

Diary dates for August and September, 2018

19 th August	11.00 Patronal Festival
	12.00 St Bart's Day lunch in church garden
26 th August	Silent film – Dinard Film Festival
6 th September	10.30 Council Meeting
30 th September	11.00 Harvest Festival



Prayer of the month

Almighty God,
who wonderfully created us in your own image
and yet more wonderfully restored us
through your Son Jesus Christ:
grant that, as he came to share in our humanity,
so we may share in his divinity;
who is alive and reigns with you
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and forever.

Collect for the First Sunday of Christmas



Prayer focus

Holidays v holy days



Verse of the Month

'Jesus did this, the first of his signs, in Cana of Galilee,
and revealed his glory, and his disciples believed in him.'

John 2 v11



St Bart's



August, 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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August, 2018

Notices

Dear Friends,

Belong

August; the height of the season; St Bartholomew’s Day (24th August which, this year, we celebrate on Sunday 19th); so good to be alive and to be part of our church community.

And I ask myself the question: ‘What does it mean to belong?’ What do you think and feel about being a member here of St Bart’s, our church rooted here in Dinard for the past 147 years?

‘To belong’ has different meanings depending on the context. To belong to our church can mean that we are part of our fellowship, the worshipping community. St Bart’s is our church because we are members who are responsible for the place where we come to meet God in our service and through our relationships. St Bart’s belongs to us because we are the owners, the stewards, the people of this place. This church is ours because we are committed to being here and, by being here, we can be energised and renewed.

So, if you really do feel part of the place, will you, by what you do and by what you give, help to guarantee our future here in the years to come, our doors still open to welcome folk and to help them to find what, at heart, they are seeking?

I do hope so. For where we invest our hearts, there we may truly find God.

Father Gareth



- **Deadline** for submission of material for the September edition of St Bart’s is *midday on Thursday 30th August*
- **Vide Grenier – Le Tronchet** on 14th July raised 270€ for church funds. Our thanks to David and Helen Morgan for organising our stall, to those who helped and to those who contributed items for sale.
- **The Bar B Q** on 21st July at Bill Hughes’s home raised 542€ for church funds. Our thanks to Bill for organising the lunch and to those who helped and to those who enjoyed the fellowship meal.
- **Church Finances for June**
Income: 4,034€ Expenditure: 3,896€



Readings in church

August 5th

2 Samuel 11 v26 –12 v13a
Ephesians 4 v1 – 16

Tenth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 51 v1 –13
John 6 v24 – 35

August 12th

2 Samuel 18 v5 –9, 15, 31 – 33
Ephesians 4 v25, – 5 v2

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 130
John 6 v35, 41 – 51

August 19th

Acts 5 v12 – 16
1 Corinthians 4 v 9 – 15

St Bartholomew

Psalm 145 v1 – 7
Luke 22 v24 – 30

August 26th

1 Kings 8 v22 – 30
Ephesians 6 v10 – 20

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity

Psalm 84
John 6 v56– 69

Wise Words

Quotations and quips, submitted by the late Donald Soum.

If you come into a country and all you see in the paper is good news, then all the good people are in jail.

Daniel Moynihan

If you teach your plumbers to become philosophers, neither your theories nor your pipes will hold water.

Barry Behenna

The man who says honesty is the best policy is not an honest man

Archbishop Ussher



Malapropisms - 2/4

Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:

He made an INFANTRY of everything in the flat.
(inventory)



Quickies - 1/5

Another series from our Church Warden, Bill:

A man rang up Ryanair to ask how long the flight from Stansted to Dublin took.

“Just a minute,” came the reply
and the man said thank you and put the phone down.



Notes from the Council

July 20th

The performance of ‘Queen Mary,’ music by Purcell, in St Bart’s on Thursday, part of the 20th season of ‘Opéras d’Eté de Dinard’ meant the Council met a day later on the Friday instead of our usual Thursday meeting after Holy Communion. Five concerts in church in eleven days in the last fortnight of July – our doors truly open and all welcome.

And, in the course of the meeting, we did talk about how we might proceed to improve our church: new secondary doors to the church main entrance; a replacement red carpet; improving the signage; repainting the railings and gate; maintaining the garden; lights for the organ pipes; more clearly indicating where the deposit box is in the wall; how best to meet and greet folk as they come into church.

We are very conscious of indications that we are moving from the black towards the red: several underlying reasons but clearly the need to raise more money by free will giving and by a range of church activities. At the same time, our contribution requested by the Diocese is sharply increasing due to real growth in the work done for us as a whole across Europe.

