

St Bart's



January, 2018



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

Website : www.stbarts-dinard.org.uk



January, 2018

Dear Friends,

Be still

A new year - me beginning my twelfth year here as your Priest-in-charge and, this month, I'd like to share with you one of the privileges of being here - daily opening and closing our church.

Going into St Bart's first thing in the morning, unlocking the door to the library, the door to the sacristy, the transept door with its wheelchair access, then unbarring the main double doors to the church, I am struck by the deep, profound silence of the building. I switch on the light above our icons of St Bartholomew and St Philip, then light some candles on the metal candle frame that John and Wendy Marshall so kindly bought for us.

But what is profoundly impressive is the deep, pervasive silence of the building: walls, stained glass, pews and kneelers - all saturated in prayer. I sit down on my seat in the chancel and, for a moment, with the tasks of the day ahead to do, I am quiet, relaxed, touched by silence tangible. The verse from Psalm 46 springs to mind; 'Be still and know that I am God.' And, in the stillness, comes this thought. It is not how long I've been your priest here or how long I may stay

but it is being present in the present, awake to the now that is all that is needful.

So let me encourage you each day to find time to be still, to be present in the present and to be aware of God and what He wants you to be and do.

Father Gareth



Epiphany

Plage de L'Ecluse

Low in the East,
in a largely cloudless sky,
the sun brightly shining;
the tide now outgoing,
sea-grey-green,
gently wind-rippled;
on the other shore,
St Malo cathedral,
spire upwards pointing
to the One we love.



Notices

- **Our Christmas Fair** on 2nd December raised 1700€ for Church Funds. A big thank you to Carolyn Hewitt who masterminded the day and to all those who contributed to and participated in the event. What a gift to our church !

- **Deadline** for submission of material for the February edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 25th January*

- **Church Finances for November**
 Income: 2,692 € Expenditure: 5,963€



Visitors' Book 2/13

What folk think of St Bart's

'It's a wonderful church.'

9th October 2014

'Lieu serein et paisible.'

12th November 2014



Mary Mother of God

A new year; a new series of dramatic monologues; 12, one poem for each month of the year. And who better to hear speak than Mary, the mother of our Lord, who, looking back over her life, reflecting on how she made sense of what was happening, is speaking to her boy who took shape in her womb.

I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed writing them in the twelve days running up towards the Feast of St Bartholomew last August. And, if you like, why not tell me what you think of Mary ?



Annunciation

“The Lord is with you.”

Luke 1 v27

Midday,
at home, alone,
waiting for my parents,
for Anne and Joachim,
when an angel of the Lord,
young, strong, handsome,
appears to me and says
I've found favour with the Lord.
His voice is kind and gentle
but I don't know what he means
and so he tells me clearly
I'm going to have a son,
a son a gift from God.
In shock, confused,
I ask him how can I
when I am still a virgin
and never known a man ?
He tells me the Holy Spirit
will overshadow me
and I will conceive
and bear a son

who will be called Jesus,
the Son of God,
born to rule for ever.
His words reassure me.
I feel at peace,
at one with the Lord I love
and who clearly loves me too,
enough for me to bear His child.
Lowering my eyes, I say yes:
“Let God’s will for me be done.
I am the handmaid of the Lord.
Let it be even as He wills.”
Gabriel leaves me alone
and alone again I wonder
what will become of me
and you, my child to be,
because of Him ?

9 8 17



The Stable at Bethlehem

The Stable at Bethlehem has been donated to St Bartholomew's church, Dinard, to the glory of God and to give a fitting background to the beautiful nativity figures, donated by the Revd Donald and Heather Pankhurst many years ago from a church in the Lake District. The stable was designed and created by Debbie Forsdyke, an artist who is well known in the South of England.

Debbie and her husband, Roy, visited St Bartholomew's in September 2017 to look at the nativity figurines and the altar on which they are placed at Christmas time, and so Debbie was able to envisage the finished scene. The wooden framework for the stable was constructed by Debbie's father, Brian Forsdyke, a skilled cabinet maker. Debbie says she enjoyed the challenge of this project, allowing her and her father to combine their artistic talents.

