

## Diary dates for September and October, 2015

3<sup>rd</sup> September 10.30 Council Meeting  
27<sup>th</sup> September 11.00 Harvest Festival



### Prayer of the month

Almighty God,  
who in the passion of your blessed Son  
made an instrument of painful death  
to be for us the means of life and peace:  
grant us so to glory in the cross of Christ  
that we may gladly suffer for his sake;  
who is alive and reigns with you  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit  
one God, now and forever.  
Amen

*Holy Cross Day – 14<sup>th</sup> September*



### Prayer focus

Harvest – in a material and a spiritual sense.



### Verse of the Month

‘Sir, give me this water, so that I may never be thirsty or have to keep  
coming here to draw water.’ *John 4 v15*

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## 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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## Quotations of the month

Imagination was given to man to compensate him for what he is not,  
and a sense of humour to console him for what he is

*Francis Bacon quoted in the Guardian*



### Know your Bible - 4/4

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

- 1 The people who followed Jesus were called decibels.
- 2 The epistles were the wives of the apostles
- 3 St Paul preached about holy acrimony which is another name for marriage
- 4 St Matthew was a taxi man before he followed Jesus.



### Blond jokes 4/5

*courtesy of my sister-in-law, Lin*

A blond man phones his GP in a panic and says, "My wife's pregnant and her contractions are only two minutes apart."

"Is this her first child?"

"No this is her husband!"

## From little acorns oak trees grow

I am not sure this saying quite fits my experience over the last 18 months. What started as a minor irritation turned into a monster unleashing all sorts of unforeseen issues.

It started innocently enough as I entered WH Smith on the air-side of East Midlands Airport (after security checks and passport controls) just to buy a newspaper and packet of wine gums. The sales assistant to my complete surprise demanded my boarding pass. When I asked was this a security requirement, the answer was no, it was company policy. Where I have heard that one before (I am just following orders).

I have to say I was not in the best of moods since during my UK trip a ticket collector tried to chuck me out of a first class compartment of a train to London onto a station where the train did not actually stop, just because I had the cheek to catch the 9.30am rather than the 10.30am (both off peak). This was made worse by a Hertz representative stating I would have to buy a brand new tyre on a car I had hired having raised the issue of a nail embedded in the tyre, but not deflating. To me this was a serious safety issue for the next driver. I repeated twice again since he was so focussed on a new tyre that I said several times he should not allow anyone else to drive the car until the tyre had been replaced or repaired. I still wasn't paying for a tyre that was not due to my fault.

In dealing with the shop assistant, the sarcastic part of my nature came to the fore (I am not particularly proud of that) and I responded that I did not carry in my head at the moment WH Smith's Company Policy nor was I employed by them. The response was still, no boarding pass, no newspaper and more importantly no wine gums! I gave in and became even grumpier.

Totally fed-up with my UK experiences, I decided to write a letter of complaint to WH Smith. They told me this was a marketing tool and was required by the Manchester Airport Group (MAG). A second complaint letter went to MAG asking why this was a mandatory requirement. I received the same corporate brush-off. What was before a side distraction began to be focussed in the cross wires.

Where is the logic in all this, passengers are unduly inconvenienced, all retailers are doing the same process despite having different marketing requirements, information is being scanned from data that was supplied to the airline company not the retailer, in a free democratic country I am being asked to account for my travel destination without legal authority, this is being presented as a normal process in an airport along with all the other controls when it is not.

For the sake of my blood pressure I felt I had to bottom this stupidity and nonsense.

First port of call was the Data Protection Department. Despite my name and destination appearing on the boarding pass together with an encrypted box I was told no personal data had been extracted and therefore there was no breach. When I pointed out that under the Principles of the Act information had to be collected in a transparent and accountable way and was not to be used for any other purpose than for that it was originally intended for. I drew another blank.

Next check was the civil liberties point. I had personally found it offensive I had been asked for my pass without a proper legal reason. I had lived in the apartheid years in South Africa and saw first-hand operation of the pass laws. Some people had found it humorous seeing black people being chased through gardens by the Police to be locked-up and beaten before being returned to their families. I found it disgusting as I did the whole stupid and inane system. At least in their defence their laws had been passed by a Parliament !

