

### Diary dates for February and March, 2018

14 <sup>th</sup> February	10.00 Ash Wednesday
1 <sup>st</sup> March	11.00 Start of Lent Bible Study
24 <sup>th</sup> March	10.30 Council Meeting
29 <sup>th</sup> March	10.30 Maundy Thursday
30 <sup>th</sup> March	11.00 Good Friday



### Prayer of the month

Almighty and ever-living God,  
clothed in majesty,  
whose beloved Son  
was this day presented in the Temple,  
in substance of our flesh:  
grant that we may be presented to you,  
with pure and clean hearts  
by your Son Jesus Christ our Lord  
who is alive and reigns with you  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God now and forever.  
*Collect for Candlemas*



### Prayer focus

Re Lent



### Verse of the Month

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, he has sent me to bring good news to the oppressed, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and release to the prisoners. *Isaiah 61 v1*



### 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:

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February, 2018

Notices

Dear Friends,

### Wanting v willing

It's early morning, well before dawn. I went to bed early and now, well early, I'm lying in bed, thinking of the day ahead, of all that needs to be done. Ideas for next sermon to write are presenting themselves and I think that now is the time to get up and get going.

But still I lie here, snug in my nice bed. Shall I turn over and slip back to sleep or throw off the duvet, get up and go and make a cup of tea? My love of the Protestant work ethic tells me I ought to get up; my delight in being still and warm and comfortable tells me not to! What did I do?

Well, Lent begins on Ash Wednesday which, this year, falls on 14<sup>th</sup> February – normally St Valentine's Day, a day we remember those we love! Lent is a time of spiritual reflection: a time to take stock, to love ourselves by looking at ourselves critically and to see where we are, how we are and how we might be better. It is a chance for a spiritual MOT, a religious medical, to check if we're in good condition. It's a chance to make new resolutions, perhaps undertake spiritual exercises like finding more time to read our Bible, to spend more time in prayer and contemplation, being there for other folk as and when they need us – and perhaps attending our Lenten Bible studies on a Thursday morning at 11.00 after Holy Communion, then staying on for the bring and share lunch.

Well, whatever you do this Lent, will you be well enough to get up and get going, not only wanting to but having the determination to be willing to do so? Good luck!

*Father Gareth*

- **Our Advent Appeal** in aid of the Bishop's Advent Appeal for homeless refugees and asylum seekers in Rome at the Joel Nafuma Refugee Centre raised £100.
- **Our Lent Appeal** to be in aid of church funds: log on as we did last year with the added encouragement of donating that which you save through abstinence being given to our church.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the March edition of St Bart's is **midday on Thursday 22<sup>nd</sup> February**.
- **Church Finances for December**  
Income: 5,817€ Expenditure: 5,591€



### Readings in church

#### **February 4<sup>th</sup>**

Proverbs 8 v1, 22 – 31  
Colossians 1 v15 – 20

#### **2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday before Lent**

Psalm 104 v26 – 31  
John 1 v1 – 14

#### **February 11<sup>th</sup>**

2 Kings 2 v1 – 12  
2 Corinthians 4 v3 – 6

#### **Sunday next before Lent**

Psalm 50 v1 – 6  
Mark 9 v14 – 29

#### **February 18<sup>th</sup>**

Genesis 9 v8 – 17  
1 Peter 3 v18 – end

#### **1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of Lent**

Psalm 25 v1 – 9  
Mark 1 v9 – 15

#### **February 25<sup>th</sup>**

Genesis 17 v1 – 7, 15, 16  
Romans 4 v13 – end

#### **2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday of Lent**

Psalm 22 v23 - end  
Mark 8 v31 – 38

St Bartholomew's Church, Dinard  
Lent Bible Course – 2018  
All things are possible  
USPG

*Every Thursday in March at 11.00 following Holy Communion at 10.30 and followed by a bring-and-share lunch at 12.00*

Session 1 1 <sup>st</sup> March, 2018 Text	Prosperity 2 Kings 4 v1 – 7
Session 2 8 <sup>th</sup> March, 2018 Text	People Matthew 16 v13 – 19; John 18 v25 – 27; John 21 v15 – 17
Session 3 15 <sup>th</sup> March, 2018 Text	Planet Genesis 1 v27 – 31
Session 4 22 <sup>nd</sup> March, 2018 Text	Peace John 14 v25 – 28
Session 5 29 <sup>th</sup> March, 2018 Text	Partnership Philippians 2 v4 – 11

*Father Peter  
January 2018*

Notes from the Council  
January 25<sup>th</sup>

January, the feast of the Conversion of St Paul, and the first of our Council meetings this year; the penultimate of the present Council.

