

Diary dates for June and July, 2015

9 th June	18.30 – AGM Groupement Oecuménique at St Bart's
21 st June	Lunchtime after church – BBQ at Diana Wilson's - La Tamara Rte de Ploubalay
9 th July	10.30 Council Meeting
12 th July	12.00 Friends AGM



Prayer of the month

O God, the king of glory,
you have exalted your only Son Jesus Christ
with great triumph to your kingdom of heaven:
we beseech you to leave us not comfortless,
but send your Holy Spirit to strengthen us
and exalt us to the place
where our Saviour Christ is gone before,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and forever.



Prayer focus

What we have to thank God for.



Verse of the Month

'I am the bread of life. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry, and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.'

John 6 v35



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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June, 2015

Notices

Dear Friends,

Thank you

Do you ? Do you say thank you ? Do you thank someone for what they do for you ?

When I was a young teacher at Davenant Foundation Grammar School for boys in Loughton, I was well impressed that my then Head Master, the late Roy Smith, not only knew that I was taking the U12 rugby team for their games on a Saturday morning but that he took the trouble to say thank you to me for doing what I thought was simply part of the job and something that I really enjoyed doing.

The healing of the ten lepers in Luke's gospel (17 v11 - 19) has the interesting fact that only one of the ten bothered to come back to say thank you to Jesus for healing him of what the Good News Bible delightfully describes as 'a dreaded skin-disease'. Okay, I'm sure the other nine were grateful, really pleased they'd been miraculously healed and could show themselves to the priests and be declared clean and fit again to be received in the normal, everyday society from which they had been ejected. But they didn't say thank you to Jesus.

Okay, so I know we don't need to be thanked because it is sufficient to know we've done what's right, what's good, what's needed. But if we are thanked, then there is a glow that reinforces our good behaviour and encourages us to do something similar in the future. Saying thank you to my femme de ménage lets her know how much I appreciate the work she does so well for me and for which I do pay her.

So do you say thank you or not ? Saying thank you could be habit-forming !

Father Gareth

- **VE Day Picnic** on 8th May raised a remarkable 1675€ for our church organ fund . Our thanks to Carolyn and to her team for master-minding and delivering a wonderfully enjoyable afternoon in the church garden.
- **Appeal re Nepalese Earthquake** – the retiring collection on 10th May raised £160 which has been sent to the Gurkha Welfare Trust.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the July edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 25th June*
- **Church Finances for April**
Income: 5,814€ Expenditure: 5,406€



Readings in church

June 7th	First Sunday after Trinity
1 Samuel 8 v4 – 11, 16 – 20	Psalm 138
2 Corinthians 4 v13b – 5 v1	Mark 3 v20 – 36
June 14th	Second Sunday after Trinity
1 Samuel 15 v34 –16 v13	Psalm 20
2 Corinthians 5 v6 –10, 14 – 17	Mark 4 v26 –34
June 21st	Third Sunday after Trinity
1 Samuel 17 v32 – 39	Psalm 9 v9 – 20
2 Corinthians 6 v1 –13	Mark 4 v35 – 41
June 28th	Fourth Sunday after Trinity
2 Samuel 1 v1, 17 – 24	Psalm 130
2 Corinthians 8 v7 –15	Mark 5 v21 – 43

Quotations of the month

I am not a MAMIL
(Middle-aged man in Lycra)
Peter Bryant

*(Peter is a former pupil of mine from the first English class I ever taught.
He currently undertakes long-distance cycle-rides to raise money for charity.)*



Praying hands

Palm to palm;
fingers in parallel,
each pressed against another;
pointing outwards, upwards,
away from self to otherness;
soft, firm, warm, in touch.
The joy of and in being -
awake, aware, alive,
in touch connected.



