

Diary dates for November and December 2016

3 rd November	10.00 All Souls Service of Remembrance
9 th November	20.00 'Judas Iscariot – Redeemed?'
13 th November	10.50 Remembrance Sunday
24 th November	10.30 Council Meeting
26 th November	14.00- 18.00 Xmas Fayre
17 th December	17.00 Carol Service
24 th December	17.00 Crib Service
25 th December	11.00 Christmas Day



Prayer of the month

God, who in generous mercy sent your Holy Spirit
upon your Church in the burning fire of your love:
grant that your people may be fervent
in the fellowship of the gospel
that, always abiding in you,
they may be found steadfast in faith and active in service;
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 forever.

Amen

Trinity 15



Prayer focus

To remember . .



Verse of the Month

For surely I know the plans I have for you, says the Lord, plans for
your welfare and not for harm, to give you a future with hope.

Jeremiah 29:11



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:

 02 99 46 77 00

e-mail : gareth.randall@nordnet.fr

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



November 2016

Dear Friends,

Remember - Forget

Last year, for my November letter, I wrote about remembering, how November had more than its fair share of opportunities to recall, and being grateful for the chance to do so.

This month, when I came to paginate our magazine (get the articles in a sensible order for printing – a challenge in spatial reasoning, logic and presentation), I found that I'd forgot to write this month's letter ! The irony was not wasted on me.

And I was challenged by the thought that, though in principle it is good to remember, it might also be good to forget. No, I don't mean forget those memories that are precious to us, those moments in our lives that touched our heart and have made us the people we are today. Nor do I see any benefit in forgetting where I put my car keys, the book I'm reading, a piece of paper I need to find.

But there may be an advantage in forgetting that which causes us pain, in letting go of that which is negative, in exorcising that which seeks to undermine us. There is a healthy forgetting which allows us to move on, to clear a space in our lives for what is to come, for what we can truly enjoy.

So my question to you this November is not only what do you want to remember but also what is it you ought you to forget ?

Father Gareth.



Notices

- **Deadline** for submission of material for the December edition of St Bart's is ***midday on Thursday 24th November***
- **Church Finances for September**
Income: 4,608€ Expenditure: 3,956€



Readings in church

<i>November 6th</i>	<i>3rd Sunday before Advent</i>
Job 19 v23 - 27a	Psalm 17 v1 - 8
2 Thessalonians 2 v1 -5, 15 – end	Luke 20 v27 - 38

<i>November 13th</i>	<i>Remembrance Sunday</i>
Malachi 4 v1 - 2a	Psalm 98
2 Thessalonians 3 v6 -13	Luke 21 v5 - 19

<i>November 20th</i>	<i>Christ the King</i>
Jeremiah 23 v1 - 6	Psalm 46
Colossians1 v11 - 20	Luke 23 v33 - 43

<i>November 27th</i>	<i>Advent Sunday</i>
Isaiah 2 v1 - 15	Psalm 122
Romans 13 v11 – end	Matthew 24 v36 - 44



Personal Column

Congratulations to Frédéric and Sarah Geffroy who were married here in church on 8th October.

Quotations of the month

It's a wonderful feeling when you discover
evidence to support your beliefs.

Anon



Quickies 2 - 2/5

A further series from our Church Warden, Bill:

On a bottle of distilled water

If you get the liquid in your eye
Rinse carefully with water



Signs of the times 8/9

These play on words were sent to us by Geoff Scott

In the front yard of a Funeral Home:

"Drive carefully. We'll wait."

At a Propane Filling Station:

"Thank Heaven for little grills."



Lancashire Jokes 11/12

What do call a boomerang that won't come back ?

A stick.

Lorraine Atkinson

Personal Reflections 4/6

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)



Amiens Beckons

Today we were to pass through the battlefields of the Somme. The enormity of the battles that took place a century ago begins to dawn on you when you are seeing the various sites first-hand. The Somme front was some 40kms long where hundreds of thousands of men, 3,500 artillery pieces and three million shells were concentrated. Rolling bombardments and hand-to-hand fighting in either dry sandy fields or mud quagmires must have been hell on earth for all those consumed by it.

