

### Diary dates for April and May, 2018

1 <sup>st</sup> April	11.00 Easter Day
8 <sup>th</sup> April	14.30 Amici Cantate Concert in aid of church funds
15 <sup>th</sup> April	12.00 Church AGM
18 <sup>th</sup> April -	Archdeaconry Synod
21 <sup>st</sup> April	St Jacut de la Mer
29 <sup>th</sup> April	12.00 Post Easter Church Lunch
3 <sup>rd</sup> May	10.30 Council Meeting
10 <sup>th</sup> May	10.00 Ascension Day
20 <sup>th</sup> May	11.00 Pentecost

### Prayer of the month

Lord of all life and power,  
who through the mighty resurrection of your Son  
overcame the old order of sin and death  
to make all things new in him:  
grant that we, being dead to sin  
and alive to you in Jesus Christ,  
may reign with him in glory.  
To whom with you and the Holy Spirit  
be praise and honour, glory and might  
now and in all eternity.

*Collect for Easter Day*

### Prayer focus

Life renewed

### Verse of the Month

Out of the believer's heart shall flow rivers of living water.

*John 7 v38*



### 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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April, 2018

Dear Friends,

**‘Ears to hear’**

Swimming is good for you unless you get an ear infection, then you could well be up-to-scratch in a very different sense of the phrase !

Easter is about good news – the gospel promise fulfilled. Jesus Christ has died for us on the cross, his blood has been shed for us, the Lamb of God dying for us that we might live. Then, on the third day, his tomb is found to be empty and Jesus appears to his disciples, breaking bread and eating with them.

It is a wonderful tenet of our faith that this life, which is such a wonderful gift to us, does not end with death and the grave but that there is also life after death, the life of the world to come.

So how can we be confident, be sure, be certain of this article of faith ? We have the witnesses we may read about in the gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles – my favourite being Saul on the road to Damascus who hears the voice of Jesus speaking to him.

And my question: why can some hear and respond to the good news while others remain deaf or fail to pay attention to the message that can transform our lives ?

I guess my mum was right when she repeated the words of wisdom that no doubt you know – that there are none so deaf as those who don’t want to hear, none so blind as those who don’t want to see.

Happy Easter.

*Father Gareth*

**Notices**

- **Deadline** for submission of material for the May edition of St Bart’s is *midday on Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> April*
- **Church Finances for February**  
Income: 2,961€ Expenditure: 9,552€



**Readings in church**

***April 1<sup>st</sup>***

Acts 10 v34 – 43  
1 Corinthians 15 v1 – 11

***April 8<sup>th</sup>***

Acts 4 v32 – 35  
1 John 1 v1 – 2 v2

***April 15<sup>th</sup>***

Acts 3 v12 – 19  
1 John 3 v1 – 7

***April 22<sup>nd</sup>***

Acts 4 v5 – 12  
1 John 3 v16 – 24

***April 29<sup>th</sup>***

Acts 8 v26 – 40  
1 John 4 v7 – 21

***Easter Day***

Psalm 118 v14 – 24  
Mark 16 v1 – 8

***Low Sunday***

Psalm 133  
John 20 v19 – end

***3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Easter***

Psalm 4  
Luke 24 v36b – 48

***4<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Easter***

Psalm 23  
John 10 v11 – 18

***5<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Easter***

Psalm 22 v25 – 31  
John 15 v1 – 8

**Quotation of the month**

If God had intended us to fly he would have made it easier to get to the airport

*Jonathan Winters*

## Wise Words

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

Three things in life are important. The first is to be kind. The second is to be kind. The third is to be kind.

*Henry James*

Kissing in front of those who have no partner is as rude as eating in front of those who have no food

*Ursula Le Guin*

You can always spot a well informed man – his views are the same as yours.

*Ilka Chase*



## Quickies - 4/6

*Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:*

The things that come to those who wait  
may be the things left by those who got there first.



## From the lectern 3/11

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

Walking down the street, I saw a hearse outside the church and on top of the coffin was a complete set of fishing tackle. I said to one of the mourners that he must have been a keen fisherman. “He still is. Once he’s buried his wife, he’s off down the river.”



