

Diary dates for May and June, 2015

7 th May	10.30 Council Meeting
8 th May	13.00 VE Day Event at St Bart's
14 th May	10.00 Ascension Day
24 th May	11.00 Pentecost



Prayer of the month

Almighty God,
your Son ascended to the throne of power in heaven, that he might be Lord over all things for his people. We pray that the worship and service of the church may be inspired by his presence, and that he will remain with us always to the end of the age.
Amen



Prayer focus

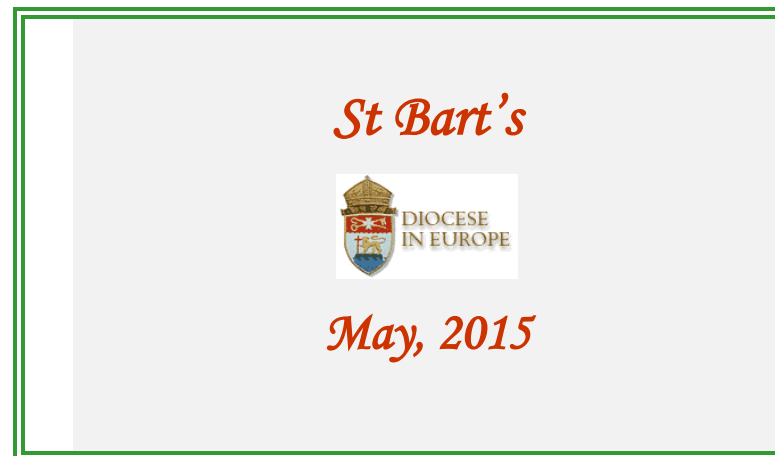
How the risen and ascended Lord Jesus Christ is still with us always.



Verse of the Month

When they kept on questioning him, he straightened up and said to them, 'Let anyone among you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone at her.'

John 8 v7



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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May, 2015

Notices

Dear Friends,

***The General Election –
choice or chosen ?***

The UK General Election is nearly upon us. What started with the New Year has blossomed at the end of March with the dissolution of Parliament, to run well beyond April Fools' Day into May.

Our view of politics is shaped by our life-experience – different folk see things differently but whoever is successful, we will, as the Established Church in and of England, pray not only for Her Majesty the Queen but for her elected government.

The word 'elect' has a theological connotation too. 'Elect' embraces the notion of choice; it suggests and implies a choosing. The Jews, we know from the Old Testament, were the Chosen People of God. And, in some sense, as Christians, we are God-chosen, his elect.

Is it not wonderful the idea that God loves us enough to give us life in the first place then to bring us home to him when we die through the grace extended to us in the person of his Son, Jesus Christ ?

My question, then, is 'Can all be saved or is it only the select few ?' One verse in Matthew (22 v14) runs that 'Many are called but few are chosen' whereas it occurs to me that God chooses to save all his creation but that some of us, by what we think and do, refuse to be saved and choose instead to put ourselves beyond the pale.

Whatever the case, let's wish whatever party succeeds in getting into No 10 success in what they need and have to do.

Father Gareth



- **Lent Organ Appeal** raised 2,075€ - thank you ! We do still need to raise approximately a third of the sum required so if you'd like to make a donation some time this year please do.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the June edition of St Bart's is ***midday on Thursday 28th May***
- **Church Finances for March**
Income: 3,816€ Expenditure: 4,825€



Readings in church

May 3rd

Acts 8 v26 – 40
1 John 4 v7 – 21

Fifth Sunday of Easter

Psalm 22 v25 – 31
John 15 v1 – 8

May 10th

Acts 10 v44 – 48
1 John 5 v1 – 6

Sixth Sunday of Easter

Psalm 98
John 15 v9 – 17

May 17th

Acts 1 v15 – 17, 21 – 26
1 John 5 v9 – 13

Sunday after Ascension Day

Psalm 1
John 17 v6 – 19

May 24th

Acts 2 v1– 21
Romans 8 v22 – 27

Day of Pentecost

Psalm 104 v26 – 37
John 15 v26 – 27, 16 v4b – 15

May 31st

Isaiah 6 v1 – 8
Romans 8 v12 – 17

Trinity Sunday

Psalm 29
John 3 v1 – 17

Quotations of the month

Throughout the whole of life one must learn how to live and what will amaze you even more throughout life one must learn how to die.

