

# *St Bart's*



*October, 2017*



## Services

Sunday 11.00 Holy Communion (with hymns)

Thursday 10.00 Holy Communion (said)

A warm welcome to all who worship with us.

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](mailto:gareth.randall@nordnet.fr)

Website : [www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk](http://www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk)



October, 2017

Dear Friends,

## Ungrateful

Is the ultimate sin ingratitude ?

When you were young, did your parents, like mine, teach you to say thank you, encourage you to recognise what others had given you or done for you and to be grateful for their care and concern, for their generosity and love ? I'm guessing they did.

As a priest, I sometimes receive a card, letter or email from the couple I have married to thank me for the ceremony, the blessing of having their union acknowledged and confirmed according to the rites of the Anglican Church. Sometimes, someone thanks me for the funeral service I've conducted, the comfort of saying farewell to someone they love and committing them to God's care. Sometimes, at the door of our church on a Sunday, someone will thank me for my sermon, for having said something that has made them think. All very encouraging.

October heralds in the Autumn and, at St Bart's on the last Sunday in September, we have celebrated our Harvest Festival - a recognition of God's goodness to us - thanking Him for the fruits of

the earth, for all the good things we can enjoy from the market or supermarket.

But what do you think might constitute real ingratitude ? What, to your mind, is the worst expression of a lack of being grateful for what has been offered and received, taken without recognition or gratitude ? Perhaps the text from Matthew's gospel, 'By their fruits shall ye know them', (7 v16) encapsulates the fundamental carelessness inherent in such an ungracious state of mind.

*Father Gareth*



## Notes from the Council

September 7<sup>th</sup>

Sunday, we celebrated my birthday in the transept after the service; Thursday, after the regular 10.00 service of Holy Communion, we met there as your Council for the fifth time this year. We began with prayer and a minute's silence to respect the memory of our sister in Christ, Diana Wilson, who died at the end of July.

The first major area of focus was how, in 2021, we might celebrate the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our church's foundation. The availability of a guest preacher and celebrant at our regular Sunday Eucharist would be researched and a date in either July or September 2021 be determined. A meal at St Briac on a Saturday during the same weekend would then be fixed.

Safeguarding remains an important issue for the Church and, as ever, Val Carter's work on our behalf is valued. The current diocesan position for the need of all members of the Council to complete a self-declaration form was felt to be an unnecessary requirement and Dr David Norris would be writing to our Bishop to register our unease.

Care of the fabric of St Bart's remains a priority with work on the roof being explored and the possible purchase of new glass doors for the main entrance being looked at by the Council as a whole. New tents for use by the church for outside functions to replace the old, broken ones have been identified and their purchase promised by an anonymous donation.

Carolyn Hewitt was thanked for her successful idea of a log and brass tacks to raise money for St Bart's and it would be decommissioned at the end of the October and laid to rest in the Garden.

The meeting closed in prayer shortly after 12.00.

*Father Gareth*



## Notices

- **Donation** - at Diana's memorial service in September, the collection was divided between the SPA and St Bart's and 200€ was gifted to the SPA.
  
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the November edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> October*
  
- **Church Finances for August**  
Income: 6,845€   Expenditure: 6,141€



## Diana RIP

Jeanne and I would like to thank everyone who attended our cousin Diana's Memorial Service on 20<sup>th</sup> September. Our family was moved to see so many friends both old and new. Diana was very proud of being a Beaumont as well as being a Wilson and she was pleased to know our sons were carrying on the family name. Her memory will always be with us as a family. May she rest in peace.

Kindest regards,

*Paul*



## Dinard Banque Alimentaire

Thank you for your gracious and kind response in your giving to the Dinard Banque Alimentaire. To give to the poor and needy is part of what it is to be a Christian so each item donated to the Food Bank is important.

During the past 15 years until now, we have helped by donating about 780 boxes of groceries. We deliver to the Food Bank between 4-6 boxes of these precious gifts every fourth Thursday, after the morning service here in church. Each box is very carefully packed in such a way that it is not too heavy for the helpers to lift and carry. Supermarkets supply us with good quality boxes for this work.

A special note here, certain commercial companies supply the Food Banks with all the rice, pasta, dried peas and lentils they require. So if in doubt as to what to give, cereals or biscuits will be very much appreciated instead.

