

Diary dates for September and October 2016

1st September 10.30 Council Meeting
25th September 11.00 Harvest Festival



Prayer of the month

Almighty and everlasting God,
increase in us the gift of faith,
that, forsaking what lies behind
and reaching out to that which is before,
we may run the way of your commandments
and win the crown of everlasting joy
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord
who is alive and reigns with you
in the unity of the Holy Spirit
one God, now and for ever.

Collect for Trinity 18



Prayer focus

For all those facing a sense of unease and uncertainty.



Verse of the Month

Yet he has not left himself without a witness in doing good - giving
you rains from heaven and fruitful seasons, and filling you with food
and your hearts with joy.

Acts 14:17



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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September 2016

Dear Friends,

Where are we ?

BREXIT; acts of terror; acts of madness; uncertainty; unease – all make for a sense of not knowing where exactly we are.

I'm in my Citroen C3, clerical black, now fitted with a Sat Nav – a GPS – with my destination plumbed in. I drive along unfamiliar roads to a destination I've never visited before. The voice, cultured, reassuring, in English tells me where to go, confirmed by an ever-changing map on the screen. With new-found confidence, I drive my car till the moment I turn right a little before I should do and I head off in the wrong direction. Not to worry: the voice calmly tells me what to do next and, though it involves negotiating my way through a busy town, I'm back on track again and arrive albeit a little late.

So isn't a spiritual Sat Nav what we all need as Christians – something to point us in the direction we need to go, not to hold our faults against us but to welcome us at our intended destination, safe and sound, just understandably tired from the drive.

And that I think is what our faith in God through His Son, Jesus Christ, inspired, informed and enthused by His Holy Spirit, actually does. We have the Bible to teach us and prayer to keep us in touch and fellowship with other Christians to help connect us. And above all, we have the love of our God that we can mirror to those we meet.

So do we need to worry overmuch about the uncertainties of life ? Not really – if we can trust in what could and can connect us.

Father Gareth.



Notices

- **Harvest Festival** will be celebrated in St Bartholomew's on Sunday 25th September. Donations of food can be brought to the church during Friday morning or brought to the service. Tinned food, conserves etc. will be given to the Banque Alimentaire in Dinard while fresh produce will be given to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Please remember those less well off.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the October edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 29th September*
- **Church Finances for July**
Income: 4,400€ Expenditure: 4,166€



Readings in church

Sept 4th

Deuteronomy 30 v15 – end
Philemon 1 v1 - 21

15th Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 1
Luke 14 v25 - 33

Sept 11th

Exodus 32 v7 - 14
1 Timothy 1 v12 -17

16th Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 51 v1 - 11
Luke 15 v1 - 10

Sept 18th

Amos 8 v4 - 7
1 Timothy 2 v1 -7

17th Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 113
Luke 16 v1 – 13

Sept 25th

Deuteronomy 26 v1 - 11
Philippians 4 v4 - 9

Harvest Festival

Psalm 100
John 6 v25 - 35
27

Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

Air travel is nature's way of making you look like your passport photo.

Al Gore

You're only young once but you can remain immature indefinitely.

Victor Lewis-Smith

You do not really understand something unless you can explain it to your grandmother.

Albert Einstein



Quickies - 6/6

A fresh series from our Church Warden, Bill:

In a kitchen-shop window

Mixing bowl set designed to please a cook with round bottom for efficient beating.



Signs of the times 6/9

These play on words were sent to us by Geoff Scott

Outside a car silencer shop:

"No appointment necessary. We hear you coming."

In a Veterinarian's waiting room:

"Be back in 5 minutes. Sit ! Stay !"

Personal Reflections 2/6

By Ron Kirk

Help for Heroes

2016 Big Battlefield Bike Ride

Commemorating the 1916 Great Western Front – Ypres to Verdun

(Dedicated to My Two Mates:

Chris Downton and Andrew Burnett)

Planning and Preparation is Everything

Planning and preparation gives you the platform to complete your mission but does not of itself guarantee success or preclude unexpected complications, difficulties or tests of your will and character.

