

Diary dates for June and July 2016

12th June 12.00 Picnic in Church Garden
to celebrate the Queen's 90th birthday
21st July 10.30 Council Meeting
24th July 12.00 Friends AGM



Prayer of the month

Bless O Lord, us Thy servants, who minister in Thy temple.
Grant that what we sing with our lips, we may believe in our hearts
and what we believe in our hearts, we may show forth in our lives.
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The Choristers Pocket Book 1934



Prayer focus

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II



Verse of the Month

Those who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall
mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they
shall walk and not faint *Isaiah 40.31*



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 2016

Notices

Dear Friends,

A due sense of proportion

Late April. On holiday. Up to town for lunch near Victoria Station. Killing two birds with one stone, get off the tube at Westminster to buy a clerical shirt. Pass Westminster Abbey, bathed in morning sunshine. The building soars skywards above me as I walk in its shadow on the path by the grass. Suddenly, I see how small I am compared to this massive building. This House of God makes me realise how little I am. Overwhelmed, I want to burst into tears.

That Thursday morning, I was gifted with the certain knowledge of how small we are compared to the God we worship. This truth, embodied in the awesome beauty of stone, struck me. We are tiny, unworthy, yet loved by a God who values us despite our shortcomings.

Is it not good to be reminded of the obvious fact we may daily ignore: how small we are; how great is God?

Father Gareth

White stone
in sunshine
looms large
as I walk by
in its shadow,
overwhelmed
by the size,
majesty, grandeur
of a House of God -
me, small, tiny,
on the ground
underneath
soaring space.

- **Deadline** for submission of material for the July edition of the St Bart's Monthly is ***midday on Thursday 23rd June***
- **Church Finances for April**
Income: 5,414€ Expenditure: 5,623€



Readings in church

June 5th

I Kings 17 v17 - end
Galatians 1 v11 - end

Second Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 146
Luke 7 v11 - 17

June 12th

2 Samuel 11 v26 – 12 v10, 13 - 15
Galatians 2 v15 - end

Third Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 5 v1 - 8
Luke 7 v36 – 8 v3

June 19th

Isaiah 65 v1 - 9
Galatians 3 v23 - 29

Fourth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 42
Luke 8 v26 - 39

June 26th

I Kings 19 v15 - 16, 19 - 21
Galatians 5 v1, 13 - 25

Fifth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 77 v11 - end
Luke 9 v51 - end



Book of Common Prayer
'Quotation of the month' – 2/20

I pray and beseech you, as many as are here present, to accompany me with a pure heart, and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace.

Morning Prayer



Well Bright 4/5

Lynette Jarvis forwarded these little gems

Teacher: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?
Donald: H I J K L M N O.
Teacher: What are you talking about ?
Donald: Yesterday you said it's H to O.



Lancashire Jokes 6/12

Why couldn't Cinderella be a good footballer ?

She lost her shoe; she ran away from the ball; and her coach was a pumpkin

Lorraine Atkinson



Odd Words
'BREXIT'

I'm guessing by now you'll be as tired as I am of the whole affair, the interminable debate:

- in/out ?
- leave/stay ?
- be a part/be apart ?

Whatever the decision later this month, I'm guessing that the majority of us British who live here in France will be happier, much happier, if we remain in the European Union rather than dissociating ourselves from the Community that binds us together.

But it's the word rather than the idea embodied in the word that's caught my attention. Neologisms – newly coined words – are one of the delights of the English language and 'Brexit' is no exception. Earlier, we had 'Grexit' – the possibility of Greece, financially in deep trouble, being forced out of the Eurozone, rendered in effect bankrupt and having ultimately to leave the EU. So to coin a word to sum up the question at the heart of the debate about the place of UK in the EU was hardly that difficult.

A British leave, as opposed to French leave – usually going off without permission – must, in our case, be a majority decision. Democracy necessarily is an expression of the will of the people through the voice of the people. So let's hope, in this instance, the majority is informed and makes a wise choice.