We pack each box with a selection from the following:

- ✓ Tins of tuna, salmon etc
- ✓ Tins of vegetables
- ✓ Tins of ready to eat meals

- ✓ Tins of fruits
- ✓ Jars of coffee or drinking chocolate
- ✓ Various teas
- ✓ Tins of pâté
- ✓ Breakfast cereals
- ✓ Soups of any kind
- ✓ Assorted biscuits
- ✓ At Easter and Christmas chocolate treats for the children.

So let's try to continue to work to feed the hungry.

Thank you.

*Helen Morgan,*

*Sacristan*



**'Judas Iscariot – Redeemed ?'**  
**Suicide**

I'm sorry,  
so sorry,  
I helped you,  
my friend, to die.

I'm sorry,  
so sorry,  
I was wrong  
to do what's right.

I'm sorry,  
so sorry,  
to do God's will  
but kill my friend.

Is it right  
to do wrong  
for the good ?  
I've messed up  
big time,  
hurt you  
helping you be  
who you're born to be,  
the Son of David,  
Messiah, King.

How may I show  
regret, remorse,  
other than die  
as now you die  
on the cross  
for our sin ?  
Let my death,  
like my life,  
show my love  
for you.

I tried to serve  
you till the end.

Now, please,  
my teacher,  
my friend,  
forgive me,  
your servant.



## Dunkirk

I know I do not look old enough but I escaped the Germans on a Dunkirk evacuation ship. This fact was brought to mind when Kate and I with Pat Baker went to see Christopher Nolan's film 'Dunkirk'.

The Dunkirk ship escape came about as the Nazi forces rampaged at remarkable speed across France. Operation Dynamo, as the Dunkirk evacuation was known, began on the 26<sup>th</sup> of May, the day that I was born. It was pretty well complete by the 3<sup>rd</sup> of June. Completed because the British threw every vessel at their disposal into the operation. The Isle of White ferry, Princess Elizabeth, the Isle of Man ferry, 'The Duke of Argyle' and many other steam ferry boats were used and these transported over 90% of the British and French soldiers home to Blighty. The famous small ships assisted and also ferried the remainder.

In Guernsey, my parents watched with concern as the distant explosions of warfare drew closer. The black smoke from the burning oil tanks at Cherbourg could be seen. It was said they had been blown up to stop the Nazi war machine capturing them. The Guernsey authorities were advising families with young children and service age men to try to get away to England. Escaping fishing

boats from St Malo and other French ports were arriving in Alderney and Guernsey and going on to England.

Once again, the British and Guernsey authorities set up another Dunkirk-type evacuation. This time for Channel Islanders. My parents decided to go. After a lot of cancelled sailings, a ship arrived in Guernsey. She was the Dunkirk ship, The Duke of Argyle. My mother, my two brothers, aged four and two, and myself, just weeks old, got onto the ship with thousands of other mums and children. The ship had not been prepared for these hastily boarded passengers. The lower decks were still scattered with discarded army uniforms and bloody bandages and dressings of the soldiers who had just recently escaped from Dunkirk.

My father was to follow, jumping into the half-empty hold of a coal ship about to pull out from the harbour, the ship's master too afraid to stay and unload the rest of his cargo. Other service-age men were doing the same and, to his surprise, Uncle John, his brother-in-law, landed alongside him. Father joined the RAF on arrival in England and Uncle John the medical corps.

Britain, in extremis, declared Guernsey as an 'Open Town'. Even so, shortly after, the Nazi dive bombers were strafing and bombing with major loss of life around the town and harbour.

Thanks to that ex-Dunkirk ship, we arrived safely at Weymouth to start our life as refugees. Not to see our home in Guernsey for over five years.

*Roger Berry*

*Guernsey/St Servan*



## Encounter in Tennessee: 1

Great Smoky Mountains National Park is the busiest in the US and on a Sunday morning you know all about it. The park itself spans Tennessee and North Carolina, but we were in the Tennessee bit, where the Appalachians drop down from the high spine of the lonely mountaintop parkways and into the dubiously tasteful town of Gatlinburg. That day, though, we were getting out of Gatlinburg - in a hurry - with a flight to catch next morning from Nashville.

Liz was driving the rental car. I was map-reading and doing so rather badly. My sole redeeming moment was when I realised that we were six or seven miles down the *wrong road* through the park: heading south-west when we should have been going north. At least, I flattered myself, we could have gone further before I spotted my mistake.

