

### Diary dates for September and October, 2017

7<sup>th</sup> September 10.30 Council Meeting  
20<sup>th</sup> September 11.00 Memorial Service for Diana Wilson  
24<sup>th</sup> September 11.00 Harvest Festival



### Prayer of the month

Almighty God,  
you crown your year with goodness  
and give us the fruits of the earth in their season:  
grant that we may use them to your glory,  
and the relief of those in need  
and for our own well-being.  
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 Harvest Thanksgiving*



### Prayer focus

The fruit of what we have sown this year



### Verse of the Month

See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God; and that is what we are. The reason the world does not know us is that it did not know him.  
*1 John 3:1*



### 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

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September, 2017

Notices

Dear Friends,

**Keep calm  
You're not that old**

Sunday September 3<sup>rd</sup>, my 68<sup>th</sup> birthday. I was born in London in 1949, ten years after the Second World War was declared.

And there are increasing signs that I am growing old, that I'm no longer the boy I once was, the lad I liked to be, the young man so long I felt myself to be.

Little things: getting tired walking up the hill back to the church flat from the baker's; walking up the stairs wondering if it would be better to take the lift; walking into a room and then wondering what I'd gone in there for; forgetting someone's name then remembering it a little later on; everything combines to suggest I'm getting old.

But what worries me most is my lack of flexibility to change with the times, to accept new values, new ways of seeing and doing, being out of touch and sympathy with a fast-changing, ever-changing world.

But compared to God our Father, who by definition is eternal, what are we mortals but a brief flicker in the night? The God in whom we trust is unchanging, constant in his love for us, ever ready in his care for us. He is always there for us, the rock on which we have built our lives, by whose rules we live our lives, and who, when eventually we do die, will welcome us home, I trust, with the words:

'Well done good and faithful servant.' (Matthew 25 v21)

*Father Gareth*



- **St Bartholomew's Day lunch** was held in the church garden on 20<sup>th</sup> August and raised some 950€ for church funds. Our thanks to Helen Morgan who co-ordinated the event and to all those who helped to make it such a convivial occasion.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the October edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> September*
- **Church Finances for July**  
Income: 4,650€ Expenditure: 3,971€



**Readings in church**

***Sept 3<sup>rd</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity***

Exodus 3 v1 - 15	Psalm 115
Romans 12 v9 - end	Matthew 16 v 21 - end

***Sept 10<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity***

Exodus 12 v1 - 14	Psalm 149
Romans 13 v8 - end	Matthew 18 v15 - 20

***Sept 17<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity***

Exodus 14 v19 - end	Psalm 114
Romans 14 v1 - 12	Matthew 18 v21 - 35

***Sept 24<sup>th</sup> Harvest Festival***

Deuteronomy 8 v7 - 18	Psalm 65
2 Corinthians 9 v6 - 15	Luke 17 v11 - 19



## Personal Column

Our congratulations to:

Daniel Perfect and Gemma Hopkins who were married on 5<sup>th</sup> August at L'Etang du Hérisson;

Peter Morice and Anja Crowder who were married on 5<sup>th</sup> August at the Château de Grand Val;

Johan Örnberg and Ida Lennartson who were married on 19<sup>th</sup> August at the Château de Grand Val;

Philippe Ferrand and Kimberley Black who were married on 19<sup>th</sup> August at the Domaine de Montmarin;

David Oman and Laura Meier who were married on 30<sup>th</sup> August at the Château de Grand Val;

Keri Marie and her son, Caiden, who was baptised here on 27<sup>th</sup> July;

Clotilde Beauchamp who was baptised here on 6<sup>th</sup> August.

Our sympathy to

Heather Pankhurst on the death of her husband, the Revd Donald Pankhurst, a former chaplain of St Bartholomew's, who died in England on 28<sup>th</sup> July;

and to the friends and family of Diana Wilson who died in St Malo hospital on 29<sup>th</sup> July and whose memorial service will here in church at 11.00 on Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> September.



## Porthcawl – the Miners – and Paul Robeson

Equidistant between Cardiff in the east and Swansea in the west, Porthcawl sits upon what the Welsh call the Welsh Riviera. Not to be confused with the Brittany or Normandy coastline nor indeed Antibes, it does hold an attraction for the Welsh, overlooking the Bristol Channel with views to North Devon and Somerset.

