

Diary dates for March and April, 2018

1 st March	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
18 th April -	Archdeaconry Synod
21 st April	St Jacut de la Mer



Prayer of the month

Almighty God
who called your servant, David, to be a faithful and wise steward
of your mysteries for the people of Wales:
in your mercy, grant that,
following the purity of life and zeal for the gospel of Christ,
we may with him receive the crown 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 forever.

Collect for St David's Day



Prayer focus

What positive extra I might I do this Lent.



Verse of the Month

I have called you by your name, you are mine. *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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March, 2018

Notices

Dear Friends,

'The kindness of strangers'

Now, we're well into Lent with Holy Week celebrated at the end of the month and Easter Day itself on the 1st April! In last month's pastoral letter, I suggested that Lent was a time for spiritual reflection, a time to take time to cherish ourselves by looking carefully at ourselves and seeing where we could be better, could do better, could get better.

I seriously do believe that we do need to love ourselves, to cherish and respect ourselves and, with a proper sense of self-worth, comes the idea that we can love others as we love ourselves. Sadly, some of the relatively unkind folk I know aren't that happy in themselves or with themselves. And, if you listen to my sermons, love in action is a repeated theme; love of God through love of our neighbours even as we love ourselves.

Jesus tells the parable of the Good Samaritan to answer an excellent question by a doctor of the law: 'But who is my neighbour?' The parable neatly illustrates the truth that everyone is potentially our neighbour, even the stranger, and that mirrors the teaching to be found in Leviticus 19, where we are urged to love both our neighbour and the stranger, too.

So that is my challenge to me, to you, to us this Lent. In preparing once again for Easter by undertaking a spiritual MOT, how best may we demonstrate true kindness to strangers? And may we also have the grace to accept true kindness offered us.

Good luck!

Father Gareth

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- **Cat owner sought** If you felt able to give a home to a beautiful white cat, please contact Father Gareth who will put you in touch with its owner.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the April edition of St Bart's is *midday on Thursday 29th March*
- **Church Finances for January**
Income: 2,158€ Expenditure: 4,000€



Readings in church

March 4th 3^d Sunday of Lent

Exodus 20 v1 – 17

Psalms 19 v7 - end

1 Corinthians 1 v18 – 25

John 2 v13 - 22

March 11th Mothering Sunday

Exodus 2 v1 – 10

Psalms 127 v1 - 4

Colossians 3 v12 - 17

John 19 v25b – 27

March 18th Passion Sunday

Jeremiah 31 v31 – 34

Psalms 51 v1 - 13

Hebrews 5 v5 – 10

John 12 v20 – 33

March 25th Palm Sunday

Isaiah 50 v4 – 9a

Psalms 31 v9 - 16

Philippians 2 v5 - 11

Mark 15 v1 - 39



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Odd Words Ear-rent

Radio 4 again – new words coined in 2017 – and I hear this curious phrase – ‘ear-rent’.

To listen is one of the ways we can be truly informed. To pay attention, to actually hear what is being said or the music that is being played is one of the ways we can be properly aware of what is going on around us. But perhaps there is too much noise and, at times, we do need to be still, to be silent and to listen in a way that pays attention to our inner voice, our state of wellbeing, the still small voice of hearing God speaking to us.

To listen is one of the ways we can gift people. It is to recognise their worth, that they have something worth saying, worth hearing. Listening is sharing our time and attention with someone else and is one of the ways we can fulfil the second part of Jesus’ summary of what God wants us to do: the instruction to love our neighbours as we love ourselves.

To listen, however, in the sense of ‘ear-rent’ is quite another matter. Essentially, I guess, it is having our ears bent, subjected to having to put up with a torrent of verbiage, an unending flow of words that fail to touch us, weigh us down, lacking in meaning, in force, in relevance for us.

And, of course, the possible ambiguity in the word ‘rent’. Are we having to put up with listening because it’s what we’re paid to do or is a simple rip off?

