

St Bart's



November, 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:

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November, 2017

Dear Friends,

NOVEMBER

I like to think of November as a month for remembering and if you have a good memory for what I have written in my monthly letter to you in our magazine, then you may recall my list in November 2015, noting the six days for remembering that month. And your starter for ten - what were they ? (A bottle of David Bargioni's excellent Bordeaux red for the first person to get in touch with me with the correct answer.)

But this November, my attention was caught by the first syllable of the month of November - no - and my question: what would you say no to; what's your red line beyond which you are not prepared to go ?

Well, I'm guessing that there are as many answers to that question as there are folk in church on a Sunday but, for me, killing, stealing, lying readily suggest themselves as no-noes. Clearly, to live in a community, to be part of society, to be a responsible individual means there are things that we should not normally do though, in extreme circumstances, any moral philosopher worth his salt will be able to cite special circumstances that justify doing the three things I said I wouldn't do i.e. to save the lives of others threatened by a

terrorist; to get something to eat when you're starving and there's no alternative like our Banque Alimentaire; to save someone being hurt by disclosing a truth that could seriously damage them.

That said, the definition of sin is wrong-doing and, as Christians, we are called to love Jesus by obeying his commandments.

So I guess we all need to know what we will say no to.

Father Gareth



All Souls' Day

At 10.00 on Thursday 2nd November is our regular, annual service of Holy Communion during which we remember those who have died in the last five years. If you'd like to add a name to the list, then please let me know beforehand and do come and light a candle in memory of those you love.



Notices

➤ **Deadline** for submission of material for the December edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 30th November*

➤ **Church Finances for September**

Income: 5,165€ Expenditure: 5,133€



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

Tel Richard C. 02 96 31 60 91



A conserver très utile

Malgré que pour l'instant

tous les départements ne sont pas couverts.

Lorsque vous cherchez une pharmacie de garde, vous n'êtes pas obligés d'appeler le 17 ou d'aller à la gendarmerie.

Vous faites [: www.3237.fr](http://www.3237.fr) sur Internet et vous obtenez la pharmacie de garde la plus proche de votre domicile en indiquant les critères de recherche (code postal ou ville et le code à recopier).

'Judas Iscariot – Redeemed ?' Forgiven

The deed done,
nothing left
but the end.

Darkness in death;
time stood still;
unconscious;
unmoving;
suspense;
waiting.

But waiting
for what ?

I'd tried.

I'd failed.

My fault,

my fault,

my fault

most grievous,

accepted,

repented,

sorry–said

then death.

But you came,

woke me up,
took my hand,
held me to you
and your light
and your love
warmed my soul,
touched my heart,
made me whole.

In your arms,
I am renewed
and accepted,
back home.



Encounter in Tennessee: 2

Car loads of families out for a happy Sunday in the Great Smoky Mountains were sailing past, no one stopping, no one evidently noticing a thing. While Liz and I sat, petrified, in the rental car, slap beside us one jumpy Park Ranger with his hand on his gun.

One round alone off that thing would probably go clean through both of us. Firing from a range of a good four inches, he'd have a job to miss. I've faced guys with Kalashnikovs before, but this was the closest I'd come to looking down the barrel of a gun.

'My...my driving licence is in my bag,' Liz faltered, terrified. 'It's on the back seat.' The terminology, never mind the accent, gave her away as a Brit tourist.

'Well, you just keep yo' hands where ah can see them!' replied Park Ranger in a voice that suggested he was as scared of us as we were of him. Not good. 'You know why I pulled you over?'

Silence.

'You were speeding, ma'am.'

From her voice, Liz was close to tears. 'I... I know. But I had a car behind me that was getting closer, and I wanted to keep some distance.' True. But not the sort of thing Park Ranger wanted to hear, far less accept. 'Maybe I was speeding, but...but my mother died yesterday. We just got word this morning.'

I leaned forward from the passenger seat, map on my knees. 'Sir, I'm really sorry about this.' I wanted to catch Park Ranger's eye, but he wouldn't oblige, his head too high for me from where I sat. 'May I get out of the car?'

'You just sit right where you are, sir!' The command was tense.