As far as the bikes were concerned, Robert (63) modified his bike in terms of handlebars, hydraulic brakes and GPS. Robert has two artificial wrist joints and knee and hadn't ridden a bike over such long distances since he was a young man. For my part, although 70, I had a carbon bike with several improvements recommended by Alex Hinault, son of the great Tour de France Five Times Winner, Bernard Hinault. Not leaving anything to chance, my vicar agreed to bless me and my bike the week before I set off.

All the team trained hard through the winter months and, in my case, it wasn't until the beginning of May did I feel my fitness was at a level for five days of hard continuous riding.

The machines and men may have been in reasonable shape but that is not to say 'Murphy's Law' would not at times occur or the emotional experiences test our composure.

Our Logistics Planning

Just before our intended start the French trade unions decided to embark upon on a series of lightning strikes affecting transport by air and rail and causing fuel shortages at petrol stations. To complicate matters further, the North East of France suffered some of its worst flooding for decades.

As Robert and I are living in France, we had to make our own arrangements to get our car to our finishing point in Verdun and ourselves, luggage and bikes to the starting point in Ypres. Since Robert's wife was due into Paris on a flight from South Africa the day after we had planned to finish, we couldn't be certain her trains to Saint Malo would be running so other contingency plans had to be considered.

In the event, I needn't have worried as Robert made all the necessary arrangements for extra fuel in three 20-litre jerricans, hired a car and organised the train journey from Lille to Ypres after returning the rental car to Lille for the last bit, 27 miles to our hotel in Ypres.

We travelled 600 miles on the Saturday, starting at 5.00am to allow everything to be in position, but due to unforeseen circumstances the last 27 miles took three and a half hours! We finally arrived at our first hotel in Ypres at 10.00pm.

By the time we had left our car in Verdun, delivered the bikes and luggage in Ypres, dropped off the rental car in Lille and confirmed our local train was running between Lille and Ypres, we thought we could, once on the train, at last relax and look forward to a nice evening meal.

The European Superstate Needs a Paint Job!

At Lille Station, we located the platform for our train and read the illuminated message board. Sure enough the board did show our final

It happened in St Bart's 3/8

None by name, but memories of some of our locum chaplains.

Punctuation can make a big difference to the meaning of a statement. In the example I have inserted a comma, which was not printed in the booklet but it was 'understood'. The words 'Drink you all, of this' did not mean quite the same as one chaplain's 'Drink you, all of this'.

It is not unusual for a sermon to leave the congregation with something to think about, in fact maybe that should always be so, I'm not sure that one such sermon did that for the right reason as all the chaplain did was to retell the story of the Trojan Horse. Not an illustration of a point, literally just the story itself. This was many years ago and there are still those of us trying to work out the hidden message!!

John Marshall



Fun / Fund raising

In August, there were several successful and enjoyable events which raised money for the St Bart's:

- Poetry Afternoon 200€
- Julliard Concert 400€
- St Bart's Lunch 500€

Subsequent to going to press so too late to publish figures, there was also a stall at the Braderie and a Buster Keaton silent film shown in church both on Sunday 28th August.



Personal Column

Our congratulations to:

Liona De Jesus baptised on 5th August whose parents, Guillaume and Karyna, I married in 2014;

Alice Leclerc baptised here in St Bart's on 7th August;

Greg and Hayley Carrott married at the Chateau de Grand Val on 17th August;

Ashley and Sally Ward married at the Chateau de Grand Val on 21st August.

Our sympathy to:

The family of Julian Thompson, formerly President of the Association of St Bartholomew and Church Warden who died at home in Red Hall in England on Friday 29th July. He and his late wife, Audrey, worked tirelessly and did so much to help make St Bart's the church that we are today;

Lynette Jarvis on the death on 12th August of her husband, Alex, whose funeral was in St Malo Crematorium on 17th August.