Billboard 7/8

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

Under the same management for over 2,000 years



Notes from the Council - May 7th

As ever, our meeting opened and closed in prayer. It was the first of the new Church Council so Brian Cordery, John Marshall and Ian Phillips were all congratulated on their re-election for a further three year term of office; Dr David Norris was thanked for masterminding the AGM last month, not least the election process, and Professor Janet Darbyshire CBE, President of the Friends of St Bartholomew, was welcomed to her first Council meeting as a co-opted member by dint of her office.

It was an exciting meeting. Of course, there were the usual concerns: money, fabric, the organ, to name but three. Val Carter, our Safeguarding Officer, gave us an update on the new requirements for ensuring the safety of our young folk and vulnerable adults. Geoff Carter mentioned stewardship and the possibility of reviewing the campaign in the new year was mooted. Helen Cogaigh, one of our two Synod Reps, gave an enthusiastic report on the Synod in April urging us to consider attending as observers. Caroline Hewitt, our Communications Officer, flagged up some of the events in 2015: the VE Day picnic to take place the following day; the showing of a black and white silent film in church on the evening of Sunday 27th September as a warm-up for the Dinard British Film festival; a concert by young students from the Juilliard School in New York on 7th August to name but three.

But for me, it was good to welcome the fact that Bishop David, our Suffragan has extended Father Peter Hales's licence to embrace the whole diocese and I have, therefore, invited him to celebrate Holy Communion once a month on the second Thursday; once a month on the third Sunday and once a month on the second Sunday to preach. It's great to have Pippa and Peter and Ben as part of our congregation.

Father Gareth

Napoleon Bonaparte

A commemoration of Napoleon's Death on St. Helena took place at Napoleon's Tomb there, on Saturday 2nd May 2015 at 10.00am. Father Dale Bowers, Archdeacon and Vicar General, led the Commemoration with Prayers, followed by a one minute silence signalled by the playing of the "last post", by Dax Richards of the Jamestown Scouts. The Hon. French Consul, Monsieur Michel Dancoisne-Martineau addressed those in attendance: "This place has to be appreciated for what it is or maybe I should say for what it is not - this is not the grave, nor a monument, but just a flat stone.

"With that said, on every ship thousands of people like us here today continue to walk half a mile to see nothing and this has been going on for two centuries. How can you possibly explain that? The reason is very simple and beautiful when you think about it - simply because this place has ended an amazing story of a man who was the starting point of our modern history. Like any good story or novel the first and last pages are the ones you will always remember. Napoleon used St. Helena to compose the last chapter of his life."

The Commemoration continued with the singing of both the English and French Anthems, followed by the laying of the wreaths on behalf of the French Nation. La Fondation Napoleon and for the Island of St. Helena. The Commemoration ended with members of the public gathering on the pathway overlooking the Tomb, for a musical recital and Blessing. This year (2015) commemorates 200 years since Napoleon Bonaparte's exile to St. Helena.

Bishop James Johnson



Odd Words Terrible beauty

It's October. An article in the Church Times on angels. The phrase the writer uses to describe them, their 'terrible beauty' catches my attention. What on earth does that mean?

'Terrible' to me usually means 'awful', 'really bad', 'not good'. But in the context of angels, I'm not comfortable with this as its meaning. So I look up 'terrible' in my trusty OED and, sure enough, it does mean something along the lines of something 'not that nice' since it is rooted in the word 'terror', something that is 'able to inspire fear in us', 'awesome' in one sense of the word.

But there is a further meaning of terrible – to suggest something that is 'very great, excessive'. It's just like the phrase 'well good' where the adverb modifies the adjective; only here we have an adjective qualifying a noun.

So what does terrible beauty mean? Not so much terrible in the sense of frightening but terrible in the sense of so perfect its presence renders us deeply uncomfortable.

There is a sculpture by Michelangelo of the Pietà in St Peter's in Rome. It's a beautiful rendition of Mary cradling Jesus in her arms, her son's dead body having been taken down from the cross – grief and love embodied. That sculpture may well be what it means to be a terrible beauty. What do you think?