After receiving several apologies for absence, matters arising, then onto the business of the meeting.

Essentially, the usual areas were discussed: fabric, finance, fund-raising, the organ and organist, concerts, garden, library, church flat and safeguarding.

This year - my twelfth in post - the possibility of a sabbatical for me: a retreat in the convent at St Jacut in February and the chance of the whole of October on leave, mainly to England with the possibility of a few days in Florence and my absence to be covered by Father Peter.

The way to celebrate of our 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our foundation was explored: a distinguished guest speaker at an anniversary Eucharist to be arranged followed by a buffet lunch in the church garden; a church lunch at St Briac; an exhibition in church.

I took part in well attended services during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity held at the Temple Protestant in St Servan on 18<sup>th</sup> January and Notre Dame church here in Dinard on 24<sup>th</sup> January.

As ever, our meeting began and ended with prayer.

*Father Gareth*



### People's Republic 3/8: Underground checkpoint

TEN minutes' walk in a chilly Berlin autumn brought us to where the Ku-Damm reaches the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, left the way it had been in 1945 as a warning to future generations. You can turn right and explore the KaDeWe department store – Berlin's answer to Harrod's – or you can go largely straight on and start exploring the Tiergarten (zoo) Park.

Tiergarten Park, even on an October afternoon, is a pleasant place to be, largely flat, with trees by the hundred, and, in that season, not much of the grass to be seen under all the fallen leaves. It is also pretty large – something like twenty minutes' walk until you come out near the Reichstag and the Brandenburg Gate.

Mostly what we saw was the rumps of the horses forming the Quadriga, a short section of the columns holding the thing up . . . and The Wall. And, sure enough, it's true what everyone says it looks like: a rather shoddy piece of insubstantial concrete with a sort of concrete tube on top with the top of the wall slotted into it, and, above that, an ugly tangle of razor wire.

Light was fading, along with the warmth of the day. We turned back, seeking our way through Tiergarten Park towards the Ku-Damm but missing the track we'd arrived by and instead picking our way through the woodland quiet. In fact, after we'd been walking ten minutes or so, the light really *was* going quickly, and I was anxious not to get lost in a forest inside a city with a five-year-old. Actually, all we had to do was to head towards the lights we could see in the distance and wait for the noise to get louder.

Then we stumbled on it. 'It' must perhaps have been the remains of some sort of bunker or air raid shelter. In the gloaming we couldn't

### Quotation of the month

America is so advanced that even the chairs are electric.

*Doug Hamwell*



### Quickies - 2/6

*Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:*

What breaks when you say it ?  
Silence



### From the lectern 1/11

*A second series of from Bill Hughes, told at the end of the notices.*

Once, as a mark of respect at a funeral, it was a custom to put money in the deceased's coffin. A man died who was very popular and there was much given by his friends and neighbours. Then his son took the money, counted and bagged it, then wrote a cheque for twice the amount and placed it in his dad's pocket.



### Married bliss 2/6

*Conjugal humour from Val and Geoff Carter !*

A bookseller conducting a market survey asked a woman which book had helped her most in your life. With a smile she replied, "My husband's cheque book !"



Christianity, Islam or Sikhism, to name just six of the great World Faiths, provides a sense of who we are and what we are and the rules and structures by which to live our lives. Essentially, by respecting Otherness, we are respecting humanity and community. Necessarily, in societies, there will be issues of poverty, deprivation and mental illness but, with a good heart informed by compassion, we can be there to help each other in times of need.

So though religion may be a handy label to describe a particular form of terrorism, perhaps the truth may well be that terrorism is rooted in a profound sense of personal alienation and dislocation cloaked under the name of a religion.

So, what do you think ?

*Gareth Randall*

### Wise Words

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

Studying history helps you to avoid past mistakes, but can't stop you making new ones.