On reflection

To say I'm past it
is made sadder
by the thought
I was never there
in the first place

1destination some 27 miles away, all written in Flemish, but my smarty pants colleague pointed out from his better knowledge of Afrikaans (Dutch derivative) that the sign actually said the train was **not** stopping at our station or the four before it. Apparently, the line had given way, presumably because of the floods, and we would have to continue halfway through our journey from Cambray by bus.

At this point, I think Robert and I had entered a parallel universe. There may be, down the road in Brussels, swish parliament buildings but here the train looked like something out of the film 'Murder on the Orient Express'. It was at least electric but I think it must have been plugged into someone's private house to work. It groaned out of the station and arrived an hour later in Cambray.

At least, the bus was waiting for us, but as we all clambered on board it was then I noticed the faces and people I had seen before. Poverty and deprivation were etched in their faces and clothing. The same appearance I observe on the odd occasion I visit the council estate in Nottingham where I grew up. For the most, part nice people and well behaved, but seemingly resigned to life's fate that awaits them.

For 15 minutes, we waited to continue our journey, I thought possibly to pick up station staff requiring a lift home in the absence of the train. No such rational reason, the bus driver had decided, or had been told, to leave at a certain time. This futility was to be repeated at the next four station stops except at one stop the driver asked one of his colleagues the best way to Ypres. You would think we were on a continental tour. No complaints or remonstrations from passengers, just resignation.

We travelled through what appeared to be an endless council estate, not a trunk road. Terraced houses lined the streets interspersed with smart bungalows and block-paved driveways. No one seems to have bothered to repaint their premises or anything else for that matter, only

the new-builds showed any shiny new paintwork. Obviously the concept of planned maintenance or location, location seems to have passed the Belgians by.

The bus never seemed to travel more than 20kms per hour on very rough cobbled or concrete roads. At one stage, I thought the bus would not be able to get round one corner, missing a car's wing mirrors by a couple of inches. Sitting on the back seat, Robert and I would become momentarily weightless as we navigated the many 'sleeping policemen' at just 15 km per hour.

In my boredom and employing my entrepreneurial spirit, I thought Belgium could offer an 'Aldi version' of Richard Branson's Virgin Spaceflights at a fraction of the cost. For just €14, you could experience weightlessness, just ask the driver to hold the speed over the humps.

Finally, we arrived at Ypres Railway Station very tired and hungry. In our desperation and with no obvious alternative at hand we went to the station kiosk and ordered a tray of Belgian chips and chicken burgers before asking the waitress to order a taxi for our hotel.

If that is the future of the European Superstate we will have no problem competing should we do a Brexit.

Meeting 'Johnny Concho (JC)' and his Motorcycle Gang

The day was lifted by a chance meeting that evening at the hotel bar with John Townsend (JC) and his gang of motorcyclists over for a weekend break in Belgium. What a bunch of extraordinary characters they were. JC at the tender age of 68 was their leader, a farmer and rancher from Kent managing a herd of Arabian horses operating under a business called Remuda Ranch, and Mark, a delivery driver for Asda and his mates, shooting the breeze on their Hoggies and Yamahas. I

Questions 'Self discovery ?'

One of life's great challenges for any one of us is to discover who we truly are – the discovery of our true self – self discovery.

But when the phrase 'self discovery' first surfaced in mind recently, I was swimming up and down the 20 metre pool at the Thalassa, St Enogat – breast stroke up, front crawl back – and, as I did, I reflected that apart from an initial five lessons, I'd largely taught myself how to swim over the past five years – which probably explains why I swim the way I do !

That said, it seems to me, as a teacher, that one of the best ways to learn is by doing and if we are prepared to take responsibility for our own learning by willingly doing, then we will be really committed and motivated.

So perhaps where there is a will there is a way and with a right attitude that's prepared to invest the necessary time and effort and money, then what can we not achieve ?

What do you think ?

Gareth Randall



Lancashire Jokes 9/12

What do cats eat for breakfast?