Until Beeching, there was a railway station with numerous trains coming from the valleys with many a Sunday School outing. In those days, whole trains and indeed buses were needed to transport the multitude of individuals and each carriage was numbered to identify where you were to sit - a necessity given the number of children travelling. And those of us of a certain age can well remember the steam trains.

Porthcawl has a special place in my heart. In the autumn of 2016, Linda and I joined my eldest brother in Porthcawl and where, at 90 years of age, he still has a caravan, spending each weekend in the summer at Nottage, just outside the town. We walked down the promenade and memories came flooding back.

The miners of South Wales have an inseparable relationship with the town. Once it was thought that 'fresh air' was good for those miners suffering from 'dust'. Until the demise of the pits in Wales there was a rehabilitation centre at Rest Bay in Porthcawl and with the miners' union paying for its members to spend some time in the home. Further west at Caswell Bay on the Gower was to be found another centre and a third at Bournemouth, my late father spending some time at all three.

As we walked towards Rest Bay, on the right is the Miners' Pavilion where miners held many meetings conferences and eisteddfods. The

building remains but now, without the miners' support, bingo is now top of the list of attractions, an Elvis Presley convention at the end of the summer and, of course, the chance to buy fish and chips and the like.

Nevertheless, it would be wrong to disregard the importance to the mining community of the Pavilion, for it has such a special place in their memories. We hear much of our 'special relationship' with the States but the miners of Wales enjoyed their own special relationship with the US through Paul Robeson. My father told me Paul Robeson had been to many South Wales Miners' Eisteddfods in Porthcawl at the Pavilion and if you're interested in reading more about him, then you could access the internet site at [www.healeyhero.co.uk](http://www.healeyhero.co.uk).

Here, in Wales, there were no arguments over colour or migrants - it was simply a meeting of brothers with the same views and principles. When researching my Dissertation for my Honours Law Degree at the University of Wales, Swansea, in the Miners' Library at Hendrefoylan, I came across Paul Robeson in connection with the South Wales Miners. My research aimed to produce a balanced analysis of the Miners' Strike of 1984/85. I guess I did for I was awarded my Honours Degree by Dame Elizabeth Butler-Sloss, the Pro Vice Chancellor of my University. Bound in black Moroccan leather, my dissertation is rooted in coal; for us Welsh black gold.

Finally, to very personal memories of Porthcawl. My father insisted that I joined the Workers' Educational Association which my friend the Reverend Brian Davies of the Dordogne succinctly described as the night school of the 20s and 30s. I attended many meetings at the Pavilion and stayed at the Seabank just up the road. In those days, Berni Inns were fashionable with steak and onion rings a favourite with a glass of Blue Nun Liebfraumilch or Mateus Rose, bottles of which were later adorned with candles in restaurants. That was a quantum

### **Natasha Radcliffe**

Some of you may remember Natasha, a teacher of English who lived in St Malo. Sadly, Natasha has had to return home to England, has not been well of late and would value contact with folks at St Bart's. So if you felt like dropping her a line, then you could at  
168 Victoria Road, Dartmouth TQ6 9EL, UK

Thanks.



### **From the lectern 7/10**

*Bill Hughes, one of two Church Wardens, usually has an anecdote to share at the end of his notices.*

*If you missed one or would like to enjoy it again, then this mini series is for you.*

Passing a friend's house the other day in La Vicomté, I saw he was digging holes in his front garden. I stopped to ask what he was doing and he said his dog had died in the night so he was going to bury him. "Oh, I am sorry. But why three holes?" "Oh, the first two weren't deep enough."



### **Wise Words**

*Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.*

There is no love more sincere than the love of food.

*George Bernard Shaw*

Horse sense is good judgement which stops horses from betting on people.

*W C Fields*

Work saves us from three great evils: boredom, vice and need.

*Voltaire*

**Odd Words**  
**'Inflation v shrinkflation'**

Not sure when I first came across the word inflation. Perhaps as a boy trying to pump air into my bicycle's tyres? But the notion that prices increase, go up, is part and parcel of everyday shopping, an economic truth I've lived with most of my adult life.

That things will cost more is so much part of how I make sense of the world that it comes as no surprise when things do cost more. In fact, I'm always surprised when prices are fixed over a long period or even reduced – surely the attraction of the special offers you may see in your favourite supermarket.