Gareth Randall

A short history of the post of Churchwarden

In 1994, I was elected to be Churchwarden for St Mary’s Church, Easton Socon, in Cambridgeshire. I always thought that the reason I was elected was because everybody wanted to go home to lunch! The Vicar, John Watson, had pronounced that no one was going home until a new churchwarden was elected. Somehow, I was proposed by the Vicar’s wife who had heard Peter say to me, “You are going to have to volunteer,” and before I knew it, I was elected. It was a very steep learning curve, as I had no idea what was involved apart from carrying a stave/wand in front of the Bishop! Therefore, I wanted to find out more about the origins of the post, so I researched it and was intrigued by what I found out. So here is a short breakdown of what I found.

The office of churchwarden is a very ancient one, going back to at least the fourteenth century, and perhaps even earlier. The history of parishes is often taken from the Churchwarden’s Accounts. The earliest surviving Accounts date back to the early 1400s. In many parishes, there was no Priest - doesn’t that sound familiar? So the powers that be at that time decided that it was necessary to appoint a lay person who would be responsible for running the Parish, caring for the buildings, the finances, and raising a Church rate; also for ‘the maintenance of order and decency in the church and churchyard, particularly during the time of divine service.’

There were two Churchwardens appointed. Later, they would be known as the Bishop’s Warden, identified by the Mitre on the Stave, chosen by the Bishop, and the Vicar’s warden, identified by the crown on the Stave chosen by the Incumbent. These titles no longer exist within the Church as they are now elected by the parishioners. It was also thought necessary that at least one should be to be able to read - perhaps a good thing. They were always people of some standing in

their community, often a powerful farmer or land owner; the post was usually for life and was often hereditary. In fact, in one of the Church Wardens' Accounts in 1600, it was noted that a local man, whose father had been Churchwarden, had refused to take up the post and was summarily excommunicated ! Fortunately for Churchwardens' children, this practice has ended.

Churchwardens sat on the parish councils and before the Elizabethan Poor Law they were parish officials, primarily responsible for raising taxes used to aid and assist the poor and destitute travellers and for the upkeep of the Church. The support of children born out of wedlock was a continual problem. One of the solutions was to force the father, if known, to marry the mother and thereby take away the responsibility for support from the Parish. These weddings became known as 'Knobstick' Weddings which comes from the Churchwarden's staves/wands who had to enforce this ruling.

The post of Churchwarden is a legal one, set by Parliament and Canon law and a Diocesan Lawyer or his representative is at his/her Installation where an oath is taken. In the UK, all the Churchwardens of a diocese are sworn in at one time, rather like a 'Moony Wedding' ! Overseas, it is often carried out by the Incumbent or Archdeacon as the Diocesan legal representative.

The aforementioned staves/wands are a mark of their authority and were once used for poking misbehaving children, wake up parishioners who fell asleep in church, keeping dogs out of the church and rounding up parishioners who preferred to be in the pubs rather than church.

Churchwardens' duties include supporting the chaplain, and informing him of any problems that may have been reported to them. They are responsible for ensuring the finances are handled responsibly and the

Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinnin',
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favourite things.

When the joints ache, when the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad

Ms Andrews received a standing ovation from the crowd that lasted over four minutes and repeated encores.



Random Thoughts 3/11
Sent to us by Peter Campbell

Many animals probably need glasses, but nobody knows it.



Married bliss 3/6

Conjugal humour from Val and Geoff Carter !

A husband-to-be asked an assistant in a book store if she had a copy of the book entitled 'Husband – master of house and home' and was told that fiction and comics were on the 1st floor.



Getting old – Julie Andrews

This gem was sent to us by Patricia

To commemorate her 79th birthday, actress/vocalist, Julie Andrews made a special appearance at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for a benefit. One of the musical numbers she performed was 'My Favourite Things' from the legendary movie 'Sound Of Music'.

Here are the lyrics she used: (Sing It !) - If you sing it, it is especially hysterical !

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favourite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favourite things.

When the pipes leak, when the bones creak,
When the knees go bad,
I simply remember my favourite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,
These are a few of my favourite things.

church is properly run according to Canon Law. They can also be called upon to read services of the word, matins or evensong, if there are no clergy or licensed lay ministers available.

In the UK (not in Europe), there is a 'visitation' by the archdeacon when all the Church artefacts and buildings are checked. He will ask if there are any problems and they can confidentially tell him of any concerns that they may have.