Gareth Randall

WHAM BAM THANKYOU SPAM

I loved it, unconditionally.

Well, I *did*... until...

My mother never doubted.

“*We won the war with SPAM,*” she’d say. “*And a bit of grit and guts.*”

Personally, I preferred it on its own, or on a buttie. Or when I was old enough, with a spoonful of Branston Pickle, no lettuce.

You can’t *not* like it... can you ?

Doesn't SPAMerica consume four tins of SPAM (minus the containers) every single second !? Doesn't SPAM boast at least twice as much fat as protein; and doesn't every tin contain no fewer than one thousand calories !? By 2015, hadn't ten billion tins of SPAM been sold in over a hundred countries worldwide !?

In South Korea SPAM is more popular than *Coca-Cola*. In Hawaii – where every August there's a SPAMFest - Honey SPAM is a special favourite. Or what about Cheese SPAM... Teriyaki SPAM... Or SPAM Low Sodium...

- Don't mock. In the Mariana Islands you can be sued for slandering SPAM; and to the Filipinos SPAM is virtually iconic. On the Pacific island of Tanna, where Prince Philip is worshipped, SPAM is almost equally revered.

Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by Donald Soum.

The easiest thing in the world is to tell the truth. Then you don't have to remember what you said.

Robert Evans

People who are shocked easily ought to be shocked more often.

Mae West

No one told me grief felt so like fear.

C S Lewis



Quickies - 3/6

A fresh series from our Church Warden, Bill:

On a push-chair

WARNING

Remove child before folding.



Signs of the times 3/9

These play on words were sent to us by Geoff Scott

On a Plumber's truck :

"We repair what your husband fixed."

On another Plumber's truck:

"Don't sleep with a drip. Call your plumber."

Questions In praise of tea ?

Do you like a nice cup of tea ?

I guess it's part and parcel of what it means to British to do so: English, Welsh, Scottish, Irish, I'm guessing we all have this in common - the love of a good cup of tea.

But two questions: 'How ?' and 'Why ?'

How do you like it ? With or without milk ? With or without lemon ? With or without sugar ? Strong or weak ? Whatever way it comes, as long as it's the way we like it, a good cup of tea does us a power of good.

Why ? Because it is a drink that refreshes without inebriating. Ideal for those who dislike alcohol, ideal for those who want to vary their intake. It relaxes; it refreshes; it quenches our thirst; it restores in us a good mood.

And because I'm young-at-heart, I sometimes drink Pu'erh Tea, a Chinese tea that was introduced to me on a school visit to China, to the province of Yunnan whence it comes. It's a black tea, supposedly good for the prostate, a tea which you can even buy here in France from my favourite tea shop in Dinard – Lindfield. If you've never tried it before and are adventurous enough to want to try a black tea without milk or sugar, then you may be pleasantly surprised – I was.

Gareth Randall



It's been a life-saver; not just here and now, but everywhere – and forever. The Israeli Army fought for their nation's survival with vintage US ammo and kosher SPAMO:

“Wasn't bad,” said one soldier. *“Just felt weird eating something older than me.”*

Mr Khrushchev swore it saved Russia in WWII. Mrs Thatcher, waging her own battles for a better Britain, praised SPAM - perhaps recommending it to the economic casualties of her campaigns – as *“a wartime delicacy”*...

Ah, SPAMBrosia...

- And even when they opened a SPAM Museum in Minnesota USA – the walls built from thousands of SPAM tins, the guides called SPAMBassadors, and showing a feature film - *SPAM – A Love Story*... Yes, even when they were sculpting life-size busts of celebrities out of blocks of SPAM (*SPAMela Anderson* being one of the first)... I still believed in SPAM.

Because it's pure nourishment – a small monument of meaty goodness. And more - much, much more...