## **Odd Words Image deficit**

One of the odd phrases that caught my attention in the 100-day-run-up (it seemed much longer at the time - almost interminable) to the UK General Election was the phrase 'image deficit'. Okay, so there is, necessarily, a difference between appearance and reality. What can look good on the surface can be essentially bad.

But what we have here is modern jargon for when things don't appear as good as they ought. In Politics, the failure to sell a message.

To my mind, how sad when the polish is everything !

*Gareth Randall*



### **Billboards 2 - 2/6**

*The following is from our Church Warden, Bill:*

#### ***On a Church door***

This is the gateway to heaven – enter by this door  
(which is kept locked because of draughts).  
Please use the side entrance.



### **Braderie at Church**

For the first year this year, we set up stalls outside the church on the Sunday Braderie Day in Dinard (23<sup>rd</sup> August) to sell books, jams, chutney and fresh produce and raised 267€. Our thanks to all those who contributed the fruits of their labour !

**Questions**  
**Words that cannot be spoken ?**

‘Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.’

Respect is the key to our understanding of the Ten Commandments and here, in the Third, we have the injunction not to abuse the name of God. Jews refrain from enunciating the Tetragrammaton and Christians can avoid using God swear words.

But there is a new form of being kosher, the politically correct, where certain words or phrases are frowned on. ‘Man’, for example, is replaced by ‘people’, a word more inclusive and non-gender-specific. But, at the end of July, David Cameron was criticised for his use of ‘swarm’ as a collective noun of assemblage to describe the illegal migrants trying to penetrate the security surrounding the Channel Tunnel.

So what words won’t you, can’t you use ? And, if there are, clearly you can’t/shouldn’t tell me !

*Gareth Randall*



**Extra Prayer of the month**

God of all the world, give us wisdom in troubled economic times. May we never forget the true victims of financial crisis: those who go to bed hungry, those in utter despair. Strengthen all those who seek to bring your comfort and support to those in any need. Lead us all towards a fairer and more just world. And may your Kingdom come.



My mind also wandered to my experience when leaving Belfast to return to the UK during the Ulster Workers Strike and was asked by a UDA man in a balaclava and a machine gun where was I going ? My response was it is none of your .... business. Not a very bright answer but my English accent saved the day.

Who do these people in these corporate towers think they are I asked myself emulating the same behaviour.

I then researched Article 12 of the United Nations Human Rights Declaration which states 'No one shall be subject to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence'. What piece of that international understanding did W H Smith not understand when formulating their company policy ? As you are never asked to produce your travel documents in these circumstances in any other transport hub they must be using the heightened security issue in airports as a cover.

Next step why not check with the Nottinghamshire Constabulary. Their role in protecting us is being undermined by these antics. The Police rely on our compliance and our full support in order to protect us and yet these people are exploiting this for commercial ends. Of all the people I contacted, they were the most helpful and sympathetic and suggested I might try the Information Commissioner as they could not see any law being broken. After taking up their suggestion I drew another blank.

I am getting nowhere, just more frustration but still a growing burning irritation that there is still something wrong with all this. Why not try my local MP. Problem, no response, not even an acknowledgement, so I had to write to the Chairman of the Conservative Party. The eventual answer that came back was the practice was a marketing tool, just what I had been told in the first place but no addressing of the civil liberties point.

No one seems to be interested in the inconvenience to passengers and more importantly the trampling of individual freedoms. I need a different tack, what does everyone care about in the UK, answer the worship of money !

What is the real logic behind retailer's behaviour, they are after all not totally irrational people. The light went on – It's a tax scam, they claiming back VAT on foreign trips and can only do that if they know the destination of the passenger buying their products.

BINGO – Sent a letter to the Anti-Avoidance Division of HMRC and copied in the media. Next week the Daily Mail breaks with the story VAT Scam at UK Airports – passengers being duped ripped off running to millions of pounds ! Yipeeedodah!

I am not saying I am the one that triggered it but at least I wasn't the only ranting degenerate ! Ronnie is now very self-satisfied and smug with himself. It didn't last for long as Mrs Ronnie observed, so what are they doing about it and are they paying the money back? Aghr! – Is this nightmare never going to stop ?