'Well, then maybe I could explain,' I persisted. 'We've just left Gatlinburg, we have to get to Nashville for a flight. We heard just this morning' - yes, it had been no more than two hours back - 'that my wife's mother has died. We have to get back to England for the funeral.'

Park Ranger gave Liz another look. 'Yeah?'

'We just heard by phone this morning!' explained Liz, her voice every bit as tense as Park Ranger's.

But the suspense was starting to evaporate from the situation.

'OK.' No *I'm sorry to hear that, ma'am.* But Park Ranger obviously believed us. 'Just show me your driver's licence.' He stepped back. 'But move very slowly and don't do anything unexpected.'

And there we were with a trigger-happy Tennessee Park Ranger. *Anything unexpected* could mean, well, anything.

I said: 'I am going to reach into the back seat and get my wife's handbag.' It was easier to reach from my side.

'Well, move real slow.'

I reached into the back - real slow - and passed the bag to Liz. She handed over her licence. Park Ranger scrutinised it carefully. He handed it back.

'Normally, ma'am, we would issue you with a citation for a speeding offence,' Park Ranger intoned heavily. 'Under the circumstances, I am letting you off with a warning. Now watch your speed as you leave the National Park.'

He went back to his vehicle. Liz slumped, shaking badly, behind the wheel. She kept to a very strict 30mph all the rest of the way through Great Smoky Mountains park - maybe twenty minutes to the boundary - and pulled in at the first opportunity, to swap drivers. She was still shaking when I picked up the road. I took it the rest of the way to Nashville and we got rid of it - after some moments of niggly argument with the rental clerk - at the airport.

Roughly that time next day we were at Chicago O'Hare. O'Hare is said to be the busiest airport in the US. In my experience it is certainly the most confusing, compared with other American airports I've been in. Airline code sharing means that one single flight may be known as AA for American Airlines, BA for British Airways, IA for Air India and goodness knows what else besides, probably including MR for Martian Airlines.

I blame code sharing for the fact that we missed our BA connection, spent a few highly expensive hours at the O'Hare Hilton and didn't get to England until 24 hours after we'd expected to. But at least we hadn't been shot, trying.

David Boggis



Mrs Malone

After Diana Wilson's memorial service here in church on 20th September, Mark Vidal Hall gave me a copy of a poem by Eleanor Farjeon, pointing out the last two stanzas which are printed below as something that captures Diana's open heart and warm welcome to animals, to dogs in particular. Though no dog features in the poem, 'Mrs Malone' does suggest her love of all God's creatures and pictures them presenting her to St Peter.

Come Saturday evening
When time was to sup
Mrs Malone
Had forgot to sit up.
The cat said *meow*,
And the sparrow said *peep*,
The vixen *she's sleeping*,
The bear *let her sleep*.
On the back of the donkey
They bore her away,
Through the trees and up mountains
Beyond night and day,
Till come Sunday morning

They brought her in state
Through the last cloudbank
As far as the Gate.

'Who is it,' asked Peter,
'You have with you there?'
And donkey and sparrow
Cat, vixen and bear

Exclaimed, 'Do you tell us
Up here she's unknown?
It's our mother, God bless us!
It's Mrs Malone
Whose havings were few
And whose holdings were small
And whose heart was so big
It had room for us all.'
Then Mrs Malone
Of a sudden awoke,
She rubbed her two eyeballs
And anxiously spoke:
'Where am I, to goodness,
And what do I see?
My dears, let's turn back,
This ain't no place for me!'

But Peter said, 'Mother
Go in to the Throne.
There's room for another
One Mrs Malone.'



Never on a Sunday

On the way to church last week. Kate and I were driving through St Servan. We were very early because we thought the Braderie might be on in Dinard and parking is awful on that Sunday. As we drove past our flat, we saw a man's large fat wallet, lying in the road. Stopping to pick it up, we noted that it was well stocked with credit cards etc. We had a problem with time because if we did not get a move on, we would get held up at the Rance Dam. So we decided that it was wiser to get a move on, cross the barrage and then hand the wallet into a Dinard police station.

