

Diary dates for May and June, 2018

3 rd May	10.30 Council Meeting
10 th May	10.00 Ascension Day
20 th May	11.00 Pentecost



Prayer of the month

God, who at this time
taught the hearts of your faithful people
by sending them the light of your Holy Spirit:
grant us by the same Spirit
to have a right judgement in all things
and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort;
through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.
Collect for the Day of Pentecost



Prayer focus

Renewed in the Spirit.



Verse of the Month

Be still, and know that I am God.

Psalms 46 v10

St Bart's



May, 2018

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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May, 2018

Dear Friends,

‘The sinner not the sin’

Easter is over; the Archdeaconry Synod at St Jacut over and gone; and now, here in May: Ascension Day, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday and Corpus Christi all to look forward to.

One of the articles of our faith is the idea we should love God through loving our neighbour as we love ourselves. And this wonderful challenge – that the stranger can be our neighbour too.

That challenge is easy enough when those we love are truly loveable and if they love us too. Sadly, the challenge is that much harder when the folk we meet and are called upon to treat with respect and warmly welcome into our time and space are not that nice, in fact they’re rather negative to what we stand for, who we are and what we have to offer.

But how can we help those who don’t want us to be there to help ? Everyone has a right, if they choose, to be left alone. We can offer; they can refuse.

Sin is wrongdoing, a falling short of the mark, and what can make some folk so very unattractive to us is what they do and what they stand for. But it is also necessary to remember that it is the sin itself that we reject, not the person committing the sin. However wrong-headed, wrong-informed, they’re still human, a child of God, and as such they are only a medium for the expression of the wrong, not the wrong itself – so we should still try to love them if they’ll let us.

Trust that helps.

Father Gareth

Notices

- **Deadline** for submission of material for the June edition of St Bart’s is *midday on Thursday 31st May*
- **Church Finances for March**
Income: 1,981€ Expenditure 3,822€:



Readings in church

May 6th

Acts 10 v44 – 48
1 John 5 v1 – 6

May 13th

Acts 1 v15 – 17, 21 – 26
1 John 5 v9 – 13

May 20th

Acts 2 v1– 21
Romans 8 v22 – 27

May 27th

Isaiah 6 v1 – 8
Romans 8 v12 – 17

Sixth Sunday of Easter

Psalm 98
John 15 v9 – 17

Sunday after Ascension Day

Psalm 1
John 17 v6 – 19

Day of Pentecost

Psalm 104 v26 – 37
John 15 v26 – 27, 16 v4b – 15

Trinity Sunday

Psalm 29
John 3 v1 – 17



Amici Cantate Concert

On the afternoon of Sunday 8th April, we were fortunate enough to host a concert by the above choir – an exceptional afternoon of quality choral music, sacred and secular. The concert was free but the choir, directed by John Tripp and accompanied by Michael Smith, had a retiring collection in aid of church funds. **624€** was raised ! A big thank you to Carolyn Hewitt for masterminding the event.



Quickies - 5/6

Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:

“Is this a second hand shop?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Great. Could you put one on my watch please ?”



Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

My suspicion is that the universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we can suppose.

J B S Haldane - scientist

An apple a day if well aimed keeps the doctor away

P G Wodehouse

When a man opens the car door for his wife it's either a new car or a new wife.

Duke of Edinburgh



Becoming a French citizen: The paperwork (groan)

If that nerve-racking exam at Lorient had been the culmination of the obstacle course that is applying for French naturalisation, the rest of it was, frankly, downright tedious.

Starting point is your trusty home computer. Call up PLATE-FORME REGIONALE DE NATURALISATION DE BRETAGNE and you can then (once you've switched from portrait mode to landscape, or, as we always used to call it on newspapers, vertical to horizontal) print out the four pages of the naturalisation request (PAR **DECRET**) (!!): list of pieces to furnish (*liste des pièces à fournir*).

Even then it's not wholly straightforward. We ended up marking highlighter on the first three requirements – one €55 *timbre fiscal* each (get it from your local town Treasury, the place where you go to argue fruitlessly about outrageous tax demands) and three ID photos **in an envelope with your name on** (their bold face, not mine); one each A4 envelope to be paid at the post office according to weight and sent as LETTRE SUIVIE (registered letter with receipt on arrival) (with the encouraging explanatory note: 'In case it has to be returned for being incomplete'); and three SAEs *with the right stamps on*, I quote: '*au tarif en vigueur*'.