Gareth Randall



My visits to Guernsey 2/4

Pat Baker, who lives on Guernsey, and I became friends four years ago. Before my wife died, Pat met Joyce on a couple of occasions and they got on well together, partly because of their common shared interest in history.

Before Pat and I became close friends, my first visit to Guernsey was to a wedding of a friend, Jim, who was in his seventies and who had met a widow from Guernsey called Barbara and they had decided to marry. Apparently they had first met many years previous when they were at school together. My wife, Joyce, and I with two friends, Yvonne and Ian, who used to own Bel Event Caravan Park in Châteauneuf, went to the wedding on Guernsey. We stayed in the extremely nice holiday apartments owned by Kate and Roger Berry.

The minister, like Father Gareth, had a sense of humour. Apparently, when they went to see him to arrange the wedding, knowing Jim's age, the minister said to Barbara, "You had better not hang about. Get him to the altar as quick as you can." Then after the main part of the ceremony, the minister said, "At this point I usually give advice to newly weds but today I won't because you and Jim have been around the block a couple of times!"

Bill Hughes



Restoration of Organ

The estimated total cost of the work is	79,000€
Money raised so far	51,094€
Money to be raised	27,906€

Concentration Camp memories

Geoff and Janet Scott attended 'A solemn commemoration of the 70th anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz at Westminster Abbey on Sunday 1st February and Geoff sent us this reflection

The usual organ recital was cancelled; instead, a special service was to be held: a commemoration of the liberation of the camp at Auschwitz 70 years before. An Abbey Church, one of the Queen's Royal Peculiar, filled to the brim with a predominantly Jewish congregation. They were likely to have had ancestors who had been persecuted, starved, worked to death or gassed and burned. Such ecumenism! An extraordinary atmosphere. Hugo Gryn wrote of his one absolute certainty in survival: that the profound impact of learning about the Holocaust, the mass killing of unacceptable groups: the gypsies, mentally disordered, criminals and, above all, the Jews, would be such that mankind could never again commit such barbaric medieval crimes against itself. "How wrong that solitary certainty of mine proved to be". The service was a quite remarkable combination of Jewish and Christian texts. The ethos of each piece is the same. Two survivors gave testimony. Rabbi Julia Neuberger gave the address. Two great hymns: Cwm Rhondda and Repton seemed not to be known by the congregation but then I remembered the Jews at school holding their own morning worship while we sung these lustily at Assembly. The singing of Jewish poems and laments and the music and poems composed by victims of the Holocaust were very moving. Our world and the relations between peoples seem now to be so fragile. We are so lucky to live in civilised society. We should pray for the forgiveness of murderers, for the insight of politicians and above all, for the peace makers.

Dr Geoff Scott



**They Worked for St. Bart's (5)
Elizabeth Hannay**

Elizabeth was already living in France before the outbreak of WWII, the family home being Villa Solidor, next door to the Grand Hotel. At the outbreak of war, Elizabeth got her parents out of the country on the last boat to leave St. Malo and as her mother was American the family travelled to the U.S.A. When America entered the conflict Elizabeth joined the American army, serving in the Far East and eventually reaching the rank of Major.

The family was eventually able to return to Dinard in the early 1950s and from that point, much of Elizabeth's time and energy was spent ensuring that St. Bartholomew's did not suffer the fate of many of the other Anglican Churches in Brittany, but remained as a place of worship and to the best of her ability, in a reasonable state of repair. She ensured that it was opened every day, with services held firstly in the summer, and eventually the holiday season, July and August, with visiting clergy taking the services. Sadly, her great desire to see that once again St. Bartholomew's had a permanent priest was not achieved until some five years after her death.

However, her Christian work was not just in her beloved St. Bartholomew's, as, among other aspects, she was the founder of the Groupement Oecuménique des Bords de Rance and also of the French branch of the International Ecumenical Fellowship.