...That classy square tin... the clever little key... the gentle plop onto your plate... the nice little settling-down wobble... the sliceability... Then the taste you already *know* - nothing too fancy... nothing too spicy... nothing too - well, to not like...

As one well-known poet puts it:

*For our long journey through Life,
What more should we ask
Than a simple SPAM sandwich
And a cup of tea from a flask.*

* * *

But now all that has changed... Words have changed...
SPAM has changed !

It happened when my school went digital. Retirement wasn't long off so a computer came like an early gold watch. Recognition. Appreciation. Less work...

I'd just switched *her* on. Yes, *her*... Wasn't *she* my state-of-the-art, personal PA ? Quick; efficient; obedient; and utterly, *automatically*, dedicated to *me*. A mysterious, magic amanuensis. And *mine*.

And so *my* immediate priority was to bond – to *customize* our relationship. (I was already talking the talk.)

I tapped in an amusing little ice-breaker, in a light Comic Sans MS.

"*Good morning, are you Miss Tickle... ?*" Get it ?

"***You have SPAM!***" she replied. Instantly. In **Impact Bold**.

What ?

London Marathon

Thank you so much for your generosity in sponsoring me to run the London marathon. I was very touched that so many of you were willing to help me raise money for the Nehemiah Project, a local London charity which helps men out of lives of addiction and crime into work. I am pleased to report that I was able to complete the marathon in a time of 5 hours 7 minutes. I was particularly grateful for all the prayer support, and grateful to God, as my left ankle wasn't in the best of shape in the days before, but gave me no trouble on the day, apart from making me run a bit slower than I hoped, which was probably a good thing ! I was able to run the whole way (no walking !) and it was a great experience: so many other runners running for great causes, and so many people lining the route and encouraging us all the way (including feeding us sweets !) Fortunately the weather wasn't as bad as predicted, and though it was on the cool side, that was good for running, and there was more sunshine than expected.

It was wonderful to come round past Buckingham Palace, and down the Mall to the finish – and be able to stop ! My legs have just recovered, though my left ankle still needs a bit longer. It true what they say – 26.2 miles is a long way !

Thank you again for all your support – I'm close to raising £2,000. God bless you all !

The Revd Marc Richeux



Ironing is like Marmite – you either hate it or love it !

Ironing is a drug-free tranquilliser; it needs very little brain-power or concentration, is soothing to the spirit and provides a wonderful feeling of virtue when the task is done. There is time to day-dream, plan, learn a piece of music to sing, mentally write the shopping list.

As a young housewife, I did the ironing for 16 people; my own family of 6 and two other families of 5 each. One family paid me the price of the evening class I wanted to go to, the other paid me in babysitting tokens, so I could get a sitter for my night class if I needed one. I did their ironing in their homes so it provided a change of scene too.

These days my back prefers it if I do just a little ironing at a time (so no offers of therapeutic ironing piles, please!) and in Winter I always make sure that there is some ironing left to do. That way, when I'm cold I can spend 15 minutes getting warm while I iron and feel virtuous to boot!

Anne Nelson

P.S. I love Marmite too - is there a correlation here ? Statistics from all you ironers, please.



Une sagesse du Talmud

Donald Soum brought the following to my attention

Fais attention à tes pensées, car elles deviendront des paroles.
Fais attention à tes mots parce qu'ils deviendront des actes.
Fais attention à tes actes parce qu'ils deviendront des habitudes.
Fais attention à tes habitudes parce qu'ils deviendront ton caractère.
Fais attention à ton caractère parce qu'il deviendra ton destin.

Baffling ! And disappointing, too, coming from my new infallible secretary. Because she was wrong. I didn't have any SPAM. At work or at home. I knew I didn't. I hadn't bought any SPAM in ages.

I didn't need to. I was in education, where SPAM is on the timetable: I could maintain my daily intake free of charge. A light SPAM salad for lunch meant a snooze-resistant afternoon - in theory. SPAM-and-cucumber sandwiches meant it was teatime. On doilies meant the Inspectors were in.