We were to pass through Blairville, Beaumont Hamel and the site of the Hawthorn Ridge Mine Explosion often seen in newsreels of the time. Soon we were to arrive at the Thiepval Memorial. Before we were able to get there, however there was the small matter of climbing a 2 kilometre long hill to reach the top !



Historical Point

The memorial represents the names of over 72,000 officers and men. Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the memorial was built between 1928

and 1932 and is the largest Commonwealth Memorial to the Missing in the world. My great-uncle James Lowe was lost in the Great War, killed by a grenade when acting as a motorcycle dispatch rider. I would like to think the J Lowe marked on one of the stones is for him.



The Royal Flying Corps

After the formal ceremony, we were on our way in the afternoon to Corbie Cemetery where our guides discussed the increasing importance of air warfare. As we stood in the cemetery overlooking the surrounding terrain we were reminded that the landscape would have been very familiar to two fighter aces, a Nottingham-born lad like me, also to become an aviator, namely Albert Ball, and Manfred von Richthofen (The Red Baron). Albert as a young man mirrored some of my own background and personal characteristics. He was also born in Nottingham, was very shy and had the same problem landing an aircraft as I had done. When I was being taught to fly at East Midlands Airport, I had a mental block on landings. I was trying to place the aircraft precisely so the wheels would just kiss the runway instead of allowing the aircraft to land as it was designed to. The birds naturally do it by stalling just above the runway. I so exasperated my Australian instructor that he said, “We going to fill this aircraft full of fuel, depart to Leicester Aerodrome and continually land until you get it right” (minus the expletives). After several attempts suddenly I realised what he was wanting me to do”. Fortunately many years later, when I had to land at Avignon Airport in winds gusting to 45 knot, the training came into its own. The captain of the Ryanair following me in, radioed the tower to say he hoped his landing was to be as good, quite a compliment !

There our respective achievements separated markedly except to say I did achieve the Moët Chandon Trophy in a flying competition as the best navigator in Europe. Flying over two legs in Southern England

Dilapidation

As long as I can remember, the entrance to our church has been covered in ivy, lending St Bart’s a homely, welcoming air. But underneath, in secret, the roots were burrowing into the façade, through stone and mortar to undermine what they adorned.

David Morgan and Eric Lambert removed the ivy over a period of months and the extent of the damage revealed. Roger Berry and Bill Wignall set up scaffolding, and, with the aid of a pulley able to lift 3 tons, the stones were taken down, a broken key-stone replaced by one found in Diana Wilson’s garden (1 Peter 2 v7) and the whole made whole again.

May I, on our behalf, thank these gentlemen, these skilled artisans, who freely give of their time and expertise to maintain the building we have inherited. Truly, our church is not only a building but also the people who worship herein, who put into practice the faith that binds us together as part of God’s family.

Father Gareth



Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

Paranoia means having all the facts.

William Burroughs

Happiness is not something you experience, it’s something you remember.

Oscar Levant

Advice is what we ask for when we already know the answer but wish we didn’t.

Erica Jong

We'd love to hear from you...

If you happen to be mulling over the chance of writing a piece for this newsletter, DO NOT hesitate. Please GO AHEAD!! The more we hear from YOU – the regular or even irregular attendee at St Bart's – the more we'll be able to expand the range of wise words and thoughts that we are lucky to be able to publish in this newsletter.

Please, though, a trivial caution. The NL is edited by Father Gareth and proof-read by a parishioner who used to do the same job (among a range of others) for the Financial Times. Your humble proof reader has a humble plea.

When you write for the NL, may I PLEASE beg you to read through what you've written before you send it in. You may find yourself surprised at the itchy-bitsy, teensy-weensy slip-ups that creep in (and your proof reader is by no conceivable means immune from similar error). If you just give your copy a once-through second read, it will make my job no end easier.