She was a very talented artist, especially known for her portraits, and some of the ecumenical meetings were hosted in her atelier, situated in the garden of Villa Solidor. It was also here that we remember the Saturday afternoon meetings of her group of artist friends, gathered for a couple of hours portrait work, with models provided, coerced or

***Extra Film Review of the month
'Saving Mr. Banks' – John Lee Hancock 2014***

One of the nice things about going back to England is that family and friends lend/give me DVDs to take back to France with me. So it was with Les and Lin's kindness, I had the chance to see Emma Thompson and Tom Hanks in this fascinating, psychological exploration of P L Travers, the writer of 'Mary Poppins'.

Tom Hanks plays Walt Disney who for over twenty years has been chasing P L Travers (Emma Thompson) to sell him the rights to produce a film based on her books. She is reluctant to have her 'creation' debased by Disney cartoons !

Well, we've all seen Disney's 'Mary Poppins' and though Dick Van Dyke's Cockney makes me squirm, there is no doubt that the film was a great success. So it is fascinating to see the skill required to get the book from print to celluloid.

If you love Emma Thompson, then you'll probably love this film but beware – the character she plays is intensely irritating – a high order J (Myers Briggs Personality Profile).

That said, there is an engaging interleaving of her childhood with a loving though sadly alcoholic dad which explains why she becomes the person she is.

Watch it – you could find it an engaging view and discover why the film is called 'Saving Mr. Banks'.

Gareth Randall



Film Review of the month
'The Flight of the Phoenix' – Robert Aldrich, 1965

I was 16 when 'The Flight of the Phoenix' was released but the DVD was a Christmas present last year from my friend, John Johnstone, who wanted me to see this excellent film in which the late Richard Attenborough excels not as a director but as an actor.

Essentially, it's centred around a plane crash in the desert, something that happened before the advanced radar and satellite tracking we enjoy nowadays. Due to a faulty radio, their position is unknown and the passengers and two crew are in danger of dying from the heat and lack of water. What follows is a drama that deals with stereotypes: English, American, Italian, French, to name but four and their interaction.

The cast reads like a list of acting's great and good. Besides Richard Attenborough, there is James Stewart, the pilot, Hardy Krüger, a German aircraft designer, Peter Finch, a British army officer, Ronald Frazer, an NCO.

What I loved was the humanity and the capacity to care for each other in the face of inevitable tension. Sadly, I don't have an engineering background so I'm unable to judge how plausible the storyline is. It's taken from a book by Elliston Trevor of the same name.

Still, whether it is simply a flight of fancy or a plain possibility, I still enjoyed it. The inevitable happy ending is predictable though it does take time to get there and not without the death of several characters with whom you could sympathise.

It was a Christmas treat for me. Why not give yourself a treat too ? It's like travelling back in time.

Gareth Randall

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almost bullied into sitting, often the locum chaplain or maybe his wife, but also members of the congregation and both Wendy and I had the doubtful honour of being included.

We learned that there was an unwritten rule that Sunday worship should finish by noon and there were two reasons for this. First, some members came from St. Malo and in pre-Barrage days, this meant by the vedette, and so the service needed to allow time for them to catch the last boat before lunch. But also, and maybe more important, Elizabeth needed to get to her Charcuterie before it closed, as she needed to collect her lunch.

One lasting memory from our early days in the church, when the congregation was still quite small, is that if Peter Polden, who was then acting as sidesman etc., had not started to move people forward to the altar at the point Elizabeth expected, he would be prodded from behind as she told him, not too quietly,

'Get them moving – the priest said Draw Near'.

Peter usually responded, 'The Major's coming out again, Elizabeth'.

John Marshall

∞ ∞

Cold cure

At Synod in April I picked up a cold – coughing, sneezing, headache, temperature, sore throat, runny nose. For a week, nothing I did seemed any good till Jackie Webb suggested an old remedy – honey and lemon in hot water. And that did the trick !