## Notes from the Council

March 24<sup>th</sup>

Today, we met for the last time before our AGM to be held after our regular Sunday service on 15<sup>th</sup> April. As ever, our meeting opened in prayer, committing our stewardship of St Bart’s to the well being and growth of our church. After receiving several apologies for absence then matters arising, we moved on to the main business of the meeting.

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

Ron Kirk, who has audited our accounts for the past eight years, was present to answer our questions on the state of our finances. What he had to say was informed by professional insight into the successful management of companies, highlighting the need for sustained income growth and planned management of our outgoings and expenses – food for thought.

The log to raise funds for the church will shortly be in place and be in the entrance to the church up to the end of October to help raise giving. Two concerts are scheduled for April. The first by Amici Cantate will be in aid of church funds and is scheduled for 14.30 on Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> to encourage folks to stay on in Dinard after the Sunday service. The second on 27<sup>th</sup> April will be in the evening and by a visiting choir from Brazil. The following day will see a lunch at church following the Sunday service.

Our meeting ended in prayer shortly before midday.

*Father Gareth*



## Becoming a French citizen: Back to school at 70

It was a creepy feeling. Up the wide steps, surrounded by late-teens and twenties in thick coats and woolly hats – this was November – some of them smoking; then, with a steadying hand to the rail in the middle of the concrete walkway, through the double sets of glass swing doors and into a huge, lofty, rectangular atrium echoing with young people’s voices.

It was like the start of Freshers’ Week all over again. Only this time I was 71-years-old and Liz, my wife, just a bit the junior side of 70. And we were at Brittany South University, Lorient, peering and blundering our way through all the kids, looking for where we had to take the exam. The exam, that is, that, if passed, would form one extra asset in our application to become naturalised French citizens.

I object to Brexit stripping me of my rights as a European citizen. Next best thing was to take French nationality.

Strictly speaking, we didn’t *have* to take this exam. If you’re over 65 you’re exempt, for the naturalisation application. But I wanted to take it, partly for the experience, partly so as to write these words that you’re reading now. (I can’t help the compulsion, I’ve been a journalist for too long.) Liz, bless her, insisted on coming with me.

It took a good quarter of an hour to find the room where the first part of the exam was to be held. Typical university disorganisation. Up one flight of stairs. Up another, then down again because we were in the wrong place. Then finding a cringing clique of similar oldies – younger than us, these were men and women of working age – hanging about in the corridor, waiting for Teacher to unlock the classroom door. And, typically, Teacher took ages to turn up. Two of them, actually, He and She.

This was Part One of the exam: comprehension. Part Two, to follow immediately, was self-expression in French.

The exam room was a standard-size classroom with a blank wall the corridor side and a lot of plate glass opposite. It had desks well spread out (no

## Repeat prescription

Faith is belief  
practised over time,  
patient repetition,  
the heart and mind  
informed by the Word  
expressed in word,  
by act and deed,  
by all we do.



### Married bliss 4/6

*Conjugal humour from Val and Geoff Carter !*

“Even after 60 years, you still call your wife – darling, honey, love. What’s the secret?”

“Actually, I’ve forgotten her name and I’m scared to ask.”



### Visitors’ Book 5/13

*What folk think of St Bart’s*

‘Oasis of peace. Thanks.’

31<sup>st</sup> December 2015

‘Wunderschön’

7<sup>th</sup> January 2016



### Random Thoughts 4/11

*Sent to us by Peter Campbell*

The doctors that told Stephen Hawking he had two years to live in 1953 are probably dead.

## Easter Lunch

There will be an ‘After Easter bring and share lunch’ of finger foods on Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> April. It will be held in the church after the service. The cost will be €12 per person. If you are willing to help out by bringing a dish of food, please see Helen or David Morgan. All proceeds are for church funds. Thank you for your company and for your effort.



## Questions ‘Inflection’ ?

One of the ways in spoken English to ask a question is to raise your voice at the end of a sentence. The inflection or rising tone indicates to the listener that what you are saying is in the form of a question.

Sadly, nowadays, what I learnt half a century+ ago is no longer the general rule. English has been awash with Australian soaps and some in America use the same form of speech by raising the tone at the end of a sentence just to make sure, I guess, that they can be heard.

Ah well, I’m clearly getting older by the minute so it is truly irritating to hear John Humphreys interviewing someone on the ‘Today’ programme who inappropriately makes their statements into questions.

