were quite content to spend our time in the delightful outdoor pool in anticipation of a hot bus ride as we moved on.

Geoff Carter
28th Aug 2014



A prayer from the Archdeaconry Synod 2014
The following prayer was recommended by Paddy Vidal-Hall

We are wayfarers, following roads to the ends of the earth
pilgrims of the age.

Behold I am with you
To the end of the age

We are travellers on the road to freedom
a community of grace.

Behold I am with you
To the end of the age

We'll travel lightly, travel together,
learn as we go; we are disciples,
our mission is love,
the journey is long.

Behold I am with you
To the end of the age

Questions
'Comfortable in your own skin' ?

French has a phrase – 'bien dans son peau' – and my question is: 'Are you ? Are you happy with who you are, with who you seem to be in others' eyes, with who you seem to be in your own eyes, with who you think you are ?

I was listening to 'Something Understood' on Radio 4 in early October and the programme dealt with just this question. It started with the opening paragraph of 'The Voyage of the Dawn Treader' :

'There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it. His parents called him Eustace and his masters called him Scrubb. I can't tell how his friends spoke to him, for he had none.'

then tracing what happens to him, it explored the question above.

How awful the thought that we are not happy or at ease in ourselves. Poor, rich Michael Jackson was so uneasy with how he thought he looked that he used some of his money to change his appearance. I wonder if he felt any the better.

Of course, Christianity is, at heart, about transformation of the self to be the self that God intends us to be. What do you think ?

Father Gareth



Quick quips 2/8

These little beauties were sent to us by Bill Hughes

"Doctor, my son has swallowed a razor blade ! Is there anything I can do ?"

"Try an electric razor."

Odd Words
Tongue-tied

Radio 4 is a mine of information. Back in February, I'm sipping a bowl of breakfast coffee when I hear a woman talking about a medical condition – what I think I hear is the phrase tongue-tied.

Now being tongue-tied reminds me of that beautiful moment when as a youngster you first see the girl or boy you love and for that one wonderful moment you are rendered speechless by the overwhelming joy of being in the presence of someone you feel is truly special.

Being lost for words is something, fortunately, I don't suffer from – it probably goes with the territory of teaching and being a priest – the right word for the right occasion is usually there for me. The phenomenon of speaking in tongues, glossolalia, one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit is not one I have been granted but it is that joyful fluency, an outpouring of speech, first observed on the Day of Pentecost when the apostles' tongue are unlocked and the praise of God flows freely.

But actually, the medical condition is tongue tie – Ankyloglossia – where the bottom of the tongue is attached to the floor of the mouth by a band of tissue called the lingual frenulum. My friend, Father Peter, points out the word in Latin means a rein and he jokes 'tongue - untied means you can give free rein so it can rain words and words can reign !

This makes it hard to move the tip of your tongue and prevents some babies breast-feeding. The exact cause of tongue tie is not known. Genes may play a role and it tends to run in some families. Tongue tie surgery is called a frenulotomy which involves cutting the tissue under the tongue, usually a minor procedure undertaken in a doctor's surgery. Now, aren't you glad I listen to the Radio most mornings ?

Gareth Randall

We'll travel with authority
fearful of none;
we are sent, opponents of evil
heralds of hope.

Behold I am with you
To the end of the age

We'll travel with humility,
no task too small;
we are servants, the cross is our compass,
love is our sign.

Behold I am with you
To the end of the age

When the way is uncertain, shadows are sinister,
And dangers threaten,
We'll not be afraid but take heart.

Behold I am with you
To the end of the age

*(From 'Peace, Justice and Integrity of Creation'
Centre for Peace Studies, Philippines)*



Cornish

This little gem of knowledge comes from Bruno Deslandes,
President of the Association Lord Russell:

'Oll an Gwella' which means in Cornish – 'All the best'.

Extract from Rhymes of a Red Cross Man

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"
"I'm going to join the Colours, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."
"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."
"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

* * * *

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright."
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right."
"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad,
You're all of my life, you know."
"Don't worry. I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

* * * *

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away.
And I've had the fire in the parlour lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night.

* * * *

Film Review of the month

'Oh ! what a lovely war' – Richard Attenborough 1969

Richard Attenborough died in September. Our October film review was of his 1993 film, 'Shadowlands'. This month, November when we remember, it seems good to review Attenborough's very first film released the year I went to university !

The film is based on the 1963 Stratford East production by Joan Littlewood of 'Oh what a lovely war !' 'Lovely' ? Anything but ! Yet oddly enough, it is lovely in the sense of the irreverent, comic, colourful presentation of the posh, puppet-like gyrations of the aristocratic politicians and monarchs, the fairground, musical enticement set against the background of West Pier, Brighton, and flipping back and forth and merging with and into the Western Front.

The songs are catchy, tunes from the era, Music Hall, jaunty, fun. The seduction of joining up - the moral pressure to do the right thing. The cast list reads like a list of the theatrical great and good. Among others: Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, John Mills, Kenneth More, Laurence Olivier, Jack Hawkins, Corin, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, Maggie Smith, Ian Holm, Nanette Newman, Edward Fox, Susannah York.