Then, towards the end of July, I hear a new word on Radio 4 – shrinkflation. Here, the trick is to keep the price of the goods the same but to reduce the size of what you're being offered – less for the same, a hidden way for us to pay more.

Well, you'll need to be more attentive than I am if you are going to spot the trick but it does make me smile because it shows us just how creative people can be who want and need to make a profit at our expense.

*Gareth Randall*



**Stewardship Renewal**

The month of July was a time for reflection about stewardship here at St Bart's – a chance to review what you give in terms of time, money and effort to make our church the place it can and should be. Where there's a will, there's a way.

leap for this young man whose exposure to alcohol was up until that time based upon ordinary or best beer at a cost of 1/1 or 1/3. But after so many years in France, my preference is now the wines of the Rhone be they north or south!

Our Priest-in-charge, Father Gareth, now has a copy of a book which is titled 'Changing Lives Workers' education in Wales 1907-2007'. To me, at least, it is fascinating reading; to quote Max Boyce - 'I was there.' The WEA has suggested that I consider becoming one of its Governors but unfortunately the demands upon my time provides me with little opportunity, but one never knows.

How does one define retirement?

*Ken Ivin*  
*Chepstow, July 2017.*



**White House Bible Study**

Reporter Maya Oppenheim informs us in the on-line UK news source The Independent (2<sup>nd</sup> August 2017) that 'Members of President Donald Trump's cabinet are believed to attend a weekly session to study the Bible. According to Christian Broadcasting Network, once a week around a dozen members of the inner Trump circle gather to look at Scripture.'

I wonder, in the light of the President's restrictions on immigration and his insistence on building a wall along the Mexican border, when the Bible study group will get to Romans 12 verse 13: 'Extend hospitality to strangers.' (New Revised Standard Version.)

*David Boggis*

## Thanks for the memories

It was in the mid 1990s when there was a new British couple at the service in St. Bart's. It transpired that Irene Bishop had met them, I don't remember where, and it was arranged that they would meet for Sunday lunch. Irene insisted that she would go to church first, so the timing had to allow for that. The simple answer, decided the new people, was that they too would come to church first. That Sunday morning, Irene introduced Wendy and myself as being in a similar situation, living in England but with a house in France. It got better, as both UK homes were in Yorkshire and we later discovered, during one of the many times we visited each other that the distance between the homes in Yorkshire was identical to within a fraction of a mile, as the distance in France. So began a long and happy association with Diana and Michael Wilson.

For the first two or three years, we would get together in Harewood, York, St. Malo or St. Briac, and celebrated together and with many others, special events and birthdays, but both Diana and Michael came to the conclusion that they had more in common with more people they knew in France than in England, and so they made the move to be French residents. I wonder if finding their house with its spacious grounds, was a big factor, as it was perfect for Diana to indulge her passion for animals. Later, of course, it was her delight to offer the grounds for a variety of church-related events.

Many may remember the celebration of their golden wedding. A marquee in the garden provided the restaurant seating area, with a long buffet table supporting a wide variety of foods. Then there was the cake - or should that be cakes ? - as there was an arrangement rather like a castle, with Roman candles spouting their display of fiery glitter. Who, other than Diana, could manage such a celebration at a time that would include two bishops (three if we include Irene Bishop, but

## Quotations of the month

The certainties of one age  
are the problems of the next

*R.H. Tawney*



## What Father Gareth hasn't said yet 8/11

*Word play from David Norris.*

What do you call a dinosaur with an extensive vocabulary ?

A Thesaurus



## Crackers 8/11

*Snippets from Xmas Crackers given me by Jim MacCormack*

Why did a scarecrow gain national recognition ?

He was outstanding in his field



## Little gems 8/11

*Sent to us by Peter Campbell*

Getting caught  
is the mother of invention.



**Film Review of the Month**  
**'Lion' – Garth Davis 2016**

Another gift from John and Fiona Johnstone, Sam's mum and dad, 'Lion' is the third film I've seen starring Dev Patel.