But then, I guess, in a post-truth age where false news, propaganda and actual lies are peddled as facts, perhaps all statements are questionable.

What do you think ?

*Gareth Randall*

cheating – as if!) and numbers on each desk, corresponding to the numbers they gave us as we walked in. There must have been about thirty of us, many with North African looks. The nearest examinee to me was a tubby black African lady in – I guess – her mid 40s. Liz – couples, it seemed, were automatically split up – was right the opposite side of the room from me.

Madame le Professeur explained the routine. We were to hear a recorded voice, usually two people, sometimes just one. Then a further voice would ask a question about what we’d just heard. Our job was to scan the four possible written answers for which one the question had been about, and make a cross in the corresponding square. Listen. Read. Check answer.

Then the fun started.

A push on the Start button, and recorded voices rattled out through the classroom. Several seconds of this, then cut, and a new voice asked The Question. So far, so good – except that the French had been a bit rapid, and not quite as clear as it might have been. I was just deciding where to put my first cross when the second dialogue machine-gunned off.

A hasty cross, then tense attention to what the second dialogue might be about. Question. Blip interval for cross. Next dialogue, and by the time you’ve worked out what the new subject is, you’re past the blip interval and into the *next* dialogue, monologue or whatever it might have been.

This was murder. We got 29 questions, one after the other, in very rapid succession, and at some points I was marking my cross more at random than with any idea of what I’d been listening to a fraction of a second earlier. To me, the worst of it was that you had mere seconds to work out what the new dialogue was even *about*.

Then...over. Haggardly, I caught Liz’s eye across the classroom. She was looking hardly less frazzled. Everyone clambered to their feet and began tottering forward to hand in the pamphlets where we’d made our crosses. I’d blown that section, I was convinced of it; now I was going to have to plead advanced age to get naturalisation. Now we had maybe a twenty-minute interval before the self-expression test – one on one with the examiner.

After the comprehension, self-expression was a doddle. They were taking candidates in alphabetical order of surname; ours was B and there weren't any As, so, to my gratified surprise, I was the first in, with Liz directly after me. I pitied the Ts and Vs.

The examiner was a man in early middle age with a friendly smile who put me instantly at my ease. The self-expression went into three sections. First, introducing myself. Second, role play: I was a householder who'd ordered a cabinet and I had to tell the delivery man (the examiner) where to put it. Third, give my opinion on a subject: luckily, it was a matter on which I had strong views in the first place.

After that: buzz off home and wait up to six weeks for the result.

Lorient – to digress – is a naval town on the Morbihan coast. It is famous for Eric Tabarly, the ocean yachtsman, and for the Nazi-built U-boat pens, still there today because they built them to withstand Allied bombing and it's too expensive in dynamite to remove them. It has the same feel of a naval town that you get in Plymouth or Portsmouth, UK, and about the same level of knife and gun crime.

When the results came in, Liz had walked it. I had *just* scraped a pass. *Phew!!* But that was actually the culmination of the process. It was certainly the most immediately gruelling. But the lead-up hadn't been a bundle of laughs, either.

NEXT: NAVIGATING THE PAPERWORK

*David Boggis*



### **Thoughts on ageing 3/6**

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

Frustration is trying to find your glasses  
without your glasses

## **Film Review of the Month 'Les Choristes' – Christophe Barratier 2004**

The great thing about having someone staying is the chance to watch a DVD from the shelf that I may not have seen for some time. So it was last September when a friend of mine from Owen's School, Dave Tanner, a retired French teacher, was with me in Dinard.

I selected a French film for us or see, 'Les Choristes', set in France in a boarding school for children with difficulties, the year of my birth – 1949 ! And it wasn't difficult to watch with subtitles and a feel-good story, good triumphing in the face of adversity, a good ending, perfect for not being perfect bliss.

A failed musician, Clément Mathieu (Gérard Jugnot), forced to act as a surveillant in 'Le Fond de L'Etang', an unkind school with disaffected kids. The first scene at the school gates is of a desolate, little Pepinot (Maxence Perrin) waiting for his father who is never going to come to visit, having been killed in the War, unbeknown to his son. Rachin, the Head (François Berléand) is smoothly unkind, the teaching very much of the period but Mathieu's heart's in the right place and he tries to reach out to the kids using music and they respond well, especially Pierre Morhange (Jean-Baptiste Maunier) who has real, natural talent. Mathieu falls for Pierre's unmarried mum, Violette (Marie Bunel) but though she is grateful for his kindness and attention, she falls in love for another man, much to his chagrin.