Mice Krispies

Lorraine Atkinson

Odd Words
'Handy-dandy'

I'm flicking through my OED looking up a word. In bold, at the top of page 922 of the first volume, I see a phrase I've never seen and doubt I've ever heard before - 'handy-dandy'.

Sounds good but what on earth does it mean? Intrigued, I look down to the bottom of the third column of words and there read:

Rhyming jingle on 'hand' or its childish diminutive 'handy'.

1 A children's game in which a small object is shaken between the hands of one player, and, the hands being suddenly closed, the other player has to guess in which hand the object is (1585).

b The words as used in the game; = 'Choose which you please' (1598)

2 Something held in a closed hand: a covert bribe.

Don't you love it: the idea; the way the idea has been expressed; the thought, given the dates cited, that Shakespeare might have played the game as a boy? And did you?

Gareth Randall



Book of Common Prayer
'Quotation of the month' – 5/20

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life, whose service is perfect freedom: Defend us thy humble servants in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defence, may not fear the power of any adversaries; through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

Second Collect for Peace
Morning Prayer

was very intrigued by John's bike paintwork, showing a tree that reminded me of the Joshua Tree National Park, near Palm Springs, and a side-stand in the shape of a bald headed eagle's bill and talons, just brilliant.

OUR ARMY

Official Ceremony at the Menin Gate

The Sunday evening, being the day before Monday's departure, we gathered for the formal Ceremony at the Menin Gate. The last post was delivered by our bugler, wreaths laid in remembrance and then the playing of a Scottish lament by our piper. Unfortunately, the reed in his bagpipe had become detached so there was silence for a while. Masterfully, he corrected the problem and was able to continue to everyone's delight.

Reading the plaques, I noticed there was a complete wall dedicated to the Indian Regiment. It transpired later in our Guide Talks that they played a vital role in reinforcing the allies at a critical stage in the war. Up to then, a professional British army, acting as an expeditionary force – and soon to be joined by volunteers answering Kitchener's call – was supporting a much larger French army, while being pushed back from the Marne. In 1914, some 60,000 soldiers of the Indian Regiment arrived via Marseilles in their summer tunics to hold the line at Ypres until the British could reorganise themselves. In 1916, the whole country was mobilised to recruit a conscript army, expand the role of women in the war effort and commence an industrialisation of the whole machinery of war.



Historical Point

The Menin Gate Memorial commemorates 54,389 Commonwealth personnel who fell in the Ypres Salient before August 1917 and have no known grave. The ceremony was first performed by the local volunteer fire brigade on 1st July 1928. Apart from the intervening

period in the Second World War it has been conducted every evening at 8 pm, ours being number 30,332. It is highly symbolic to the Belgian nation representing how Britain helped to reinstate Belgium as an independent sovereign state.



We Are Off

Destination Arras

The first morning of our challenge we all assembled in the main square of Ypres with our bikes and then walked a short distance to the cathedral. It was then I was told I was the veteran of the Ride (the oldest) and I was to read the 22nd Psalm and the youngest rider, light a candle to be displayed in the Ladies Chapel for the week of our ride.

I also took a few quiet moments to reflect that a century before, my grandfather was here with the Gloucestershire Regiment and I wondered if he was looking down on me as I gave the reading. It was also my granddaughter Daisy's 10th birthday.



Historical Point

Within a few miles we encountered the largest mine crater on the Western Front at Spanbroekmolen. It was one of 19 blown on 6th June 1917 to open the attack on Messines Ridge. The skills of Welsh coal miners and Manchester canal workers were employed to dig tunnels running for miles under the German defences, all carried out in absolute silence. The hole, now filled with water, is enormous and it is said the explosion could be heard in London. It remains the largest ever conventional explosion (i.e. excluding nuclear) using 470 tons of explosive. Later we would hear of the VC awarded to William Hackett, a Nottingham miner (my birthplace), who refused to leave his comrade in a tunnel.