We crossed the Rance without delay and found a nice park just opposite Rue Faber. It was only a couple of minutes' walk to the local police station in Rue Winston Churchill. I arrived only to find the front door shuttered up. So around the back I went to find an open entrance. That was a waste of time. So back to the front door where I saw a notice board that I had missed earlier. It read: This police station is closed on Sundays. Checking this fact with a sensible looking local, I asked if the main station would be open on the main road. He thought it might, so off I trotted to the police station opposite the supermarket only to find that this was also closed. Here though there was a breakthrough. The gate pillar had a bell and speaker for out-of-hours calls. I pressed the bell and

immediately got a man asking what I wanted. I explained that I had found a wallet and wanted to hand it in to a police officer. I got no reply except I thought I heard doors opening. Five minutes later and no sign of any police so I gave up. (You must understand that my French is very similar to the police man in the TV series 'Allo Allo'.) Leaving, I bumped into a man in uniform who was unlocking the gates next door. "Are you a police man?" I asked. No - he was unlocking the Mairie next door. I again explained my wallet discovery and asked if he could get the Mairie staff to deal with it. Which he did.

So even for the Police Municipale, Sunday seems to be a day of rest?

Roger Berry

Guernsey/St Servan



If . . . then

When an event is logically connected to its cause, it becomes thereby a dependent variable. Causal direction is established usually with respect to time and common sense demands that the cause has happened before the consequences.

All seems very ordered and logical. We like logic in our life; it gives us stability, something to depend on. As time flows by, we witness on our level that the cause precedes generally the effect. All very sensible and reassuring.

But what if things are not that simple ?

I had some very unsettling experiences to that effect. Ten years ago, I found myself all of a sudden outside of our time frame in a vast greyish blue space. A huge being with immense intelligence seemed to hover just outside the reach of my perception: God. Other people must have been also with me. At that moment, something happened: a huge vortex opened before my/our eyes and I/we heard the deep voice resonating: "...AND THEN TIME CAME / WAS CREATED !"

All of a sudden there was no longer only Space but Space Time. Then I was sent back to my own time, far in the future, the current time where we are living.

The events happened here in reversed order: the little creatures of the future had been called forth by Him and only then Space Time erupted, as if He wished to direct the whole of creation in order to bring about us little humans in this point of time. It was as if the result preceded the cause, the future being the cause of the past.

Of course, then all the other things we are familiar with happened: first the Blueprint of our world and then the gradual descent into lower dimensions, until our material world was achieved where something like the Big Bang produced all the matter and molecules of the Universe. We are again on familiar territory.

Are we, the little humans of our time, the reason God created everything ? When I see all the calamities and tragedies happening around us, I have some trouble believing He wanted us that much. But there it is: He wanted us. And He still does, for we are still here. He must have loved us from the Beginning before our arrival, for you cannot create without love.

And these are God's words according to the prophet Isaiah (Chapter 46, verse 10): **"I declare the end from the beginning, and from long ago what is not yet done, saying: my plan will take place, and I will do all my will."**

So, all that is left to us now is to love Him back and try not to damage His Creation !

Christine Berthel



Old age

This poem, said to have been written by an old man in an Old Folks' Home and found and circulated after his death, was sent to me by Michael Frankel - a great test of your French and your wisdom

Vieil homme grincheux

Que voyez-vous, infirmières ? Que voyez-vous ?
 À quoi pensez-vous . . . lorsque vous me regardez ?
 À un vieil homme grincheux . . . pas très sage, aux habitudes
 hésitantes . . . et au regard perdu dans le lointain ?
 Qui bave en mangeant . . . et ne répond jamais aux questions.
 Qui, lorsque vous criez . . . "J'aimerais que vous fassiez un effort !",
 Semble ne pas réagir du tout . . . à toutes ces choses que vous faites.
 Un homme qui perd . . . toujours une chaussette ou une chaussure ?
 Qui, en résistant parfois . . . vous laisse faire ce que vous voulez, pour
 le nourrir et le baigner . . . et pour remplir ces longues journées ?
 Est-ce que c'est à cela que vous pensez ?
 Est-ce que c'est ce que vous voyez ?
 Alors ouvrez les yeux, infirmières. Car vous ne me voyez pas.
 Je vais vous dire qui je suis . . .
 Alors que je suis assis ici, alors que je vous obéis, . . .
 alors que je mange ce que vous me donnez.