Today, many of the Churchwardens' decision-making powers are shared by the Church Council. But they are still the Parishes' legal representatives and have a right to be listened to. Although today the Church Council is free to choose whoever they wish to represent them at the appointment of a new incumbent, it is still usual for the Church Wardens to perform this task.

During an interregnum, or the absence of an Incumbent for some other reason, the Churchwardens are responsible for running the church and chairing the Church Council meetings. In Eaton Socon, we used to take it turns to be Vice Chairman and, on three occasions, I had to fill in for the Incumbent. This was because of illness, one sabbatical and an Interregnum.

I would like to say that I found that being a Churchwarden was very hard work, but very satisfying, knowing that you are helping to ensure that the parish is well run and that the church survives for the next generation. Having seen the situation from both sides, Churchwarden and clergy wife, I can say that a good relationship between Churchwardens and Priest is a precious thing.

Finally, it is a very responsible post and not an easy one, so please be kind to your Church Wardens and support them when you can.

People's Republic 4/8: Volkspolizei

EAST Berlin immigration might, put generously, have been the size of two public toilet cubicles placed end to end, with a bloke at a desk on the left behind a sheet of glass that would probably have stopped an anti-tank round. With no overhead lighting, it was dark and threatening. The only light was over the official's desk, a spotlight that helped only to show him the face of the would-be immigrant for comparison with the passport. It was single file only, and the officer took his time verifying each one of us in turn. You wouldn't want to let a subversive five-year-old into the people's republic, now, would you?

We were back out and into East Berlin a second or so before my claustrophobia developed into a panic attack. Under the shelter of the station ceiling, outlined against the sun, stood half a dozen desks, each staffed by a pretty, bored young woman in dark blue uniform. That's to say: yes, they were pretty; but, boy were they bored. They had a very simple job: taking 25 West Marks off every incoming westerner in exchange for 25 East Marks. Luckily, this time Christine didn't count, so it only cost us DM 50 between the three of us.

A realistic exchange rate would have been between seven and eight East Marks per DM, but the trick was to get all the hard currency they could lay hands on. Witness the transit road.

On the streets, no one spoke to us. No one so much as made eye contact that might have prompted an approach from us. Jumping forward: by contrast, after the Wall was down and we got lost in pre-reunification East Berlin, local people were falling over themselves to help us. Back in 1982, we never thought of the Stasi.

Children's clothes proved extremely cheap, so Liz bought some. When she could, that is. Half the time, the things in the shop windows

Questions 'Point of view?'

Early on a Sunday evening, my regular, weekly telephone conversation with my brother, Les.

He shares an interesting insight with me. How we view things may depend on where we view them from. To illustrate the point he's making, he invites me to imagine a car being driven down the street in front of the church flat, down towards the sea. If I were standing at the entrance of Résidence Victor Hugo, then the car wheels would seem to be moving clockwise. If I were standing on the other side of the road, they would appear to be moving anti-clockwise. The wheels are necessarily moving in the same direction but where I see them from determines how I make sense of what I see.

That said, that understood, immediately gives you an idea why the world we live in today is so divided about what is seen to be right, correct and proper.

As Christians, surely the word of God and the established tradition of the Church determines what we consider to be right and wrong? But if we are good Catholics or good Anglicans, then how and what we interpret that to be may be quite different from the views held by those adhering to different strands of Protestant beliefs.

So what constitutes that which is 'right' may be a case of where we view that right from. Perhaps, to best understand Martin Luther, is to appreciate, as far as we can, who he was and when and where he came from.

What do you think?

Film Review of the Month
‘Manchester by the Sea’ – Kenneth Lonergan 2016

Another film I missed seeing here at Dinard so thank goodness for DVDs. Being English, the title first caught my attention, given that I know that Manchester is nowhere near the sea, even if that city enjoys the benefits of being connected to the coast by a ship canal!

Set largely on the East Coast of America, ‘Manchester by the Sea’ is an uncomfortable film, a psychological drama. Herein, we discover why Lee Chandler (Casey Affleck) is such an unhappy soul: what it was that made him the man we see who has moved away from his home town where he was rooted and how what happens as the film unfolds helps him to emerge, to some extent, from the person he’s become.

