

## Diary dates for June and July, 2018

16 <sup>th</sup> June	20.30 Alunissons Concert
19 <sup>th</sup> July	10.30 Council Meeting
19 <sup>th</sup> July	Opera – ‘Queen Mary’
20 <sup>th</sup> July	14.30 – ‘Queen Mary’ - Jeune publique
20 <sup>th</sup> July	20.30 Jeux des Vagues Concert
22 <sup>nd</sup> July	12.00 Friends AGM
29 <sup>th</sup> July	20.00 Conférence des Oiseaux

## Prayer of the month

Almighty and everlasting God,  
you have given us your servants grace  
by the confession of a true faith,  
to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity,  
and in the power of the divine majesty to worship the Unity:  
keep us steadfast in this faith,  
that we may evermore be defended from all adversities;  
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 for ever.

*Collect for Trinity Sunday*

## Prayer focus

What it might mean in practice to be in touch with holy mystery.

## Verse of the Month

What does the Lord require of you but to do justice, and to love  
kindness, and to walk humbly with your God? *Micah 6 v8*

*St Bart's*



*June, 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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June, 2018

Notices

Dear Friends,

‘ . . . our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace’  
*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Do you have a favourite hymn ? What is it about the hymn you love that speaks to you ? Is it the tune, the words or the memory of the context when first it made an impression on you ?

One of the hymns I love singing is ‘Dear Lord and Father of Mankind’. I love the fifth and final verse where we build up to an ff climax – fortissimo – then drop down to pianissimo for the last two lines – ‘O still small voice of calm’ repeated.

But what I also love about the hymn is the quotation with which I started my letter to you: ‘ . . . our ordered lives confess the beauty of thy peace.’ To be honest, one of the nice things about my early mornings here in Dinard is the small jobs I do after my spiritual and physical exercises. Back from the bakers, having breakfasted on coffee and croissant, there’s the washing up to do, emptying the waste paper bins, watering the plants, spraying lavender around the chaplaincy flat.

It’s by the simple doing of that which needs to be done that helps me feel centred, ready to face the challenges of a new day.

So what do you do that centres you, prepares you, gives you the energy to face the daily round ?

*Father Gareth*

- **The finger buffet meal** in church after the service on Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> April which raised 460€ for church funds. A big thank you to Helen Morgan, who masterminded the event, and to all who came and helped and enjoyed the food and fellowship.
- **Deadline** for submission of material for the July edition of St Bart’s is *midday on Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> June*
- **Church Finances for April**  
Income: 5,083€ Expenditure: 7,050€



### Readings in church

#### *June 3<sup>rd</sup>*

1 Samuel 3 v1 - 10, 16 - 20  
2 Corinthians 4 v5 - 12

#### *First Sunday after Trinity*

Psalm 138  
Mark 2 v23 - 3 v6

#### *June 10<sup>th</sup>*

1 Samuel 15 v34 - 16 v13  
2 Corinthians 5 v6 - 10, 14 - 17

#### *Second Sunday after Trinity*

Psalm 20  
Mark 4 v26 - 34

#### *June 17<sup>th</sup>*

1 Samuel 17 v32 - 39  
2 Corinthians 6 v1 - 13

#### *Third Sunday after Trinity*

Psalm 9 v9 - 20  
Mark 4 v35 - 41

#### *June 24<sup>th</sup>*

Isaiah 40 v1 - 11  
Galatians 3 v23 - end

#### *The Birth of John the Baptist*

Psalm 85 v7 - end  
Luke 1 v57 - 66, v80

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## Quotation of the month

Having more money doesn't make you happier. I have 50 million dollars but I'm just as happy as when I had 48 million.

*Arnold Schwarzenegger.*



## Thoughts on ageing 5/6

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

The irony of life is that, by the time you're old enough to know your way around, you're not going anywhere.



## Question ?

Have I truly  
a puny sense of humour ?



## Married bliss 6/6

*Conjugal humour from Val and Geoff Carter !*

For a whole week, each day a husband says encouragingly to his wife, "Today is a really fine day."

Finally, his wife asks him why he's repeating himself regardless of the actual weather.

So he simply replies, "You said you were going to leave me one fine day so I was just trying to remind you."

## Notes from the Council

May 3<sup>rd</sup>

The first meeting of the new Council. As ever we began and ended in prayer.