'Lion' is based on a true story, which starts in 1986 in Khandwa, Madhya Pradesh, India. Saroo, a five-year-old boy (Sunny Pawar) gets separated from his older brother, Guddhu (Abhishek Bharate) on an Indian railway station, and, asleep, is whisked off to Calcutta, some 1600kms away, in an empty, locked train. Eventually, he's taken to an orphanage and, after a fruitless attempt to find Kamala, his mum (Priyanka Bose), Saroo is adopted by a Tasmanian Australian couple Sue (Nicole Kidman) and John Brierley (David Wenham). As a young adult (Dev Patel), he returns to India to find his biological mum and to learn that his older brother has died.

I enjoyed 'Lion'. It is a view of India outside my comfort zone of the Delhi-Jaipur-Agra triangle. It starts off with a lyrical, poetic sequence of leaves being blown in the wind but quickly switches to the hand-to-mouth poverty his family endures. Saroo is strong-willed and wants to be like and with Guddhu which leads to their separation and his loss. In the city, there is the chance of all sorts of abuse but, instinctively and by chance, Saroo is lucky and is 'found' and eventually adopted.

For me, the trauma of being lost, being separated from family, made a long buried memory of me as a four-year-old being separated from my mum in Woolworth's in Green Street, Forest Gate, when I carelessly wandered off in search of sweets or toys. But the film's real, existential crisis is a question of roots and identity. You should watch 'Lion' – you won't be disappointed.

*Gareth Randall*

that's a bit of a cheat) ? Our locum chaplain at the time was Bishop Tom Brown of Wellington, NZ, and there was also Bishop Clifford Wright, a great friend of us all at St. Bart's who was over on one of his regular stays.

What a boon we had in email. I cannot recall how often we would get news of someone new finding the church or telling us that she had found a new place to eat, always adding that we would go as soon as possible after we returned. For quite a time, we visited restaurants together so often that we never shared a bill, we just took turns to pay, a system which worked well.

When the kneeler project began we even made a social event out of the sewing activity, as, Wendy and I, together with Irene and Diana plus anyone else who cared to come, met for a 'cuppa and a cake' taking the current kneeler project so that we sat, talked, ate, drank and stitched.

I could go on and on, but feel that this is enough. Yes, a good time was had and memories are indelible. Thanks Diana, for the part you have played in our lives. We will miss you.

*John and Wendy Marshall*



**In a mirror**

With the day yet to dawn,  
I commit today to You.  
May all be well, go well.  
May I do all things well.  
Protect me. Help me be  
Who You call me to be,  
At this time, in this place.

### Warsaw to Kiev 3: On the (rail) road again

So there I was, trapped in the loo in a railway station in Belarus by a woman attendant the size of a Sikh bodyguard. With no local currency to buy my way out. At least, thank goodness, I'd resolved the bladder situation.

For a moment, I was flummoxed. Then I simply stuck my hand in my jeans pocket and fetched out everything monetary that was in there: Polish zlotys; Austrian Schillings; deutsche Marks, the one-Mark and five-Mark coins; a few Czech crowns. I held out my hand to the Belarusian-Sikh bodyguard.

She could have had anything. She could have scooped up the lot. But she didn't. She picked out *one single one-deutsche-Mark coin* – she didn't even take one of the fives! Suddenly the Belarusians were going up in my estimation, at least as far as honesty is concerned.

Back in the waiting room, nothing had happened and nothing went on happening. Then after maybe another forty minutes, an official called us all – the ones who, like us, had been thrown off the Warsaw-Kiev train – into another office, to see a different and Very Important Official. The man with the visa stamp.

We lined up to pay hard currency for the visa entitling us to about an hour and a half's use of the Belarus rail network. Although, mind you, we'd also been treated to two lovely hours on a freezing Belarus station platform. Our turn came in the queue.

'One hundrred dollarr,' said the Very Important Official, rolling his Rs in the way only Belarus officialdom knows how to do.

### Lighthouses

You may remember that Richard Warriner and I flew around the lighthouses of the Atlantic coast of France in 2015 as our entry in the Dawn to Dusk competitions originally devised by the Duke of Edinburgh and organised by the Tiger Club. We 'did' the Mediterranean lighthouses last summer, starting from Nogaro in the heart of the Armagnac region, where we had finished the year before. The weather north of the Pyrenees was a bit challenging but it cleared as we hit the coast south of Perpignan. We had very pleasant flights along the coast and around Corsica. We even managed to spot a few lighthouses which were not on the plan! Some of you generously contributed to various charities including RNLI, St Martin-in-the-Fields BBC Radio 4 Christmas Appeal, our local lifeboat (SNSM), and, not least, the renovation of our organ.