We turned round. We retraced, all the way back to the junction I'd missed. The roads were teeming with weekend traffic. And we needed to get to Nashville, a couple of hundred miles to the west. That Sunday morning, we were a bit of an anxious couple. Jumpy, almost.

The nose-to-tail traffic north towards the boundary of Great Smoky Mountains National Park was varying its speed a bit, so that Liz was constantly having to adjust pressure on the accelerator. Generally, though, it was moving a bit faster than the overall park speed limit of 30mph.

Then Liz picked up a follower.

It looked like any ordinary car, from the glimpses she got in the mirror while staying alert for the swarming traffic in front. And it moved up a bit close behind us. We were used to that, from driving here in France. Usually it means you're not going fast enough for the guy behind, so he tailgates you to make you go faster.

Liz duly went faster. And the blue lights on the top of the car following us began to flash ominously.

At least the guy didn't use his siren. In a few hundred yards we reached a turnout - American for a 'lay-by' - and Liz pulled over, with Authority relentlessly flashing his blue lights as he pulled up close behind us.

The man who got out of the Authority car was a Park Ranger, who apparently carried just the same weight as the State Patrol would,

outside the park. He wore an immaculate uniform of pale khaki with polished brown belts and a Smoky the Bear hat tilted down over his nose so that he had to lift his chin in the air to see where he was going. He might have been mid thirties. By the time he strode measuredly up to the window, Liz had put it down, waiting apprehensively.

'Driver's licence,' said Park Ranger tonelessly.

Liz kept her driving licence in her handbag and that was on the rear seat. Acting in natural reflex, she pressed the door latch to open it.

Park Ranger's hand went straight to the gun on his belt. '*Whaddaya doin'?!*'

TO BE CONTINUED

*David Boggis*



## Be write then write

*In the August magazine, I invited you to submit a text that had real resonance value for you. Ann Nelson sent me this at the end of August, sadly too late for inclusion in last month's mag, but I'm delighted to include it in our October Bart's. I trust it will encourage you too to share a verse that has weight and value for you.*

'If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever.'

*John Chapter 14, verses 15-16*

In 1998, Richard and I were singing with a large parish choir in Worthing. We were married at a Register Office ceremony on Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> August that year and on Monday 24<sup>th</sup> our choir went to Exeter Cathedral to sing the services for the week. Not every couple takes 40+ people with them on honeymoon !

On Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup>, we were to have our marriage blessed in the cathedral and we chose 'If ye love me' by Thomas Tallis for the anthem. Our choir gave up their day off to sing for us.

At rehearsal the day before, Richard and I, who would not be singing, stood in a small room surrounded by the choir singing 'our' anthem. It was a magical moment, which we will cherish all our lives.

Then, on July 28<sup>th</sup> this year, we attended a concert in Pontorson church which was given by the Lansdown Consort, eight extremely talented young singers from Bristol University and their conductor, who were on tour in Normandie. On the programme was 'If ye love me' by Thomas Tallis but it was cut from the concert to save time. We were understandably very disappointed. Afterwards there was a reception for the choir and audience at the Marie across the road. Richard mentioned our disappointment to the choir director, who promptly asked the choir to sing for us. So, once again, we stood in a small room with the choir singing 'our' anthem, only this time we joined in. Who would have thought that 19 years later, history would almost repeat itself ? God does, indeed, move in mysterious ways.

*Anne Nelson*



## A good sign

October 1<sup>st</sup> – a.m.:  
rain, cloud, sun  
and a rainbow,  
a perfect arch  
over the town,  
over the beach,  
over me.



## Morning prayer

A new day,  
new things to do.  
Give me the grace  
to cope with all;  
energy to do;  
love to mirror.  
Protect me  
where I am.



## The Rhondda

Ken Ivin sent me the following snippet written by Avril Evans from her book 'Around Rhondda Fawr'. I was struck by the succinct truth it contains: the tension between the young, wanting to make their way in the world, and the old, rooted in a specific place in the past. Given where we are today, perhaps our roots are something we all might cherish.

'For today's youth, the Rhondda can seem stagnant and immobile with a lack of opportunity. There is a strong case for this argument and there is nothing wrong with wanting to grow and better oneself, to reach out to the wider world outside the Rhondda.