There is a sharp, satirical, socialist edge to the film. Were the General Staff that incompetent ? Did soldiers' lives count so little with them in their calculations to achieve victory over the enemy ?

For me, the impact of the Attenborough film is to remember the cost. The end sequence with the panorama of a green hill covered in a legion of white crosses. Half-way through, the faces of the individual soldiers on a railway platform back in Blighty having returned from the fighting in France. Not necessarily an easy view but it's necessary to remember !

Gareth Randall

Old Catholics

Anglicans in Europe should know about their Old Catholic brothers and sisters, but some may not. Anglicans and Old Catholics established full communion through the Bonn Agreement of 1931. The agreement means that Anglicans and Old Catholics are welcome to participate fully in each other's worship and receive communion at celebrations of the Eucharist. Clergy may act fully in each other's churches.

Old Catholics date their present movement from two moments in history. First of all in 1723, the Cathedral Chapter of Utrecht in the Netherlands insisted on its historic right to elect its Archbishop. The Pope refused this right. The Chapter acted independently and a new Archbishop was consecrated by a French Bishop. This led to a break with Rome. Then in 1870 the First Vatican Council declared the infallibility and universal immediate jurisdiction of the Pope to be an article of faith. In Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, some RC clergy and people opposed this new dogma. They wanted to retain their Catholic identity, however, and they turned to the Church in Utrecht for support. In Germany, clergy and laity elected a bishop and he was consecrated by the Archbishop of Utrecht. Old Catholic jurisdictions can now be found in the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Poland and Croatia, with other small communities in France.

Sometimes Anglicans are curious about the name 'Old Catholic'. Certainly Old Catholics are not 'old-fashioned' or 'elderly'. 'Old' signifies their desire to follow the faith of the Early Church, without the 19th century innovations from the Vatican.

Bishop David

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again to-day.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But oh I'm afraid, afraid."

* * * *

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad:
You'll never come back again:
(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had,
and the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

*Robert Service
published 1916*

Robert W. Service

Young Fellow my Lad was written by the poet Robert W. Service, living at Lancieux who experienced the cruelty of the battle fields as ambulance driver and stretcher bearer for the Red Cross during World War I.

Born in 1874 from a Scottish family, he immigrated to Canada at 21 with 5 dollars to seek an adventurous life. For several years, he wandered along the East Coast of the United States, leading a vagabond existence until he entered the Vancouver Canadian Bank of Commerce. Applying to be transferred in Northern Canada, the fascinating stories of the 1898 Gold Rush inspired poems published in *'Songs of a Sourdough'* which soon became famous.

Back in Europe in 1912 as war correspondent for the Toronto Star, he married a Parisian girl. Spending their honeymoon travelling in Brittany, they immediately fell in love with Lancieux and bought a house there. For several years, Robert and his family spent the winter season at Dinard, close to St Bartholomew's Church in rue St Enogat.

When WWI was declared, Robert (41) enrolled to the newly created American Ambulance Corp. The poems inspired by the time spent on the battle front were published in *'Rhymes of a Red Cross Man'*. He dedicated his book to the memory of his youngest brother, Albert, killed in Belgium.

Travels through Russia, Canada and even Tahiti inspired him to write many novels and more than 1,100 poems, catching the spirit of wanderlust, giving a voice to the weak and the unfortunate. Meanwhile, Robert stayed every summer at Lancieux, where he died in 1958. He is buried in the family vault at the Lancieux cemetery.

Charlotte Service-Longepe

The Friends of St Bartholomew's Xmas Lunch

This year we are planning the first of a number of social events aimed specifically at members of the Friends of St Bartholomew. – a Christmas Lunch at Le Lycée Hotelier in Dinard on Tuesday 16th December. If you would like to join us then please contact me on

ian.phillips@orange.fr / 02 96 27 36 64

Ian Phillips

Honorary Treasurer of the Friends

Personal Column

Our congratulations to

The Revd Malcolm Cherry who celebrated the 60th anniversary of his ordination in September on the feast of St Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist, at All Saints' Church, Barrow. Malcolm with his wife Peggy served St Bart's as a locum chaplain and we do wish them both well. Malcolm was made a deacon at St Paul's Cathedral at Michaelmas, 1954, then served in various churches in the diocese of London Chelmsford and St Albans as well a brief period in Scotland, finishing his stipendiary ministry at St Peter's, Arkley (1990 – 94) coupled with a hospital chaplaincy at Barnet General both just down the road from me in Potters Bar !

Our sympathy at the death of John Holden on 2nd October to his widow, Annette, and his sons, Mark and Guy.

Straplines

Last month, I asked if anyone could come up with a suitable strapline for St Bart's. Walking to buy the bread, I came up with :

Here for you whenever

What do you think ?

Dinard Today and Yesterday

Dinard is quintessentially Anglo-Saxon. The British and American influence in the development of our seaside resort is unmistakable. The British Film Festival is now in its 25th year is just one sign of the English (linguistically-speaking) connection.