Essentially, the film is a flash-back to one scholastic year with Morhange having made a really success career in music and Pepinot having adopted his former music teacher as his dad. Musically good, dramatically sound, why not give your ear and eye the delight of this trip back in time by watching 'Les Choristes' ? I loved it and so well might you !

*Gareth Randall*

**Odd Words**  
**Fylfot cross**

If I asked you what a fylfot cross is, would you have any idea what I was talking about ?

Well, I confess, neither had I till I read a fascinating article, ‘What a sign signals’, in the ‘Church Times’ of 10<sup>th</sup> November, 2017. Ted Harrison was talking about symbols and how the Nazis had hijacked this particular, ancient symbol for their own ends. As a Christian symbol, a fylfot cross may well have evolved from Anglo-Saxon times and may have originally meant ‘a four footed cross’. In the Middle Ages, the fylfot cross became associated with Christ and the four evangelists and with St Francis of Assisi and the five stigmata or wounds of Christ. Fylfot crosses may be seen in the Lindisfarne gospels, in a version of the Book of Kells and the centre of the traditional cross of St Helena, incorporating a swastika shape, appears on the coat of arms of the city of Colchester.

It is likely that the swastika as a symbol is Indian in origin. Two expressions exist. A right-handed swastika signifies the dharmas – Hindu teaching – and left-handed anti-clockwise version destruction. The swastika may also be found on some images of the Buddha on his chest, palms and the soles of his feet.

Is it not wonderful how a powerful symbol, potential for the good, can be hijacked for evil. Ted Harrison wisely concludes his article saying, ‘What matters most is not the symbol itself, but the way in which we respond to it.’

By their fruits shall ye know them.

*Gareth Randall*

**ALAN TURING**  
**The Dinard Years**  
**1924-1927**  
**Part 1**

On the 25<sup>th</sup> May 2011, the President of the United States, Barak Obama, addressing both Houses of Parliament, signalled out: Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727) who discovered the Law of Gravitation, Charles Darwin (1809-1882) who published ‘Origin of Species’ in 1859 and Alan Turing (1912-1954), who invented the ‘Turing Machine’, the forerunner of the modern computer. It was these three, the President suggested, who had made the greatest contribution to British science. Certainly, for people of my generation, the name of Alan Turing will, however, always be associated with Bletchley Park, where ‘the Prof’, as Turing was known, led the team of Cryptographers who broke the German Enigma Machine Codes, which historians today consider shortened the war by at least two years and saved millions of lives.

I much appreciate it when Jim MacCormack gives me a lift into St. Bartholomew’s on a Sunday morning. However, Jim is one of those people, whom I’ve never understood, who get up early each morning, even when they do not have to ! Consequently, we always arrive in church in good time but, on one occasion, we were present in *very good time* ! So it was then that I wandered into the Church Library and began looking at the portraits with which Dr. David Norris, our Librarian, has enhanced the interior. Studying the montage of faces of famous people associated with Dinard to see how many I recognised, I was able to place quite easily personalities such as Winston Churchill, Agatha Christie and T.E. Lawrence, others less so. Then, it suddenly occurred to me that one face was missing – that of Alan Turing !

This is in no way meant to be a biography of Alan Turing, but to understand his association with our Church, we need to consider, albeit

briefly, his background. His father, Julius Mathison Turing (1873 - 1951) graduated from Cambridge in 1894 and took the Open Examination for entry into the Indian Civil Service. He was placed seventh out of 154 candidates. He was posted to the administration of the Presidency of Madras, which included most of Southern India, and he sailed from England in 1896. It was not until April 1907 that he made his first return visit to the U.K., taking the Pacific route home. Aboard ship he met Ethel Sara Stoney (1881 - 1976) daughter of a wealthy Anglo-Irish family. She also lived in Madras, where her father was Chief Engineer of the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway. The couple were married in Dublin in October 1907 and their first child, John, was born in Coonoor, South India, in 1908.