Your humble proof reader



Sponsor a Sermon

Last Lent, 400€ were raised for church funds by sponsoring a sermon. This Advent I propose to do the same thing (25€ a sermon) with this difference – you can choose the text/theme. But you need to hurry – there are only four Sundays in Advent and one has already been booked.



and Northern France, I was able to predict my precise flying times from take-off to landings within 27 seconds on the first leg and 2 seconds on the second. Two pilots in an RAF Jet Provost were not exactly impressed with me and my Socata TB10.

In those early days of military flying, pilots would fly alone deep into enemy territory, probably up to 20 miles, taking enormous risks as they surveyed enemy lines, all the time subject to ground fire and attack from opposing aircraft.

Albert Ball was my schoolboy hero after first reading about his exploits at the Nottingham Castle Museum, where I remember seeing exhibits of his smashed-up windscreen and the bullet indentation in his silver cigarette case that probably saved his life on that occasion.

Albert Ball would go out on several patrols, each time the damage became more severe and enemy engagement growing in numbers of aircraft. The toll was becoming so great that he requested leave only to be turned down, leading to the inevitable consequences.



Historical Point

Albert Ball, VC, DSO & Two Bars, MC (14th August 1896 – 7th May 1917) was an English fighter pilot. At the time of his death, he was the United Kingdom's leading flying ace, with 44 victories, and remained its fourth-highest scorer behind Edward Mannock, James McCudden, and George McElroy.

Raised in Nottingham, Ball was commissioned as a second lieutenant in October 1914. He flew reconnaissance missions before being posted to a 'scout' unit. From then until his return to England on leave in

October, he accrued many aerial victories, earning two Distinguished Service Orders and the Military Cross. He was the first ace to become a British national hero.

After a period on home establishment, Ball was posted to the Western Front in April 1917. He crashed to his death in a field in France on 7th May, sparking a wave of national mourning and posthumous recognition, which included the award of the Victoria Cross for his actions during his final tour of duty. The famous German flying ace Manfred von Richthofen remarked upon hearing of Ball's death that he was "by far the best English flying man".

Throughout his flying service, Ball was primarily a "lone-wolf" pilot, stalking his prey from below until he drew close enough to use his top-wing Lewis gun on its Foster mounting, angled to fire upwards into the enemy's fuselage. According to fellow ace and Victoria Cross recipient James McCudden, "It was quite a work of art to pull this gun down and shoot upwards, and at the same time manage one's machine accurately". Ball was as much a loner on the ground as in the air, preferring to stay in his hut on the flight line, away from other squadron members. His off-duty hours were spent tending his small garden and practising the violin. Though not unsociable per se, he was extremely sensitive and shy. Ball acted as his own mechanic on his aircraft and, as a consequence, was often untidy and dishevelled. His singularity in dress extended to his habit of flying without a helmet and goggles, and he wore his thick black hair longer than regulations generally permitted.

On one occasion, apart from his normal duties, Ball undertook an unusual mission. On the evening of 28th July, he flew a French espionage agent across enemy lines. Dodging an attack by three German fighters, as well as anti-aircraft fire, he landed in a deserted field, only to find that the agent refused to get out of the aircraft.

Questions 'Praying Hands'

Do you know the Dürer sketch Praying Hands (Betende Hände 1508) ?

I guess I came across it over half a century ago and I was struck then by the obvious experience written in the flesh of the unnamed apostle's hands.

But what do you think of putting your hands together when you pray ? It was what we were taught to do as children. As I grew up, I began to think it soppy, unnecessary. Now I'm older, wiser (perhaps ?), I've come to see the virtue of so doing: it's rather like kneeling – the body used to frame a spiritual fact. On our knees, we are being humble, respectful, getting ourselves in the right frame of mind through our posture. With our hands together, we are focusing our minds, directing our thoughts, upwards and outwards, our fingers pointing up and away from ourselves, our heart and mind joined together concentrating on the One to whom we are speaking.