Debbie trained as a watercolourist but she is also accomplished in working with stained glass and she enjoys combining her two passions by painting scenes on her stained glass creations. She has a large selection of examples of her work and is happy to accept commissions. Anyone wishing to see her work is invited to visit her website: www.DTForsdyke.co.uk

Our thanks to Debbie and Brian for their time and talents.

Footnote:

A few minor modifications, notably to the star, will be undertaken when the crèche has been dismantled after Candlemas.

Anne and Richard Nelson



People's Republic 2/8:

Transit Road

The green-uniformed official with the potato face still had our passports. Without which we didn't exist.

We had wound down our windows, all the better to see you with, grandmother. *Genosse* (Comrade) Immigration took a careful look at our passports, one after the other, then stared in deep scrutiny at our faces. Even that of Christine, aged five (you never know who might be a subversive element).

Silent, we all experienced a moment of exquisite tension.

Then, still with that fixed, Botox face of disapproval, *Genosse* Immigration handed back all three passports. I put the car in gear and we were in East Germany.

Not, mark you, that we were home and dry yet.

The transit roads between West Germany and West Berlin had a strict top speed limit of 100 km/h, about 60mph. This was the first time I'd driven a car in a Warsaw Pact country (the Pact still existed, then) and I was paranoid about keeping to the speed limit.

Just as well. On the road atlas, the transit pike looks straight. Ain't so. Here and there, it has little kinks in it where you can't quite see round the next bend. What my paranoid, little mind rapidly discovered was that, where there's a teensy blind kink, just when you get round it you will find a *new* speed limit sign dropping the speed to 80. Or 60. And you bet you better observe it.

Not everyone did. As I drove due east towards Berlin at my paranoid 100 km/h, one after another, the big Mercs and Beemers came pounding past us, all of them proudly displaying their B plate for West Berlin.

So imagine our surprise when, road kink after road kink, we found the B-registered Mercs and Beemers pulled up on the hard shoulder by the ever-alert eyes of the Volkspolizei (people's police), coughing up their on-the-spot speeding fines . . . in, would you believe? - West Marks. Never would the Politburo's finest demean themselves to collecting fines in anything other than *hard* currency. (That needs a footnote on the late Big Helmut's decision to change East for West Marks one for one, but this column has no space for a treatise on the overall German economy at the time of reunification.)

Driving at 100 km/h - and taking account of the sneaky-beaky, scarcely visible speed reductions - you can reckon on taking two

hours, almost to the minute, between Helmstedt and the West Berlin entry control. And, boy, were we relieved!

Liz was map-reading while I drove, which is generally the wrong way round. But we'd both pretty much agreed that it would be better for me, being mucho macho, to do the driving inside fearsome Berlin. We passed the old Avus motor race track, we found ourselves on a street improbably named Lewishamstrasse, and we found our way to the hotel we'd booked just off the Kurfürstendamm. And never took a wrong turn - hats off to Liz!

(Years later, and after reunification, we discovered that driving in Berlin is a doddle compared to Paris, never mind London or Los Angeles.)

So we got rid of the car and went adventuring in Berlin in a chilly autumn afternoon.

David Boggis



Happy Christmas - Happy New Year

Of course, I wish this sincerely and truly and hope that the days to come will be happy and sustaining to my friends and to those close to me. I believe that God wishes well to everybody; it would be a strange creator who would want to cause anguish, uncertainty and despair. Yet we are faced on all sides with potential disaster.

We are tempted to try to hide from our own reality and in many ways deny our power or responsibility. It's tempting to long for and to try to recreate the past or to get angry because 'they' have got it wrong. Another way is to hope that if we make strong enough New Year's resolutions, agree to stricter laws, severer punishments and getting rid of those who we see as burdens or 'enemies', somehow the Garden of Eden' will return.