By contrast, Alan was born in London on the 23<sup>rd</sup> June 1912 at Warrington Lodge Nursing Home in Paddington, which is today the Colonnade Hotel and was baptised, Alan Mathison Turing at St. Saviour's Church, just across the road, on the 7<sup>th</sup> July. Alan was never to see the land which had played such a prominent part in his parents' lives. Because of the heat in Madras, it was decided that both brothers would remain in England and they were placed in the foster care of Colonel and Mrs. Ward, who lived in St. Leonards-on-Sea, with Alan later moving, at his request, to go and live with the Revd. and Mrs. Rollo Meyer at Watton-on-Stone in Hertfordshire. Mrs. Turing returned to the U.K. to visit her sons during the holidays, accompanied by her husband when his duties permitted. During the course of the Great War, because of the danger from German U-Boats, the couple took the precaution of always voyaging separately.

With regards to education, Alan joined his brother, John, as a boarder at Hazelhurst Preparatory School in Kent, an establishment for 36 boys aged nine to thirteen. John left Hazelhurst shortly after his brother's arrival for Marlborough and it was intended that Alan should follow in

- ✓ 15g Fresh Oregano
- ✓ 2 x Bay leaves
- ✓ 15g Fresh Thyme

***Method:***

First step is to make a roux. To do this heat a large deep metal pot, add 30ml of vegetable oil and the butter, stir until melted and foaming. Add the flour and blend in, keep heating and stirring constantly over a low to medium heat to thicken and caramelize into a toasted colour.

Add the garlic, peppers onions and celery, continue heating on a low heat, stirring into the thickened roux and continue until blended, then add the chicken stock. Pour in the stock and season with salt and black pepper to taste. You could use MSG instead but I prefer not to. Add cayenne pepper according to taste and the style of sausage being used. You may want to increase the pepper and decrease the garlic if using Toulouse sausage, for instance. Add the tomatoes and stir, bring up the heat to medium. Add the thyme, oregano and bay leaves and keep stirring. When at a rapid simmer cover and leave for 15 – 20 minutes.

Whilst this is simmering, grill/fry the sausage and then chop into bite size pieces. Remove the lid of the pot, you will notice the colour has developed and the stew has started to thicken. Add the sausage and stir through. Recover the pot and continue to simmer for around 10 to 15 minutes.

Remove the lid and add the prawns and scallops, stir and let simmer for a few minutes until the shrimps and scallops are cooked, this will not take long. Take care not to over-cook as they can turn rubbery.

Traditionally, this is served with plain boiled rice though in my opinion Basmati is better for this than American long grain.

**Recipes from my nephew (4)**  
*A new series of recipes of the month*  
*to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony*

**Gumbo aka Louisiana Fish Stew (serves 2- 3)**

This style of cooking is based on a trinity of core ingredients; celery, bell peppers and onion. You will find these 3 ingredients key in American south/Creole cooking. If you are familiar with Gumbo, you may be expecting Okra, but this recipe is Louisiana style rather than Cajun.

Equipment needed:

A large, deep enamelled or “black” metal pot with close fitting lid

***Ingredients:***

- ✓ 60g Butter
- ✓ 30 ml Vegetable oil
- ✓ 65g Plain flour
- ✓ 500g raw scallops without the roe
- ✓ 500g king prawns raw shelled and de-veined
- ✓ 500g hot/Spicy sausage e.g. Andouille or Toulouse or any similar
- ✓ 1 litre Chicken stock (can use vegetable or fish stock if preferred)
- ✓ 1.2 - 1.5kg tinned Chopped tomatoes ~
- ✓ Celery ~ around 3 stalks, leaves removed and then roughly chopped
- ✓ Green bell pepper 2 medium or 1 very large, roughly chopped
- ✓ Brown onion 2 medium or 1 large roughly chopped
- ✓ Garlic up to 4 cloves finely chopped according to taste and Sausage used
- ✓ Cayenne pepper to taste - please note this is a hot spice so use carefully

his footsteps. However, John was much more perceptive concerning his “strange brother” and wrote home saying, “For God’s sake don’t send him here, it will crush the life out of him.”

Mrs. Turing had a friend called Mrs. Gervis, wife of a science master at Sherborne School, which was now under the Headship of Nowell Charles Smith, the first layman to be appointed Head in 250 years and the School was certainly more suited to someone of Alan’s temperament. He was also extremely fortunate in being placed in Westcott House and having the gifted Geoffrey O’Hanlon as Housemaster.