*A J P Taylor*

Treat all disasters as if they were trivialities but never treat a triviality as if it were a disaster.

*Quentin Crisp*

Old age is the most unexpected thing that can happen to a man.

*Trotsky*

quite be sure what it once had been, but we could see enough to read the graffiti:

*Der Tod wartet hier.* Death awaits you here.

That was quite spooky enough to spur our steps towards a large glug of good German draught ale on the Ku-Damm. (Actually, Berlin is not renowned for its beers. You can find much tastier brews in the Brandenburg region that surrounds the city – particularly, as I was to discover later, the East German sort.)

We took a bus tour of East Berlin. We gazed in awe at the Bust of Nefertiti in (I believe) the Pergamon Museum. We pretended to be impressed by the Soviet War Memorial in Treptow Park, and were happy to believe the legend about the Soviet soldier statue at the Brandenburg gate (the reason his arm slopes down in an apparent gesture of peace is really that he can't raise it any higher because of the number of stolen watches he's toting). We returned to West Berlin via Checkpoint Charlie including the bit where they run the mirror under the vehicle, also a long wait in which we got into a friendly chat, in English, with the suited business type in the seat behind, who turned out to be Argentine. Good job that Falklands contretemps was over.

After that, we decided we'd have a go at looking at East Berlin on our own.

Checkpoint Charlie is the surface crossing point for non-German nationals. It's obligatory if you're driving, but if you're on foot you can use the U-Bahn (underground railway) at a station called Friedrichsstrasse, where anyone and everyone can cross into the East (and, with luck, back again).

Friedrichsstrasse station is actually on Kochstrasse and within sight of Checkpoint Charlie. Below ground, we found people queuing in the

dim light of the concrete ramp for one of half a dozen or so immigration cabins, sealed off from the ramp until opened specially for one family group at a time. A handful of people were lined up at the sole cabin for non-German westerners. The line for returning East Berliners was longer. The other cabins – apparently meant for West Germans entering the East – weren't doing much business.

Our turn came and Liz went first; then Christine, five; then me. We filed, singly, into the sinister darkness.

*David Boggis*



### **Visitors' Book 3/13**

*What folk think of St Bart's*

'Beautiful church. Will come again.' 30<sup>th</sup> December 2014

'Quelle plénitude. Merci.' 22<sup>nd</sup> January 2015



### **Random Thoughts 2/11**

*Sent to us by Peter Campbell*

If you rip a hole in a net, there are actually fewer holes in it than there were before.



## **Questions 'Why a terrorist?'**

The day after I watched the film, 'The Reluctant Terrorist', I read an article by Hattie Williams in the Church Times of 1<sup>st</sup> December on a report by the Oasis Foundation - 'Enough is Enough: Addressing the root causes of radicalisation'.

Like me, I guess you will have had little first-hand experience of terrorism: coverage in the media obviously; increased security at ports and airports; armed police and soldiers present in high profile, public places and at public events like the British Film Festival here in Dinard.

Like me, I guess you will want to know why ordinary people you might meet in the street become terrorists. And it is this question that the report addresses: why do people become radicalised, wanting, for example, to leave where they're living and go off and join the fight in Syria by taking up arms or by becoming a Jihadist bride.

And, interestingly, the report finds that religion itself plays only a peripheral part in the radicalisation: the thought that they are right and everyone else is wrong and that it is their God-given right to kill people at random whom they believe do not share the views that now inform them - that they have the right to kill wherever whenever whoever.

Instead, the report highlights what it describes as 'push-factors' which are not a matter of religious belief:

- 'Lack of identity, belonging and purpose;'
- 'Deprivation and economic marginalisation;'
- 'Mental-health issues;'
- 'Community and family breakdown.'

Religious belief, be it in the form of Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism,

**Film Review of the Month**  
**‘The Reluctant Fundamentalist’ – Mira Nair 2012**

A DVD on a shelf of my bookcase of DVDs, filed in strict alphabetical order, ‘The Reluctant Fundamentalist’ had been bought some time ago but lay there unwatched, slowly dust-gathering, till one afternoon ironing, I dug it out and watched it.

I was surprised: surprised not by its subject matter – Islamic Fundamentalism – but surprised by how much sympathy the film generated for its principal character, Changez Khan (Riz Ahmed), whose story is the focus of the film.