Seneca



Harmony in song and sermon ?

*This little gem on the virtues of temperance
was sent to us by Barry Jordan's son, Nathan*

A preacher was completing a sermon on the subject of temperance.

"If I could, I would take all the beer in the world, and pour it into the nearest river !"

"And if I could, I would take all the wine in the world and pour it into the nearest river."

"And, moreover, if I could, I would take all the whisky in the world and pour it into the nearest river."

Preacher sat down, satisfied that he had clearly made his point.

With a smile, the organist starts to play the closing hymn:
'Shall We Gather at the River.'



An anorexic's prayer

Lead us not into tum-tation

God and the care of lawns

*The following, a conversation between God and St Francis,
was sent to me by Ian Philips*

Frank, you know all about gardens and nature. What in the world is going on down there on the planet ? What happened to the dandelions, violets, milkweeds and stuff I started eons ago ? I had a perfect no-maintenance garden plan. Those plants grow in any type of soil, withstand drought and multiply with abandon. The nectar from the long-lasting blossoms attracts butterflies, honey bees and flocks of songbirds. I expected to see a vast garden of colours by now. But, all I see are these green rectangles.

It's the tribes that settled there, Lord. The Suburbanites. They started calling your flowers 'weeds' and went to great lengths to kill them and replace them with grass.

Grass ? But, it's so boring. It's not colourful. It doesn't attract butterflies, birds and bees; only grubs and worms. It's sensitive to temperatures. Do these Suburbanites really want all that grass growing there ?

Apparently so, Lord. They go to great pains to grow it and keep it green. They begin each spring by fertilizing grass and poisoning any other plant that crops up in the lawn.

The spring rains and warm weather probably make grass grow really fast. That must make the Suburbanites happy.

Apparently not, Lord. As soon as it grows a little, they cut it sometimes twice a week.

They cut it? Do they then bale it like hay ?

Not exactly, Lord. Most of them rake it up and put it in bags.

They bag it? Why? Is it a cash crop? Do they sell it?

No, Sir, just the opposite. They pay to throw it away.

Now, let me get this straight. They fertilize grass so it will grow. And, when it does grow, they cut it off and pay to throw it away?

Yes, Sir.

These Suburbanites must be relieved in the summer when we cut back on the rain and turn up the heat. That surely slows the growth and saves them a lot of work.

You aren't going to believe this, Lord. When the grass stops growing so fast, they drag out hoses and pay more money to water it, so they can continue to mow it and pay to get rid of it.

What nonsense. At least they kept some of the trees. That was a sheer stroke of genius, if I do say so myself. The trees grow leaves in the spring to provide beauty and shade in the summer. In the autumn, they fall to the ground and form a natural blanket to keep moisture in the soil and protect the trees and bushes. It's a natural cycle of life.

You better sit down, Lord. The Suburbanites have drawn a new circle. As soon as the leaves fall, they rake them into great piles and pay to have them hauled away.

No! What do they do to protect the shrub and tree roots in the winter to keep the soil moist and loose?

After throwing away the leaves, they go out and buy something which

Bill's pesky moles

A poet's response to Bill Hughes's article last month

If you ask Bill about a hole,
He'll tell you a tale of a mole.

A mole can travel 5 miles a day
Eating worms that fall in his way.

He causes havoc wherever he goes
Simply by using his fingers and toes.

Holes in the ground and mounds above,
Bill cannot find a mole to love.

The mole hills are what bothers Bill
The pesky moles he'll move at will.

It's now a crusade and Bill has a plan
To get rid of the moles as fast as he can.

Into the hole he'll put a bomb
And hey presto, the moles will be gone!

The battle is now nearing the end
And Bill will be rid of his tiresome 'friends'.

Ailsa Albino



The sting's in the tail 2/4

These gems are sent to us by Trisha and Tony

7. They begin the evening news with 'Good Evening,' then proceed to tell you why it isn't.
8. To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.
9. I thought I wanted a career. Turns out, I just wanted pay cheques.
10. In filling out an application, where it says, 'In case of emergency, notify!' I put "DOCTOR."
11. I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.
12. Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street . . . with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are sexy.