Je suis un enfant de dix ans . . . J'ai un père, une mère, des frères et des sœurs qui tous s'aiment beaucoup.

Je suis un garçon de 16 ans vif et motivé, qui n'a qu'un espoir : rencontrer au plus vite celle qu'il aimera.

Je suis un futur marié de vingt ans au cœur palpitant.

Je peine à me souvenir des vœux . . . que j'ai promis d'honorer.

Maintenant âgé de 25 ans, j'ai désormais des enfants qui ont besoin de mes conseils . . . et d'un foyer heureux et sûr.

À 30 ans, . . . mes enfants grandissent vite, unis comme les doigts d'une main par des liens qui devraient être durables.

À 40 ans, mes jeunes fils . . . ont devenus grands et sont partis, mais ma femme est toujours à mes côtés . . . pour voir que je ne leur en veux pas.

À 50 ans, à nouveau, . . . des bébés jouent autour de moi, à nouveau, il y a des enfants à la maison . . . Ma bien-aimée et moi.

Le pire n'est plus à venir, il est déjà là . . . Ma femme n'est plus.

Je me tourne vers le futur . . . Je tremble de peur.

Car tous mes enfants ont désormais leurs . . . propres petits.

Et je pense au temps qui passe . . . et à tout l'amour que j'ai reçu.

Je suis désormais un vieillard . . . et la nature est particulièrement cruelle.

La vieillesse est une mauvaise blague qui nous fait paraître stupides.

Le corps s'écroule . . . La grâce et la vigueur disparaissent.

Il ne reste plus qu'une pierre . . . là où, autrefois j'avais un cœur.

Mais au fond de cette vieille carcasse, il reste un jeune homme, tapi dans l'ombre, et de temps en temps . . . mon cœur épuisé s'emballe lorsque je me souviens de tous les moments joyeux.

Je me souviens aussi des moments douloureux.

Et j'aime et je vis de nouveau ma vie.

Je repense à toutes ces années, bien trop peu nombreuses . . . bien trop vite parties.

Et j'accepte ce triste état de fait . . . Rien ne dure éternellement.

Ouvrez donc les yeux . . . Ouvrez les yeux, et regardez bien.

Je ne suis pas un vieil homme grincheux.

Regardez de plus près . . . et admirez MOI !



Martin Luther

500 years ago, 31st October, 1517, an Augustinian friar, Dr Martin Luther, nails 95 Theses to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg and the Reformation is underway.

This October, I read Peter Stanford's excellent biography on Martin Luther, 'Catholic Dissent',

In our Christmas edition of St Bart's, I hope to have written a book review of this book well worth reading.

Father Gareth



Recollect

In the morning,
waking from sleep,
the things of yesterday
now I understand
better on recollection.



Insight

In memory,
through objects,
are we in touch
with those whom
we no longer touch,
are loved by those
who can no longer
hug and kiss us.



The Dinard British Film Festival

The end of September. Dinard transformed. Red carpet; palm trees; posters everywhere - an iconic English matriarch, tea cup in hand, disapprobation. On the road, barriers everywhere - restrictions on parking and changes to the direction of one-way streets. Police in dress uniform; the odd London bobby; soldiers with rifles. Security ensures nothing like Nice or London or Barcelona will easily happen here.

I've an invitation to the opening ceremony and to the opening film - curiously both on the Thursday evening, the eve of St Michael and All Angels. The Casino, the hall filling up with folk, well dressed, and round the edge of the room, tables with glasses and wine ready to be served after the speeches. I make polite conversation in English and in French, then the speeches begin in French then English - the stage eventually filling up with the principal actors in this year's festival: the mayor, the festival director, the panel of judges, actors, directors, celebrities.

Then, another chance to circulate, glass in hand, the odd canopy accepted, then running into Ann and Diana, both as radiant and bright as the occasion demands.

Then, it's off to see the film, 'Victoria and Abdul'; a royal delight at the Côte D'Emeraude cinema that once used to be a one of the three casinos here in Dinard.