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A Musical Entente Cordiale

I am not a great one for watching sport on television, except rugby, especially when it is a match between England and France such as the one which took place recently at Twickenham. However, apart from the game itself, I enjoy the match preview, which has now become something of a spectacle, yet all in good taste, culminating in both sides singing their respective National Anthems.

The origin of *La Marseillaise* is well known. It was a revolutionary song composed in 1792 by Claude Joseph Rouget De Lisle with the original title *Chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin*. Sung in the streets of Paris by volunteers from Marseilles during the Revolution, it was officially adopted in 1796 and renamed as the Chant National.

By contrast, the origin of the English National Anthem has remained obscure although, until recently, the most popular theory has been that it was written in support of King George II after the British Army was initially defeated in 1745 by Prince Charles Edward Stuart. However, documents recently discovered in the French National Archives show that the original words *Grand Dieu sauve le Roi* were written by the Duchess of Brinon as a Thanksgiving for the recovery of the health of Louis XIV in 1686 and were set to music by Jean-Baptiste Lully, who was the Court Musician at the time.

However, the words and music lay forgotten until 1714 when G. F. Handel, on a visit to Versailles, came across them in a drawer. At this time, there was no such thing as copyright, which is why Mozart died in poverty and was buried in a pauper's grave in Vienna. Handel, recognising the music's potential, had the words translated by the Revd Henry Carey (1689 – 1743) and presented *his* composition to the King, whereupon it enjoyed an instant success.

Moles Encore !

Further to Bill Hughes's 'Mole Dilemma', his moles are obviously Breton. Normandie moles require different treatment. Our neighbours' favourite methods are:

1. Push a twig of elder tree into a freshly turned molehill. Norman moles apparently can't stand the smell.
2. As above, but use a handful of horse, or even better, human hair (collect from hairbrushes over many months and keep for mole season). Tuck well down into the hole.
3. The favourite - cut the neck and a few inches/centimetres from plastic drinks bottles. Push these, neck down, into the molehills. When the wind blows across the top it will produce a sound which frightens the moles. This method does not really enhance the look of the lawn but, if different coloured bottles are used to denote different scores, with the aid of a few golf balls they make a good fairground game for visiting children.

And, in case you are wondering, no, these methods don't work either but the sound of the moles laughing is a joy to hear.

Anne Nelson



One liners 1/4

courtesy of my sister-in-law, Lin

The Grim Reaper came for me last night but I managed to beat him off with my vacuum cleaner – clearly I'd been Dyson with death.



Questions
How do you do ?

When was the last time you greeted someone with the phrase ‘How do you do ?’

If Radio 4 is to be believed, then it’s a phrase that’s fallen out of use. As an opening gambit on meeting someone, it is a polite enquiry after their health. Not as succinct as ‘Ça va ?’ nor its equally succinct reply ‘Ça va’ which covers a multitude of meaning depending on tone of voice and body language.

Well, here in France, things are warmer and you may well get a kiss or two or four depending on who’s doing the kissing. We’re not in Italy so men don’t usually kiss each other though I’ve seen it done in the street by family or friends and you could even be kissed by the odd boy depending.

We’re English so we may shake hands though shaking hands at the peace in church was not the done thing here in St Bart’s in the old days when we were never anything less than St Bartholomew’s. ‘Hi.’ ‘Hello.’ ‘How are you ?’ all sound good to me but what about you ? How would you greet or like to be greeted by someone in the street and not be embarrassed in the process ?

Let me know - one way or the other !

Gareth Randall



Today, we have *Scotland the Brave* sung north of the border; the Welsh sing *Land of my Fathers* to a Breton tune, and the Cornish rally to the words and music of *Trelawny*. Yet it is *God save our gracious Queen* which, whatever its origin, is the National Anthem of the United Kingdom and long may it continue to be so.