At our last Archdeaconry Synod, we were encouraged to reflect on passages from the Old Testament, especially from Isaiah and Deuteronomy on how the Jewish people dealt with oppression; becoming refugees; wandering in the desert; having to adjust to a total life change with no firm prospect of finding the Promised Land. Throughout their history, there seemed to be two themes they struggled with: 'the particular' (how to be God's people) and the universal (how to get to grips with the fact that God created the

whole world and everyone in it and that He could take delight in that in spite of everything).

They stood, in many ways, in just the place we are today. Their solutions varied from time to time: they looked to other gods; fell into despair; blamed God and everyone around them - but they went on searching for the knowledge of the loving creator.

The 'personal' and the 'universal' are not opposed ideas. Jesus answering the question, 'What can we do ?' said love God, love your neighbour (whoever they may be) and love yourself. To do so, honours both the Law and the Prophets. All three together can lead us on a voyage of discovery and hope into the future.

Happy Christmas. Happy New Year. But if you are tempted not to love yourself, why not try to think about how and why God and the people around you love you ? Then you may to see yourself more clearly - it helps !

Paddy Vidal Hall



Yorkshire Christmas

Sent to us by John Marshall

Challenge: how much can you understand ?

Christmas in t' farmhouse

All fettled and clean:

Ther's a feast on yon table

'At's fit for a queen:

A gurt buxom turkey,

Wi't trimmins ter come,

An' a champion puddin',

An't sauce laced wi' rum;

Aye, ther's cheese, and ther's spice-cake

By gum, lad, tha'll bust

If tha doesn't give up!

Christmas in t'mistal,

All shabby an' bare,

All stinkin' wi' cow muck-

An' cattle just stare,

'Ther's nowt 'ere fer thee!

But over in t'corner

Na then - dosta see?

Ther's a lass wi' a babby,

All snuggled in t' 'ay -
Yon grand little Jesus
On t' fust Christmas Day!

Dr. Arnold Kellet

Untranslatable ?

Father Gareth's musing on the German word *Anfechtung*, in the context of Luther's mental torments over the Church of Rome, find a precise echo in the article, in a recent *New Yorker*, alike marking the anniversary of the Reformation. The *New Yorker* writer was in complete accord with our esteemed priest-in-charge, and that's pretty heavy support.

Personally, as a linguist with some experience with German, *Anfechtung* is a word I'd never heard until Gareth ran it past me recently. I guessed back to the root word - German language agglutinates - of *Fecht*, and guessed 'challenge'.

As a veteran journo, I never entirely believe anything (spiritual matters apart) without checking. (Same goes for scientists - anyone second me in nominating Thomas the Apostle as the patron saint of scientists?) So I went back to two tomes on our home shelves, the *Grosse Wahrig German-into-German* dictionary and the *Collins German-English/English-German* (there are more comprehensive dictionaries than the *Collins*, admittedly).

To my surprise, *Wahrig* backed me up on my guess of 'challenge' - although not quite in the way I'd meant. *Anfechtung*, it transpires, is

a challenge, but chiefly in the legal context: say, a challenge to a judge's ruling. Wahrig's other explanation translates into English as 'temptation', with no mention of the terms 'dejection', 'depression' and kindred expressions, as supported by the writer of the Luther history being discussed. Maybe the word has shed some of its meanings over time.

At least, though, you can find a translation for *Anfechtung*. It's more difficult when it comes to my very favourite German word, *Durcheinander*. Literally, you end up with 'through one another' - but the mental picture it calls to mind is hilarious: imagine a bowl of spaghetti with the strands so inextricable knotted together that you can't untangle them. That's the image.

It goes with another of my favourite German expressions: *das darf nicht wahr sein!* Literally: 'That is not *allowed* to be true!' Only in German...

And, in the same vein, only in Spanish have I ever come across a verb meaning 'there to be room for': *caber*, pronounced not like a log at the Highland Games but more like 'kah-ver', with lots of trill on the R.

It's surprisingly commonly used. A lift, for instance, might well say: *Ese ascensor cabe diez personas* - 'This lift has room for ten people'. Or, again common in spoken as well as written Spanish: *no cabe duda que...* 'there is no scope for doubt that...'