Brian Cordery has been in touch with the Archbishop re our 150th anniversary but no firm commitment to attend at this stage can be given. Data Protection was touched on with a positive response so far to our request for permission to keep personal data. A Data Protection Area now exists on the church website.

As ever we began and ended in prayer.

Father Gareth

Reflections of a Brewery MD 1/14

A series of articles written by Ron Kirk, sharing some of his experiences on the board of a major Brewery Company.

When I arrived at Mansfield Brewery in April 1983, I believed I had made the biggest career mistake of my life. The omens from the very start were not good. I had endured six interviews for the position of finance director before a job offer came. After I had been called in for a fourth interview, I took the view these guys are ‘ditherers’ and I should focus on other opportunities that were now coming my way. It was only because I could meet up with an old college friend living in Mansfield that I indulged the executives, since they were paying for my travelling costs !

For more than a decade, I had worked in very senior executive roles with two international conglomerates, primarily as a ‘fixer’ of deep-seated problems in businesses ranging from engineering, industrial paint, man-made fibres, chemicals, poultry processing, even children’s toys (Lego). The groups employed literally hundreds of thousands of people and were capitalised in the billions of dollars. Now I was being ferried around a sleepy regional company, profitable, but, long-term, at grave strategic risk should the ‘big boys’ make a hostile bid or the coal industry go into terminal decline. To cap it all, I was asked to do a six-week induction, when normally I was sent into a company for a week, identify the problems, agree with the management the solutions and then return three months later to check all was well. Perhaps an arrogant view of myself but, as it turned out, not entirely misplaced.

The first day I arrived officially on the job, I wandered over to Madge at reception to see three sacks of mail. Although I had worked in big companies, I had never seen mail on this scale before. Provocatively I casually said to Madge, “You’re very popular. Is that your fan mail ?”

From the lectern 7/11

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

Little Johnnie came home early from school so his mum asked him why. Her son smiled and said he was the only one in the class who could answer the teacher’s question. – “Who threw that book ?”



Visitors’ Book 9/13

What folk think of St Bart’s

‘What a glorious place – full of love and the Holy Spirit – bless you all.’
10th August 2016

‘We were married in this beautiful little church twelve years ago.’
23rd September 2016



Pain au céréale En pain content

Fresh, warm bread
straight from the baker’s oven.
Who could ask for more ?



Random Thoughts 8/11

Sent to us by Peter Campbell

Every time you clean something, you just make something else dirty.

Questions How true ?

Mid July; the weather has been sunny and warm with little or no rain for weeks. The church garden is dry; the grass is looking a little browned off; the flowers are in need of a drink. So ever mindful of my duty of pastoral care, I unwind the hose curled up on the rocks outside our library and duly water our garden.

And I wonder, 'Is the hose too long or too short ? Unwound, it stretches along the path from the library to the point where you can turn right to the main doors or left to the gate to rue Faber. Or it can go out diagonally across the grass towards the edge of the flower bed running up from the main gate. If only it were a couple of metres longer, I could more easily water the flower bed running up on the left from the gate and even water some of the plants at the back of the church. But when I try to wind the hose up again around the rocks, it seems to go on forever !

I guess the truth of the matter depends on where you're standing and what you're doing. Too long ? Too short ? Depends. And whether you rejoice in the fact our young England team made the semi finals of the Football World Cup this summer or whether you are sad that they failed to make the finals will depend on where you stand and, I guess, your character.

Truth can be objective and subjective and how you see it will depend a lot on where you stand and the person you are.

Gareth Randall



The answer was not repeatable. The alarm bells rang and after further checking, particularly with my new secretary, Sue Walters, known for her straightforwardness, I became very worried. I had discovered a massive financial exposure that could wipe out 18 months' profits and put the future of the company at risk. Oddly, all the senior executives went into denial mode but middle management and the shop floor shared my concerns. In the end, I had to force the Board to fix the problem straightaway or I would resign immediately and explain the problem to the shareholders !

In the end, the whole shattering experience proved a silver lining, as in the process, I gained the full and absolute trust of Jock Nangle, a non-executive director who importantly controlled 55% of the company. I became his 'latent mole' in the organisation, all the time working for the best interests of the company, acting as a full team member, but all the time knowing that if I did my job well, I was flameproof. Until I wrote this article, this was not known by anyone else but just the two of us !

Needless to say, I became to love the company and its workforce for many and unique reasons, but more of that later.

Ron Kirk



Joie de vivre

Singing is one of our most ancient urges, one that connects us to our tribal past and fills us with happiness. I am my happiest standing in a church and singing hymns with others is one of life's pleasures. I belt them out joyfully.