Before I wrote this article, when the thought first occurred to me, I wrote the following poem:

My two hands
pressed together in prayer,
palm to palm, skin to skin,
warm and smooth to touch,
in touch, connected,
one with the other
in Otherness.

So when you pray, do you, will you, press one palm against the other ?

Gareth Randall

Book Review of the Month
'Harry Potter and the Cursed Child'
Jack Thorne

The eighth Harry Potter, set some nineteen years on from the end of the seven book series by J K Rowling, is a Special Rehearsal edition of the play script published in hard back this summer.

Given as a birthday present by my friend, John Johnstone, the play picks up with Harry married to Ginny and Ron to Hermione, each now with families of their own.

There is a hint that something bad is going to happen, that Voldemort might not be dead, that he might resurface to plunge the world into darkness.

Against this shadow plays out the strained relationship between an adult Harry and his third child and second son, Albus Severus Potter who, off to Hogwarts as a First Year, forms an unlikely friendship with Scorpius Malfoy, Draco's son, who is unkindly rumoured to be fathered by Voldemort.

Parental angst; time travel; parallel lives; the value of a hug, of love and friendship and self-sacrifice; all play out against the struggle to put things right, to do what's right, to be what's right and proper to be.

I guess we know that things should end well but you'll need to get through to the end to make sure they do. I first read a Harry Potter book back in August 1999 on La Plage du Prieur while on holiday here with Owen's School. Nice, some 18 years on, to come across his latest incarnation.

Gareth Randall

While he was on reconnaissance duties the London Gazette announced that he had been awarded the Military Cross "for conspicuous skill and gallantry on many occasions," particularly for "one occasion [when] he attacked six in one flight". This was not unusual; throughout his career, Ball generally attacked on sight and heedless of the odds. He professed no hatred for his opponents, writing to his parents! "I only scrap because it is my duty ... Nothing makes me feel more rotten than to see them go down, but you see it is either them or me, so I must do my duty best to make it a case of them".

After destroying three enemy aircraft, he ended one day by fighting 14 Germans some 15 miles (24 km) behind their lines. With his plane badly damaged and out of fuel, he struggled back to Allied lines to land.

Soon he had increased his tally to 17 enemy aircraft, including three on 28th August.

His feats in France had received considerable publicity. He was the first British ace to become a household name, and found that his celebrity was such that he could not walk down the streets of Nottingham without being stopped and congratulated. Prior to this the British government had suppressed the names of its aces — in contrast to the policy of the French and Germans — but the losses of the Battle of the Somme, which had commenced in July, made politic the publicising of its successes in the air. Ball's achievements had a profound impact on budding flyer Mick Mannock, who would become the United Kingdom's top-scoring ace and also receive the Victoria Cross.

On one evening mission, he armed his plane with eight Le Prieur rockets on the outer struts, set to fire electrically. He intended to use them on an observation balloon. As it happened, he spotted three German Roland C.IIs and broke their formation by salvoing his

rockets at them, then picked off one of the confused pilots with machine-gun fire. After this, he settled into an improved aeroplane. He rigged it to fly tail-heavy to facilitate his changing of ammunition drums in the machine-gun, and had a holster built into the cockpit for the Colt automatic that he habitually carried.

His total score standing at 31 made him Britain's top-scoring ace. By this time he had told his commanding officer that he had to have a rest and that he was taking unnecessary risks because of his nerves.