The main form to fill out is the DEMANDE D'ACQUISITION DE LA NATIONALITÉ FRANÇAISE. Most of it is straightforward, but some of it will make your brain hurt. You have to list, in handwriting, in black ink, every address where you have ever lived (your sojourn in the maternity ward, of which you are unlikely to have the slightest recall, luckily doesn't count) since childhood. They will also want dates and details of every place you have ever worked, and in what capacity.

I cheated. I didn't put down my school-holiday jobs. On the other hand, I've had two part-time newspaper reporting jobs since moving to France 17 years ago, and that's brownie points if you ever get to the interview stage and have to explain the extent to which you are integrated.

To go alike into the application letter, you need the original and a copy of:

- Birth certificate (translated by a state-recognised translator – see below)
- Marriage certificate (translated)
- Certificates of previous marriages and divorces (translated)
- Certificate of parents' birth, marriage or death (translated)

Then copies only of:

- Evidence of having lived in France for the past five years, one evidence item for each year: home; work; study; tax (we used our income tax receipts and EDF bills)
- ID
- Passport including ID page and all stamped pages (we offered our passports for the ID item above)

Original and copy of our exam results (see article in April NL). Original (no copy) of tax status, contained in *formulaire* P237 at your tax office (ours is in Dinan – you just go in, take a number, read WAR AND PEACE from start to finish, then collect the form off some nice tax person). If you're retired, original and copy of your pension entitlement, ditto of your last pay slip.

For the latter, I had to phone the *FT*, where I last worked an embarrassing length of time ago, to find an incompetent woman on the switchboard (they always used to be very good) who wouldn't put me

Random Thoughts 5/11

Sent to us by Peter Campbell

The word "swims" upside-down is still "swims".



Married bliss 5/6

Conjugal humour from Val and Geoff Carter!

“If only I were a newspaper, then I'd be in your hands all day. “
“I wish you were one; then I'd have a new one daily !



Visitors' Book 6/13

What folk think of St Bart's

‘Quel calme pour une cœur qui souffre.’ 18th February 2016

‘Très jolie chapelle avec tous ses coussins admirablement tapissés et ses vitraux aux belles couleurs éclatantes.’ 31st March 2016



From the lectern 4/11

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.”



Summer smiles 1/5

A set of five French jokes forwarded to us by Michael Frankel.

Dans une caserne de Gendarmerie, le Capitaine croise un jeune élève-gendarme fraîchement débarqué de l'école de gendarmerie.

« Comment vous appelez-vous ? »

« Yves, et vous ? »

Le capitaine, furieux, s'écrie : « Mon petit bonhomme, je ne sais pas d'où vous arrivez, mais sachez que je suis le Capitaine et que je m'appelle, Mon CAPITAINE. De même, dans ma compagnie, j'appelle les gens par leur nom de famille. Si vous vous appelez Yves Tartempion, je vous appellerai Tartempion, mais pas Yves. Me suis-je bien fait comprendre ? »

« Oui, mon capitaine. »

« Alors, c'est quoi votre nom de famille ? »

« Montcherry. »

« Très bien, Yves, au travail. »



Quotation of the month

I don't believe in astrology. I am a Sagittarius and we're very sceptical.

Arthur C Clarke



through to anyone unless I could name them. By the time I'd run through half a dozen names that were no good because their owners had retired like me, I finally remembered the name of the editor, and got through to his office. The editor's office staff were brilliant.

You can find a list of state-approved translators on the net. The name that jumped out at me was that of Michael Frankel, who has long-time connections with St Bart's but who seems to spend much of his time in Rennes. Michael charged us €150 for translating straightforward birth and marriage certificates (three items @ €50).

The process was rather fun. We had to drop off the originals, then pick them up again with the translations, at a certain shop in Rennes. It was straight out of the Reinhard Gehlen tradecraft *Handbuch*, a classic TBK or *Tote Briefkasten*, Dead Letter Box. We made certain no one followed us...

And by now, by George, you've got it! Oh, umm...