At last, I have got my act together and under the guidance of a genius ex-hacker, made a website of the journey: [tourdespharesdefrance.com](http://tourdespharesdefrance.com). You may be interested to see what we achieved although some may say it is rather boring!

*Geoff Scott*



### Neologism of the month

Word reaches me from transatlantic shores that American usage of English has just acquired a new word: 'Scaramucci'. The term signifies a very brief period of time, as in: 'Hang on, I'll be with you in a Scaramucci'. Its origin is believed to lie in the length of tenure of recent presidential communications directors.

*David Boggis*

**Questions ‘Talk is cheap’?**

The adage ‘Talk is cheap’ has real weight in my mind. It echoes a favourite text in the letter of James when he wisely encourages us to be doers not merely hearers of the word (James 1 v22). The wisdom here is that we should put into practice what our teaching embodies – love of God through love of neighbour as we love ourselves.

But I heard on Radio 4 someone belittling talk if it did not lead to action and, being in a reflective mood, it struck me that words, language, the ability to communicate, has real value in itself for language enables us to be truly human. It is the creative word of God that called the universe into existence: ‘Let there be light.’ (Genesis 1 v3) It is the Word of God, Jesus Christ incarnate, who opened up for us the way to new life. It is a word in season that can change hearts and minds.

So yes, words should be reflected by deeds. Talk should not be empty words, fatuous sound. But then I feel neither should we denigrate or belittle that which is at the heart of what it means to be truly human, made in the image of God.

So what do you think? And will you put your thoughts into word and deed by writing a reply to me?

*Gareth Randall*



**Cause & Effect**

If . . .

Then . . .

And he meant it. A hundred bucks each, US, for the privilege of being thrown off the train at two in the morning. At the time, luckily, I was in a well paying post at the Financial Times and we’d come prepared, the paper as well as the plastic. So bye bye to two hundred bucks in crisp greenbacks, and there we were, out on the platform again with the dawn breaking.

Then, to our immense relief, there was our train again, backing ponderously along the platform edge. Inside minutes we were reunited with our rucksacks, realising that, all this time, the train had been in a siding. Something to do with the change of gauge from West European to Russian, I believe.

We made it to Kiev before noon that day. Mind you, getting *out of* Kiev again took a lot of argy-bargy, bluff and counter-bluff. But that’s another story.

*David Boggis*



**ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS**

**English-speaking meeting  
Tuesdays at 6.00p.m.  
(first Tuesday in the month – an open meeting)**

Maison des Associations de la Source  
bd André Aubert  
22100 Dinan

[aadinananglophone@gmail.com](mailto:aadinananglophone@gmail.com)

Tel Richard C. 02 96 31 60 91

**‘Judas Iscariot – Redeemed ?’**

**Handback**

30 silver coins,  
denarii not shekels,  
a month’s pay  
for a man’s life !  
The coins given  
to pay me  
for what I’ve done  
weigh me down.  
I take them back,  
throw them down  
at their feet.  
They don’t care:  
not for me;  
nor for him.  
They only care  
for themselves:  
careless  
in carelessness !  
Who can buy life ?  
Who can buy love ?  
But I’ve sold him  
to them for cash  
and now I weep  
at what I’ve done,  
my wrong-doing.  
Am I that stupid,  
a fool for God,  
acting for Him  
in Man’s salvation ?

I feel dirty,  
unclean, sinful,  
having betrayed  
the man I love.  
God help me !



**Book of Common Prayer**  
**‘Quotation of the month’ – 17/20**

Lord of all power and might, who art the author and creator of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.

*Collect for the 7<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*



**Harvest Festival**

Our Harvest Festival this year will be celebrated on Sunday 24<sup>th</sup> September. Donations of fruit and vegetables and other foods are requested to decorate the church. All fresh produce will be delivered to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Saint Servan while tinned food, cereals etc. will be used to help the Banque Alimentaire in Dinard. The church will be open on Friday morning from 10am to receive donations. These can also be brought to the service on Sunday.

*Helen Morgan*