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

Geoff's fish stew for four

This is one of Geoff's signature dishes but it never tastes the same twice! We do not know where it originated, perhaps in Geoff's thick skull. We often have it ready for visitors when they arrive as you can make the sauce well ahead of time, reheat it and then add the fish when you want to eat. The individual flavour is given by using lots of cider and paprika. Paprika is not really hot like chilli.

A mixture of firm white fish such as monkfish or gurnard cut into pieces plus prawns, mussels and clams as you like!

- ✓ Four or so finely chopped shallots
 - ✓ Garlic clove crushed
 - ✓ Olive oil
 - ✓ Cider
 - ✓ Tinned chopped tomatoes
 - ✓ 2 bay leaves and a handful of chopped parsley
 - ✓ Paprika to your taste depending on how hot it is!
 - ✓ Salt and pepper to taste
-
- Soften the shallots and garlic in the olive oil for 5-10mins over a low heat
 - Then add the cider, tomatoes, half the parsley and bay leaves with paprika to taste.
 - Simmer till a good consistency and season to taste.
 - Add the fish just before you want to eat for about 10mins - and lastly add the prawns and mussels for a couple of minutes.

Janet and Geoff Scott

Film Review of the Month
‘Like Father, Like Son’ – Hirokazu Kore-Eda 2013

Sunday 20th June – Fathers’ Day. What better day for me to have watched this thoughtful, emotionally charged, challenging film on what it means in practice to be father to your son ?

Modern-day Japan. Ryota Nonomiya, a model of a man who’s earned his way to success by dint of hard work and focused determination. Midori, the wife he loves. Keita, their six-year-old son. All is well with this outwardly happy family till the hospital, where Midori gave birth to their boy, contacts them to tell them that their son is not their son. A case of babies being switched at birth !

What makes it worth spending nearly two hours watching this Japanese film with English subtitles is not simply its insights into a very different, parallel culture but the exploration of what it means truly to be the father of your son.

The detail and drama are there for you to observe and enjoy for yourself but let me simply say that for Ryota, in coming to terms with the present, he has also to come to terms with his past, his own childhood, his relationship with his own father, his way of making sense of reality and the values that shape his way of life.

Life-affirming, people-centred, have you the stamina to follow ‘Like Father, Like Son’ in its search for what it means to be the parent of a child ? Blood or love ? DNA or TLC ? Genes or genuine bonding ?

Is Keita or Rywei his true son ? In reality, perhaps it’s a less question of one or the other but more one of both – one of heredity, one of upbringing.

Gareth Randall

His Citation reads –

“For most conspicuous bravery when entombed with four others in a gallery owing to the explosion of an enemy mine. After working for 20 hours, a hole was made through fallen earth and broken timber, and the outside party was met. Sapper Hackett helped three of the men through the hole and could easily have followed, but refused to leave the fourth, who had been seriously injured, saying, " I am a tunneller, I must look after the others first." Meantime, the hole was getting smaller, yet he still refused to leave his injured comrade. Finally, the gallery collapsed, and though the rescue party worked desperately for four days the attempt to reach the two men failed. Sapper Hackett well knowing the nature of sliding earth, the chances against him, deliberately gave his life for his comrade".



Soon we arrived at another point of history at Fromelles.



Historical Point

Since the start of the war the Australians had already been involved over the two years in three actions. In 1916 the Australians, outnumbered 2:1, attacked the German front lines in order to deny them reinforcing their troops along the Somme. Ultimately the attack failed and over 5,000 Australians lost their lives in the attempt. It was regarded as the worst 24 hours in Australia’s entire history.



Father Jacques

“To celebrate Mass was a serious offence” – words from a recent Radio Four programme on the trip that Graham Greene made in the late 1930s to study the repression of the Roman Catholic Church by the then Mexican government. It was a visit that was to lead to what many regard as one of Greene's greatest novels, *'The Power and the Glory'*, the story of a ‘whiskey priest’, a sorry specimen of his profession, but who yet remains faithful to his calling as a priest, and is duly executed by the authorities.