Finance and fabric, the garden and library, events and fund-raising the commemoration of our 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 2021 were all considered. There is a planned programme of concerts and events organised, details of which have been published, and it will be good to see as many of you supporting such events as are able.

In response to the observations made at our last meeting by Ron Kirk, the auditor of our church accounts for some eight years and who has just stepped down from his role, there was positive and enthusiastic discussion about how we might make sure we are a church financially in good standing and attracting the support of a wide range of folk. How best to advertise the church was considered. It was also agreed that, at our next Council Meeting in July (19<sup>th</sup>), designated council members would speak on agreed areas.

Safeguarding is a regular agenda item. Once again the diocesan Safeguarding Policy was approved and an update on who precisely needed to have a safeguarding check was confirmed.

Paddy gave an encouraging report of the Synod at St Jacut in April. Next year's will be in Lyon !

Finally, as Lay Chairman and Church Warden, Bill Hughes affirmed his confidence and that of the overwhelming majority of our congregation in my ministry here in St Bart's at this time and I am most encouraged by this expression of support.

*Father Gareth*

**ALAN TURING**  
**The Dinard Years**  
**1924-1927**  
**Part 3**

But what kind of boy was Alan ? Untidy and careless, yes – but after his death his former Housemaster Geoffrey O’Hanlon wrote in the summer 1954 edition of *The Shirburnian*: ‘*For those who knew him here the memory is of a even-tempered, lovable character with an impish sense of humour and a modesty proof against all achievements.*’

There are also a couple of other glimpses of the young Alan. In the summer of 1923, both brothers went to spend part of the holiday with a Madame Godier in Rouen. Apparently, Madame Godier took a shine to Alan, declaring ‘*comme il est charmant.*’ Of her son, Mrs. Turing writes: ‘*Alan had an extraordinary gift for winning the affection of maids and landladies on our various travels. Our old Breton cook – renowned for her ‘sale caractère’ – to use her own words – was so devoted to him that her jealousy of me became quite a nuisance.*’ Mrs. Turing does not name the cook but Alan does when in a letter home he writes of her: ‘*Je pense que Augustine semblasse bien drôle.*’

Alan also seems to have caught something of the spirit of the French Revolution for in February 1925 he wrote, while still at Hazelhurst: ‘*Vous souvenez de la révolution qui peut être se trouverait cette terme. Je pense que M. Darlington a pensé comme nous et cru qu’il fasse qu’il répande les offenseurs.*’. Interestingly, the postcard on which this is written is addressed to ‘*Villa les Cyclamens*’ also in the Rue du Casino in Dinard, which would suggest that the Turing’s rented this for a short period prior to moving to ‘*Ker Sammy*’. This supposition appears to be supported by a later letter written to his parents from school on October 18<sup>th</sup> 1925 in which Alan says: ‘*What are you going to do at Mon Plaisir Hotel ? Surely we are not going there are we ? Are you going house hunting for a bit ? I thought Daddy had found a house already*’.

**Wise Words**

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

Happiness is having a large, loving, caring close-knit family in another city

***George Burns***

The worst imaginable world would be one in which the leading expert in each field had total control

***Fredrich Hayek***

When great changes occur in history, when great principles are involved, as a rule the majority are wrong.

***Eugene V Debs***



**Quickies - 6/6**

*Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:*

When a man asks if he can help with dinner  
what he’s really saying is why isn’t it ready yet ?



**From the lectern 5/11**

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

A short while ago, I got a dog for my mother-in-law.  
I thought it was a good swop.



### Summer smiles 2/5

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

#### Une histoire de belle-mère

Un prisonnier d'un pénitencier très dur discute avec un nouveau :  
« Moi, j'ai pris 10 ans pour escroquerie, et toi ? »

« 20 ans pour secourisme. »

« Arrête, tu déconnes, personne n'a jamais pris 20 ans pour secourisme, même pas un an ! »

« Si, si : ma belle-mère saignait du nez, alors je lui ai fait un garrot autour du cou pour arrêter l'hémorragie. »



#### Personal Column

The flowers in church in 29<sup>th</sup> April were in memory of George Dobinson who died on 29<sup>th</sup> April 2013. Along with Ann, his widow and family, we remember George, a former member of our Council.

Our sympathy to Gladys Dunnell on the death of her granddaughter, Jozie Bush back in England on 22<sup>nd</sup> April.



Much of Alan's subsequent correspondence to his parents in Dinard was also to be written in French. The Turing family left Dinard in 1927 and moved to Guildford, which gave Alan a family home for the first time in his life.