Fancy that! Anyone else got examples of the untranslatable?

David Boggis



Bay in winter

Cloudless;
 sunlit;
 sea bright;
 sand soft
 underfoot.
 Shoes and
 socks and
 gloves keep
 me warm.



Mid-winter

The sun,
 low now above Villa Napoli,
 points out the door to St Bart's,
 then half blinds you as you leave.



After dawn

Bright the sky above the town;
 Deserted the beach, void of folk;
 Misty the bay, like smoke, wind-blown.



Recipes from my nephew

A new series of recipes of the month

to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony

Beef Stroganoff

If you look at recipe books and the internet you will find very many versions of this traditional Russian dish. I have taken guidance from many of them and adjusted to my family's and my own taste. I am not saying it is authentic, or the best, only it is what we enjoy. One important point though, do use the best quality steak, be it Fillet, Sirloin or Rump but ensure it is well aged (21-28 days) and trimmed of excess fat.

Serving Suggestions:

We have had this with roast potatoes and cabbage, thick cut chips, sourdough bread and rice so it is really versatile. It is also suitable for reheating the next day but I do not freeze it because of the cream.

Ingredients:

- ✓ 1 Large onion (red or brown) finely sliced and then cross cut to around 50mm in length.

- ✓ 250 - 300g mushrooms finely sliced (closed-cup/field or a medley is fine).
- ✓ 75g salted butter.
- ✓ 1 garlic clove crushed.
- ✓ 200cl good quality beef stock.
- ✓ 1 TBSP paprika (15ml with a metric measuring spoon).
- ✓ 1 TBSP tomato puree (15ml with a metric measuring spoon).
- ✓ 1 large dessert spoon of Crème fresh or soured cream.
- ✓ 500g beef steak, cut into fingers (12-20mm) then cross cut if longer than 100mm.
- ✓ 50cl brandy (optional).

Method:

- Heat a frying pan until hot, then add half the butter. When foaming, add the onion and fry for 2-3 minutes, or until just softened. (med-high)
- Add the mushrooms and cook for 1-2 minutes.
- Add the tomato purée, garlic and paprika and cook for a further minute. (med)
- Add the beef stock and bring to the boil, then reduce the heat and simmer for 3-4 minutes.
- Whilst this is simmering, season the beef with a pinch of salt and 5-10 grinds of black pepper.

- In a separate frying pan, heat the remaining butter and when foaming stir fry the beef ~ 3 -5 minutes or longer if needed.

Optional Step;

CAUTION! This will ignite and create a flame so if your kitchen is too small to do this safely or you are not confident **do** skip it!

To flambé the beef, warm the brandy in a microwave (10 seconds) and drain the excess liquid off the beef into the mushroom mixture. Add the brandy to the beef heat over the hob and as it starts to steam tip slightly to the flame. It will flare up and burn off.

When the flames subside or you have skipped the flambé stage, add to the mushroom mixture along with a large dessert spoon (dollop) of your preferred cream and stir through.

Heat for a further 5 minutes and serve.

Tony Randall



Film Review of the Month

'Dunkirk' - Christopher Nolan 2017

Boxing Day. Lunch in the flat for Barry, Victor and David. Pâté de foie gras; pork and apricots on a bed of brown rice and peas; then a cheese board; fine wines and sparkling water. Then, as a dessert, watching a DVD, 'Dunkirk', a present from John, Fiona and Sam.

What is it about we British that means we can celebrate defeat ? 'The Battle of Maldon', a 9th century poem written in Old English, celebrates a defeat by the Vikings; the evacuation of Dunkirk marks the return to our country by thousands of our troops, pushed back by the advancing German army to the edge of the English Channel.

I guess it is our unbroken spirit that we celebrate: the possibility of acts of courage in the face of great danger; ordinary civilians in small boats crossing the Straits of Dover to rescue our men.

Well, the film interleaves several stories but essentially seen from the point of view of a young soldier (Fionn Whitehead) trying to get away on a boat; a Spitfire pilot (Tom Hardy), defending our folk from the German aircraft; and a father (Mark Rylance) and a couple of lads coming to the rescue in a boat.