But there is also something to be gained by remembering our roots, remembering the firm foundations our grandparents put down, for it was these people, who with their grit and determination, their refusal to give in to what at times must have been a hard existence, that made us today: a proud and determined race.'



## Talk is cheap...and can be nasty

Father Gareth told us last month of a radio broadcast with 'someone belittling talk if it did not lead to action,' and of his reflection 'that words, language, the ability to communicate, has real value in itself for language enables us to be truly human'.

If only we could rely on language to be always reliably positive !

I cannot be the only parishioner of St Bart's to have seen old newsreel featuring speeches by Hitler. Apart from his awful Austrian mangling of the German language, we all know how that story ended. And it goes on.

News reports come piling in, day after day, about increasing tensions in the US between white and black, whites and Hispanic people, since the arrival of the present Administration in Washington.

Nor is the UK immune. As a Brit who has enjoyed the hospitality of Polish people, and come to admire them, not merely now but historically (with certain politically charged reservations), I have been incensed over news reports of fellow Brits, back on the island, scrawling graffiti about 'Polish scum' and worse, since, guess what ? - the Brexit referendum.

And Poles are by no means the only victims. The traditional, and more visible, 'others' have been heaped with hatred by white Brits: black people; Indians, Pakistanis. Many UK sources suggest that even anti-Semitism - historically never far below the surface of British life - is becoming emboldened by Brexit's increasing tolerance for 'anti-foreigner' utterances, to the extent that some British Jews are even now packing up house and home and moving to Israel.

Talk is cheap. It can also be nasty. Yet, where good, in the sight of the God we worship, is intended, talk can become the motivation for positive actions.

Let's be on the watch for hate speech (OK, I know, it's not the sole preserve of white 'Christians'). Instead let's seek out whatever we can, from our own thoughts, from the thoughts of those around us, from thoughts expressed in the media, and do our utmost to transform those thoughts and words into actions that benefit other people. Including people with backgrounds and skin colours that don't resemble our own.

*David Boggis*



## Grapefruit Surprise

A simple starter we had at Bill's

- ✓ Grapefruit
- ✓ Finely chopped crab
- ✓ Salt and pepper
  
- Cut grapefruit in half
- Remove the inner sections.
- Remove skin so only the pulp remains
- Sprinkle on a little salt and pepper
- Mix pulp with finely chopped crab
- Refill the half and serve

*Bill Hughes*



### Insight

Quand le soleil brille,  
même les nuages sont beaux



## Film Review of the Month

### 'A Monster Calls' - J A Bayona 2016

Sometimes, you can watch a film that you know you have to watch again because it's got your attention big time and you want to make sure you've understood all the subtleties. 'A Monster Calls' is definitely a must-see-again film.

Why ? Because it is a complex of family relationships: mother, son, grandmother, father and, of course, the monster !

The son, a boy, *Conor O'Malley*, is troubled - his mum dying of cancer and he's being bullied in school because he's understandably different from his peers, understandably lost in a world of his own imaginings. Enter the monster at seven minutes past midnight - 12.07 - and, hereafter, we have in story the truth to be found in story, surprising truth and the after the three stories the monster tells *Conor*, *Conor* is to tell him his own story.

Well 'A Monster Calls' is psychologically convincing and it will catch your attention: a mother's love (*Felicity Jones*); a boy's unease (*Lewis MacDougal*); a grandmother's anally retentive, dominant, controlling personality (*Sigourney Weaver*); an ineffective, absentee father

(Toby Kebbell); and, best of all, a tree of huge proportions with the vibrant, resonant voice of Liam Neeson.

So if you're lucky enough like me to have someone kind enough to buy a DVD of 'A Monster Calls' for your birthday or simply rich enough to buy one for yourself, let me strongly recommend this film to you - you won't be disappointed.

*Gareth Randall*



Very punny ?

Getting the sack in a way I imagine you might were you to be treated like a Spanish archer . . .

. . . being given the EL BOW !



## Film Review of the Month

### 'A Bronx Tale' - Robert De Niro 1993

Have you seen 'A Bronx Tale' - released nearly a quarter of a century ago ? I hadn't till, as a birthday present, the DVD was dropped into my post box last month.

Now, I have to warn you that 'A Bronx Tale' takes me out of my comfort zone and there are moments of violence and racism that push me to the very edge of what I can watch.