Over 60 years ago, I was a young airman stationed at RAF Wilmslow and although I cannot now recall doing so, it is almost certain that I would, on occasions, have walked down Arlington Road, passing No. 43 but not paying the house any particular attention. Were I to do so today my eyes would certainly be drawn to the Blue Plaque which reads:

**ALAN TURING**

**1912-1954**

**Founder of computer science and cryptographer**

**whose work was the key to breaking the wartime Enigma codes  
lived and died here.**

Alan had bought 'Copper Folly' in 1950, following his appointment as 'Deputy Director of the Royal Society Computing Laboratory' at Manchester University and it is perhaps worth noting that, although biographers of Turing state that the house was called 'Hollymeade', the change in name was not made until after his death.

The circumstances of Alan Turing's death on the 7<sup>th</sup> June 1954 are well documented. The Inquest recorded a verdict of suicide caused by eating an apple containing cyanide. Alan's brother, wishing to avoid any further publicity, did not contest the verdict. Certainly, Alan would have been depressed following his Court Trial and conviction for homosexual behaviour. The Judge offered him the option of two years imprisonment or agreeing to undertake 'Organo-Therapeutic Treatment' at Manchester Royal Infirmary, i.e. chemical castration. Alan chose the latter, presumably because he did not want to be separated from his computers. However, there is some evidence that such treatment could act as a 'cerebral depressant' which would support the verdict

of the Inquest. Mrs. Turing, however, strongly maintained that her son's death was a tragic accident. We have already seen that he was untidy, clumsy and careless, perhaps to the point of being foolhardy, and Mrs. Turing was also of the opinion that the medical treatment he was being forced to undergo left him even more confused and careless than usual. Furthermore, there was no suicide note, his papers at the University were left in their usual disordered state and there was a letter, albeit not posted, accepting an invitation to a Royal Society Function on the 24<sup>th</sup> June. Two jars containing cyanide were found in the house, one of potassium cyanide and the other cyanide solution, which Alan had been using in his experiments, and accidental contamination cannot be ruled out. Did Alan take his own life or was his death an accident? We shall never know – in death, as in life, he remains something of an enigma.

I have always assumed that the 'Apple' logo, with its rainbow colours, was a tribute by the Computer manufacturer in recognition of the contribution which Turing had made to the development of computer science. Alas not so, according to Rob Janoff, the designer of the Apple Logo. Rather, we need to go to an orchard in the State of Oregon which grew a variety of apple called McIntosh. As far as the bite is concerned, it is just a "bite" and not an allusion to "byte" and was included in the logo both to provide a sense of scale and to avoid any confusion with a cherry or a tomato! The rainbow was added "to provide colour bars" on the screen – much the same happened in the 1970s on our first colour TV screens. It was also felt, to quote Janoff, that the design was 'fun spirited and not intimidating' and so was intended to appeal to the forthcoming generation of computer users.

Finally, Rachel Hassall, the archivist of Sherborne School has kindly sent me a portrait for our library of Alan taken whilst he was a pupil there. Although not perhaps as well known as some other portrayals,

## **Data Protection GDPR**

You'll most likely be aware of the new legislation that came into force on 25<sup>th</sup> May in the UK/EU re data protection. To comply, St Bart's needs you to consent to us keeping your information re name, address, email and telephone number. Please complete the form that you'll find on the table in the transept or you can download from our website. Thank you for your understanding



## **Questions 'Get knotted?'**

When did you last tie a tie? As an Anglican priest, living most of the year here near the sea in France, there is isn't that much opportunity for me to do so.

When I was a boy, learning to tie a tie was part of what it meant to grow up. Certainly, school uniform was de rigueur in those days and learning to tie a simple knot was a necessary mark of independence. Later came the initiation into how to tie a half, then a full, Windsor.

Fashions do change and ties are not usually casually worn anymore. But the other day, I gave myself a treat: I wore a white shirt and a dark, colourful silk tie and the effect was interesting on those I came across by chance as I visited folk in St Malo hospital, then did a quick shop in St Servan.

'Manners maketh Man' but appearance plays a part too. Does our lack of ties in our daily wear reflect the untying of society, the weakening of the social glue that once bound us respectfully together?