In the meantime, changes had taken place in India. Turing senior had been promoted in May 1921 to be Secretary to the Madras Government but, shortly afterwards, Archibald Campbell (later Sir Archibald) was appointed *Chief Secretary*. Both men had come out to India in 1896, having sat the same Civil Service Examination in which Archibald had obtained *lower* marks than Julian ! In a fit of pique, Julian resigned from the I.C.S. and left India in 1924, when the family moved to Dinard. A photograph of Alan and his mother, dated 1921, pictures them both on the beach at St. Lunaire, so this was obviously a part of France with which the family was familiar. So it was that the Turing ensemble arrived in Dinard “to avoid the ruinous British income tax, lately raised to 4/3d in the pound” renting *Ker Sammy* situated in the Rue de Casino, today renamed Rue du Maréchal Leclerc. Dermot Turing describes Dinard as having “*A well established retirement community with all suitable facilities for the less well off former I.C.S., including a golf-course, a bracing outdoor swimming bath and a Church of England Church*”. It also had a frequent steamer service from nearby St. Malo to Southampton, thus ensuring good communications for both boys and their respective schools.

Alan was due to begin his first term at Sherborne on Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> May 1926, catching the Sunday night sailing from St. Malo, voyaging alone, albeit only 13-years-old. He had been given strict travel instructions by his mother:

- Ferry to Southampton.
- Southern Railway to Salisbury.
- Change for Exeter Service.
- Alight at Sherborne.

This was accompanied by Mrs. Turing's repeated mantra, recited when any member of the family travelled: "Check tickets, money, passport and keys" at each point. She also reminded Alan to "hire porters as necessary" although such advice must have seemed hardly necessary, given the fact that in addition to personal baggage, Alan took with him his bicycle and School Trunk and, as anyone with English Public School experience knows "wherever you go your trunk goes with you!"

Alan's overnight Ferry docked at Southampton, as scheduled, on the morning of 3<sup>rd</sup> May, just two hours after the General Strike had begun – there were no trains ! There was a bus going to Salisbury, but with no guarantee of ongoing transport and, with bicycle and trunk, was in any case, of little use to Alan. Young Turing deposited his trunk with the Harbour Master with instructions to forward it to Sherborne when the strike was over. He then buys a map which indicates roads which will take him within three miles of Sherborne. Next, there is a visit to the General Post Office, where he sends a wire to Mr. O'Hanlon to say he will be arriving the following day and then sets off on his bicycle.

His later description to his parents of the ride, which he appears to have enjoyed, especially through the New Forest, has a poetic quality. He spent the Monday night at The Crown Hotel in Blandford where the staff were so intrigued by their unusual guest that they all turned

Shocked, I stared back up at him. *What had he spotted that I hadn't? Had he seen water coming out of the exhaust pipe?* That darn car was so old I'd have believed it.

*'Ein kaputttes Auto?'* I faltered. The young border guard in his uniform just looked at me.

*David Boggis*



### **A new kneeler dedicated in memory of Diana Wilson**

We first knew Diana and Michael Wilson when they, like us, lived in Yorkshire but also had a second home in France. Eventually they made the move to full-time residency in France. Their home and grounds were often offered for use by the church for events from Garden Party to fund raising meals, etc. Diana soon became involved with SPA, fund raising but more importantly providing a caring home for outcast and ill treated dogs. It was normal for her have as many of five in her 'brat pack' as they lived out the rest of their lives in a happy and caring environment.

This kneeler is my/our way of dedicating a memorial to her on behalf of those dogs, as they cannot do so for themselves.

LOVE TO DIANA,  
from ALL MEMBERS OF THE 'BRAT PACK'  
over many years.

*John Marshall*



## People's Republic 5/8: Auto kaputt

This looked like trouble. The two Vopo officers were bigger than the three of us put together and not only did they have the law on their side, they had darn great assault rifles to enforce it.

Looking up at the officers, I tried to conceal a cowardly gulp. Then I tried to think of something to say to explain myself and my family. I might have got as far as something like, 'Guten Tag'. Then the very large one took a firmer grip on his rifle sling, looked down at me and said – as best I recall: 'Wohin? Where do you want to go?'