Visitors to the church this summer would have been engaged by the exhibition of sport in Dinard affixed to our church railings. Then, for a week in October coinciding with this year's British film Festival, we hosted a second exhibition courtesy of the Mairie – 30+ display boards cleverly charting the present and past through a careful juxtaposition and merging of photographs.

Fascinating, informative. If you were fortunate to spend time taking in the array of views and reading the text, what did you think ?

Our thanks go to Carolyn Hewitt, David Norris and Ian Phillips for all their hard work and enthusiasm in making the exhibition possible and so successful



John Holden

One of the jokes John used to tell against himself was his lack of knowledge of ballet before he met Netty. Then he used to think a 'pas de deux' was the father of twins !

Questions 4/8

This mini-series was forwarded to me by Ian Phillips

Why is a person who plays the piano called a pianist,
but a person who drives a race car is not called a racist ?

The Bartholomew Gospel

18 On trial

'They bound Jesus and took him off to Pilate.' Mark 15 v1

What I write next - Jesus before Pilate – I've pieced together from what I heard. I wasn't there. I didn't hear Jesus accused. I didn't see how Pilate handled his case. I didn't witness the Roman soldiers play with him. Details may differ, depending on whose gospel you read, but this is fact: those in authority handed our Messiah, God's Son, over to the Romans who, under pressure, sentenced him to death and crucified him.



It's really early in the morning. The Priests waste no time in hauling Jesus up before Pilate. They want things settled before the Sabbath; they want things done and dusted before Passover. They accuse Jesus of fomenting unrest; of encouraging non-payment of taxes to Rome; of claiming that he, Jesus, not Caesar, is their true and only king. Such sedition would merit the death penalty. His blasphemy, however, is not mentioned. They know a Roman Governor would not be interested in such a thing: it would carry no weight with him. Their real grievance with Jesus is not aired. Instead, substituted charges of dubious validity are raised which could merit his death.

Pilate questions Jesus who is silent till asked 'Are you the king of the Jews?' but he goes no further than to say that the words are Pilate's. Pilate offers a 'get-out-of-jail-free-card', his annual prisoner amnesty at Passover. The crowd can choose who to release: Jesus of Nazareth or Jesus Barabbas? They shout for Barabbas. They shout for a son of a father rather than the Son of the Father. But what should happen to Jesus? They shout, 'Crucify him!' Who is in the crowd that morning outside Pilate's I don't exactly know but they are certainly not the

people who welcomed Jesus into Jerusalem with such enthusiasm less than a week ago. Perhaps they are the priests' men who take up the shout and others follow suit. I don't know. But the High Priest has got what he wanted.

Sitting on the judgement seat, Pilate ceremoniously washes his hands of the case. He pronounces judgement. Sentenced to death, Jesus is taken down to be prepared for his execution. The preparation includes stripping him, whipping him, dressing him up as a king and crowning him with a crown of thorns. Prisoner abuse: the sorts of things sadists enjoy doing to people in their power, to people at their mercy - helpless, hopeless.

Then they lead Jesus out through the streets and out of the city to the hill where he will be crucified, Golgotha, Calvary, the place of the skull. On his way, carrying the heavy wood from which he is to hang, Jesus stumbles three times. A passer-by, Simon of Cyrene, is press-ganged into carrying it for him. By now, Jesus is totally exhausted but the soldiers wouldn't want him to die before he got there and spoil their fun.

Eventually, they arrive and the crucifixion can begin.



There was no love lost between Pilate and the Jewish authorities. Understandably prejudiced, distrustful, each had a deep-rooted contempt of the other. It is fuelled by Pilate's appropriation of Temple funds for public works; by his heavy-handed policing in which pilgrims were killed; by subsequent Jewish complaints to Rome about Pilate's administration. Their accusation, if you free Jesus then 'you are no friend of Caesar', is nothing less than a threat to have him dismissed.

The only reason that the Jewish authorities took Jesus to Pilate was they lacked the legal authority to execute Jesus. They could have had him killed – had him taken out and stoned to death as they were to do with Stephen. But Jesus was popular with the people and there might be a backlash from the crowd if they were seen to have been high-handed, if Jesus' blood was on their hands. So, to follow the due process of the law at that time, they had to hand Jesus over to Pilate.

Pilate is seen as reluctant to condemn Jesus. Many believe that he judged Jesus to be innocent. Most people think that he tried to save Jesus by allowing the people to choose whom to save. And Pilate does wash his hands in public – a nice Jewish gesture that from a Roman. But when a judge sentences a man to death whom he considers innocent, what has happened to the principle of justice?

In truth, what we are seeing is transferred guilt: each blames the other. In truth, what we have is a case of universal guilt: in part, we are all responsible, me included, for abandoning God in the person of his Son, Jesus the Christ.



STOP PRESS

The St Bartholomew's Organ

The wardens have signed the contract with Andrew Cooper and Co of the Isle of Wight for the restoration of our organ next year. Your generous support of this project to-date has been much appreciated and shortly we will be launching the appeal to raise the balance of funds. Thank you in advance for your support.