*Gareth Randall*

**Film Review of the Month  
'La Prière' – Cédric Kahn 2017**

The end of April, a Thursday evening and the chance for me to see 'La Prière' at my local cinema in French. Believing my French is good enough, again I find myself challenged trying to understand fast spoken, colloquial French. So I'm left wondering just how much I missed.

Essentially, the film unfolds in a religious community for recovering drug-addicts on an isolated mountainside. At the heart of the film is Thomas (Anthony Bajon), a young man of 22, trying to find himself, to get centred, to come to terms with who he is and to be enabled to live a decent life. Friendship, discipline, work, love and faith are the focus of 'La Prière' and for us, as Christians, the film is an interesting insight into a way of making sense of our faith.

Right from the start, as we focus on Thomas, travelling by bus to the community, we can see from the state of his exhausted, sleeping face that he is a troubled soul. As the story unfolds with him going 'cold turkey' coming off drugs, trying to fit into his new, ordered life, we can see that he's ill-at-ease with the discipline, regular prayer and worship.

But through what he experiences and suffers, Thomas does emerge as the person he has the potential to be. 'La Prière' is not without questions of 'safeguarding' and 'health and safety', but I did find myself smiling at and reflecting on some of the serious and thought-provoking issues that I was seeing.

The whole is interesting and engaging and ultimately you may well ask yourself if all ends well for Thomas and his new-found faith.

*Gareth Randall*

it shows him at the age when he would have browsed among the very same bookshelves during his 'Dinard Years'.

***Acknowledgements.***

I am most grateful to Rachel Hassall BA for the wealth of material she sent me from the Sherborne School archives, including copies of Alan's School Reports; letters written to his parents in Dinard, and photocopies of the relevant sections from: 'PROF Alan Turing Decoded' by Dermot Turing and 'Alan M. Turing' by Sara Turing. My thanks also to Dr. David Norris, who visited the *Cadastre* (Land Registry) in Dinard and confirmed that the 'Villa Les Cyclamens' remains unchanged, although the address is now 2 rue Emile Bara. From the records, it would appear that 'Ker Sammy' is now to be found at 8 rue Maréchal Leclerc. My main source for Turing's life, from which I have drawn extensively is 'Alan Turing The Enigma' by Andrew Hodges. Centenary Edition 2012.

***The Revd Canon Roger Gilbert***



**Of value**

It's a real privilege to be your priest here, to be people-centred but bringing a sense of God the Father, embodied in God the Son and informed by God the Spirit to folk. Weddings, baptisms, funerals are the icing on the cake of pastoral visits and regular services in church. Recently, I received this thank you in French for a funeral of a German doctor I had conducted here in April: 'Je vous remercie de tout cœur pour cette cérémonie qui, grâce à votre contribution et soutien, nous a profondément touchés. Exactement à l'image de mon défunt mari ! Merci mille fois.'

*Father Gareth*

## People's Republic 7/8: Escape to the West

With the sinister green van on our rear bumper and the sinister looks of the Vopo officers inside, and our car broken down on a no-parking line, I stepped out from behind the wheel (on the left, finally). Glancing at the Vopo van, I saw the two front doors start to open. I delivered my most winning smile, slipped the catch and raised the bonnet.

The two half-open van doors banged instantly shut. Seldom have I seen a couple of police officers disappear so fast. And in three or four minutes we had a functioning engine again . . .

I had to feel sorry for the Vopos. In the political near-vacuum that existed for that short period, they simply weren't sure which set of laws they were supposed to be enforcing.

A bit later that same day, we were somewhere south of Weimar and looking for the way back into the West. The process was more difficult than I'd imagined, for two reasons. One, you couldn't get large-scale (say: 1: 50,000) maps of East Germany, so we were relying on an out-of-date road atlas on far too small a scale. Two, there weren't any signposts at the crossroads. All along the strip running parallel to the inner German border, all the signposts had been uprooted and removed.

Last I'd heard of any such thing being done was in 1940, southern England, when they were expecting a Nazi invasion.

Four o'clock arrived and, on the dot, the roads suddenly filled solid with Trabis – Trabant mini-cars that sounded as though they were two-stroke-powered. The workers in the workers' paradise were clocking

soften. After 6 or 7 minutes, add the chicken and stir as it seals on all sides then continue to cook turning/stirring it occasionally. By now the water in the saucepan should be boiling, so add the pasta and lightly boil for around 10-12 minutes or as per packet instructions.