That was easy. We wanted to get out of Friedrichsstrasse station as rapidly as possible and preferably in the direction of West. It probably helped that I could express as much in a language the Vopo men understood.

Instantly, the forbidding looks on both Vopo faces vanished and two greatcoated right arms rose to shoulder level, pointing back the way we'd come. The very large Vopo explained cheerfully which turns to take, when, and we parted – much to my surprise – on perfectly amicable terms.

It was time for us to leave Berlin. We packed all our stuff, clambered into our tatty, little Beta coupé, and set off boldly for the transit road.

This time, the immigration officer was a trainee hardly over twenty. Beside him stood his supervisor wearing his green greatcoat and a face that could have turned wine into polluted water. Briskly, with none of the potato-faced theatricals we'd had back at Helmstedt, the trainee checked our passports, handed them back, and then gave me a quizzical look from on high.

He said: 'I think you've got a *kaputttes Auto*. Your car's gone wrong.'

out next morning to see him depart. Indeed, his spectacular arrival at the School prompted the following comment in *The Western Gazette* of the 14<sup>th</sup> May 1926: "In one case a boy from France, who was coming to *Sherborne School* could not get any further than *Southampton*, but he cycled from there through what was to him unknown country, and arrived safely at *Sherborne*".

## *The Revd Canon Roger Gilbert*



### How truly generous ?

*This French joke forwarded to us by Michael Frankel.*

Un homme, plutôt mal habillé, déambule sur les Champs-Élysées. Soudain, une Rolls-Royce s'arrête à son niveau et la vitre arrière se baisse. Il regarde à l'intérieur et reconnaît un ami d'enfance. Le passager le reconnaît également, sort de la limousine et demande à son chauffeur de l'attendre. Il prend son ami par le bras et lui propose de faire quelques pas ensemble.

L'homme lui dit : « Je vois que tu as bien réussi dans les affaires. »

L'ami riche est intrigué par un 'clic-clac' qui se fait entendre à chaque pas que fait l'autre. « C'est quoi ce 'clic-clac' ? » lui demande-t-il.

C'est que l'avant de mes chaussures est décollé et je n'ai pas les moyens de m'en payer une autre paire.

Le riche sort de sa poche une grosse liasse de billets de 500 € entourée d'un élastique. Il retire l'élastique, le donne à son ami et lui dit : « Tiens, mets l'élastique : ça ne fera plus 'clic-clac' . »



**The Temple**  
**Jesus, 40-days-old**  
*'Simeon took him in his arms.'*  
*Luke 2 v28*

As a baby, in my arms,  
you were so good to hold,  
to feed you at my breast.  
You looked up at me in love:  
and, in love, I cuddled you,  
played with you, talked to you.

On your eighth day,  
you were circumcised.  
On your fortieth day,  
we went to Jerusalem  
to make the sacrifice  
according to the Law:  
a pair of turtle doves  
for the birth of a first-born son.  
The Temple courts were crowded  
but an old man stops and talks to us  
and I let him take you in his arms.  
Simeon seems delighted to hold you  
and prays out loud to God,  
ready to depart in peace  
because he has seen you,  
knows the promise is fulfilled  
that you will be a light for us,  
not just for us but for the Gentiles too.  
He gives you back to me, then tells me  
you will be a sword to pierce my heart.

And now I know just what he meant:  
the cost of loving, of knowing you.  
Then, an old woman, Anna,  
comes up to us and sees you  
and recognises who you are.  
She goes and shares her joy  
with any prepared to listen.



**Why 'Good Friday' is the answer**

For me, 2018 is the year of a special birthday. No, it's not one that ends in zero or even five, it is in fact one of the very rare years when I can celebrate both my birthdays on the same day. For many years, I have tried and failed to persuade my family and others that like the queen, I ought to have two birthdays each year. The reason is quite simple: I was actually born on the day of a moveable feast and since that day, this year is only the third time that the feast has fallen on the same day as my birthday.

Trying and failing to claim a second day is one of two aspects of my birthday where I have failed as the moveable feast day involved just happens to be Good Friday. In some company, I have tried to persuade those there, that the name of the day commemorating the crucifixion did not exist before I was born, after all, one could argue that the historic events of that day would seem anything but good. However, on the day I arrived in the world, someone remarked, "This is a Good Friday," and the name has 'stuck'. Well, it was worth a try !!

*John Marshall*