Finally, having begun I will end with rugby. When we lived in Cornwall, my wife organised a trip for the Cornish rugby team to go to the *Stade de France* for an English-French final. On the Sunday afternoon, there was a friendly match between the Cornish team and that of France Telecom. However, after a typically French lunch, complete with wine, the Cornish Team lost dramatically. Nevertheless, in the spirit of sportsmanship and Entente Cordiale, the players and supporters celebrated/commiserated with champagne before leaving for Cornwall. Upon our arrival in Bodmin, we discovered that all the players’ kit had been left in the lockers in France – oh là, là !

Roger Gilbert.



Breakfast Grace ?

*The following was given me at Synod in April
by Margaret Fairbrother, Geoff Carter’s sister:*

Lord,
make us not like porridge, hard and stiff to stir;
make us more like cornflakes: crisp and ready to serve.



DON'T - OUT AND ABOUT

In this the third and final extract from *A Manual of Mistakes*, we learn how best to conduct ourselves in public places.

- 1 **DON'T** carry an umbrella, walking stick or child horizontally.
- 2 **DON'T** talk during a theatrical performance. (*HAMLET* excepted.)
- 3 **DON'T** scratch an itch, not even one of your own. Should an itch occur in the region of the neck, try to move into a draught. If on the nose, ladies may employ a handkerchief (dabbing but not unfolding it), while gentlemen may pinch or rub their noses in apparent irritation, perhaps exclaiming “*Shocking news about the Ashes !*” or “*What a lot of weather we're having !*” All other itches must be vigorously ignored. In no circumstances whatever may spouses 'lend a hand'.
- 4 **DON'T** swim in the rain. It is seldom deep enough, even in Manchester.
- 5 **DON'T** tut, sniff or raise an eyebrow: the deepest feelings should always be left unexpressed.
- 6 **DON'T** carry loose change. Gentlemen can so easily find themselves jingling their coins, which looks at the very least like boredom. A lady might consider herself protected from such temptation by having no pockets, as genteel female apparel is not intended to be practical. Nonetheless she should take care never to allow money into her handbag. A lace handkerchief, a discreet restorative, and the name-and-address of her (male) next-of-kin are sufficient contents to keep therein. (It is well known that Her Gracious Majesty, though her own features adorn our currency, carries

It was because of Joyce that Wendy and I found St. Bartholomew's, though when we told her, she had no idea it was there, but that's another story.

Yes, the Roses war goes on, but in friendly banter between very good friends neither of whom will take offence, (of course it could be different if similar statements came from natives of neither of these counties). I suppose it is something of a tradition, developed over centuries, because with the exception of cricket, football and rugby, especially league, the roses are pretty well united.

I guess that the following could be said by Bill, changing just the county reference.

Never ask a man if he is from Yorkshire. If he is, he will soon tell you anyway and if he isn't, it is very unkind to upset him.

John Marshall



Know your Bible - 1/4

*The following little gems by Primary School pupils
are sent to us by our Church Warden, Bill:*

- 1 Noah's wife was Joan of Ark.
- 2 The animals came into Noah's ark in pears.
- 3 Lot's wife was a pillar of salt by day and a ball of fire by night.
- 4 Sampson slew the Philistines with the axe of the Apostles



Wars of the Roses

As Bill so rightly said, in his article in the May newsletter, the 'Roses War', is no more than fun between friends.

The Hughes and the Marshalls were new arrivals in Rochebonne at the same time. We to enjoy a home base in an area of France we had grown to love in our caravanning days, and they starting their new adventure as fish and chip fryers.

One evening, on about our first 'holiday' in our cottage, we decided that an evening stroll to the beach was in order and as we approached the beach, we passed a newly opened establishment, a 'chippy' and a beach bazaar. Two ladies in the latter were chatting and as we ambled by we realised that this was in English.

Next evening the walk was repeated and this time, as we passed the shops. One of the aforementioned ladies, now standing in the 'chippy' doorway wished us 'bonne soir e', to which I responded 'good evening'.