The Government tut-tuts and the press says nothing illegal has been done. No, they can't get away with this. The final outcome is I have written to the Inland Revenue and observed that for a number of accounting and tax regulation reasons it could be argued the retailers have actually been operating a dual pricing policy. If you examine their actual behaviour, not just accept the way they record their transactions, they are not recording their transactions properly. I have suggested they test the matter in the courts and at least legislate to stop this loophole. As one minister has said the VAT system was not designed to allow retailers to improve their margins by pocketing tax rebates.

I suppose I have learnt a number of lessons through this frustrating experience –

## August 2015 concerts

On 12<sup>th</sup> August, we went along to the tiny chapel called Chapelle Saint-Buc near Le Minihic sur Rance to listen to a concert of chamber music given by the group Festival Daniou, who had played in St. Bartholomew's on the 5<sup>th</sup> August. The pieces in the first part of the concert were by living composers Osvaldo Golijov (born 1960), Niccolo Athens (born 1988) and David Hertzberg (born 1990). The second part was devoted to a performance of Mozart Clarinet concerto in A (K.581), which was a joy to listen to. It was good to see the chapel packed to standing room only on such a hot, humid and stormy evening (the sheet lightning in the bay of Le Mont St Michel as we were driving home will live long in the memory).

On 14<sup>th</sup> August, we travelled to St Meloir-des-Bois to hear the inaugural concert given on the 125-year-old Porrit organ, which had been moved from Leicestershire Royal Infirmary chapel, and reconstructed by John Davey and team. The concert started with the Prince of Denmark's March (trumpet voluntary) by Jeremiah Clarke followed by pieces by Jehan Alain, J.-S. Bach, Gaston Bélier, John Ireland and Lefébure-Wely with La Marseillaise and God Save the Queen to finish. Most of the pieces were played by John's sister Abigail with John being the page turner, stop-puller etc. Before the recital, there was a short slide show, with pictures of the organ in various stages of re-assembly. This was followed by more technical details of how a pipe organ works, including slides showing the various organ stops, with Abigail demonstrating their effects on the organ itself.

All in all, a very interesting and enjoyable evening. The arrival of the organ and John's involvement in it (as a local lad) has made a deep impression on the village, as demonstrated by the church's being filled to capacity, with extra seating having to be found.

*Film Review of the month*  
*'Baxter !' – Lionel Jeffrey 1973*

Did you see / have you seen 'Baxter !' which was released in '73, the year I graduated from Southampton University. Well, I didn't see it then, nor would I have seen it now but for the kindness of my friend, Phil Elgie, who sent it me as an extra Christmas present last year.

Set in West London at the end of the Swinging Sixties, 'Baxter' focuses on an American boy translocated from Los Angeles and his ineffective father (Paul Maxwell) by his equally ineffective mum (Lynn Carlin).

Baxter (Scott Jacoby) is a boy who can't say his 'R's' – 'a lazy tongue' he self-diagnoses – rather unfortunate given his first name is **R**oger. Set in the American Lycée in London and around the capital, 'Baxter' is a capital film about a boy who finds love in unexpected places: his model neighbour (Britt Ekland), her French boyfriend and cookery writer (Jean-Pierre Cassel), his speech therapist (Patricia Neal) and Nemo (Sally Thompsett), a girl with a telescope in the block of flats opposite his apartment.

I loved the clothes, the cars, the colours – it was rather like time travel back to a forgotten age of Ford Zephyrs, Zodiacs, the Citroën DS.

Essentially, 'Baxter !' is a psychological drama, the eponymous hero struggling to find self-acceptance through the affection of strangers whilst being marginalised by his family.

Why not take a step back in time to see a well-crafted, moving film that is rooted in reality, that is really engaging, and that, is at times, both really funny and really sad?

*Gareth Randall*

- The pursuit of avarice blinds people to the most obvious wrongdoings
- Ethics is an old fashioned word fast losing its relevance in the boardrooms of the modern world
- It's so easy to slip into compliance when resistance seems so futile
- It's not the messengers fault so still behave politely and without sarcasm
- Stubbornness sometimes can be a virtue
- It's never over until it's over

Now I need to prepare for my three granddaughters visit, a far more taxing experience!