To celebrate Mass was indeed a serious offence for Greene's priest – and so it was for Fr Jacques Hamel, murdered at his altar in July while saying Mass. For his murders, saying Mass was the most serious *source* of offence that could be imagined. In making this parallel with Greene's character, I am not for a moment suggesting Fr Jacques's lifestyle was like his. But they were both priests, as I am privileged to be - called above all to minister the Sacraments (Mass/Eucharist/Holy Communion) to God's people. It is very easy to make glib assumptions about people we don't know personally, and I certainly wouldn't welcome Fr Jacques's grisly end. But I would make a fair guess that if he had been told, “You are to die a violent death; where do you want it to be ?” he would have answered unequivocally, “At God's altar, celebrating the Eucharist of his Son.” I think most priests would say the same.

The Eucharist is no arcane rite for the spiritually superior: it is grounded in the earth; it is the affirmation that God has come to dwell with us, in all our failures and messy compromises. The Eucharist is the act above every act, the symbol above every symbol that proclaims God's love and his presence. Fr Jacques knew that; Greene's priest knew that. And I strive (please God, help me) to know that also.

see with loving eyes, is to know inner beauty. To be loved is to be seen, and known, as we are known to no other. One - who loves us - gives us a unique gift: a piece of ourselves, but a piece that only they could give us.

The secret of love and marriage is similar to that of religion itself. It is the emergence of the larger self. It is the finding of one's life by losing it. Such is the privilege of husband and wife - to be each himself, herself and yet another - to face the world strong, with the courage of two.

To make this relationship work, therefore, takes more than love. It takes trust, to know in your hearts that you want only the best for each other. It takes dedication, to stay open to one another, to learn and grow, even when it is difficult to do so. And it takes faith, to go forward together without knowing what the future holds for you both. While love is our natural state of being, these other qualities are not as easy to come by. They are not a destination, but a journey.

The true art of married life is an inner spiritual journey. It is a mutual enrichment, a give and take between two personalities, a mingling of two endowments, which diminishes neither, but enhances both.



Late September

Dark the mornings
cold the nights
summer's coming
to an end



What might marriage mean ?

*The following was part of a beautiful wedding ceremony
that I took in St Bartholomew's last July*

*between Garðar Víðir Gunnarsson, an Icelander,
and Marie-Odile Désy, a French Canadian.*

*The service in three languages - English, French and Icelandic -
had this exploration of what being married might mean*

We have come together this day to uphold you, Marie-Odile, and you, Garðar Víðir as you exchange your vows of marriage. We celebrate with you the love you have discovered in each other, and we support your decision to continue your life's journeys together as husband and wife.

Marie-Odile and Garðar Víðir came together from different backgrounds and experiences. Through their marriage they do not leave those things behind, but instead form a new family that will broaden the circle of love and understanding in the world.

Marriage is a supreme sharing of experience, and an adventure in the most intimate of human relationships. It is the joyous union of two people whose comradeship and mutual understanding have flowered in love. Today Marie-Odile and Garðar Víðir proclaim their love and commitment to the world, and we gather here to rejoice with and for them, in the new life they now undertake together.

The joy we feel now is a solemn joy, because the act of marriage has many consequences, both social and personal. Marriage requires "love", a word we often use with vagueness and sentimentality. We may assume that love is some rare and mystical event, when in fact it is our natural state of being. So what do we mean by love ? When we love, we see things other people do not see. We see beneath the surface, to the qualities that make our beloved special and unique. To

After the radio programme, I got from the shelves our ancient paperback of Greene's novel (and had a familiar stab of both pain and joy to find it inscribed in my late wife's hand "Sharon Thomas 1970"). The blurb on the back commented that, "a baleful vulture of doom hovers over the story . . . but above the vulture soars an eagle, the inevitability of the Church's triumph." As a young man, I recall being thrilled by those words, but I am not sure now that the imagery is quite right. There seems to me nothing inevitable about the Church's triumph as an organisation – and certainly not if it sees itself in terms of eagles. We talk in our worship of the "power of the Spirit", but we represent the Spirit as that most gentle and vulnerable of birds, the dove. What is inevitable – because it has happened, and nothing can make it un-happen – is that God has come to us in Jesus, and is with us to eternity. That, Sunday by Sunday, is what we affirm at his altar.