On 23rd April 1917, Ball was under strict orders to stay over British lines, but still engaged the Germans five times in his Nieuport. In his first combat that day, using his preferred belly shot, he sent an Albatross into a spin, following it down and continuing to fire at it until it struck the ground. It was No. 56 Squadron's first victory. Regaining an altitude of 5,000 feet (1,500 m), he tried to dive underneath an Albatross two-seater and pop up under its belly as usual, but he overshot, and the German rear gunner put a burst of 15 bullets through the Nieuport's wings and spars. Ball coaxed the Nieuport home for repairs, returning to battle in an S.E.5. In his third combat of the day, he fired five rounds before his machine gun jammed. After landing to clear the gun, he took off once more, surprising five Albatross fighters and sending one down in flames. His fifth battle, shortly thereafter, appeared inconclusive, as the enemy plane managed to land safely. However, its observer had been mortally wounded.

Despite continual problems with jamming guns, Ball shot down seven Albatrosses in five days, including two reconnaissance models on 1st May, a reconnaissance plane and an Albatross D.III 'scout' on 2nd May; a D.III on 4th May, and two D.III's the next day, 5th May. The second of these victims nearly rammed Ball as they shot it out in a head-on firing pass. As they sped past one another, Ball was left temporarily blinded by oil spraying from the holed oil tank of his craft. Clearing the oil

If you make too many breadcrumbs, you can use them to make Danish Apple Pudding (to be published next month)

Janet and Geoff Scott



Ghosts

Ghosts I guess
are memories
that present
in our mind's eye
a world once was



Book of Common Prayer 'Quotation of the month' – 7/20

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen

*Second Collect
Evening Prayer*



Jimmy Young's sprouts!

This is an excellent dish if you don't really like sprouts. This may be the third recipe using ingredients not all easily available in the Dinard environs !

- ✓ Sprouts-de Bruxelles -the smaller the better - sufficient for each person
- ✓ One egg per person
- ✓ Lots of breadcrumbs, preferably brown
- ✓ Garlic crushed or finely chopped
- ✓ Butter and salt

This recipe came from Jimmy Young's breakfast show on BBC Radio 1 and 2 – which included Raymondo (speeded voice of Production Assistant Ray Harvey) who would ask: "What's the recipe today, Jim?". He included regular guests such as food expert Tony di Angelo. Geoff heard this on the car radio mid-morning. He cannot remember why he wasn't at work ! – It's one of our few proper vegetarian dishes ! Jimmy Young's cookbooks are available on Amazon.

- Hard boil the eggs.
- Boil the sprouts for no more than 9 minutes !
- Remove the egg-shells and separate the yolk and white.
- Chop the white finely.
- At the same time that the sprouts are cooking, fry the garlic in a good splodge of butter, add the breadcrumbs and fry until deep and crisp and even.
- Add more butter as necessary.
- When they are nice and toasted but not burnt, add the chopped egg and the drained sprouts.
- Keep frying for a bit then serve with egg yolk crumbled on top.

from his eyes, he flew his plane home with zero oil pressure in an engine on the brink of seizure. He was so overwrought that it was some time after landing before he could finish thanking God, then dictating his combat report.

In a following evening flight, he raised his tally to 44. He had continued to undertake his habitual lone patrols, but had of late been fortunate to survive. The heavier battle damage that Ball's aircraft were now suffering bore witness to the improved team tactics being developed by his German opponents. Some time on 6th May, Ball had visited his friend Billy Bishop at the latter's aerodrome. He proposed that the pair attack the Red Baron's squadron at its airfield at dawn, catching the German pilots off guard. Bishop agreed to take part in the daring scheme at the end of the month, after he returned from his forthcoming leave.