*Ron Kirk*

**John Davey**

Kitchens, bathrooms, bespoke joinery and now tree surgery !

In addition to being able to help you with your latest home improvement project, John now has a commercial relationship with a qualified, registered tree surgeon and is able to offer competitive rates on all aspects of tree and hedge work, from pruning to felling.

Don't hesitate to contact John, who will be able to provide you with references from members of the congregation from a wide range of projects.

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## Dawn to dusk

The weather in Eastbourne at dawn was lovely but the airfield - a farmer's field near Heathfield - was surprisingly in dense fog. I drove the car up and down the "strip" a couple of times to make lines in the dew which we might follow and frightened a herd of deer. However, there is a 1000ft mast just at the end of the runway. So the proposed 5am departure was delayed for the fog to burn off at sunrise. Airborne by 5.40, Richard Warriner and I (not Janet!) proceeded almost due East to Dunkerque where we would find the first two of 217 lighthouses which I had identified from a variety of sources: flying and sailing charts (even the Michelin road atlas) and the internet.

So started our entry to the Dawn-to-Dusk competition. It has been going for many years and was originally started by enthusiasts from the Tiger Club and the Duke of Edinburgh, who still keeps a close interest in the proceedings. The difficulty is not so much flying for many hours but thinking of the "theme" for a flight and this counts for quite a lot in the competition.

On this day, 30<sup>th</sup> June, the weather across France was excellent: great visibility so we could easily see one lighthouse from another. We flew low and took a few snaps. We had fuel stops at Dinard and Belle Île. Normally, our flights to Dinard take 1.5 - 2 hours but routing all round the coast took almost 4 hours! Inevitably, there were some headwinds but they did not matter. We were disappointed not to be able to enter Brest and Lorient harbours which are restricted zones and so missed quite a few lights.

Just toward the end, trawling down the coast of Landes, lovely dunes but just a little boring and very, very hot (the temperature in the cockpit reached 38°C and the engine oil temperature was rising!), we encountered another (forecast) thick bank of fog just north of Biarritz.

## Personal Column

Our congratulations to :

Lily Taïget Anne Mayet who was baptised here in church on 2<sup>nd</sup> August;

Marin Claude François-Hein who was baptised here in church on 9<sup>th</sup> August;

Apollin Pannier-Barbarin who was baptised here in church on 28<sup>th</sup> August;

Barry and Victor who were married in the Mairie at St Pierre de Plesguen on 27<sup>th</sup> July;

Benjamin and Hannah Haines who were married in Le Château du Grand Val on 2<sup>nd</sup> August;

Claude and Emma-Jane Pichon who were married in Le Château du Grand Val on 27<sup>th</sup> August;

Jérôme and Corinne Barbarin who were married here in church on 28<sup>th</sup> August.



## Skin-deep ?

During a recent visit to his dermatologist, Ron Kirk asked him if he might have a complexion like George Clooney.

Smiling, the dermatologist replied that, for the money he was being paid, the best Ron could expect was skin like Gérard Depardieu.



## Till Death Us Do Part

Pat and I were discussing our funeral arrangements.

Pat said she wants a short ceremony, about 15 minutes with music from Abba, her favourite group, and one hymn – ‘Glory, Glory Alleluia’ but instead of ‘his feet go marching on’, she wants ‘her feet go dancing on’. She wants people to wear bright clothes and to be happy – no miserable faces. Pat wants to be remembered as a lively, jolly person with a jovial buffet afterwards (sounds very much like an Irish wake to me).

In my case, I’m going to ask Father Gareth to preach for 45 minutes followed by fairly long-winded eulogies from friends. I want hymns like ‘Abide with me’ and ‘The old rugged cross’ and I want the service to be long – (around 3 hours ?) Everyone should be suitably sober and formally dressed. And certainly no buffet thereafter ! Funerals should be serious, shouldn’t they ?

On her coffin, Pat wants a bright pink pair of her old dancing shoes. For me it would better be a heavy black pair of working boots.

But what about you ?

*Bill Hughes*



### One liners 4/4

*courtesy of my sister-in-law, Lin*

I bought some rocket salad on the weekend but it went off before I could eat it !

So we decided to call it a day and turned east to Nogaro, our final destination in the heart of Armagnac country. We spent the next morning in the town, watched a funeral mass in the lovely old church, and then flew back via Deauville.