Well, actually, not quite. What you've got is a completed application, and you send that in to the relevant Prefecture. Then you wait, in hope, to be called for an interview, in French, to explain why they should let you have the naturalisation you so badly need because after Brexit no one in the smoking wreckage of the UK (while the UK lasts) will give a monkey's about you. And it's not a right, it's a privilege, and French bureaucracy is perfectly entitled to say *Non*.

As I write this (February), Liz and I are still biting our nails...

David Boggis



ALAN TURING
The Dinard Years
1924-1927
Part 2

At Sherborne, two reports were sent to parents each term and, while Alan's arrival at the School might have been worthy of note, these were less so ! To begin with, he was untidy – to quote his biographer Andrew Hodges: *'Fountain pens still seemed to spurt ink whenever his clumsy hands came near them. His hair, which naturally fell forward, refused to lie down in the required direction; his shirt moved out of his trousers, his tie out of his stiff collar. He still seemed unable to work out which button corresponded to which buttonhole. On the Officers Training Corps parade on Friday afternoons, he stood out with cap askew, hunched shoulders, ill-fitting uniform with puttees like lampshades winding up his legs.'*

His School Reports were equally critical. To take, for example, some extracts for that of the Summer Term 1927:

Latin. *His Latin work is for the most part careless and slovenly: he can do much better when he tries.*

French. *Idle, he could do very well.*

Mathematics. *Not very good. He spends a good deal of time apparently in investigations in advanced mathematics to the neglect of his elementary work. A sound ground work is essential in any subject. His work is dirty.*

His brother, John, wrote of what the atmosphere was like at *Ker Sammy* when his brother's School Reports arrived in Dinard: *'Mother was constrained to suppress every report until my father had been fortified by breakfast and a couple of pipes. Alan would then be given a lecture in my father's study. His only recorded comments were 'Daddy should see some of the other boys' reports' and 'Daddy expects school reports to read like after-dinner speeches'. Personally I found it a good time to be out of the house.'*

Do I like Luther ? Not sure. Certainly, there is much to admire and respect in the man, his thinking and actions, but there is also much that makes me uneasy. And if he didn't like me and my take on our shared faith, then I would have been subject to a beating-up big-time by his prose in Latin or German. Thankfully, then, I wouldn't have understood most of what he was banging on about. Perfectly imperfect; imperfectly perfect ? But, without a doubt, Luther was the right man in the right place at the right time to bring about a sea change to our understanding of Christianity, and the waves therefrom are still beating against the coast of our belief today.

And the value of books about Luther ? They are rooted in history, his story, the story of a man who made a difference. And Luther's life is so well documented that it is possible for both Standford and Roper to write works of engaging research, rooted in what Luther actually wrote and was written about and to him. Five hundred years on, then, we have, in both books, a time machine to transport us imaginatively and intellectually to a world now passed that has helped to shape our own.

So if you want a second book to illuminate and clarify the life and importance of Martin Luther, I do strongly recommend Lyndal Roper's work to you - 'Martin Luther Renegade Prophet'.

Gareth Randall



Well being

May we sleep well
then wake well,
well able to do
well what You want,
well connected,
free from all ill.

Book Review
‘Martin Luther Renegade Prophet’
by Lyndal Roper

October 2017 – 500 years on since the start of the Reformation in Germany and I’d just finished reading Peter Standford’s excellent book ‘Martin Luther Catholic Dissent’ when David Norris recommends a second book to me, this one entitled ‘Martin Luther Renegade Prophet’ and written by Lyndal Roper, Regius Professor of History at Oxford.

And it is an excellent book, informative, a good read. Okay, a lot of the ground was familiar having just read Standford’s book, but Roper brings other angles, more depth, a level of understanding that casts even more light on what I found fascinating in Standford. I guess an insight into the difference between them may be seen in the similar but different titles of both books.

Standford talks of ‘Anfechtung’: Luther’s sense of temptation, assault by the Devil and testing by God. For Roper, it is ‘Anfechtungen’, a plurality of unease that is part and parcel of the personal, psychological and spiritual shaping of the man who embodied the protest about the abuse then to be found in the Catholic Church.

The word Roper introduces to me is ‘Gelassenheit’. It is the notion of letting go, of surrendering our will to the will of God, of being possessed by the Spirit of God. Here I quote: ‘Gelassenheit is a kind of meditative absorption in God’s love where the individual ceases to strive and opens up to God’s love.’ Though Luther was, at first, taken with the authority that comes with being in direct contact with God, he was later to be highly critical of the ‘false freedom’ Gelassenheit gave to the more radical wing of the Reformation for whom Gelassenheit was a key concept.