It's good to be part of a community, to belong in the place where I live and work.

Gareth Randall



Film Review of the Month

'Victoria and Abdul' - Stephen Frears 2017

And my second gift on the evening of 28th September was an invitation by M. Mahey, the Mayor of Dinard, to see the opening film in this year's Dinard British Film Festival, 'Victoria and Abdul'.

Staring Judi Dench as Queen Victoria, her jubilee year towards the end of her reign, 'Victoria and Abdul' captures the unlikely friendship that develops between our queen and Abdul (Ali Fazal), an Indian who is sent over to England to present her majesty with a gift from the sub-continent.

With a large and excellent cast (Tim Pigott-Smith, Eddie Izzard, Michael Gambon, Simon Callow to name but four), well acted against an authentic-looking setting up in Balmoral as well as on the Isle of Wight, full of the best/worst excess of class snobbery and 'proper' behaviour, in 'Victoria and Abdul', we see an aging monarch fill the void in her emotional life with a good-looking, young man who charms her with his attention, exotic background, unfamiliar culture and world view. An Indian Muslim, Abdul first catches the queen's attention by eye-contact then later by falling to the floor and kissing her foot. Essentially about platonic friendship and engaging

companionship, 'Victoria and Abdul' has all the hallmarks of a very English film, in this instance with French sub-titles where sex is very much under the surface and class and colour prejudice bubble over.

I must admit, tired though I was, 'Victoria and Abdul' had my undivided attention and I couldn't help being captured by the story of the cost and isolation of being the sovereign and the worth of life-affirming values in the face of our necessary mortality. The degree to which the film is rooted in historical fact is open to debate but it is unquestionably well worth seeing.

Gareth Randall



Extra Film Review of the Month

'War Requiem' - Derek Jarman 1988

Another birthday gift, a film from nearly 30 years ago, released 70 years on from the end of the First World War, next year its centenary!

Not an easy film to watch, to follow, so well worth a second view to catch some of the subtleties, to understand what you see all the better. 'War Requiem' is seriously good.

Set against the music of Benjamin Britten's 'War Requiem' with the poetry of Wilfred Owen, the film, dialogue-free, is a blend of disparate images, real and surreal, essentially centred on the story of people involved in the war: Wilfred Owen (Nathaniel Parker), his friend (Owen Teale), the nurse (Tilda Swinton) whom he loves and who loves him. Sean Bean plays an unnamed German soldier and there is a playful, surreal sequence in the snow where he throws a snowball and hits Owen's friend. It goes badly wrong, ending in blood on the snow.

What the film does well is to suggest the real cost of war. It does point out the heroism involved, the friendship, sacrifice, the desire

to fight for King and Country and to support those who do. But there is, too, the awful cost - in terms of lives lost and lives ruined.

The film starts at the end with an old soldier (Lawrence Olivier) in a wheel chair trying to pin on his medals which eventually he does with the aid of a nurse.

The awful truth is simply that if we live, we must also die and death for some comes prematurely.

We should remember them.

Gareth Randall



Odd Words

'Disobedience'

I guess, for a teacher, disobedience is part of the daily grind. I guess it's in the nature of children to be naughty, not to do what they're told, not to behave as they are expected to behave. I guess that's part of what going to school is about - learning what is right and proper in thought and word and deed.

And, again, I'm struck by the truth embodied in the story of the Garden of Eden - that Adam and Eve had a choice and they chose to disobey God's clear instruction because it seemed a good thing to do at the time. Are apples really that attractive? But, then, what the serpent was actually tempting them with was the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, whatever that might really be!

So if it's natural not to do as we're told and if it's part of our education to learn how to behave, I wonder why some people just please themselves, do what they think is best whether or not it is for the best?

And a final thought: I wonder whether the Law is God-given or Man-made or a bit of both?

Gareth Randall

Questions

'Non-being' ?

Non-being ? Not to be the me I was, the me you were, the physical us of flesh and blood and bone, able to be through feel and touch, to hug and be hugged, present here and now in our body as well as in our mind and in our soul.