Biblical illiteracy

John Marshall writes the following:

Re the article in the Easter St Bart's concerning Bible illiteracy, I am reminded of the following, which was reported as actually happening.

Two young mothers were talking during one of their December Shopping trips and if I remember correctly there was a Salvation Army group playing and singing carols. One of the mothers was overheard complaining to the other saying, "Look at them, they're even trying to get religion into Christmas now!"



they call mulch. They haul it home and spread it around in place of the leaves.

Enough! I don't want to think about this anymore. St. Catherine, you're in charge of the arts. What movie have you scheduled for us tonight?

'Dumb and Dumber', Lord. It's a story about....

Never mind, I think I just heard the whole story from St. Francis.



The War of the Roses (continued)

Anyone reading previous issues of the church newsletter may think John Marshall (a Yorkist) and myself (a Lancastrian) have a strong rivalry. Nothing is further from the truth.

John and I have been close friends for many years. John and Wendy's holiday home is less than 5 minutes walk from what was our Fish and Chip shop in Paramé. We visited each other on a regular basis. My wife, Joyce, enjoyed many great holidays in Yorkshire in places such as Scarborough, Whitby and the Yorkshire Dales to name but three. I've been on many fishing trips from Bridlington and still have friends in the Sheffield area.

But still the banter goes on! Lancastrians can insult Yorkists and vice versa. But if you're not one or the other, worry not for as John rightly writes: "It's nowt to do wi' thee."

Bill Hughes



What would YOU have done?

Fanatics of the Islamic State (Isis) took time out from beheading infidels to blow up large chunks of the 4th Century Christian monastery of Mar Behnam, 20 miles south-east of Mosul, Iraq. The historic monastery is believed to house one of the world's most valuable Syriac libraries, and hopes for its survival are not strong. Elsewhere in Iraq, and about the same time – mid March 2015 – comrades of the same lot attacked another, unnamed, Christian church in Mosul. They destroyed a statue of the Virgin Mary and replaced crosses with the black Isis flag.

So far, so normal for Isis. What happened around the same time in Lahore, Pakistan, is far more ambiguous. Seventeen Christians, one a nine-year-old, died and 80 more were hurt when a Taliban splinter group (it claimed responsibility, later) sent suicide bombers into two churches 600 metres apart. Press photographer, Mohsin Raza, covering the attacks, said people at the scene when he arrived were running around in panic. He went on, according to the UK daily *The Independent*: 'Suddenly I noticed a mob of young people shouting and beating a man who they suspected was behind the attacks.' The man was innocent. So was another who was alike lynched that day by enraged crowds.

Photographer Raza does not tell us whether the crowds were from the destroyed churches. He does add that two 'Christian protesters' were killed when a car rammed through a road block the two set up.

Pakistan has earned itself a bad reputation for persecutions against its Christian minority, less than 2 per cent of all Pakistanis. One of the commonest means of persecution is allegation of blasphemy, which carries the death penalty – as in the case of Asia Bibi, who has been on death row since November 2010 (after an argument with neighbours)

Extra Film Review of the month *'Fury' – David Ayer 2014*

It's the 70th anniversary of the end of the 2WW this month. 'Fury' is set in the April as American forces advance into Germany, meeting a last, fierce resistance to defend the Fatherland itself.

This uncomfortable film is full of paradox. War is necessarily aggressive, nasty, brutal. The crew of a Sherman tank – which has the word 'Fury' painted on its gun-barrel – is led by 'Wardaddy' (Brad Pitt); they have been brutalised and hardened by the fighting but there is something akin to family about the bond that unites them. With the death of one of them before the start of the film gives space for new comer – Norman (Logan Lerman) – an innocent abroad who is inevitably blooded by what is to happen.

'Fury' is a dark, harsh, violent film in reds and blacks with an apocalyptic feel about these end times. Not nice, not kind, not PC but with a sense of doing what has to be done even at the cost of their lives.

Gareth Randall

More of the same

When I was an apprentice, two workmen were talking about winning the pools. "It's pure luck," one said. The other replied, "No it's not – it's a game of chance!"