There is violence, death, destruction but it is the essential humanity and compassion and bravery in the face of great adversity that makes it well worth watching. 'Dunkirk' is life-affirming although the film does not shirk from showing some of the real cost of fighting a war.

Well, it was Boxing Day and although the second day of Christmas isn't a public holiday here in France, it was a holiday for me and my guests as we enjoyed the film.

You should watch 'Dunkirk' when you can.

Gareth Randall



How to kill your father

or, at least, bring your dad into bad odour

My two sons, Andrew, then around ten, and Chris, then around six, decided to play a joke on me. My boys loved to visit the local joke shop where, on this occasion, they bought some stink bombs, thinking it would be great fun to put some of the liquid in my pipe tobacco. They did, then stood back and watched as I filled and lit the pipe but I failed to notice a thing.

Apparently, though I can't remember anything, for the next five days or so I was very, very ill and my wife, Joyce, said that I was like a sleep-walking stink bomb and our bedroom stank. Sadly, my lads were really worried that what they'd done was going to kill their dad.

But that wasn't their intention nor mine when I was their age and up for a bit of fun. Who knows, it may have been that episode that's kept me so fit all these years !

Bill Hughes



Questions

'UNITE v UNTIE ?'

I must be getting old. I'm sitting in an armchair in the church flat reading a second book on Martin Luther, recommended to me by David Norris. The light is on over my left shoulder but I've failed to polish my reading glasses and the right lens is a bit mucky so I fail to read a word in print accurately, mistaking 'unite' for 'untie' and immediately my mind stumbles over a sentence that fails to make sense so I look harder at the word, see my mistake and get up and go and polish my glasses !

But what struck me so forcefully that I sit down the next morning to type this article is that one word with the same number of letters, the same letters in a slightly different order, can have completely the opposite meaning.

And there, perhaps, the Holy Spirit was talking to me, is talking to us. All of us here at St Bart's are Christians. We embrace the same faith in a loving God whose birth we celebrate at Christmas and whose death and resurrection we remember at Easter. It is a faith which encourages us to love God through love of neighbour as we should love ourselves.

But my question, which only you can truly, accurately answer for yourselves, is:

Does how you behave unite or untie our church ?

Father Gareth



Odd Words

Competent

'Farming Today'. A young man is in the lambing shed. He tells the interviewer that his mother had taught him how to help a sheep in labour deliver her baby lamb when he was just nine years old. His small hands then had made him adept at such a life-saving task.

When I was his age, my mum taught me how to clean out the living room grate after the previous night's fire; then how effectively to lay out pieces of wood, screwed paper and lumps of coal to ensure an efficient blaze later that day. I was taught how to make my bed, and when we acquired duvets, how to put on a duvet cover. How to cook and how wash and iron came later.

The idea of being competent is part and parcel of becoming an independent, autonomous adult. The skills in day-to-day living need to be taught and acquired.

But I wonder what society, today, now considers to be the basic necessary skills that we should all master and I wonder what those competences might come to be tomorrow.

Gareth Randall



Quotations of the month

Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, but not his own facts

Daniel Patrick

(US politician)



Epiphany Cartoon in the Church Times

January 2017

Three small boys smiling, dressed as the wise men, arrive in costume for the nativity play and the caption below:-

'Wee three kings'



Cat & Comma

What's the difference between a cat and a comma ?

One has claws at the end of its paws.

One is a pause at the end of a clause.

Pub Names

And wouldn't that make a wonderful name for a pub? 'There I was, wi' me mates in the Snug down at the old Cat and Comma...'

This could go on. The seaside resort of Saint-Cast, near us in Matignon, not only has a 'secret' beach that was used during the Nazi Occupation of France to land agents with radios and take off downed Allied aircrew (more anon) - it also has a lovely, sheltered bay where Liz and I go swimming.

Every summer, a few dozen pleasure boats moor there. Recently I noticed that one was called the 'Cap Ferret' - not 'Cap Ferrat' as down on the Côte d'Azur, but 'Ferret'.