Dinner ? The menu might tantalize with '*SPAM SURPRISE*'. But SPAM fritters with two veg., including cabbage, is what was always served. And always enjoyed...

So what was little Miss Know-All on about ?

I banged rather firmly on the DELETE key. (What else can you do ?) But instead of something cute like "Sorry, Boss", in a feint chiller font, I got three bleak lines in what looked like Army stencil:

Creaking a bit ? It's never too late for a water bed...

Can't keep solids down ? Our Gastric Blender can help...

Memory loss ? Forget it - with Elephant Oil...

And thus my slide to retirement began – short, and constantly interrupted –

With OUR watches your time will go faster...

Worried about AFTERWARDS ? Ring His & Hearse Insurance...

Not that the computer was to blame – not really. Though we never did get on. She was *too* smart, with even smarter – and supercilious – connections. Google was one.

SPAM (up-to-date meaning) = unsolicited, undesired email messages

SPAM (origin of current use) = junk; something fake (eg SPAM tinned 'meat')...

It was a cruel time.

I'd be sitting hard at work in my office, transacting some important official business - emailing the DHSS, say, for a re-assessment of my pension, while anxiously awaiting a reply to my query about opportunities for the Over 60's. (It was all go.) Then -

Never comfy nowadays ? Try our Electric Chair...

Sunset Cruises – One-way bookings available...

For my non-stop desktop lunch - all part of the new desktop computer régime – I had... nothing. Or an Alka-Seltzer. How *could* I enjoy my good old SPAMwiches, knowing the very word had been swallowed up and ridiculed by that blank screen, glaring at me as I ate ?

I just gritted my teeth - on a Rennie, usually – and plodded on, downhill, at the keyboard -

Dr Scholl's can put you back on your feet...

No future ? 50% off our Tarot Cards...

Victor Hugo, Our next door neighbour.

I had to smile to myself recently when I saw a newspaper article about the centenary celebration of the unveiling of the excellent Statue of Victor Hugo in Guernsey. He was an exile there for fourteen years and lived in the same road as my great great aunts. Why did this article bring a smile to my lips ? Well, it was a story that my mother told me some years ago. She is now approaching 106 years old and still living on her own. Fortunately she has now stopped driving her car. She complained that she was fed up with 'other' drivers smashing off her wing mirrors on Guernsey's narrow roads. When she was an active five year old she saw Victor Hugo's statue being unveiled in 1914. On this day all the worthies of the Island gathered, including military bands and hundreds of ordinary Guernsey folk who remembered Victor during his long exile in Guernsey.

Mother found that this large gathering precluded her from seeing what was going on at the front of the crowd. That did not put off this five-year-old. She got down on all fours and crawled her way between the legs of the crowd until she came out at the front. Here alongside His Majesty's Lieutenant Governor and the other worthies. Seated in their front row plush upholstered seats she sat down on the ground to watch the proceedings. Being a well behaved, well dressed child she sat there without being removed. Until the end of the unveiling. Then she about turned and crawled to the back of the crowd again. Happy that she had enjoyed one of the best views of the unveiling. If you ask her today about this episode in her life, she will tell you the story with a twinkle in her eye.

Roger Berry



**Collects and Graces on the occasion of the 90th birthday
of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II**

Heavenly Father, who hast brought our gracious sovereign Queen Elizabeth to the completion of her ninetieth year, and dost gather her people in celebration of the same: grant that we, rejoicing before thee with thankful hearts, may ever be united in love and service to one another, and her kingdom flourish in prosperity and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Heavenly Father,
as we celebrate the ninetieth birthday of Her Majesty the Queen,
receive our heartfelt thanks
for all that you have given her in these ninety years
and for all that she has given to her people.
Continue, we pray, your loving purposes in her,
and as you gather us together in celebration,
unite us also in love and service to one another;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Bountiful God, giver of all good gifts,
we give thanks for the many years and long reign of our Queen;
Bless our food, our neighbourhood,
and our enjoyment of each other's company.
Help us to learn from Queen Elizabeth's commitment to her people,
so that our community may be strengthened
and all may flourish.
We ask this in the name of Jesus, the King of love.