- Whilst the pasta is cooking, add the cream to the chicken mixture and stir through whilst continuing to heat. Now add the pesto and again stir through and then add the Edam. When the Edam has melted and gone “stringy”, turn the heat right down or off.
- When the pasta is al dente or almost soft, drain thoroughly and combine with the chicken and mushroom mixture. Spoon the resulting mixture into an ovenproof dish and sprinkle on the mozzarella. Bake this in the oven for around 10-15 minutes. Get a volunteer to try a bit of pasta and, if soft enough, serve on warm plates; if not, cook a little longer.
- This dish is ideal with garlic bread or dough balls and a leafy salad.
- Salt and black pepper can be added to taste

*Tony Randall*



*PS*

If I eat antipasto and pasta,  
do the two cancel each other out?



**Visitors' Book 7/13**

*What folk think of St Bart's*

'A great joy to visit your beautiful church . . . I will return.'

16<sup>th</sup> April 2016

'Una muy bella iglesia'

28<sup>th</sup> May 2016

**Recipes from my nephew (6)**  
*A new series of recipes of the month*  
*to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony*

**Pollo Pesto Pasta**

This is my version of a menu item found at one of the oldest Pizza restaurant chains found throughout the UK, without naming names. I do not claim it is an exact copy but is as near to the restaurant version as I can get. Use a good quality pasta, ideally off a brass die rather than mass-produced. These tend to be rougher and thicker so are more forgiving in timing. My preferred shape for this is Conchiglie (the seashell shape). I do **not** use quick-cook or gluten-free pastas as they quickly turn from under-cooked to mush. But do give it a go if needs be, just really watch the timing.

***Ingredients:***

- ✓ 300gms chicken breast cut into small (thumbnail size) cubes
- ✓ 120gms white mushrooms quarters or cut into 6 depending on size
- ✓ ½ medium red onion finely chopped
- ✓ 200gms dry weight pasta
- ✓ 100gms Edam
- ✓ 50 -75ml double cream
- ✓ 2-3 tsp pesto
- ✓ 70gms Mozzarella finely chopped or grated

***Method:***

- Preheat oven to ~ 160 C
- Bring a large saucepan of salted water two thirds full to the boil. Whilst this is heating, also heat some olive oil in a deep frying pan. When hot, add the onion and mushroom, stir through, then stir periodically as the onion and mushrooms

off, en masse. We continued probing south and a bit west, relying more than anything on the sun's position in the sky.

The Trabis were all heading north or south. We found an unmarked junction with a westward option, and as soon as we found it, we took it. (Not for nothing did West German border guards, about that time, adapt a famous Beatles lyric: "Yesterday . . . All the Trabis were so far away . . .")

If that sun was anything to rely on, we were heading more-or-less west. The only other thing to rely on was that, after all those Trabis, we now had the road to ourselves. All at once we were heading towards the brow of a grassy hill. With nothing to be seen beyond it . . . and, along the crestline, a fifteen-foot wire mesh wall.

The sole crumb of comfort was that the wall had a gap in it just wide enough for the narrow lane we were following. With the engine still running, we crept cautiously up to the gap in the wire and paused.

Not a sign nor a soul was in sight. No road directions, no *Achtung You Are Leaving the Soviet Sector*. Nothing. All we could see was a grassy slope half a mile long, through which our lane dropped, quite straight, to another fifteen-foot wire-mesh fence. With another lane-sized gap cut in it. Beyond the second fence, brown ploughland and the lane, continuing straight. In the distance, what might have been a village.

Initiative was called for. I put the car back in gear and followed the lane warily down the grassy slope. Still not a soul was in sight. We drove through the second fence, now with that brown ploughland either side of us. And, yes, that definitely *was* a village ahead of us, white walls, red tiled roofs. We drove gingerly into the village, looking all round in case we had a third fence facing us.

And Liz sang out: 'We're in *West* Germany!'

How could she tell?

All the houses were suddenly meticulously cared-for, in contrast with the shabby, bare brickwork in the East. Every window had a bright box of cheerfully coloured flowers in front of it; there'd been not a sign of any such thing in the East.

And we sighed with relief, checked the road atlas again, then carried on driving.

I have one postscript.

*David Boggis*



### Licence to thrill

Do you enjoy reading a thriller? Because if so, I need someone to give me feedback on my own writing. Credentials: eight thrillers published commercially some years back, including a modest success with UK publisher Bantam. But I can't get back into publishing, although I'm still writing.