Bill Hughes



Film Review of the month
'12 years a slave' Steve McQueen – 2013

Paul's letter to Philemon was written on account of a runaway slave, Onesimus, whom Paul was returning to his owner, Philemon, in the hope and trust he would be generous, greet him as a long-lost brother-in-Christ and free him. If tradition is to be believed, then the slave went on to be the Bishop of Ephesus and was responsible for the preservation of the letter! You may like to ask yourself, however, why Paul fails to condemn the practice of slavery then common practice in the Roman Empire.

If you were to steel yourself to watch this film of a true story, you would be in no doubt that slavery is morally reprehensible, a social evil built on the premise that it is possible for one human being to own another and to treat him or her as his property, as an object to be disposed of without question as of right under law. Here, the slaves are black and I felt ashamed to be white.

The hero is Solomon Northup (Chiwetel Ejiofor), a free man living in New York, a violinist and carpenter, who is abducted while playing in Washington in 1841. Sold into slavery, as Platt he experienced a variety of owners, the worst being the last, Edwin Epps (Michael Fassbender). From the title, you can guess the end but I won't go into the uncomfortable detail of what happens – it's generally not that nice!

I did love the acting: Benedict Cumberbatch with an American accent played one of the nicer slave owners; Lupita Nyong'o played Patsy, an attractive and abused young black woman; Brad Pitt played an enlightened builder from the North, aglow with a certain je ne sais quoi who is instrumental in bringing about the 'happy ending'.

It is a film to see but it's not easy viewing.

Gareth Randall

and whose sentence was upheld last year by Lahore High Court. Her lawyers have appealed.

But the idea of a Christian congregation turning into a lynch mob is a horrifying one – if that's really what happened.

You can't turn the other cheek to a mass slaughterer when the shreds of his own body are intermingled with those of your fellow worshippers. But we still have to heed those immutable words of God: Thou shalt not kill.

It is not my place to judge, full stop. In particular, it is not my place to judge how I might feel, what madness of shock and rage might seize hold of me, if I survived a bomb that killed a dozen of my friends and fellow Christians. If those responsible for the lynchings *were* Christian, then they have an account to settle with the Almighty.

But, pray God, let me never be in that position.

David Boggis



Church Garden

A big thank you for all those unsung heroes among the members of our congregation who labour so hard and so well to make our garden at church look so beautiful and who are thereby also saving us a considerable sum of money annually (1800€)! Any help is always welcome when you have an hour to spare.

David Morgan



DON'T - IN COMPANY

*Continuing A Manual Of Mistakes - a simple guide to Victorian Values
(and thus to enduring Right & Wrong) - we now learn
the principal standards of social behaviour:*

- 1 **DON'T** appear too eager to accept an invitation. For example, on arriving at your host's front door and being asked to come in and 'make yourself at home', at first say "*No, thank you*" - a reply correct in most circumstances.
- 2 **DON'T** enter a room if you might be exuding the scent of anything *recognizable* (such as onions, alcohol or the footpath). To avoid such risks, men should clean their boots and wash their moustaches. Ladies not able to do the same, may wish to suck a mild cachou.
- 3 **DON'T** remark on anything other than the weather. (Exceptions: men may allude to sport and ladies to other ladies not present.) When initiating a conversation always try to say what the other person might have said. Never disagree.
- 4 **DON'T** stand in front of the fire, unless you are intending to speak about a matter of some importance (an impending change in the weather, say). In which case you should ensure that you are facing your listeners, not the mantelpiece.
- 5 **DON'T** use a knife to eat fish. When this cannot be avoided, use only a *silver* knife. As a guest you would be correct to insist on such a replacement.
- 6 **DON'T** spit your bones or fruit stones onto the table or the carpet. If you are unable to swallow them, fingers may be used (your own or your wife's) to transfer the unwanted remnants into her lap or reticule.

Questions Confidential ?

In November, the question of UK security services monitoring the conversation between alleged Libyan terrorists and their legal representatives was aired on Radio 4. And, of course, I wondered whether anything we now said was ever truly confidential.

We currently live in an age of social media where people air their views and opinions in public in an open, very public way that my parents would have found quite shocking. Certainly, my mother, as a matter of pride and self-respect, would have taken care to air only her clean washing in the garden.

Three areas of confidentiality were cited on the Radio: that between solicitor and client; that between an MP and constituent; that between doctor and patient. And I thought of that between priest and parishioner.