God bless,

Pam Rowlands

Recipes from my nephew (8)
A new series of recipes of the month
to run throughout 2018 by my nephew, Tony

Mussels in Cider with Nigel's Soda Bread

This is something I have made previously after watching Nigel Slater prepare it on television. I love his narrative and un-hysterical style of presenting. Then visiting a French brasserie-themed restaurant locally, the mussels were featured as a June special and said their recipe was “Breton inspired” so I thought I would give it another go.

Soda bread

Ingredients:

- ✓ 225g wholemeal flour
- ✓ 225g plain flour
- ✓ ½ teaspoon salt
- ✓ 1 teaspoon caster sugar
- ✓ 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- ✓ 350ml buttermilk

Method:

Preheat the oven to 220C/425F/Gas 8. Put a large casserole dish and its lid into the oven. (The French cast-iron version is ideal).

In a large bowl, mix the flours, salt, sugar and bicarbonate of soda together with your fingers. Pour in the buttermilk, bringing the mixture together as a soft dough. Working quickly (the bicarbonate of soda will start working immediately), shape the dough into a shallow round loaf about 4cm/1½in thick.

Remove the hot casserole dish from the oven, dust the inside lightly with flour then lower in the dough. Cover with the lid and return to the oven.

This is very probably, too, one reason I so much enjoy attending Holy Communion at St Bartholomew's on Thursday mornings. We do have coffee together as an added incentive but that is *after* the service and I'm sure it's very different from Soma ! But for me, it's especially good to take a short time out in the middle of an often busy week just to be with God and to ‘taste’ something of His presence and His peace.

Michael McGowan

Transfiguration

Well tired,
really weary,
falling into bed
to be refreshed
through sleep
and rest.



Assumption

Mary is drawn up
by the love of God
for the mother of His Son.
Virgin, full of grace,
overshadowed by His Spirit
to incarnate His Love,
comes home to Him.

Notre Dame d'Emeraude



Quiet and peace

It was interesting to read in the June St Bart's that 'Dear Lord and Father of Mankind' is a hymn well-loved by Father Gareth for it is very probably my favourite hymn of all time, one I learnt by heart a while ago and which I recite to myself often. When troubled, I feel I need these words to quieten myself down, express what I feel (and need) and get things back into perspective.

The hymn is actually the final part of a very long poem, *The Brewing of Soma*, and these five final stanzas come as an antidote and reply to those Vedic worshippers who became drunk on 'Soma', a sacred, ritual beverage with hallucinogenic effects, in order to experience the divine. John Greenleaf Whittier, the author of this poem, was himself a Quaker who believed very much in the power of silence to come to God. If we wish to meet with God, so he states in his hymn, we must settle ourselves down and listen for His word.

My favourite verse is probably the fourth (unfortunately often omitted when sung in churches):

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell the manna down.

In these days when so many seek God through noise, so-called 'power encounters' and the sensational, it is good to be reminded that Scripture clearly points us in another direction altogether. 'Be still and know that I am God', says the psalmist (Psalm 46.10) in a verse that Whittier surely knew well.

The bread should be ready after 25 minutes. Remove from the oven and leave in place for 5 minutes before turning out and leaving to cool slightly before eating (best served warm).

Mussels

Ingredients:

- ✓ 1.5kg mussels (live)
- ✓ 2 shallots
- ✓ 25g butter
- ✓ 250ml dry cider
- ✓ 4 tbsp (60ml) double cream

Method:

Mussels as they are cooked live must be scrupulously checked before cooking. Tip plenty of very cold water into a large bowl or sink. Any that do not close, give a sharp tap with a knife handle. If it does not close, discard as it is dead. If it is heavier than the others also discard (as it is probably full of sand and the same if the shell is damaged). Pull off any beards on the mussel with a sharp tug and discard the beard.

Peel and finely chop the shallot. Put it into a large, deep pan with the butter over a low heat. Let the shallot soften, stirring it regularly so it doesn't colour. When it is soft and translucent, pour in the cider, let it bubble up, then add the mussels. Cover tightly with a lid and turn the heat to medium.

Cook only until the shells have opened – one or two minutes. Lift the mussels out with a draining spoon (discarding any that are still closed after the others have opened). Place into two warm bowls and cover. Turn up the heat under the pan, pour in the cream, stir, and season gently with black pepper. Let it bubble for a minute. Taste the sauce. It should not need salt but if your taste dictates, add a little.

Pour the sauce over the mussels and serve immediately with the Soda bread.