I don't write whodunits (except comedy, as a side line). My characters are closer to Lee Child's Jack Reacher than to Michael Connelly's Harry Bosch. Guns come into it, also some aviation. The action can be bloody and the dialogue is realistic, not Sunday School.

If you're interested, please speak to me or phone 02 96 41 18 87, otherwise e-mail: [david.boggis@wanadoo.fr](mailto:david.boggis@wanadoo.fr). And, alas, I have no money to offer for your services (the point is to generate some).

*David Boggis*

## Restaurant L'Inattendu

An English restaurant on the edge of Dinard off the roundabout near Lidl's next to the florist Monceau Fleurs and the drive-in bakers.

Rue du Haut Chemin  
35750 La Richardais au porte de Dinard

02 99 88 12 12

[Inattendu35@gmail.com](mailto:Inattendu35@gmail.com)

[www.linattendu-restaurant.fr](http://www.linattendu-restaurant.fr)



A good menu including fish and chips !

On Sundays :

**Brunch du Dimanche**

**15euros**

A petit déjeuner traditionnel anglais

10.30 – 14.00

For which you first need to book by phone



## Foreign Words

*The following was inspired by reading the article on Döstädning in last month's magazine.*

Pilkunnussija (Finnish):  
someone who is extremely attentive to details, especially when it's about grammar.

Culaccino (Italian):  
a trace left by a cold glass laid on a table.

Pochemuchka (Russian):  
somebody who always asks "why?", in particular a child.

Gümüşservi (Turkish):  
the reflection of the moon on water

Jayus (Indonesian):  
a stupid joke which is so bad that it makes us laugh.

*Catherine Kergoët*

*What do you think the equivalent would be in English or French?*



## Random Thoughts 6/11

*Sent to us by Peter Campbell*

Your future self is watching you right now through memories.



## Odd Words Humiliate

End of April, Friday 27<sup>th</sup>, on my way back to the flat having taken home communion to Bernadette Renaudineau, driving my C3, the radio tuned automatically to Radio 4 and I find myself a little way into a programme on humiliation. It catches my attention big-time and when I get back to the flat on goes the radio there too.

I listen attentively to what is being said, fascinated by the ideas that humiliation, the desire to humiliate someone, is part of our genetic make-up, part of our propensity for domination of others, our desire to control, of wanting to beat up on someone, showing them they are powerless, worthless, without value, not only according to us but also in the sight of others.

So I turn to my Oxford English Dictionary (OED) to check out the definition. Three definitions catch my eye: 'to humble', 'to make low', 'to mortify'. So I guess to humiliate in practice means to abase someone, to lower their sense of worth and dignity. It's the opposite of respect.

Isn't that part of what is wrong with our society nowadays: the lack of respect for mastery: doctors, judges, teachers, politicians, the police and even the clergy no longer enjoying the respect that their position in society once embodied? On the internet, trolls regularly abuse those for whom they have little or no respect whereas, as practising Christians, we are enjoined to honour not only our parents but to love others by respecting our common humanity.

But still, I guess, there are some folk who do get a kick out of verbally kicking others and doing them down.

*Gareth Randall*

### **Flight to Egypt**

*'Get up . . . and flee to Egypt . . .'*

*Matthew 2 v13*

If we'd been disturbed  
by the visit of the Magi,  
then think how disturbing  
was Joseph's dream that night.  
Again, an angel appears to him;  
Gabriel tells him to get up and go,  
to take you and me away without delay  
and to go now, not home to Nazareth  
but out of Herod's reach  
by taking us three to Egypt.  
To Egypt, a Joseph called his family  
to come and stay with him  
to save them from the famine.  
To Egypt now we went  
to save your life, my son.  
Knowing you'd been born,  
Herod wanted you dead  
to stop you stealing his throne.  
So, around the town of Bethlehem,  
his soldiers killed all the boys  
less than two-years-old.  
We stayed in Egypt till, in a dream,  
Gabriel told us of Herod's death  
and called us home to Nazareth  
where you grew up a man.

Out of Egypt,  
God called His Son  
and, in Galilee, you grew up,  
full of grace and favour,  
to be a carpenter's son,  
Jesus of Nazareth.



### **Holy Spirit**

Dove,  
Wind,  
Flame,  
God in us,  
God with us,  
Alongside  
To encourage,  
To inspire,  
To inform.



### ***Enlightenment***

The early morning sun  
shines through the window  
onto the computer screen  
to bless Sunday's sermon.