Gracious God, give our Queen continued wisdom and strength
to carry out the promises she has made;
and bless (*this food, and*) those who are gathered here,
that, sustained by service for others,
we may faithfully serve you, all the days of our life.

When my last day at work finally arrived I felt regrets, of course, but also relief. I was going to be unshackled from Miss Cyberia and her cold comforts.

A farewell glance at the screen ? Nothing special. More of the same -

Falling in the bath ? Get yourself a non-skid bottom...

Camille is waiting to meet you: send pic + £10 (OAPs +£20)

You have to say something.

I AM RETIRING TODAY. WISH ME LUCK. In formal
COPPERPLATE.

No pause. No goodbye. Just –

Nothing to do now ? Why not teach yourself to SPAM...?

David Norris



Spot on

“Now,” said the vicar after his little chat to the junior school, “who can tell me something God does ?”

One little girl raised her hand.

“Yes, dear, what do you think ?”

“He saves the Queen.”

John Marshall



Bring and Share

During one of our more recent visits to St. Bartholomew's, possible venues for future events were under discussion given there must come a time when the ever faithful and valuable base at la Tamara, will no longer be available. Some ideas were deemed to be too far from Dinard, so deterring many from making the journey. But do you ever remember going to Pam and Peter Campbell whose home used to be in Céaux ?

For many years, the Campbells (all three) were in church almost every Sunday, for as well as Pam and Peter, there was Tara, their miniature Yorkie, who sat patiently on the pew with them. (Look around and you will see Tara mentioned on a kneeler). They were also involved with much of the fund-raising, whatever the project, Pam had stalls at garden parties and Peter often had a game, for which there would be a prize for the highest score recorded - I remember a leg of pork being one of these. Pamela and I share a birthday, and one year, to celebrate, they had an open house day. The invitations were sent out, stating that Pam, myself and Tara the dog, were, inviting people to join us in celebrating our birthdays.

It's just as well we received one in good time, as that was the first we knew of it and since the invitation was partially in my name, we needed to help with the provisions.

Pamela and Peter also celebrated their wedding anniversary on the same day as Diana and Michael Wilson and, in France, rather a special day, July 14th. To Pamela this was a good enough reason to organise a celebration and so the St. Bartholomew's bring and share picnic was initiated, I often wondered what the French neighbours thought as a large group mainly British, celebrated their national day. When the church group formed in Coutances, Pam and Peter also became a part of this church, though still being most Sundays in Dinard, but this

- Reduce the juices to about ¼ pint
- Make a roux with the butter and flour and stir in juices and cream and cook gently for a few minutes.
- Add curry paste and honey and cook for a few more minutes.
- Season to taste
- Remove the skin from the chicken and cover with the sauce and toasted almonds

This is another of our favourites from the Good Food Guide cookery book - served to many of our friends and enemies over the years - even using honey from Geoff's bees in the good old days ! The real recipe (here as I looked it up in the book !) is rather different from the one we cook now - crème fraîche rather than cream and curry powder rather than curry paste but it still tastes good !

Janet and Geoff Scott



Life in miniature

Are we
defined,
sustained,
kept whole,
by small things:
the daily round
of tiny chores
that helps us live
the life we lead ?



Recipes for you to try

Over the next twelve months, Janet and her husband, Geoff, are offering us a series of easy-to-cook recipes.