A Pakistani Muslim, Changez Khan studies at Princeton from the age of 18 and, on graduation, joins Underwood Samson as a financial analyst where, mentored by his boss, Jim Cross (Keiffer Sutherland), who takes a shine to him, he is made an Associate of the company at an incredibly young age.

The film shows how much he enjoys life in America and finds personal fulfilment in his relationship with Erica (Kate Hudson), the niece of the company’s owner.

But 9/11 changes all that and the prejudice and Islamophobia increasingly alienates him and leads to his return to Pakistan, where he takes up an academic career and becomes a charismatic and inspirational teacher. Drawn reluctantly into terrorist circles, he is on the edge of a kidnapping of an American academic doubling as a CIA agent.

‘The Reluctant Fundamentalist’ explores not unsympathetically how views can be polarised. Thought-provoking, challenging and well worth the watching if you get the chance.

*Gareth Randall*

**Recipes from my nephew (2)**  
*A new series of recipes of the month*  
*to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony*

**Kadai Curry**  
**Serves 2- 4**

I first cooked this outside over an Indian fire pit. A “Kadai” being an Indian cooking pot similar to a Wok or Balti. It has a round bottom, so is suspended on a tripod and chains over the coals. This recipe works equally well indoors cooked in a Wok or heavy pan that you can cover. Being a curry with a sauce (or gravy as an Indian chef would say), it works best with chicken thighs rather than breast. The thigh meat retains its moistness during the long cook whereas breast can toughen.

***Serving Suggestions:***

Serve with the usual Indian accompaniments, e.g. basmati rice, onion bhaji, poppadum, lime pickle, mango chutney, to name but a few. It is suitable for freezing.

***Ingredients:***

- ✓ 500-600g of boneless skinless chicken thighs – chopped into chunks
- ✓ 2-3 large onions (red or brown) around 500g.
- ✓ 250 - 300g tomatoes roughly chopped, any type as long as they are sweet (overripe is fine)
- ✓ 2 bell pepper any colour ~ 250g roughly chopped
- ✓ 1 TBSP ginger paste (15ml with a metric measuring spoon).
- ✓ 1 TBSP garlic paste (15ml with a metric measuring spoon).
- ✓ *Chilli flakes (to taste)*
- ✓ Cumin (ground)
- ✓ Turmeric

- ✓ Coriander seeds
- ✓ Salt
- ✓ Garlic salt
- ✓ *Garam masala (to taste)*
- ✓ Vegetable oil

**Method:**

NB The quantities of chilli flakes and garam masala can be adjusted to control the heat. The amounts I mention give a medium heat.

- Finely chop 250g of onion (I usually use red onion for this step)
- Heat wok or heavy pan with ~ 1tbs (15-20ml) vegetable oil, when hot add the onion.
- Add 1 tsp (5ml) each of chilli flakes, ground cumin and turmeric and about 1/2 tsp of salt
- Stir fry for around 4-5 minutes on a medium heat until the onion softens
- Add 1 tbs (15ml) each of ginger paste and garlic and fry for around 5 minutes
- Add the chopped chicken and continue to stir fry until sealed, once sealed turn the heat to low and cover, cook on for around 10 minutes.
- Add 1 tsp of coriander seeds and 1/2 tsp of garlic salt and cover and cook for a further 5 minutes
- Add tomatoes and bell peppers cover and cook on a low heat for 15-20 minutes
- While this is cooking, roughly chop the remaining onion (~250g). I usually use brown onion for this step
- After the tomatoes and peppers have cooked, remove the lid and continue to cook uncovered for around 5 minutes to thicken the gravy, or skip this if thickened already (it depends on the tomatoes)

L'agriculteur s'agenouilla à côté du petit garçon et lui dit : « Mon fils, tu ne veux pas ce chiot. Il ne sera jamais capable de courir et de jouer avec toi comme ces autres chiens. »

Le petit garçon recula de la clôture, se baissa et commença à rouler une jambe de son pantalon. Ce faisant, il révéla une attelle en acier des deux côtés de la jambe, fixée sur une chaussure spécialement conçue. En regardant l'agriculteur, il dit: «Vous voyez, monsieur, je ne cours pas très bien moi-même non plus et il aura besoin de quelqu'un qui le comprend.» Des larmes dans les yeux, l'agriculteur se baissa et ramassa le petit chiot. Le tenant délicatement, il le tendit au petit garçon.