Tony Randall



Joie de vivre

Once, years ago, I was in Hamburg. Walking down an ordinary street in an ordinary district a bit away from the docks and the centre (and from the notorious Reeperbahn) I spotted, trudging towards me, a twenty-something woman with a face so miserable that it suggested serious clinical depression. She was wearing a headscarf, suggesting that she was Muslim; and a T-shirt with the legend: *Joie de vivre*.

It was one of the saddest sights I have ever seen.

David Boggis



Odd Words

Catherine Kergoët's article in the magazine brought an unusual English word to mind.

“Discombobulate / ed” verb.

First saw it in an article in The Spectator, then it turned up in a novel I was reading. It means “to disconcert or confuse someone”. It isn't in our Chambers Dictionary (but it is an old one). Evidently it is of North American origin. I have never used it yet.

Barbara Thomas

Odd Words – ‘God-forsaken’

I'm writing a sermon. The words flow from me as I tap the keys of the computer, coming to the climax of the closing paragraph with this final sentence: *And let me leave you with St Mark's challenge to us all in this God-forsaken, politically correct age in which we live: 'Repent and believe.'*

And I'm shocked by the force of the phrase ‘God-forsaken’. In a way, all ‘God-forsaken’ has come to mean is somewhere not that nice: somewhere abandoned, desolate, a bit grim. But actually, the root meaning is something far worse. Worse than the Wilderness in which Jesus was tempted by the Devil. Worse than somewhere on the Brittany coast in winter, all the cafés closed; the wind blowing strong and the rain falling hard - no one on the beach, no one swimming in the sea or walking round the headland.

‘God-forsaken’ neatly and aptly describes the age in which we live, teeming with secular atheists, a time when it is not Christianity that shapes what is right and proper but a new form of politically correct puritanism that determines what it is possible to say and to do.

So I wonder what truly informs our lives, the moral compass by which we negotiate our journey towards the end?

Gareth Randall



On the ball

A quick quip from Victor Pumfret

A Scotsman, Welshman and Irishman walk into a bar. There would have been an Englishman too but he was away at the World Cup.



Film Review of the month Dead Poets Society – Peter Weir 1989

If you have a good memory, you might recall that I've already written a review of this film by Peter Weir back in September 2014 to mark the death of Robin Williams. My nephew, Tony, and his wife, Sue, had popped over for a long weekend and she said that photos of me as a sixth former reminded her of Neil (Robert Sean Leonard), who played one of the boys in 'Dead Poet's. Intrigued, I got the DVD off the shelf and watched it again and thought, 'I wish I still looked like that !'

Robin Williams plays John Keating, an inspirational teacher, who challenges the values of a highly successful, elite, New England 'Prep School', preparing its boys to go to Ivy League universities. Unfortunately, his unconventional methods actually challenge his pupils to start to think for themselves. The central character, Neil Perry, discovers a passion for acting which ultimately leads to the clash with his over-controlling father and the tragic outcome.

There is much to like, much to love, much to enjoy in the film, a time capsule set in the past – 1959: not least the interaction between the group of 17/18-year-olds; the tension, the humour, the banter as they wrestle to become who they truly are.

The music by Maurice Jarre, clips from contemporary pop and snippets from a range of music you'll recognise underscores the drama. The visual images are powerful: a flight of birds over the lake; sunsets; a silhouetted piper playing by the lake; hooded boys in duffle coats like monks at night, shadows moving through the wood.

So if I can write a film review for a second time, could you watch the film again ? Why not ? It's well worth it ! 'Carpe diem' !

Gareth Randall

Feedback on Terrorism

Father Gareth asked for our thoughts on the article, 'Why a Terrorist?' in the February St Barts. Unusually perhaps for a chartered accountant, I have had first-hand experience of terrorism, in for example South Africa and Northern Ireland. I, too, have asked myself what makes such people act in an abhorrent way, defying all sense of morality and decency. My experience leads me to believe that there are a few myths that keep being perpetuated which, in my opinion, confuse us all.

Religion

The first myth is that such people are driven by a religious belief. There is no accepted religion I know of that condones in its scriptures the killing of any human being simply because of another belief. That is not to say that religion hasn't been used by terrorists to justify their actions. The IRA certainly used the grievances of the minority Catholics in Northern Ireland to further their cause and as we see now with extremist Muslims exporting their issues to the West from the Middle East and Asia.

Deprivation

It is said because a group is abused in a society causing impoverishment that this fuels violent protest. If this were true, the Jewish nation, Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, Poles and Romanies would have been active terrorists the world over, even the poor white communities. No it can't be this.