Chicken with ginger curry and honey for 4

- ✓ 4 boned chicken breasts with skin on
- ✓ 2 onions, try spring onions
- ✓ 2 sticks celery chopped
- ✓ A nice piece of root ginger sliced, no need to peel
- ✓ ½ pint dry white wine

For the sauce

- ✓ 1oz butter
- ✓ 1oz flour
- ✓ ¼ pint single cream.
- ✓ 1 teaspoon curry paste, maybe a little more?
- ✓ (Mix curry powder with butter)
- ✓ 2 teaspoons honey
- ✓ Salt & Pepper
- ✓ Toasted almonds

- Put chicken breasts on a wire tray (such as a cooling or roasting tray) and set over a roasting tin in which you have arranged the diced onions, celery and ginger.
- Heat the wine and pour over the vegetables.
- Cover the chicken and tin securely with foil and bake in a hot oven (gas Mark 6 200°C or 190°C fan, 400°F) for about 40 minutes.
- Strain off the juices and keep chicken warm while making the sauce.

meant that the shared picnic on July 14th also became a joint shared event for the two church groups.

The last time we were at one of these, we were late arrivals, as it was the day we arrived in France for our summer stay. By that time, we made most of our crossings from Hull to Zeebrugge so on the morning of July 14th, we docked in Belgium and fortunately were fairly early in the disembarking order. Pam had told us not to worry what time we could get to them, we had to call and lunch would be there whatever the hour. We have never had much of a problem on the drive from Zeebrugge have no great densities of traffic on most of the route, but this day was even better, the only time we encountered many other vehicles was as we approached Caen. As a result, we made such good progress that our arrival at Céaux, was just before people began to leave. Needless to say, there was still plenty of food for us to have a good lunch.

We even had a 'craft group' meeting at Céaux when six of us met to recycle Christmas cards, removing fronts of used cards and sticking them onto the front of a blank which one of the group folded from sheet card, before adding a computer printed inner. These cards were then sold in church and wherever possible.

On our recent birthday, I had a phone call from Pamela to say that my card would arrive, but they had forgotten to allow for Easter holidays when posting it. I couldn't suppress a chuckle, as it had been my intention to telephone Pamela to express exactly the same thing. At this point I was told that I would not have managed that, as they had recently moved into sheltered accommodation and had yet to send out new contact information. I was assured that the new abode was very well liked and they were both looking forward to enjoying life there.

John Marshall

Walking with Peter 6
Cock Crow

“Before cock crow,
 you’ll deny me thrice.”
 The words hurt me,
 sharper than my sword.
 One of us will betray him,
 Jesus says, and I’m shocked.
 “That’s not going to happen.
 We’ve been with you too long.
 How could we betray you ?
 I never will !”
 We go out into the night
 and I grip my sword
 and it gives me strength
 to do what I need to do.
 In the Garden of Gethsemane
 among the olive groves,
 Jesus goes off to pray alone.
 I try to pray
 but I fall asleep:
 exhausted; confused;
 the food, the wine,
 all too much for me.
 Twice he comes, wakes us up
 and twice I nod off again.
 The third time, we’ve got company -
 Temple guards come to arrest him.
 No way ! I draw my sword
 and, in one upward sweep,
 slice off a man’s ear

as he goes for Jesus.
 “Don’t be a fool.
 Put your sword away.”
 He doesn’t need my help.
 Jesus heals the man’s ear
 then lets them arrest him
 while we slip away.
 But, true to my word,
 I follow at a distance
 to the High Priest’s
 right into his courtyard.
 I join the edge of a group,
 keeping warm round a brazier.
 In the charcoal glow,
 a voice recognises me,
 says I’m one of them.
 “Do what ? No way !” I say.
 Another says I must be,
 so I reply, “You must be joking !”
 A third chips in, “With that accent,
 you have to be from Galilee -
 like your friend, Jesus.”
 “Leave it out !
 I don’t even know him ! !”
 And, to confirm the truth of what I say,
 somewhere in the dark, a cock crows.
 That dark-before-dawn swallows me
 as, in tears, I run away from the truth.
 May God forgive me.