On the evening of 7th May 1917, near Douai, 11 British aircraft from No. 56 Squadron led by Ball in an S.E.5 encountered German fighters from Jasta 11. A running dogfight in deteriorating visibility resulted, and the aircraft became scattered. Cecil Arthur Lewis, a participant in this fight, described it in his memoir *Sagittarius Rising*. Ball was last seen by fellow pilots pursuing the red Albatross D.III of the Red Baron's younger brother, Lothar von Richthofen, who eventually landed near Annœullin with a punctured fuel tank. Cyril Crowe observed Ball flying into a dark thundercloud. A German pilot officer on the ground, Lieutenant Hailer, then saw Ball's plane falling upside-down from the bottom of the cloud, at an altitude of 200 feet (61 m), with a dead prop. Brothers Franz and Carl Hailer and the other two men in their party were from a German reconnaissance unit, *Flieger-Abteilung A292*. Franz Hailer noted, "It was leaving a cloud of black smoke... caused by oil leaking into the cylinders." The engine had to be inverted for this to happen. The Hispano engine was known to flood its inlet manifold with fuel when upside down and then stopped

running. Franz Hailer and his three companions hurried to the crash site. Ball was already dead when they arrived. The four German airmen agreed that the crashed craft had suffered no battle damage. No bullet wounds were found on Ball's body, even though Hailer went through Ball's clothing to find identification. Hailer also took Ball to a field hospital. A German doctor subsequently described a broken back and a crushed chest, along with fractured limbs, as the cause of death.

The Germans credited Richthofen with shooting down Ball, but there is some doubt as to what happened, especially as Richthofen's claim was for a Sopwith Triplane, not an S.E.5, which was a biplane. Given the amount of propaganda the German high command generated touting the younger Richthofen, a high-level decision may have been taken to attribute Ball's death to him. It is probable that Ball was not shot down at all, but had become disoriented and lost control during his final combat, the victim of a form of temporary vertigo that has claimed other pilots (we call it today spatial disorientation, something I've witnessed when a co-pilot had to take command of the aircraft).

It was only at the end of the month that the Germans dropped messages behind Allied lines announcing that Ball was dead, and had been buried in Annoeullin with full military honours two days after he crashed. Over the grave of the man they dubbed "the English Richthofen", the Germans erected a cross bearing the inscription In Luftkampf gefallen für sein Vaterland Engl. Flieger Hauptmann Albert Ball, Royal Flying Corps ("Fallen in air combat for his fatherland English pilot Captain Albert Ball").



Ten miles later we reached Amiens, pleased with ourselves we had survived two days of continuous effort, and tomorrow we would reach our halfway point. I was following my colleague Robert most of the

Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames,
Which with His tears were bred:
'Alas!' quoth He, 'but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I!
'My faultless breast the furnace is;
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls:
For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.'
With this He vanish'd out of sight
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

Robert Southwell



The Burning Babe

David Norris lent me '1606', an excellent book by James Shapiro written about a significant year in the life of William Shakespeare. Set early in the reign of James I, '1606' covers the broad sweep of the time: history, politics, plots, religion as well, of course, as culture, literature, Shakespeare's art.

It's a real treasure trove with so much to discover, among which is a poem printed below. Written by Robert Southwell, one of two Jesuit priests (the other was Henry Garnet) sent from Rome in May 1586 to nurture the faith among English Catholics. Southwell was apprehended, tortured and executed in 1595 but Garnet survived till his arrest after the Gunpowder Plot and was executed early in May 1606.

Both were implicated in the Jesuit teaching about the possibility of 'equivocation' – the possibility of not telling the exact truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth under oath; when and how a lie might lie easily on one's conscience.

It was not a nice time and the details are unpleasant but the poem that follows is exceptional and worth reading more than once to catch its meaning. Essentially, it's an incarnational poem about the sufferings of Christ in order to pay the price of our wrong-doing. Strong stuff and verse much admired by no less a poet and playwright as Ben Jonson.



The Burning Babe

AS I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,

way to make sure he was OK, having had no experience before of riding so far continuously on an improvised machine. I have to say he was magnificent, full of determination and importantly immersing himself in the whole experience. I needn't have worried: he was doing fine.



Ron has emailed me to tell us that the 2016 Help the Heroes Bike Ride has raised some £627,000 for the charity and, once again, he wants to thank members of St Bart's for their generosity in sponsoring and supporting him.