Rest in peace, Fr Jacques. And rest in peace all those other brother and sister priests who have remained faithful unto death.

The Revd Dr Alan Harding



Quotations of the month

Printed on an M&S hessian shopping bag:

ONE CANNOT
THINK WELL
LOVE WELL
SLEEP WELL
IF ONE HAS NOT DINED WELL

Virginia Woolf



The other cheek

Bare weeks ago, Roman Catholic priest Father Jacques Hamel, 86, was brutally murdered in his church near Rouen by two teenagers claiming allegiance to the so-called Islamic State (Isis) of the Middle East (which in many opinions, including Muslim opinions, has rather little to do with Islam).

Significantly, many Mosque-attending Muslims later joined local clergy and congregations for Mass to demonstrate inter-faith solidarity and to point out that 'Isis' did not represent them. It doesn't.

Colonel Richard Kemp, a former chair of the UK government's Cobra crisis response group, has said in an interview with *The Independent* (July 27th) that community-funded guards, security fences and CCTV ought to be considered by churches. The UK newspaper illustrated its report with a picture of a security guard outside a church, carrying an automatic rifle.

Were we to put that into practice, it seems to me, it would simply indicate shifting the responsibility of killing the opposition from ourselves on to a person whom we have delegated to do the killing for us. Is that what we want to do in the first place?

This is not an idle speculation. Imagine. Suppose you're in a service at St Bart's, and one guy with an AK47, maybe some grenades, too, turns up at the main church entrance. You look towards the transept entrance. And, suddenly, there's another one at that point, too. Where are you? Trapped.

I stand to be corrected – and, seriously, I invite anyone reading this to offer your comment – but if we are to follow the examples of Jesus Christ and of the Apostles, as narrated in the Acts, then we must surrender ourselves to the Will of God and let happen what happens.

freedom, the corner of the old Norman land where the noble little people of the sea, the Isle of Guernsey, stern and gentle, my present refuge, my probable tomb'. Victor always wrote standing up at a sort of lectern screwed to the window frame. The window looked out due east out over the sea. He wrote, 'I live in the upper town in a seagulls' nest. From my window I can see the whole archipelago. France from whence I was banished and Jersey whence I was expelled.'

My great-great-aunts noticed all the little gossip mongering going on. Every morning, Victor put a bright towel in his upper window: what he called his 'torchon radieux' (shining rag) - a signal to Juliette Drouet that he was up and about. She could see it from her house just down the road from Hauteville House. Nor did the use of the soft, shoulder-high bracken at Fermain bay completely hide Victor and his lady friends frolicking on the verdant cliff sides.

Victor avoided speaking in English. In Guernsey, he was spoilt as it was fairly multilingual. The international shipping interests of the Islanders found most languages being able to be spoken. The main language was Norman but legal documents were written in good French. English was spoken in the area around the port. Shops and businesses conducted their affairs in an assortment of legal tender. My grandfather trading just down the road from Hauteville House, was selling goods in French francs, English sterling as well as the local Guernsey currency – generally valued as worth one pound and a shilling to the English pound. On one of Victor's few visits to England, he told fellow train passengers: 'When England wants to converse with me, it will learn to speak in French'.

Roger Berry
Guernsey. 2016



Victor Hugo our neighbour (4) Guernsey 1855-1870

Victor Hugo and his family soon settled into their new home. Hauteville House. Perched up above the ancient St Peter Port in Guernsey. The house, funded by the spectacular success of *Les Contemplations*, soon became a writers' centre. Mme Hugo started work on a biography that was published in 1863. Their son, François Victor, started work on translating Shakespeare. This would be published in 1864. Victor himself continued to work on many titles. Some small, some huge. His printings of *Les Enfants* and *Le Lièvre des Mères* occurred in 1856, while his *Les Misérables* was being polished into its final form.