The secrets of the confessional were once thought to be sacrosanct though I have only ever heard one person's confession in my life. But, as a rule of thumb, what is shared with me in confidence is necessarily treated as confidential and is not passed on.

But my question to you is simply this: 'Is anything ever truly secret when all that we do and say is potentially being monitored ?' Perhaps our St Bart's magazine has a wider readership than I ever imagined !

Father Gareth



Personal Column

Our congratulations:

to Adelaide and Benjamin Hogg who made their first communion in church on 26th April.

Our sympathy:

to Natalie and David Bargioni on the death of Natalie's mother, Francine Briand, on 13th April

and

to Shelagh Jordan on the death of her sister, Dinah on 20th April .



Fret

Sea mist
masks
the bay
Fret not
the sun
will come



7 DON'T use a toothpick or fingernail to release clinging or unsightly morsels of food that might have become mouthbound. Instead, excusing yourself to your neighbours to right and left, bend down below the level of the table and quickly apply your 'dining-out' toothbrush. (*Or floss.* Ed.) Alternatively, you may keep your mouth closed during the remainder of the meal. (Note: *Never* remove your teeth at dinner.)

8 DON'T *nudge* anyone other than your spouse, and then only in the direst of emergencies, such as a dropped napkin (or aitch), or an unexpected death at table.

9 DON'T thank servants. The correct form of appreciation is to ignore them, accepting their service without acknowledging their presence. To be 'taken for granted' in this way will encourage them to believe that they *belong* to the household, thus increasing their dedication and adding to the quality of their work.

10 DON'T yawn, except when you mean to.

David Norris



Billboard 6/8

From a church notice-board sent to us by Bill Hughes

Honk if you love Jesus
Text while driving if you want to meet him



**They Worked for St. Bart's (4)
Margaret Greenwood**

The only lady I mentioned who we did not actually meet in church, was Margaret, as by the time we were coming Margaret was no longer able to get back to Dinard. However, we did visit her back in Yorkshire. In the years when she and I believe her husband were among the holiday worshippers, she had become very fond of her French church. Our earliest 'connection' was by being given a fruit cake by Heather Pankhurst on the first Sunday of one of her visits with Donald. They maintained contact and also visited Margaret in Halifax, and the cakes were baked by her for Heather to bring and give to people in church. No payment was to be made, the only request was that anyone who had a cake would send Margaret a letter all about the church as she could then build up a picture of how things were, from the variety of aspects people chose to mention.

At that time, we still visited Halifax as Wendy had family in the region, and Ida asked if we could deliver some of the Pyrenees chocolates to Margaret, as every year she posted her some when they began to appear in the Christmas chocorama. So that is how our visits to Margaret began.

Eventually, Donald officiated at Margaret's funeral and Wendy was able to attend so was asked to read one of the lessons, Donald introduced her as representing Margaret's church in France. After the service someone congratulated her on her very good English, not bad for a native of Halifax !!

John Marshall



**Odd Words
Mordacious**

The Scotts gave me a block note calendar for Christmas – 'Daily Brain Games' to keep my mind active. Great fun and informative. The one for Wednesday July 30th 2014 was a language game: spot which of the following was not a synonym of the other four:

scathing – mordacious – murderous – belittling – trenchant.

Now I didn't know what mordacious meant but I guessed it had something to do with chewing and hence that it might mean 'tasty'. Wrong! In fact mordacious is derived from the Latin verb 'mordere' to bite and refers to a biting, sarcastic comment.

Neat but I'd never come across this adjective before (the OED describes its usage as 'rare') and I doubt if I'll ever actually use it myself. Instead, I've consigned mordacious to memory, a part of my passive rather than active vocabulary.

Why do we prefer to use one word rather than another which has a similar meaning? What makes one word a word of choice while another just doesn't cut the mustard? Experience, age, prejudice? Who knows?

Gareth Randall



Quick quips 8/8

These little beauties were sent to us by Bill Hughes

"You're an example of a spineless, hen-pecked husband!"

"You wouldn't say that if my wife were here!"

My visits to Guernsey 1/4

Guernsey is one of the Channel Islands – Les Iles Anglo-normands – the next largest after Jersey. Others include Alderney, Sark, Herm Jethou and Brecqhou. The emblem for Guernsey is a donkey, for Jersey, a frog. There is a friendly rivalry between Guernsey and Jersey similar to that between Lancastrians and Yorkists.