Trip statistics: 184 lighthouses spotted covering 1,222nm along the coast in 10h 49' flying time. In addition, the flying from Heathfield to Dunkerque and Contis les Bains to Nogaro added 143nm and took 76mins. For the competition, I had to write the flight up in a fairly formal illustrated report which was far more tedious than the planning and flying. I asked friends for small donations to RNLI and I will match the total given with equivalent contributions to SNSM in Dinard and our Church Organ Fund. Next year we should do the rest including Corse (though not Réunion!). The flight planning has already been done.

*Geoff Scott*



### Dictionary Definitions 1/5

*These gems were sent to us by Trish and Tony*

ADULT:

A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

BEAUTY PARLOUR:

A place where women curl up and dye.

CHICKENS:

The only animals you eat before they are born and after they are dead.



## The Inverted Cross

There is a mistaken idea that the inverted cross is a representation of evil, in particular, that it is an emblem for Satan and is pointed down to hell. Hence the reason that it is used by anti-religious groups and Satanists who consider it to represent an opposition to Christianity. If this is so, then why would it often be used by the Vatican? Tradition has it that the Pope, as bishop of Rome, is a direct successor to St. Peter, and, therefore, it is understandable that Peter's emblem is often used.

This cross is reputed to be the 'Cross of St. Peter' who, together with Paul, founded the Church of Rome. It is said that the Emperor Nero decided that this new organisation was a threat to his position and, therefore, he began a campaign to eradicate those whom he regarded as trouble makers. Thus it was that Peter was imprisoned and eventually crucified.

Peter's faith was so strong and his belief in Jesus as a personal friend as well as the Son of God, that he persuaded his captors that he was not worthy to suffer crucifixion in the same way as his leader and so he died on an inverted cross. The emblem of St. Peter is, therefore, made up of this inverted cross together with the cross keys, which signify that he is the holder of the keys into heaven. This emblem is to be seen on one of our kneelers.

From time to time, this kneeler is assumed to be being displayed upside down and the viewer turns it over. However, if they were to look carefully, they would see that the shield, in which all saint's emblems are shown on the kneelers, has its 'pointed' base just below the 'head' of the cross indicating the correct way up for the kneeler to be displayed.

servants to unbind her, to give her food, to let her rest and in the morning to bring her to me. Reluctantly, they did as they were told and sure enough, by the following morning, she was restored to her former self, sound of mind and body. In gratitude, the king offered me gold, which I refused. I did not want his money but rather that he give his life to Christ. And here the demon helped me – back in the temple through the mouth of the idol, Becher was compelled to tell the king of Christ's descent into hell, his harrowing of hell, the liberation of the souls bound there by Satan. And the king believed and he and his household converted to Christianity and the idol destroyed.

Not everyone was pleased – the priests fled to Albanopolis to king Astyages, brother of Polymius, who was not amused. What happens next is easy to foresee.



***So reap !***

*As ye sow*

*so shall ye reap*

Cause and effect  
a causal universe  
where if a then b  
inevitably  
inexorably  
consequence  
follows action  
or inaction



many people ready to hear the good news, to respond with joy, to become Christians. These I baptised in the faith.

Happily for them, for me, it was no longer considered necessary to be a Christian by first becoming a Jew. This was the decision of the Council at Jerusalem in response to Peter's experience at the house of Cornelius the centurion when the Holy Spirit had filled the Gentiles before they had been circumcised. Adult circumcision is not an easy demand to make of someone, of anyone - especially not of Greeks. To the Greek mind, circumcision is an abuse of the body. To my mind, it is hard to overlook what is so deeply rooted in our culture and our covenant. But ours was the old covenant and here was I preaching the new covenant: the love of God embodied in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came to bring salvation to all through his death on the Cross, his resurrection from the dead and his ascension into heaven. He died that we might live. In our shared communion meals, in broken bread and wine outpoured, we were remembering what Jesus, the Lamb of God, had sacrificed for us – his body and his blood.