Hauteville House suited Victor completely. This large town house had been built in 1800 by a Guernsey privateer. It had lain unoccupied for many years. Known by the neighbours, including my great-great-aunts, this was a notoriously haunted house. The previous occupant, a Vicar, had run out of it years before claiming he was being chased by ghosts. This fact did not bother Victor. In fact he enjoyed it. He wrote, 'The clicks and bumps in the night were the ghosts' own kind of Morse code.'

At the end of 1856, my great-great-aunts noticed that Adèle, daughter of Victor, looked very thin. Probably anorexic. Vacquerie said that her arms looked like spindles. Mme Hugo started a campaign to get Adèle out of the Island and into society life. She wrote 'A little garden and some needlework are not enough to satisfy a twenty-six-year-old girl.' It was January 1858 before mother and daughter set off for a four-month holiday in Paris.

For Victor, his life in Guernsey was ideal for writing. He seemed to be settled in for a long stay. He wrote 'The rock of hospitality and

The last words of Father Jacques were broadcast in a sermon at Rouen commemorating his cruel death. They were: *Va't'en, Satan*, i.e., broadly: 'Get Thee behind me, Satan.' But to whom was Father Jacques speaking?

None of us can do more than guess. But my guess is that Father Jacques was speaking not to his killers – they had already done their worst, or were about to – but to himself. I suspect that Father Jacques felt angry at having his throat slit – for heaven's sake, I would, if it happened to me! Thus it may be possible that Father Jacques was rebuking Satan for the anger that the priest himself felt. That seems like an echo of: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Right after the murder, Pope Francis, as reported in many media, declared: the 'world is at war'. He went on to explain that he was not talking about a war of religion, but 'one of domination of peoples and economic interests'.

Make of that what you will. The terrifying prospect remains – what if we *were* all trapped, with one assault rifle at the main door and another at the transept door? I admit it – there are times when I feel I wish I were in America and could just buy a pistol to defend myself and those around me.

But is that Jesus' way? I think not. Remember Gethsemane. Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of one of the raiding party. Jesus rebuked Peter and healed the wounded man.

I hope sincerely that I am never put to the test. I've got family just like anyone else. May I please beg anyone reading this to have a think, and then reply – in these columns?

David Boggis

Walking with Peter 9
Kosher

My world has changed forever.
I was a good Jew;
trying my best
to be righteous,
live a good life
according to the Torah -
circumcised, kosher,
keeping clean, being pure,
faithful to our Law.
Jesus, our Messiah,
fulfilled our Jewish hope:
the Son of David come
to free the Children of Israel
and restore the Kingdom of God.
When he was snatched from us
and killed on account of us,
I see now it's for more than us.
A dream changed everything.
Joppa, the house of Simon the Tanner.
Midday, a hot day, at prayer.
Hungry, alone on the roof,
I must have fallen asleep.
I see a sail, full of animals,
lowered down from heaven
and I hear a voice saying,
"Get up, Peter, kill and eat."
"No, Lord. I can't; I mustn't."
I've never eaten unclean food."
"Anything I've made clean is clean."

Twice the vision repeats itself;
three times I see, I hear,
making sure I've understood.
Then, the sound of strangers
down below wakes me up.
I'm being asked to come to Caesarea,
to the house of Cornelius, a centurion.
An angel has appeared to him
and told him to send for me.
I go with some fellow believers
and we enter a Gentile's house
where I tell those present,
about Jesus, God's Son, our Saviour.
As they listen to what I say,
the Holy Spirit touches them
and, inspired and enthused,
like us they speak in tongues.
My companions are astonished:
Gentiles, uncircumcised,
have received the Spirit!
So I say to them,
"If our God has gifted Gentiles
with the power and the presence
of the Holy Spirit,
can they not be baptised?
Why not? So I do.
Now my world's a bigger place -
all of us possible Children of God;
the Lord, our God, a light
for Gentiles, Jews, alike!
How gentle, all embracing,
the love of God for Man.