No doubt John also found it a good time to be absent when the following Michaelmas 1927 report arrived:

English Subjects. *‘I can forgive his writing, though it is the worst I have ever seen, and I try to view tolerantly his unswerving inexactitude and slipshod, dirty work, inconsistent though such inexactitude is in a utilitarian: but I cannot forgive the stupidity of his attitude towards sane discussion on the New Testament.’*

This outburst from the Master in question, Mr. A. H. Trelawny-Ross, was because Alan had been caught doing algebra during a divinity lesson!

However, despite his poor reports, Alan could do well in examinations when he put his mind to it and his Housemaster concluded his comments with the words, *‘I am far from hopeless’*.

This optimism was justified and by the time we get to Alan’s final school report of the Summer Term 1931, his new Headmaster, C.L.F. Boughey writes: *‘A gifted and distinguished boy, whose future career we shall watch with much interest. I have found him pleasant and friendly and I believe that he has justified his appointment as a School Prefect.’*

Sherborne, despite early difficulties, had clearly brought out the best in Alan. He had won a Scholarship to King’s College, Cambridge and was made a Fellow at the age of 22, prompting the clerihew:

Turing
Must have been alluring
To get made a don
So early on.

At Sherborne, as indeed at all other public schools, sport was an important part of the curriculum, not only for its physical but also character-forming qualities – hence the comment by Alan’s Housemaster, appended to the Lent Term 1927 School Report: *‘I hope*

he's going to get a few more games than hitherto; they'll be good for him".

Alan was not a sportsman, except in one respect, running. In this he was not only good but outstanding. For example, during the war, while at Bletchley Park, it was decided that the civilian "boffins" should be attached to an army unit for a week ! Hearing that there was to be a cross-country race, Alan asked, somewhat modestly, if he could join in. The request was granted with a degree of tolerant amusement on the part of the military, who clearly expected him to trail in well behind the rest. Alan came in three minutes before anyone else ! Alan took his running very seriously, and had he not contracted fibrositis, would almost certainly have been placed in the British Marathon Team for the 1948 Wembley Olympic Games.

As brothers, John and Alan were very different. During the school holidays at *Ker Sammy* in Dinard, John would spend his time at the Tennis Club, on the Golf Course or dancing and flirting with girls in the Casino. Alan, having been given a set of chemicals, crucibles and test-tubes as a present for Christmas 1924, set up a laboratory in the cellar of the house and would heave great quantities of sea-weed back from the *Plage de l'Ecluse* in order to extract a minute amount of iodine !

In his book 'Anglicans in Brittany', our Church Historian, the Revd. Dr. Alan Charters, writes of life in Dinard between the wars and the desire to relive the life of *La Belle Epoque* by the influx of Military and Colonial service families and lists the schools to which they sent their sons – the foremost of which was Sherborne ! The arrival in Dinard of the Turing family coincided almost exactly with that of a new Chaplain, the Revd. J.C. Vallance, who was instituted in January 1923 and remained in post for the next six years. From what we can deduce, Julius Turing was very much an "Establishment" figure who would, no doubt out of a sense of duty, have worshipped in the Established Church. Of Ethel Turing, it has been said, 'Churchgoing was

- Finely chop a the onion while the chicken is cooking and chop up your pepper(s)
- When the chicken is browned, remove with a slotted spoon and when all the chicken is cooked and set aside, pour away the majority of the oil/fat left behind.
- Set the heat to low/medium, tip in the peppers and toss through the remaining oil and fry for around 3 minutes, add the chopped onion and continue to stir and fry until the onion is softened and starting to go translucent. Add the chopped garlic and continue frying for around 30 seconds to 1 minute.
- **Optional step** – remove with slotted spoon and set aside pepper and onion. Deglaze the pan with a glass of good red wine and tip back the peppers and onion.
- Pour in the tinned tomatoes (passata can be used if you prefer to have no obvious chunks of tomato). Bring slowly to just below the boil. Add the set aside chicken and stir through. Season with salt, black pepper and oregano. Add the bay leaves and stir through.
- Bring to just below boiling and cover with lid. If using a casserole, cover and cook in the oven for around 45-60 minutes until cooked through (dependent on the size of the thighs). If using a frying pan, cover and cook on a low heat for similar time, the liquid needs to be lightly bubbling. When the time is up, skewer a thigh at the thickest point to check whether it is thoroughly cooked if in any doubt.
- If the chicken is cooking in the oven and you are not quite ready for it, reduce heat to 140° to extend cooking time for ½ hour or so.