And surely is that not the sadness of death ? The separation of those of us who are still in the flesh from those of us whose spirit has moved on, away from us.

But as Christians, we believe in life after death, in the resurrection of the body and the life of the world to come.

True or wishful-thinking ? True, I trust, but what that might really mean, actually be, we can but speculate. But for me, my hope is being truly who God intends me to be, reunited with those I love and who love me.

What joy inexpressible ! But this November-tide of Hallowe'en, All Saints' Day, All Souls' Day, Guy Fawkes Night, Remembrance Sunday and Christ the King, what do you think of our great Christian hope -

that God loves us, remembers us, and will, one day, restore us to life eternal ?

Gareth Randall



From the lectern 8/10

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.

Two men were just about to tee off on the Dinard Golf course when a funeral cortege drove past. One of them took off his cap, bowed his head and waited, respectfully, in silence, till the hearse had passed them by before resuming his swing. His opponent was well impressed by the proper respect shown but the man simply replied, "Well, it's the least I can do. After all, we were married 30 years."



Quotations of the month

People who say others are difficult
are usually difficult themselves

Van Morrison



Crackers 10/11

Snippets from Xmas Crackers given me by Jim MacCormack

Why shouldn't you eat your watch ?

It's time-consuming !



Little gems 10/11

Sent to us by Peter Campbell

The surest sign that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe
is the fact that it has never tried to contact us.



Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

Men occasionally stumble over the truth but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened.

Winston Churchill

Wrongs are often forgiven but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it forever.

Lord Chesterfield

Economic forecasters were invented to make weather forecasters look good.

Irwin Stelzer



What Father Gareth hasn't said yet 10/11

Word play from David Norris.

How does Moses make tea ?

He brews it.



Readings in church

November 5th All Saints

Revelation 7 v9 - 17

Psalm 34 v1 - 10

I John 3 v1 - 3

Matthew 5 v1 - 12

November 12th Remembrance Sunday

Amos 5 v18 - 24

Psalm 70

1 Thessalonians 4 v13 - end

Matthew 25 v1 - 13

November 19th 2nd Sunday before Advent

Zephaniah 1 v7, 12 - end

Psalm 90 v1 - 8

1 Thessalonians 5 v1 - 11

Matthew 25 v14 - 30

November 26th Christ the King

Ezekiel 33 v11 - 16, 20 - 24

Psalm 95 v1 - 7

Ephesians 1 v15 - end

Matthew 25 v31 - end



Diary dates for November and December, 2017

2nd November 10.00 All Souls Service of Remembrance

12th November 10.50 Remembrance Sunday

23rd November 10.30 Council Meeting

23rd December 17.00 Carol Service

24th December 11.00 Holy Communion with Crib Service

25th December 11.00 Christmas Day



Verse of the Month

Lift up your eyes on high and see: Who created these? He who brings out their host and numbers them, calling them all by name; because he is great in strength, mighty in power, not one is missing.

Isaiah 40:26



Book of Common Prayer

'Quotation of the month' - 19/20

Almighty God, give us the grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light, now and in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious Majesty, to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal; through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever.

Amen

Collect for the 1st Sunday in Advent

Prayer of the month

God our Redeemer,
 who gave light to the world that was in darkness
 by the healing power of the Saviour's cross:
 shed that light on us we pray,
 that with your martyr, Lucy,
 we may, by the purity of our lives,
 reflect the light of Christ
 and, by the merits of his passion,
 come to the light of everlasting life;
 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 Lucy



Prayer focus

When to sat no ?



Additional Prayer of the month

Lord, I have searched for you

*In September, my brother, Les, found this prayer
in a leaflet in Dol Cathedral*

Lord, as much as I have been able, as far as you have given me strength, I have searched for you and I have tried to fathom what I believe, and I have argued and struggled.

Lord, my God, my only hope, grant me this: let me not tire of searching for you, but rather put into my heart a more ardent desire to search for you.

Here I am before you in my strength and my weakness: support the one, heal the other.

I lay before you my knowledge and my ignorance; wherever you have closed me, open to him who knocks.

Let me remember you.

Let me understand you.

Let me love you.

St Augustine

So what do you think ?