It happened in St Bart's 5/8

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

A very good friend to St Bart's was Bishop Clifford Wright. He was also noted for asides from the pews. In the days of the old altar, some of the frontals needed a bit of work to keep them intact. Wendy had renovated one of these and it was being re-dedicated. As the chaplain thanked Wendy, Bishop Wright turned and asked if she could mend also socks.

On another occasion as the chaplain reached the pulpit to begin his sermon, he developed one of those irritating coughs which seem hard to stop. Someone fetched a glass of water, and as it was passed up to the chaplain, another of Clifford's asides was heard, 'If I knew they brought you a gin and tonic, I'd have done another chaplaincy'.

John Marshall



Victor Hugo our neighbour (6) Guernsey 1855-1870

While my Great-Great Aunts watched the daily coming and going of their neighbours, the Hugo family in exile, inside the house, Victor was producing a stream of subjects for publication. Best known today of course is 'Les Misérables'. Others written in Guernsey were 'Les Contemplations', 'La Légende des siècles', 'Les Chansons des rues et des bois', 'Les Travailleurs de la mer', 'La Voix de Guernesey', 'L'Homme qui rit' and 'La fin du satan'. Most were published in his lifetime but a few like 'Dieu' written in 1854/56 were only published after his death.

Victor's daily schedule in the Hugo household was a rather public affair. He would rise early and breakfast on eggs and coffee, write at great speed until midmorning, then wash ! On the roof of Victor's home, Hauteville House, there was a small glasshouse. Here, every morning, Victor would collect a large jug of cold water, left out every night to cool on the roof. This would be tipped into a large bowl and he would have a naked wash down. The rooftop glasshouse was visible from the road and neighbours had excellent views of it from their upstairs windows and the road. Even occupants of houses ten doors down the street, if they accidentally strained their necks, could see these ablutions from their servants' dormer windows. Before this cold wash Victor would spend about three hours at his writing desk. This was a simple, sloping board screwed to the window frame with magnificent views out to the east. The view, first over his own garden, then out over the ancient St Peter Port harbour with its large offshore Castle Cornet. Beyond that the Islands of Herm, three miles away and Sark, six miles away, with Alderney to the north. Behind these, most of the eastern horizon was lined with the coast of his beloved France. This view, he said gave him inspiration to write.

find that there is no time at the fundamental level. As I said, not everybody agrees, but this may mean that instead of time, there is only the change of things with respect to one another. A more speculative idea is that our feeling of passing time depends on us, not on the universe, and is due to our imperfect knowledge of the world. In a sense, time is our ignorance.'

Maybe I am being fanciful. But I believe I see here a reflection on the relationship between God and time. Time exists *for us*. Time does not exist *for the Almighty*. Personally, I find that a source of wonder, worship, awe – and a mighty shortfall in my all-too-human comprehension. Who'd have supposed that advanced theoretical physics could shed light on the eternal nature of the God we worship?

At the time of writing, Carlo Rovelli is still not out...

David Boggis

Odd Words 'Un coeur attentif'

It's the sermon, November 11th, Remembrance Day, Notre Dame de Côte D'Emeraude, Dinard, Père Luc, Le Curé, preaching and the phrase, 'un coeur attentif' catches my attention.

The Third Sunday of Advent, Gaudete Sunday, the feast of St Lucy, St Martin's-in-the-Field, the Sunday service on Radio 4, and the theme – paying attention.

And I ask myself and ask you to ask yourselves, am I, are you, are we aware, awake, conscious of the needs of others and of ourselves, alive to the possibility that God the Father loves us through the Incarnation of his Son, Jesus, and through the active presence of the Holy Spirit in our lives ?

Gareth Randall

A short reflection on time

Physics has much in common with music, according to Carlo Rovelli, 60, one of today's most esteemed theoretical physicists. But in this writer's humble opinion, the poetical aspect comes second to the practical aspect. Where it gets interesting is when Rovelli, who is at the Centre de Physique Théorique, in Marseilles, answers interview questions put recently by Alok Jha of the UK weekly *New Scientist* – specifically on the nature of time.