One of the challenges in following the storyline is in the flashbacks that give invaluable insight into the past which has such a significant effect on the present. And the final scene allows you to conjecture what the future might turn out to be.

Essentially, Lee Chandler is working as an odd-job man in Boston when he is called back to Manchester by the Sea by his brother’s expected, untimely, early death through cancer. The challenge is being called on by his brother’s last will and testament to be his nephew’s guardian till he comes of age (his mother, an alcoholic, having run off and left them). Sixteen-year-old Patrick Chandler (Lucas Hedges) is also not without problems: the tensions of adolescence and accepting his father’s death.

Essentially, given Lee’s gloomy, sad take on life, why would you want to watch it? Because it helps us to see and to appreciate something of the trauma life may generate and the possibility of redemption therefrom.

Gareth Randall

weren’t actually in stock, and, no, the assistants weren’t allowed to take things out of the shop windows. Chalk up a part success.

We wound up in Alexanderplatz, the showcase of East Berlin where the television tower soars high and the workers’ canteens were offering a nourishing lunch for about one Mark fifty. We still had most of our 50 East Marks left and we knew that if we failed to spend them we would have to hand them back to the pretty bored girls on leaving.

So we found our way to the most expensive place to eat in East Berlin – the state theatre – and, after sundry adventures and confrontations (after Christine, who was at school there, I was the one with the most fluent German) sat down to a plate of *Mastente*. ‘*Ente*’ is ‘duck’ (it’s also the pet name in Germany for the Citroën 2CV). ‘*Mast*’ means it’s been reared on beech or oak mast, making it tastier than normal.

Then, having spent *nearly* all our East Marks, we wandered back to Friedrichsstrasse U-Bahn. Surrendering a sum of about two Marks thirty-seven caused nothing like the grief it would have done had we handed back forty-odd. Passing through the cabin to get back into West Berlin was nothing like as scary as the entry into the East had been.

Then, in the bowels of Friedrichsstrasse station, I got us lost.

The lighting, anywhere in the station, wasn’t as bright as it might have been. Somehow, more people seemed to be around than before, and somehow I missed the direction signs for the U-Bahn line we wanted in the West. Blundering about one platform after another, I was still looking for direction signs when suddenly our way was blocked. By two men in peaked caps and green greatcoats with Kalashnikov 47s slung on their shoulders.

One was large. The other was *very* large. And we all knew who they were. Volkspolizei, the East German people's police. Commonly known as Vopo.

David Boggis



Visitors' Book 4/13

What folk think of St Bart's

'Merci pour cette église, plaisante, accueillante, messe ouverte.'
23rd September 2015

'Enchantée pour la découverte de ce lieu chargé de spiritualité et accueillant.'
13th October 2015



Quotation of the month

I have kleptomania, but when it gets bad, I take something for it.
Robert Benchley



Thoughts on ageing 2/6

*Ron Kirk, forwarded these pearls of wisdom –
well worth reflecting on*

Aspire to inspire before you expire.



« Oui, nous travaillons au résultat et avec des objectifs. Durant ces derniers 25 ans, chaque fois que tu prêchais, les paroissiens s'endormaient. Lui, chaque fois qu'il conduisait, tout le monde priait! »



Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

It is one of the blessings of old friends that one can afford to be stupid with them

Ralph Waldo Emerson

We have just enough religion to make us hate but not enough to make us love each other.

Jonathan Swift

Preserving health by too severe a rule is a worrisome malady.

François de La Rochefoucauld



Quickies - 3/6

Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:

If anything is worth doing,
it will have been done already



Michel est mort

*Another anecdote was forwarded to us by Michael Frankel –
another good test of your French and sense of compassion.*

Dans un village, deux hommes s'appelaient Michel. L'un était prêtre et l'autre chauffeur de taxi. Le destin voulut que tous deux meurent le même jour.