Tony Randall



Recipes from my nephew (5)
A new series of recipes of the month
to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony

Spanish Chicken

This is a quick and easy recipe suitable for cooking after work or after a day out. Preparation is minimal and the cooking time is short, though it can be extended if necessary if a trip to the pub/bar or a drink in the garden is needed whilst it is finishing off.

Serving Suggestions:

This can be served with rice, potatoes or breads

Ingredients:

- ✓ Tbs. Olive oil.
- ✓ 500-600gm chicken thighs bone with skin on.
Boneless/skinless can also be used if preferred. 2 to 3 per person depending on size of the thighs/appetite.
- ✓ 1 large onion.
- ✓ 1 or 2 red bell peppers though any colour is fine, roughly chopped.
- ✓ 2 cloves of garlic finely chopped.
- ✓ 2 x 440 - 500gms of chopped tomatoes.
- ✓ Salt, black pepper, oregano and 1 or 2 bay leaves

Method:

- Preheat oven to 160°C if using casserole dish.
- Heat the olive oil in a deep frying pan or casserole on a medium heat, add the chicken thighs and move around and turn immediately to prevent sticking. Brown on all sides and put to one side. This can be done in batches if necessary.

one of her favourite pastimes' and from an early age Alan had accompanied his mother to a variety of Church services and would have worshipped with the rest of the family at St. Bartholomew's during the school holidays.

Whilst at Sherborne, Alan sang as a treble in the School Chapel Choir from 1926 to 1927 and was confirmed in the School Chapel on the 7th November 1927 by the Rt. Revd. St. Claire George Alfred Donaldson, who had been Archbishop of Brisbane prior to his Translation to Salisbury. At school, Alan did not make friends easily but he did become closely attached to Christopher Morcom, who was both his intellectual equal and with whom he shared mutual interests. What he was unaware of, however, was that Christopher had contracted bovine tuberculosis from drinking infected cow's milk as a small boy. His death on the 13th February 1930 came as a great shock to Alan, who wrote to his mother on the 16th February; *"I feel sure that I shall meet Morcom again somewhere and that there will be some work for us to do together, and as I believed was for us to do here."*

The Revd Canon Roger Gilbert



Thank you

A big thank you to Father Peter for our Lent Bible Studies this year 'All things are possible'. A course from USPG, we explored in five sessions how faith in God can change the world: Prosperity; People; Planet; Peace; and Partnership.

On Maundy Thursday, the course ended appropriately with a Seder meal. A big thank you, too, to Pippa, who organised the meal and to Helen, for co-ordinating our Bring and share lunches.

People's Republic 6/8: More Vopo

If that car really had blown a head gasket, no way were we going to make it to West Germany that day. *‘Ein kaputttes Auto?’* I faltered.

‘Yes,’ said the trainee border guard confidently, ‘your car is *kaputt*. Look at it! You’ve got the steering wheel on the right! You can’t go driving through the People’s Republic with the steering wheel on the right.’

And the *Pfennig* dropped, and I laughed in relief. The young trainee laughed, too, and gave us a wave as we drove off, westward bound. So it’s *not* true that the Germans don’t have a sense of humour. Even the *East* Germans...

The next time we were in East Germany was the summer of 1990. The Wall was down, but reunification was not to be until that coming October. Right, we thought, we’ll visit our friends in Gelnhausen, a lovely mediaeval, small town north-east of Frankfurt, not far from the inner German border. One of the nearest towns within reach was Weimar, seat of the post-Great War republic notorious for one of the world’s worst episodes of monetary inflation. So off we went for a look at Weimar.