Whatever else he is as a journalist, Jha is not one who beats about the bush. Opening the bowling with Rovelli, he pitched his first ball like so: 'What's the biggest open question in theoretical physics at the moment?'

Rovelli stroked that one away somewhere past mid-on with some cogitations on quantum gravity, which need not bother us here. The pace of the bowling really picked up when Jha asked: 'If you had to pick one scientific idea you would like people to know, what would it be?' And Rovelli whacked that one all the way to the square leg boundary with the following:

'That, fundamentally, time does not exist. Time exists for us. Up and down exists for us but there's no up and down in the universe. The idea that time is not integral to the structure of reality is not something everybody agrees with, but many people are working on it. It might be true, and this would mean that the universe is something very different from what we think.'

He scored four more with his next answer: 'It is uncontroversial that time is different from our intuition – time passes faster on the mountains than by the sea. This can be measured and just happens to be true. Our usual intuition about a single time flowing all over the universe is just wrong. In trying to understand quantum gravity, we

The rooftop glasshouse lookouts were a normal feature of houses in Havelet Street. Built so that ship owners could look out for their returning sailing ships. My Great-Great Aunts had a similar lookout, as the family had been former ship owners and privateers, authorised by the monarch to capture enemy vessels, usually French but in the American independence war, American vessels as well.

After lunch, he would stride out with great vigour up past my Great-Great Aunts' house into St Martin's parish, past my Great-Grand Parents' farm and on to the cliff walks. If Mme Hugo was away, then in the afternoon he may take a carriage ride with Juliette for a short break. Back at Hauteville house, he would be back in his rooftop lookout, writing away until six or seven, then dine with Juliette at her home. On his walks, Fermain Bay was a favourite of Victor's. Here he found a large granite rock with a natural armchair shape, in which he sat and thought and composed.

This granite armchair was woven into his book 'Travailleurs de la mer', where the hero, Gilliat, sat and let the tide immerse him as he saw the love of his life sail away with another man. This book, sparked by actual events, contains a word of Guernsey's Norman language that became standard French. In the story, Gilliat kills a massive octopus. (Victor saw a large octopus chase his son while swimming in Sark.) Normally called a 'poulpe' in French but called a 'Pieuvre' in Guernesiate and used in the book by Victor. The backbone of the story, the recovery of a valuable steam engine from a wreck, actually occurred in the Islands. It was used by Victor as the main storyline for 'Travailleurs de la mer'.

Roger Berry
Guernsey. 2016

Walking with Peter 11
Quo Vadis

“Where are you going, Lord ?”

But where am I going ?
Rome; persecution; end times.
I’ve spent the best part of my life
following the way he points.
The good news is spreading:
that Jesus is Lord,
Son of God, Saviour.
Born of a woman,
died on the cross,
rose again from the dead,
ascended into heaven,
and one day to return
to judge the living and the dead.
Faith in him, belief in him,
has taken me this far,
far from Lake Galilee,
far from Jerusalem,
to the heart of Rome.
“You are Peter
and on that Rock
will I build my Church.”
But is my faith firm enough
for his confidence in me ?
Ours is a Church for all:
for Jew, for Gentile,
for the slave, for the free.

Me, I’ve been in prison,
but I’ve always been freed
till today, the end in sight.
Nero hates us:
ideal scapegoats -
foreigners, women, slaves,
on the margins,
ripe for blame.
So who can blame me,
leaving a place not my own ?
Sunset, unnoticed,
I slip through a gate
but who is on the road,
coming towards me ?
It’s Jesus !
He hugs me to him
and I know again
what he means to me
“Where are you going, Lord ?”
“Into the city to lay down my life
so all may believe the truth.”
Ashamed, I turn back
to follow my teacher,
my friend, into the night.
Who better with
to end my days ?