Ils arrivent au ciel et se présentent devant le Seigneur. Michel, le chauffeur de taxi, passe en premier. St Pierre consulte ses registres et lui dit : « Très bien, mon fils, tu as gagné le Paradis. Tu as droit à une tunique en fils d'or et un bâton en platine. Tu peux y aller. »

Quand passe l'autre Michel, St Pierre lui dit : « Bien, tu as mérité le Paradis. Tu as droit à une tunique de lin et à un bâton en chêne. »

Le prêtre est surpris : « Pardon, Monseigneur, mais il doit y avoir une erreur. Je suis bien Michel, le prêtre ! »

« Oui mon fils, tu as mérité le Paradis avec cette tunique de lin. »

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« Non ! Ce n'est pas possible ! Je connais l'autre Michel, il vivait dans mon village. C'était une catastrophe comme chauffeur de taxi ! Il avait des accrochages tous les jours, il roulait comme un dingue et conduisait très mal. Et moi j'ai passé 50 ans de ma vie à prêcher tous les dimanches à la paroisse. Comment est-il possible qu'on lui donne la tunique en fils d'or et à moi celle-ci ? »

Et St Pierre lui répond : « Non, mon fils, il n'y a aucune erreur. Nous faisons maintenant des évaluations et des bilans... »

« Comment ?... Je ne comprends pas. »

Recipes from my nephew (3)

*A new series of recipes of the month
to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony*

Sea Bass with mushroom and wine sauce and Tapas Style Fried Potatoes Serves 2

This is another recipe where you can find many variants. For my taste, this works best with Sea Bass fillets with the skin left on. For this, you really do need a good, non-stick frying pan or you can end up leaving the crispy skin behind in the pan. As for the potato, I have tried many different ways of getting a crispy outer and fluffy inner with various levels of success and failure. For this recipe, I use the magic ingredient used to make mushy peas ~ Bicarbonate of soda. This works really well but is sensitive to timing so do please take heed.

Ingredients:

- ✓ 2 fillets of sea bass, skin on
- ✓ Maris piper or other floury potato ~ 500g (enough for 2 according to appetite)
- ✓ Vegetable oil for frying
- ✓ 2 tablespoons olive oil
- ✓ 1 tablespoon of butter
- ✓ 1 large onion
- ✓ 75ml Marsala or white wine
- ✓ 250g. fresh mushrooms (mixed is good but any is fine)
- ✓ 125ml of chicken stock
- ✓ 2 tablespoons canola (rapeseed) oil or vegetable oil if not available
- ✓ Salt and Pepper to taste
- ✓ 1 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda

Method:

POTATO

Prepare at least 1 hour ahead of the fish.

You can fry at the same time as the fish or before if space/hands limit you.

- Peel and cube your chosen potatoes into small chunks ~ 1.5 – 2 cm. Rinse well and place in plenty of salted boiling water. DO USE A LARGE PAN, so no more than ½ full.
- Gently boil for around 4 minutes. Whilst this is being done get your strainer and a wooden spoon ready.
- After the 4 minutes, add the bicarbonate of soda. Be aware it will froth vigorously. With the wooden spoon, run it through the froth to stop it overtopping the pan and only let cook for 1 minute. Immediately drain the potatoes and allow to cool for at least an hour, cover when they stop steaming with a cloth if preferred.
- Add around 50 -75cm of oil to a frying pan (but a wok works best as it is steep sided). Heat to around 180°, slide in the potato (in batches if necessary). Gently stir from time to time, when they are a light to medium gold colour, they should be ready. Crispy on the outside and floury in the middle.
- Drain on kitchen paper and keep warm whilst preparing the fish.

FISH

- Preheat oven to 230° (210° if it is a fan oven).
- Whilst the oven heats, finely chop the onion and slice the mushrooms.
- Heat the olive oil in your pan over medium high heat and sauté the chopped onion until it's translucent. Remove the pan from the heat and deglaze the pan with the wine (re-incorporate the brown bits). A dry white wine is fine if you do not have Marsala but do not use a wine you would not drink !

Nous Te prions avec Marie de Cana, notre mère,
Avec Anne et Joachim, Tes grands-parents.
Tous ensemble
Réunis dans la communion des saints,
Nous pouvons ainsi contribuer
A l'avènement de ton règne parmi nous.