To me, it suggested a working man's pub at the foot of a steep, smoky hill somewhere in England's industrial north: the Cap and Ferret...

David Boggis

Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

In literature as in love, we are astounded by what is chosen by others.

André Maurois

Whoever said money can't buy you happiness didn't know where to go shopping.

Bo Derek

History will be kind to me for I intend to write it

Winston Churchill



Married bliss 1/6

Conjugal humour from Val and Geoff Carter !

Pharmacist to customer:

"I'm sorry, sir, but in order to buy anti-depression tablets, you need a proper prescription. Simply showing your marriage certificate and your wife's picture is not sufficient."

From the lectern 10/10

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.

One winter's night back in England, when the weather was particularly awful - heavy rain, bitterly cold, a strong, biting wind - I heard a knock on the front door. When I opened it, there was my mother-in-law standing there shivering, soaking wet, in a real state. So I said to her, don't stand there wet and shivering, love - go home !



Quickies - 1/6

Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:

The only time a man thinks about a candlelit dinner
is when the power goes off !



Random Thoughts 1/11

Sent to us by Peter Campbell

If you attempt to rob a bank you won't have any trouble with rent/food bills for the next 10 years, whether or not you are successful.



Readings in church

January 7th

Epiphany

Isaiah 60 v1 - 6
 Psalm 72 v10 - 15
 Ephesians 3 v1 - 12
 Matthew 2 v1 - 12

January 14th

2nd Sunday of Epiphany

1 Samuel 3 v1 - 10
 Psalm 139 v1 - 9
 Revelation 5 v1 - 10
 John 1 v43 - end

January 21st

3rd Sunday of Epiphany

Genesis 14 v17 - 20
 Psalm 128
 Revelation 19 v6 - 10
 John 2 v1 - 11

January 28th

Candlemas

Malachi 3 v1 -5
 Psalm 24 v7 - end
 Hebrews 2 v14 - end
 Luke 2 v22 - 40



Diary dates for 2018

18 th January	20.30 Service at Temple Protestant, St Servan during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity
24 th January	20.00 Service at Notre Dame, Dinard during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity
25 th January	10.30 Council Meeting
14 th February	10.00 Ash Wednesday
22 nd February	11.00 Start of Lent Bible Study
24 th March	10.30 Council Meeting
29 th March	10.30 Maundy Thursday
30 th March	11.00 Good Friday
1 st April	11.00 Easter Day
15 th April	12.00 Church AGM
15 th April -	Archdeaconry Synod
21 st April	St Jacut de la Mer
3 rd May	10.30 Council Meeting
10 th May	10.00 Ascension Day
20 th May	11.00 Pentecost
19 th July	10.30 Council Meeting
22 nd July	12.00 Friends AGM
25 th August	11.00 Patronal Festival
6 th September	10.30 Council Meeting
30 th September	11.00 Harvest Festival

1st November 10.00 All Souls Service of Remembrance

11th November **10.50** Remembrance Sunday

22nd November 10.30 Council Meeting

22nd December 17.00 Carol Service

24th December 17.00 Crib Service

25th December 11.00 Christmas Day



Book of Common Prayer

'Quotation of the month' - 20/20

Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of your faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruits of good work, may of thee be plenteously rewarded.

Collect for 25th Sunday after Trinity



Verse of the Month

It is too light a thing that you should be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob and to restore the survivors of Israel; I will give you as a light to the nations, that my salvation may reach to the end of the earth.

Isaiah 49 v6



Prayer of the month

King of kings and Lord of lords,
 whose faithful servant Charles
 prayed for those who persecuted him
 and died in the living hope of your eternal kingdom:
 grant us by your grace so to follow his example
 that we may love and bless our enemies
 through the intercessions of your Son our Lord Jesus Christ
 who is alive and reigns with you
 in the unity of the Holy Spirit
 one God now and for ever.

Collect for King Charles the Martyr



Prayer focus

The way ahead for 2018 - present in the present.