That said, it is a film to watch because it really challenges the viewer to reflect on what is important in life, real challenges to our Christian perspective on proper behaviour and right values.

Understandably, set in the Bronx, first in the early then in the late Sixties, 'A Bronx Tale' focuses on a boy, Calogero (Francis Capra), who grows up to be a lad, 'C' (Lillo Brancato), who is torn between a loving bus driver father (Robert De Niro) and the care and concern of the local Mafia boss (Chazz Palminteri) who takes an interest in him because he never 'grassed him up' to the police for shooting dead a violent attacker on a motorist trying to park his car.

It is beautifully detailed with an impressive sound track and the characters, though in part stereotypical, do engage your interest. Best of all the magic of growing up, of falling in love, of finding one's true self.

If you can manage to watch it, 'A Bronx Tale' is essentially life-affirming, ultimately upholding what we as Christians truly value - love of neighbour.

*Gareth Randall*



## Odd Words

### 'Thank you'

Are you good at saying thank you ? Sometimes, do you ever fail to thank someone who's been kind, gone that extra mile to be of help to you ? Careless at the time, preoccupied, distracted, you fail to say thank you when you could and now you can't.

On Radio 4, 'Saturday Live', there's a spot where the Revd Richard Cole gives their listeners a chance to say thank you to someone who's been of help but, at the time, the moment passed without thanks.

Out of the blue, this year, came the thought of what I, as a twelve-year-old, owed a teacher. Mr Tidman, my form teacher, taught maths. One Tuesday afternoon, algebra, and suddenly I understood the chalk and talk. A light went on in my brain and I felt the real delight of understanding mystery. After all these years, I think that was a crossroads moment when I discovered the pure pleasure to be had in learning and in understanding and it has shaped my life thereafter.

I wish I could thank him now but, of course, I can't - but who would you like to thank if could and for what ?

*Gareth Randall*

## Questions

### 'Out of breath ?'

Are you ever breathless ? And if you are, then why are you out of breath ?

I was swimming at St Enogat the other day and after about twenty minutes of going up and down the pool, breast stroke and front crawl, I paused, out of breath, at the deep end, my hands on the bar, my feet pressed against the wall, my back curved like a ball.

Breathing, how best to breathe in the water, is one of the secrets of learning to swim - the confidence that when you need to, you can and when you don't, you are relaxed about holding your breath.

Being able to breathe is a sign of life. To stop breathing is the start of death. It's no coincidence that, in the story of creation, God breathes life into Adam or, in the picture in Ezekiel of the valley of the dry bones, the Spirit breathes life into the newly enflashed.

If respiration is a sign of life and to expire is to die, what is it that gives you life ? And, if you are out of breath, what do you need to do to breathe again ?

*Gareth Randall*

## Le comptable italien sourd et muet...

*This joke was sent to me by Michael Frankel -  
a good test of your French and your sense of humour*

Un parrain de la mafia découvre que son comptable, Guido, lui a volé \$10,000,000. Son comptable est sourd et muet. C'était la raison pour laquelle il a obtenu le poste en premier lieu. On a supposé que Guido ne pouvant rien entendre n'aurait donc jamais avoir à témoigner en Cour contre le parrain.

Lorsque le parrain va faire face à Guido sur les \$10,000,000 disparus, il emmène son notaire, qui connaît la langue des signes. Le Parrain dit au notaire, «Demandez-lui où est l'argent.»

Le notaire, en utilisant la langue des signes, demande à Guido: «Où est l'argent? »

Guido répond par signes "Je ne sais pas de quoi vous voulez parler."

Le notaire traduit au Parrain, "Il dit qu'il ne sait pas de quoi vous voulez parler. »

Le Parrain sort un pistolet, le met à la tête de Guido et dit: «Demandez-lui à nouveau ou je vais le tuer !»

Le notaire, en utilisant la langue des signes, dit à Guido, « Il te tuera si tu ne le dis pas. »

Guido tremble et par signes répond, «OK ! Vous gagnez ! L'argent est dans une mallette brune, enterrée derrière le hangar de mon cousin Bruno qui demeure juste à côté de l'épicerie. »

Le Parrain demande au notaire, «Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit ?»

Réponse du notaire: «Il dit que vous n'avez pas assez de courage pour appuyer sur la détente.»