We’d got rid of the old Beta by then. Still giving Lancia a chance, we were driving a two-litre HPE, a bit like the Beta only with an estate-car back. It was barely out of warranty when it started causing mysterious trouble – the engine would quit with no apparent reason. (In the end our garage tracked it down to rust forming inside the fuel tank and causing unpredictable blocks in the carburettor fuel feed. Nothing inexpensive.) Anyway, even though at that stage our garage hadn’t worked out what was wrong, they’d found a fix that involved me opening the bonnet and tweaking something on the carburettor. Then, usually, the engine would start again.

Questions ‘Monologue or dialogue?’

What is a sermon?

It’s not simply me or Father Peter or a visiting preacher getting up and speaking and you, hopefully paying attention, listening, an audience to what is being said.

Essentially, a sermon is trying to take something from the passages of scripture that we’ve just heard read and expounding the text in such a way that it helps you to understand and encourages you to think. The Revd Gordon Bridger, the Principal of Oak Hill Theological College when I was a student there, made a distinction between a sermon and a Bible Study. True: there is only limited time and space in a sermon so the exposition is necessarily selective and time-limited.

But a good sermon, I believe, should help you to think, to see things in a possibly new light or to remind you of old truths. At best, a sermon raises questions.

Which leads me to this month’s question. Is a sermon a monologue or a dialogue? Well, of course, it is a monologue in the sense the flow of words is usually uninterrupted unless the preacher asks a direct question that is briefly answered. But it could be a dialogue if something that is said interests you, worries you or even upsets you. If it does, why not speak directly to me afterwards and see if that helps?

What do you think? And I do trust that is what a sermon does for you – it should make you think!

Father Gareth

Odd Words
Döstädning

Do you speak Swedish ? Fifty-odd years ago, as part my degree in English, I studied Old Icelandic and I can still remember the odd word or two – but that’s another saga. This month’s word, from Sweden via the USA, I discovered in an article by Margaret Magnusson in ‘Time’ magazine dated 22nd January 2018.

Döstädning translates as ‘death-cleaning’, the fact that over a life time, we acquire so much stuff that it would be a kindness if we could sort some of it out before the day we’re incapable of saying good-bye to what we’ve owned.

Sound advice: the article makes some great, practical suggestions. Target the attic, the basement, the cupboard in the front hall, drawers and wardrobes full of stuff you’ve long forgotten you had.

Why not share what you have and no longer need with those in need – for example, a young relative about to set up their own home ? It would be a great chance to share some of the memories of what the things once meant to you when you were younger too.

So what do you think ? Have you the energy to make a start on down-sizing ? It could be good if you were to help spare those who love you the real burden of clearing up after you’ve ultimately left this life for the next.

Gareth Randall

So there we were, in our shiny, still new-looking HPE, UK plate (we’d moved back by then), following the road that led from the edge of Weimar towards the centre, when, sure enough, the engine quit.

Coasting to the side, I noticed that the road had a continuous yellow line all the way along it: no parking. And hardly had I turned off the ignition when a sinister green van pulled up slap behind us. With two seriously unamused-looking men in it, wearing the green uniform of the Vopo.

David Boggis



Thoughts on ageing 4/6

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

Blessed are those who can give without remembering
and take without forgetting.



A ripe old age ?

Everyone wants to live to a ripe old age
but few will admit to reaching one.



Wise men

'... wise men from the east ...'

Matthew 2 v1

We were minded to return to Nazareth.

We'd done all that was necessary
and I was feeling strong enough
to make our way back home
when another set of strangers
came to where we were staying.

They were foreigners, not Jews,
astrologers, dressed like kings.

And what did these wise men say
but what they'd said to Herod:

that, rising in the East,
they'd seen your natal star,

heralding your birth
as the King of the Jews,
the Messiah promised Israel.

And kneeling by your crib,

they gave you gifts:
gold for kingship;

frankincense for priesthood;
myrrh for death-anointing -

further witness to what we knew:
that you are very special, my son,
and that other folk know you are
by what they say and do.

They left, satisfied they'd found you,
satisfied what they'd seen was true,
satisfied they had respected you.

And they left us wondering
what would become of you,
what would become of us
and what you would do.



Mystery

Incomprehensible

Understanding

Three in One

One in Three

Father Son

Holy Spirit



Corpus Christi

May this bread
that embodies Your body
bring healing and wholeness
to mind body and soul.

May this wine
through which Your blood flows
bring healing and wholeness
to mind body and soul.