Prosaic

*You have to be good to spot the mistake.
First time I read this, my brain automatically corrected the misprint !*

From the UK online news source *The Independent*: “Billionaire philanthropist George Soros, speaking at the recent economic summit at Davos, heaped prose on those who risk their lives to fight back against “would-be dictators” in Kenya, Zimbabwe and the Democratic Republic of Congo.”

David Boggis



Be vigilant

Sad-to-say, our collection of talking books have been removed from the boxes housing them in our Library. This valuable collection has disappeared and I would be grateful if whenever you are in and around the Church Library, you could be aware of anyone acting suspiciously.

*David Norris
Honorary Librarian*



Nous te confions nos petits-enfants

*An extract from 'Prière des Grands-parents et des aînés pour les jeunes',
this beautiful poem, was given to me by Marie-Thérèse Bailly originally
from the Cloître Saint Jean and published in 'Prier'*

Seigneur,

Nous venons Te confier nos petits-enfants.
Ils sont la promesse de demain.
Donne-nous de poursuivre auprès d'eux
La mission que Tu nous as confiée.

Donne-nous un cœur plein de tendresse
Pour les accueillir, les écouter, les comprendre,
Dialoguer avec eux.
Garde-nous attentifs à ce qu'ils vivent.
Donne à chacun de nous Ton Esprit Saint :
Qu'il nous inonde de Ton amour,
De Ta sagesse et de Ta force.
Pour eux, nous T'offrons nos peines,
Nos pauvres santés,
Toutes les limites,
Que s'imposent progressivement à nous.
Nous savons que de chacune de nos épreuves
Tu peux faire une source de grâces pour le monde,
Ce monde qu'ils sont appelés à réaliser.
Nous Te remercions en avance, Seigneur,
De nous accorder tant de grâces,
Toi qui peux nous donner
Bien au-delà de ce que nous espérons.

- When most of the wine is cooked off, add the mushrooms and butter. Turn the heat to medium and cook until the mushrooms are soft.
- Add the chicken stock, a little salt and pepper, and let the sauce cook on until it thickens a little, until the sauce can coat a spoon.
- Place a baking tray in the preheated oven.
- In a non-stick frying pan, heat the canola or vegetable oil until hot, but not smoking. A cube of bread is a good test, if it sizzles immediately, you are about right. Season the fillets with salt and pepper and add to the hot pan skin side down. After about a minute, slide a fish slice underneath to ensure they have not stuck and continue to cook for a total of ~5 minutes. Turn and cook for a further 2 minutes and transfer to the heated baking tray for a further 3 minutes.

Tony Randall



From the lectern - 2/11

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

Crossing the Atlantic, a plane was having engine trouble so the pilot asked a priest on board to do something religious - so the priest took a collection.



In an inn
Joseph took Mary as his wife.
Matthew 1 v24

There's no room in the inn for us
but Joseph made room in his heart for us
because Gabriel appeared in a dream to him
and told him of God's will for me
and what he still should do for us.
And a good man, who loves me,
who loves the God we worship,
he's prepared to play his part
that God intends for him.
So Joseph accepts me,
accepts you as our son
and he marries me
and takes me, pregnant,
to Bethlehem for the census.
No room in the inn
so in the stable,
at ease, I give birth
and wrap you in linen
and lay you in a manger for a crib.
And then, strange visitors at dawn,
shepherds from outside the town
come to see us, overjoyed,
telling of an angel
bidding them to come
and see you for themselves,
you who've just been born:
the Son of God; Messiah;
God's anointed one;
Our Saviour and our King.

And a shepherd boy
leaves a lamb for us, for you,
a little lamb for the Lamb of God,
you, our son, my son.



The Annunciation

When Gabriel appears to Mary
to tell her of God's plan for her,
he names her boy-to-be Jesus
to tell us of God's plan for Man.



Sunrise over Pleurtuit

A freezing-cold dawn;
mist above the tree-line;
the sun, rising to my left,
a perfect, orange disc,
blessing those awake
with eyes to see
this gift of God.



Personal Column

Our sympathy to Stephen Wolfgang and his family on the death on 15th February of his wife, Antonia, aged 95, and whose funeral was at St Malo Crematorium on 20th February.