## From the O'Henry Pun-off in Austin, Texas

*A tour de force in punning on birds sent to us*

*by the Revd Dr Alan Harding*

'Beak kind to me, don't thrush to judgement, I'm not robin anyone,  
hawking anything, talon tails out of school, ducking responsibilities  
emulating anyone'

Does such a flock of puns (<sup>8</sup>/<sub>23</sub>) deserve social ostrichism ?



## Walking on water

*After my sermon on Peter walking on water,  
John Marshall with a smile told me this joke.*

In a Yorkshire country town, a Catholic and Anglican priest welcomed their new Methodist colleague. They invited him to join them on their weekly fishing trip on a local lake. He was well impressed when the Catholic calmly got out of the boat and deftly walked across the water to the car park to fetch the rosary he'd left in the car. He was even more impressed when the Anglican did the same to get her forgotten prayer book. Seeking to emulate their Peter-like godliness, he, too, slipped over the side only to find himself out of his depth ! Helped back into the boat dripping wet, his two colleagues blushing apologized for failing to point out the stepping stones back to the shore !



## A pun in logic

*Sent to us by David Boggis*

What is round and mean ?

A vicious circle !



## On the fifth day

*This joke was told me by a friend of St Bart's and immediately we both thought how much Diana Wilson would have appreciated it !*

God moved around naming all the animals that he had created. As he did so, he was followed by a little, faithful dog. At the end of the day, the little dog wagged his tail and simply said: "Lord you have given names to every creature you have created except to me." God smiled and simply said, "Actually I have: your name is the same as mine but spelt backwards."



## Pensée du jour

*This little gem of wisdom was sent to me by Michael Frankel.*

*I trust your French is good enough to raise a smile.*

Si tous ceux qui se prennent pour des lumières  
la mettaient en veilleuse,  
ce sera déjà une belle contribution au écologique.



## Quotations of the month

Curiosity is insubordination in its purest form

*Vladimir Nabokov*



## Crackers 9/11

*Snippets from Xmas Crackers given me by Jim MacCormack*

What goes up then wobbles ?

A jellycopter !



## Little gems 9/11

*Sent to us by Peter Campbell*

Laugh and the world laughs with you,

snore and you sleep alone



## Wise Words

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

Charm is the ability to be truly interested in other people

*Richard Avedon*

If you marry for money you will surely earn it.

*Ezra Bowen*

The big print giveth and the small print taketh away

*Archbishop Fulton J Sheen*



## Sagesse ?

La raison parle ;

L'amour chante.



## What Father Gareth hasn't said yet 9/11

*Word play from David Norris.*

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went.

Then it dawned on me !

## Readings in church

### *October 1<sup>st</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 17 v1 - 7

Psalm 78 v1 - 7

Philippians 2 v1 - 13

Matthew 21 v23 - 32

### *October 8<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 20 v1 - 4, 7 - 9, 12 - 20

Psalm 19 v7 - end

Philippians 3 v4b - 14

Matthew 21 v33 - end

### *October 15<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 32 v1 - 14

Psalm 106 v1 - 6

Philippians 4 v1 - 9

Matthew 22 v1 - 14

### *October 22<sup>nd</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity*

Exodus 33 v12 - end

Psalm 99

1 Thessalonians 1 v1- 10

Matthew 22 v15 - 22

### *October 29<sup>th</sup> Bible Sunday*

Nehemiah 8 v1 - 4a, 8 - 12

Psalm 119 v9 - 16

Colossians 3 v12 - 17

Matthew 24 v30 - 35



## Diary dates for October and November, 2017

2<sup>nd</sup> November 10.00 All Souls Service of Remembrance

12<sup>th</sup> November 10.50 Remembrance Sunday

23<sup>rd</sup> November 10.30 Council Meeting

25<sup>th</sup> November 11.00 Christmas Fayre



### Verse of the Month

But God proves his love for us in that while we still were sinners  
Christ died for us. *Romans 5:8*



## Book of Common Prayer

### 'Quotation of the month' - 18/20

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them read, mark learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Amen

*Collect for the 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday in Advent*



## Prayer of the month

Almighty God,  
 you called Luke the physician,  
 whose praise is in the gospel,  
 to be an evangelist and physician of the soul:  
 by the grace of your Spirit  
 and through the wholesome medicine of the gospel,  
 give your Church the same love and power to heal;  
 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 St Luke*



### Prayer focus

Can I be of help ?