« Combien ? » demanda le petit garçon.

« Rien, » répondit le paysan. « Il n'y a pas de prix pour l'amour. »

Le monde est plein de gens qui ont besoin de quelqu'un qui les comprenne.



***Bay in winter 2***

Early morning  
on the beach:  
chilly wind,  
cloud-covered,  
outward the tide,  
a single crow-caw,  
a flock of gulls  
in the water's edge,  
food-seeking.



### **Jolie histoire**

*This charming anecdote was forwarded to us by Michael Frankel –  
a good test of your French and sense of compassion.*

Un agriculteur avait des chiots qu'il voulait vendre. Il peint un panneau annonçant les 4 chiots et le cloua à un poteau sur le côté de sa cour. Comme il plantait le dernier clou dans le poteau, il sentit qu'on tirait sur sa salopette. Il regarda vers le bas et rencontra les yeux d'un petit garçon.

« Monsieur, » dit-il, « je veux acheter un de vos chiots. »

« Eh bien, » dit le fermier, en essuyant la sueur à l'arrière de son cou : « Ces chiots viennent de parents très racés et coûtent beaucoup d'argent. »

Le garçon baissa la tête un moment. Ensuite, fouillant profondément dans sa poche, il sortit un peu de monnaie et la tendit à l'agriculteur. « J'ai trente-neuf centimes. Est-ce suffisant pour en acheter un ? »

« Bien sûr, » dit le fermier. Et il siffla, « Ici, Dolly ! » Quittant la niche et descendant la rampe, Dolly courut, suivie par quatre petites boules de fourrure.

Le petit garçon pressa son visage contre le grillage. Ses yeux dansaient de joie. Comme les chiens arrivaient à la clôture, le petit garçon remarqua quelque chose d'autre qui remuait à l'intérieur de la niche. Lentement une autre petite boule apparut, nettement plus petite. En bas de la rampe, elle glissa. Ensuite, de manière un peu maladroite, le petit chiot clopina vers les autres faisant de son mieux pour les rattraper. « Je veux celui-là, » dit le petit garçon, pointant l'avorton.

- Add the roughly chopped onion and continue to cook over low to medium heat for around 10 -15 minutes until the onion is softened
- Turn the heat to low, add the garam masala and stir through for around 5 minutes as you want the flavour to come out without cooking it away.

*Tony Randall*



### **Personal Column**

Our sympathy to Ailsa Albino and her family at the death of her husband, Tony, on 21<sup>st</sup> December in St Malo hospital and whose funeral was in the crematorium at St Pierre de Plesguen on 27<sup>th</sup> December.



### ***Off out early***

Sunday morning:  
off to get bread,  
out in the dark  
before dawn  
along streets  
deserted, quiet  
save for the sound  
of unseen gulls.



## Awww

“*Awww...*” cooed one of the Super-Sensible Ladies I'd asked along for super-sensible advice.

“*Awww...*” cooed the other one. “*Yesss...*”

They were staring at a wooden box on the floor. Their eyes were shining.

“*Awww what?*” I said. “*I can't see anything.*”

“*Yes you can.*” One of them said.

“*You can,*” the other one said. “*Yesss...*”

“*I can see a box.*”

“*Coochie-coochie.*” Number One was bending down now and crooning into a hole in the box. “*Aren't you a coochie-coochie?*” Personally I hadn't got close enough to notice.

“*Are you saying there's actually something in there?*”

“*Shush.*” Number Two was already down on the floor, lining up her mobile phone for a picture or a recording – or maybe an outside broadcast. “*Isn't she just a little coochie-coochie-coo?*”

“*He.*” I'd forgotten about the girl who'd collected us at the office and led us here - to this box.

“*Who is?*” I said, to make my presence felt.

## Odd Words Eclipse

Last year, across America, folk were fortunate enough to view a total eclipse of the sun, the moon moving between the sun and the earth and, by virtue of its position and size, the moon was, for a time, able to block out sight of the sun and give a range of spectacular experiences of light and dark as one got in the way of the other.