"You had me there," said Joyce, so I had to admit to overhearing her speaking English the previous evening. We stopped to chat, promised to go for fish and chips, and so began our friendship. In those early days, it was not unknown for us to receive a call to help wash up at a busy time, or for Wendy to make custard (during our fish and chip meal), and likewise, when we had jobs to do, there were willing hands and added skills to help us. Our circle of friends expanded, both English and French, and for a number of years celebrations such as birthdays etc. always had to be on Tuesdays. Well, that was closing day and as the restaurant was the largest space anyone had, it was the natural venue. Meals could be anything, as long as it was on the 'chippy' menu.

none of it about Her person. Should She wish to board an omnibus or avail Herself of a public convenience, the coins required are always borne on Her Majesty's behalf by a trusted body-servant, Ghillie John Brown or Mohammed Abdul Karim the Munshi, for example.)

7 **DON'T** talk to animals. Wait until you have been properly introduced.

8 **DON'T** discuss your medical problems at length, not even with your doctor. Such matters are private. More important: in so doing you could provoke reciprocation.

9 **DON'T** go fishing in cold weather. You might catch something.

10 **DON'T** forget.

David Norris



Cushions

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

Donations received for the work to date amount to 1,300  but this has now virtually all been spent with 12 cushions left to complete the work at approximately 30  this will cost about 360 .

Would you be kind enough to contribute to softer seating either in cash or by some hand sewing to assist Victor.



The Bartholomew Gospel

25 Pentecost

'I will pour out my spirit on all people.' Acts 2 v17

It was Shavuot, Pentecost, 50 days on from Passover, when the promise that Jesus had made to us before ascending into heaven was fulfilled in a most dramatic and most memorable way.

We were twelve again. Judas had been replaced by Matthias who had been chosen by prayer and the casting of lots. Matthias was one of two who had been on the fringe of our group from start to finish. Now he was one of the Twelve, disciples, apostles, one each for the twelve tribes of Israel.

We had met together for prayer in the Upper Room. As was our custom, we were joined by some of the women who followed Jesus, among them Mary, the mother of Jesus, who was now living with John as mother and son.

It was early in the morning while we were still praying that the events that marked the birth of the Church began.



Sitting there, lost-in-prayer, I hear a strange sound. It sounds to me like a strong wind, blowing, growing in volume as it draws near. Not that unusual a sound were we out in a boat on the Sea of Galilee, fishing, but we're inside, praying. I open my eyes. To my amazement, I see what seems like tongues of fire approaching which separate to alight on each of our heads. The power flows down through my head to fill my whole body with a glow of love and joy and peace. I feel full of energy. I feel so alive, so good to be alive, as if I'm connected with everyone, with everything around me. It was like the time I first met Philip; it was like

11 If you had three apples and four oranges in one hand and four apples and three oranges in other hand, what would you have ?
Very large hands.

12 If it took eight men ten hours to build a wall, how long would it take four men to build it ?
No time at all, the wall is already built.

13 How can you drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it ? Any way – concrete floors are very hard to crack.



Personal Column

Our congratulations to the following couples whose marriage services I conducted:

on 2nd May at La Chapelle St Sophie at Ville Bague, Franck Plattin and Laurence Corbeau;

on 15th May at Domaine de Richebois, La Ville es Huriaux, Jérémie Lecha and Florence Xueref;

on 23rd May at St Bart's, Tony Turner and Tricia Némoz;

and also on 23rd May in the chapel of Le Chateau du Grand Val, Combourg, Spencer Monk and Debbie Bunyan.

And our congratulations to the parents, family and friends of Anna Thea Elisabeth Poviac, whose baptism I conducted in here in St Bart's on 17th May.



Smart kid

The following was forwarded to us by Ian Phillips

This student obtained 0% for his answers. I'd have given him 100%!

Each answer is correct and funny. His teacher has no sense of humour.