The National Anthem for Guernsey is ‘Sarnnia Cheri’ which has a lively tune. It’s been sung a couple of times in Pat’s church when I’ve been there and is usually belted out with great gusto.

On the island, there are many good restaurants and some large supermarkets such as Marks and Spencer’s, the Co-op, Iceland, Waitrose and Alliance (which now stock many items from Tesco). This is quite a lot considering the population is around 65,000.

Both Guernsey and Jersey are noted for their dairy produce. The milk from Guernsey cows has a higher fat content which means the butter and cream are richer. Jersey cows, however, are better looking!

At St Bart’s, we do have two regular churchgoers who were born in Guernsey but who now live in France: Eric Lambert, who is proud of his Guernsey heritage; and Sylvie Phillips who values her Guernsey roots. Then, throughout the year, but especially in summer, we have Kate and Roger Berry with us at St Bart’s when they are staying in St Malo.

Bill Hughes



The Bartholomew Gospel

24 Ascension

‘He was lifted up . . . and a cloud took him out of their sight.’ Acts 1 v9

How do you say good-bye a second time to someone you love and respect?

Actually, the first time was worse: then, Jesus was taken, snatched from us in the middle of the night and executed the very next day in a public and shameful and painful way. We were numb with the speed and the shock of it all.

The second time we knew and accepted that he was going. We were ready for it and though his departure was, to say the least, dramatic, at least we’d had the chance to get used to the idea and to say good-bye properly. We knew that he had completed what he’d set out to do; that he was going to be with our Father in heaven; that now it was down to us, up to us, to do the work he’d set in motion. Were we bereft? Not really because of his promise to us to be with us ‘every single day, to the very end of the age.’ And so with a light heart, praising God, we returned to Jerusalem.



Forty days earlier, with his tomb having been found empty, Jesus subsequently appeared in different places at different times to different people. Outside his tomb, to Mary Magdalene; on the road to Emmaus, to Clopas and his companion; on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, to eight of us; in the Upper Room, to all of us.

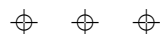
He was clearly embodied, substantial, very much in the flesh. He was able to hold bread in his hands and to break it; to put fish in his mouth and to eat it. He could touch us and we could touch him. Once more

with us, he was a warm, solid, living, breathing individual. I know: I saw him; I touched him; I was touched by him too.

But he was also able to appear and to disappear at will, to enter a secure room without having to pass through its door or to disappear from a room where he'd just been sitting at table, blessing and breaking bread in full view of two people.

The day of his ascension into heaven, Jesus seemed to defy the law of gravity, being lifted up into the air by an unseen power and hidden from our sight by a cloud, the Shekinah, a sign of the very presence of God with us.

Paradox and mystery are sure signs of deity.



So we were with him when he left us in the flesh.

What we wanted to know was when the kingdom would be restored to Israel. But he wouldn't tell us. He said he couldn't tell us: that only God the Father knew the time such things would be. But he said we should concern ourselves with the present not the future. For us, he had this command: 'You must go and make all the nations into disciples. Baptize them in the name of the father and of the son and of the holy spirit. Teach them to observe everything I have commanded you.' So there we had it. We were to be his witnesses to the truth that he taught, 'in Jerusalem, in all Judea and Samaria and to the very ends of the earth.' But first, we needed to return to Jerusalem and wait to be 'clothed with power from on high.' Whatever that might mean!

So he ascended into heaven and while we were looking up, two men in white appeared and said, 'Galileans, why are you standing here staring into heaven? This Jesus, who has been taken from you into heaven, will come back in the same way you saw him go into heaven.' Confirmation of what we knew already.

We did as we were bid and returned to the city with a light heart and the promise of more to come.



Restoration of Organ

The estimated total cost of the work is	79,000€
Money raised so far	49,252€
Money to be raised	29,748€



Cushions

Pew cushions have begun to appear in the church with covers sewn by Victor.

Donations received for the work to date amount to 1,130€ but at approximately 30€ per pew the total cost is expected to reach 1,600€. The work so far has cost 1,023€

Would you be kind enough to contribute to softer seating?