The eclipse of the sun can have spiritual, symbolic meaning. According to Matthew, Mark and Luke's account of the crucifixion, there was an eclipse of the sun when Jesus was hanging there dying on the cross.

And then this insight my brother, Les, shared with me: that an act of wrong-doing, malice, malevolence, can block out the experience of the light for those subject to its shadow. Just as the moon is small compared to the sun whose light it denies, so too the sin itself is nothing in size compared to the grace and character of the God we love and who loves us.

So next time you feel cut off from God, our Father, it is worth remembering what is blocking out the light from our lives, identifying the obstacle, and praying to Him in the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, that through the power of his Holy Spirit that which is overshadowing us may be dispelled.

*Gareth Randall*

## Thought for St Valentine's Day from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Aimer, ce n'est pas se regarder l'un l'autre,  
C'est regarder ensemble dans la même direction.

## Congratulations

A St Bart's parishioner has become the first woman to win the renowned Millennium Medal of the UK Medical Research Council (MRC). Professor Janet Darbyshire CBE, President of the Friends of St Bartholomew's, received the award on 24<sup>th</sup> January.

The MRC is a government agency that co-ordinates and funds medical research in the UK.

Janet's award reflects her lifelong commitment to the design, conduct and analysis of clinical trials and observational studies, internationally and in the UK. Those trials decide what medicines they give you and me when we see the doctor.

Janet's work has had a significant impact on global health, transforming our understanding and management of diseases including tuberculosis, HIV-AIDS and cancer. She developed extensive collaborations with the pharmaceutical and biotechnology industries and was instrumental in setting up, with Professor Peter Selby, the National Institute of Health Research's Clinical Research Network in the UK.

With husband Dr Geoff Scott, a fellow parishioner, Janet divides her time between homes in London and Dinard.

The Millennium Medal, first awarded in 2000, is given biannually and has been awarded previously to men working in biotechnology and epidemiology. Janet is the first woman winner. Our hearty congratulations !



“*Shush.*” Friend Number One was lying full length in the sawdust peering into the box. “*Her cute little nose. Awww. All pinky.*”

“*His.*” Behind me.

“*Awww... And so little- little-little...*” Friend Number Two re-set her mobile to zoom.

“*Very,*” I said stiffly. After all...

“*Yes. She is very little. And she is very cute.*” This information from either Sensible Lady – or probably both, speaking from the floor, rather sharply and straight up at me “*Isn't she ?*” Which wasn't a question.

“*He.*” The girl again. Now she was holding up a large carrier-box with a grille in the front. “*He !*” Was she getting slightly impatient, too ?

“*Oh definitely,*” said the First Lady. “*He will.*” She rose to her feet and looked at her watch - and then at me. “*It was love at first sight.*” She sounded like my mother. “*Wasn't it ?*”

And I blushed, as I always did.

“*Oh yes. He definitely will, won't you ?*” said the Second Lady, also my mother. “*She's the one, obviously.*” Brushing her dress and linking my arm she moved us towards the door. “*What's she called by the way ?*”

“*Archie,*” said the girl, raising the grille on her carrier-box. “*And a little devil.*”

...Which is how I chose my cat, more or less.

*David Norris*

**With Elizabeth**

*“My soul magnifies the Lord.”*

*Luke 1 v46*

My cousin, Elizabeth, is pregnant.

Gabriel told me it was so

so I go to see her

and when I get there

and she hears my voice,

the baby in her womb,

awake to our presence,

stirs, moves and kicks her,

overjoyed we are there.

Delighted to see me,

Elizabeth tells me

I am pregnant too.

I stay with her some time,

glad of her company,

glad to share my secret.

The two of us,

overshadowed,

our babies to be

children of God,

sharing His mission.

Before I go home

to tell Joseph ‘our’ news,

I’m inspired, encouraged

and the words of the Magnificat

first come to me:

joyful,  
knowing I’m known;  
humble, blessed,  
knowing He is with me  
in the person of you, my son;  
surprised, amazed,  
knowing the proud and rich  
are going to be challenged  
and salvation made possible  
even for the poor.  
I take you home  
and her son, John,  
is born, circumcised and named.

10 8 17



***Cloudscape***

Sun-lit clouds:  
play of light,  
shadow,  
shade,  
windblown,  
slowly changing  
windows onto God.