Let me share with you just one incident among the many I encountered whilst earning the name 'Apostle to the Armenians'. There was a temple in which an idol of Astaruth was worshipped. Apparently, Astaruth had the power to heal. In fact, the idol was simply a form to front the demon, Becher, who, unknown to the worshippers at the temple, first made them ill then subsequently earned their gratitude by curing them of the same! I entered the temple and prayed. I prayed the demon might be bound, rendered powerless, and indeed he was. No more 'miracles of healing' here.

None that is till Polymius, king of the land, heard what I had done. He had a daughter who was insane. She had to be restrained. If not, she harmed herself or those who came near to touch her. Polymius sought my help and I was able to restore her to health. First, I ordered the

We also have a second kneeler showing a differently oriented cross, that of St. Andrew. When Peter's brother Andrew was sentenced to death by crucifixion, he is reputed to have requested that his cross should also be unlike the one used for Jesus. Hence the saltire 'cross of St. Andrew' so familiar on the emblem of Scotland.

I have yet to notice anyone trying to turn this one to display the cross in the same direction of that of Jesus !!

*John Marshall*



#### School humour 1/7

Doreen Collier's friend and former colleague, Pauline Eyre, is no longer able to be with us here at St Bart's in the flesh but she is still very much in our thoughts as we are in hers. Speaking on the phone recently, she shared this series of schoolboy humour which I'm sure will raise a smile if not a groan.

Why was Bert sacked from the orange juice manufacturers ?  
He couldn't concentrate.

*Pauline Eyre*



#### Kids in Church 1/7

*Peter Campbell forwarded these little gems to us !*

3-year-old Reece :  
'Our Father,  
who does art in heaven,  
Harold is His name  
Amen.'

**The Bartholomew Gospel**  
**28 Disciples of all nations**

*'So off they went, sent out by the holy spirit.'* Acts 13 v4

It was time to go.

We had stayed in Jerusalem. At the time, it seemed right that we, the Twelve, should be there at the heart of the growing Church. Even when followers of the Way started to leave the city to seek safety elsewhere, we remained.

Stephen, one of seven deacons, was, as you know, the first to be martyred. James, the brother of John, was the first apostle to be martyred. He was put to the sword on the orders of Herod Agrippa. Herod had imprisoned Peter, intending the same for him after Passover, had not an angel of the Lord spirited him away out of prison.

It was time for us to go.

Christ had commanded us to bring the gospel to all nations. In Jerusalem, we had, but essentially to Jews from all nations. But the world itself was opening up to our witness. From Antioch in the north, Paul and Barnabas had taken the good news first to Crete then on into Asia Minor. In Antioch, we had been given a new name – Christians – followers of Christ. We were now New Jews, Jews by another name. But not just Jews but Jews and Gentiles together, the circumcised and uncircumcised alike, all Children of God, all brothers and sisters in Christ.

And so we were going to follow Christ by leaving Jerusalem and bringing the faith to all people wherever we could find willing ears to receive the message. We would witness to the truth wherever the Holy Spirit was to lead us. To all nations.



Philip and I decided to travel north together. We stopped in Cana overnight for me to lay two stones, brought from the Jordan, on my parents' grave. Late the following afternoon at Bethsaida, Philip did the same. We were leaving our old life behind.

It's hard to accept the will of God when it's not what we would will ourselves. Easy to go with the flow if we don't mind where we're taken but to Philip and me, it seemed as if we were being taken from each other. To Philip, it seemed as if he were being drawn westwards: to Scythia, to Phrygia, to Ephesus and Hierapolis - where ultimately he would be martyred. To me, it seemed as if I were being drawn eastwards, to Armenia, to Albanopolis, to the shores of the Caspian Sea - where ultimately I, too, would suffer the same fate.

It was hard to say good-bye, to let go and go on. I didn't want to let go of someone who had meant so much to me for so long and go on alone. I owed Philip so much, not least the fact that he had come to me that day that Jesus called him to follow him. He did and so did I. The friendship of youth had matured into the friendship of men who long had shared a common way of life and common values. We longed to stay together but that was not what we were now being called to do.

One last time we embraced. With a heavy heart and reluctant feet, I went east and Philip west. I was never to see him again in the flesh.



I was alone but not alone – I carried my memories of him with me. I was alone but not alone – the Holy Spirit was with me, guiding me on to where I was meant go. I was alone but not alone – there were so