- 1 In which battle did King Harold die ?
His last battle.
- 2 Where was the Declaration of Independence signed ?
At the bottom of the page.
- 3 River Ravi flows in which state ?
Liquid.
- 4 What is the main reason for divorce ?
Marriage.
- 5 What is the main reason for failure?
Exams.
- 6 What can you never eat for breakfast ?
Lunch & dinner.
- 7 What looks like half an apple ?
The other half.
- 8 If you throw a red stone into the blue sea what it will become ?
Wet.
- 9 How can a man go eight days without sleeping ?
No problem, he sleeps at night.
- 10 How can you lift an elephant with one hand?
You will never find an elephant that has one hand.

the time I first met Jesus; it was like the time I first preached the good news and healed a boy who was sick. And I think, 'Yes! This is it!'

And the others think so, too. Filled with the power and presence of the Holy Spirit, we rush enthusiastically out into the street, already thronging with people, where we meet foreign Jews from all over, here in Jerusalem for one of our pilgrim festivals. And believe it or not, our desire to share the good news with them is so great that when we Galileans, native Aramaic-speakers, open our mouths, by a miracle we seem to be speaking the mother tongue of those who hear us. And the proof? They understood what we are saying, recognising that our words are the words they use every day where they come from. But to others, what we are saying is just gobbledegook – they think we must be drunk on new wine!

We were - but not on the sort of new wine they were thinking of!



Peter motions the crowd to be silent and he starts preaching the first evangelistic sermon of the new Church. First, he catches their attention by starting off where they are now - with a joke! We're not drunk as some of them suggest. How could we be? It's only 9 o'clock in the morning!

Then he grabs their attention big-time by citing scripture - the prophet Joel. What they are witnessing is the fulfilment of Joel's prophecy:

'In the last days, declares God, I will pour out my spirit on all people.

Your sons and your daughters will prophesy;

your young men will see visions, your old men will dream dreams;

yes, even on slaves, men and women alike will I pour out my spirit

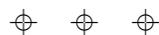
in those days, and they shall prophesy.'

Then he goes on to explain about Jesus the Messiah, whom they've heard about surely. He explains that instead of welcoming him as their king, the Jewish authorities handed him over to the Romans to be executed.

He explains the relationship between David and Jesus and then, coming to a climax, sets the cat among the pigeons with this challenging and provocative statement: "So the whole house of Israel must know this for a fact: God has made him Lord and Messiah – this Jesus, the one you crucified."

The crowd is cut to the heart. People ask Peter what they must do. His reply is simple, "Turn back! Be baptized – every single one of you – in the name of Jesus the Messiah, so that your sins can be forgiven, and you will receive the gift of the holy spirit."

Strong words – effective words. That day some 3,000 were added to our number.



It was a special day and in my mind there is no doubt that we received the gift of the Holy Spirit in a most dramatic way and the consequences were dramatic too.

But, on reflection, it seems to me the Holy Spirit has always been present with me, even from an early age. In synagogue, hearing the Law read. In synagogue, learning to read and to understand the Hebrew words myself. In the river Jordan, being baptised by John. Under the fig tree, where Philip found me to tell me about Jesus.

Meeting Jesus for the first time, when I was inspired to recognise him as the Son of God. When I preached to people and healed them. When Jesus breathed on us that night in the upper room when he had just risen from the dead. The Holy Spirit is always with us. Our problem is recognising the fact that he is and feeling and discerning his presence with us and us listening to him.



Now, with the Church born, we are ready to grow and to spread just as Jesus intends us to do.



The sting's in the tail 3/4

These gems are sent to us by Trisha and Tony

13. Behind every successful man is his woman. Behind the fall of a successful man is usually another woman.
14. A clear conscience is the sign of a fuzzy memory.
15. You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.
16. Money can't buy happiness, but it sure makes misery easier to live with.
17. There's a fine line between cuddling and holding someone down so they can't get away.
18. I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not so sure.