Alienation

This is a possibility but many communities choose to live in a form of apartheid away from the rest of society. The Boers employed this, as have the Indian and Pakistani communities, including Orthodox Jews. Even Greeks and Italians have sort a kind of security, cultural blanket

around themselves. Poor communities have had a legitimate complaint that they are not being respected and could have revolted but never did. This can only be a partial influence.

Violence

Terrorist groups as their main 'modus operandi' seek to strike fear through gratuitous violence into the population in order to achieve their ends. This seldom ever works and ultimately fails even if you extend it to state terrorism as practised by North Korea. In the end, they invite overwhelming opposition and are doomed to failure. As Gandhi demonstrated – and he was no angel where violence was concerned – peaceful insubordination can have dramatic effects, including in our own history in respect of trade unions.

In democratic societies, violence is not the answer nor will it ever succeed. Those who embark on it have to be treated as enemies of society at large and no quarter given. Just because you are the majority, however, doesn't mean you can abuse your position to victimise the minority. Everyone has to get along and respect each other, otherwise democracy breaks down. The use of violence means you have lost the right to argue.

The terrorists I have been exposed to had no interest other than to impose their will on a majority. Many of their supporters were simply criminal thugs engaged in smuggling, drugs, racketeering, prostitution and the like, to earn as much money as possible. Anybody standing in their way was a legitimate target in their eyes. They use their 'cause' just like a marketing badge and follow the same sad brigades before them who were the Nazis, Stalinists, Al Qaeda etc. They are all the same, they just market themselves under various brand ideologies !

Only possibly in the case on Mandela have I ever believed there were sufficient grounds for a violent revolt. Where democracy exists for all

Remy Martin – Fine Champagne Cognac VOSP **The story behind a raffle prize**

The above bottle belongs to Pat Baker who lives on Guernsey. Her late husband's father, Ernie, was friends with a French sea captain in command of a destroyer who, at the outbreak of war in 1939, gave Ernie the bottle with the promise that, when the war was over, he would return and together they would share it. Sadly, Ernie never heard from his friend again: he probably died during the war.

Ernie kept the bottle intact, unopened, a symbol of their friendship. When he died, his son, named Ernie after his father, inherited the bottle and, respecting his father's intention, also refrained from opening it. When Ernie died back in 2003, the bottle came to Pat.

Now, to help raise funds for St Bartholomew's, Pat, who regularly comes to our church whenever she's here, has kindly offered us the bottle as the prize for our raffle at our annual St Bartholomew's Day lunch on 19th August in the church garden. Tickets are just 1€ each so if you would like to help support our church, then please do buy some. Good luck !

Bill Hughes



St Bartholomew's Lunch

On 19th August, there will be a buffet lunch in the church garden following the morning service to mark St Bartholomew's Day.

Cost €15 - Raffle - add name(s) to list in transept or contact Helen or David Morgan.

Please bring a dish or a raffle prize - advise Helen or David of what you'd like to bring.

Documents required for Carte de Séjour (Permanent) (For retired people only)

The following was prepared for us by David Morgan.

As far as I can recall we were asked for the following:

- Passport
- Carte Vitale
- Proof of address (telecom bill for fixed line)
- Proof of ownership of house (obviously a photocopy rather than original)
- Proof of residence for 5 years (electricity bill during each 6 month period for 5 years)
- Carte de séjour permanent only
- Letter giving pension for the year of application
- Any existing Carte de Séjour
- At the time of our application, they were only accepted by e mail in department 35
- If husband and wife apply together, take a full set of photocopies for each of each relevant document

Do not expect speedy results. Start to finish was approximately 1 year.

The prefecture was not interested in bank statements or any further proof of financial independence.



we should not even attempt to rationalise such action. In that case they are just evil people with evil intent, imparting as much misery as they can.

Ron Kirk



Summer smiles 4/5

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

«La mobylette»

Un soir au dîner, la petite dernière demande à son père : « Papa, pourquoi t'es toujours tout rouge ? »

« Ben, tu vois ma fille, c'est l'été, et en mobylette, tu prends des coups de soleil et ça te donne la peau toute rouge. »

La fillette opine du chef mais ne paraît pas totalement convaincue.
« Mais papa, en hiver aussi t'es tout rouge. »

« Oui, ma fille, mais en hiver il fait froid. Sur la mobylette, le froid et la vitesse ça te fait la peau toute rouge. »

Alors la mère, excédée, saisit la bouteille de PASTIS et la tend à sa fille : « Tiens, passe la mobylette à ton père ! »



Quotation of the month

Wood burns faster when you have to cut and chop it yourself.

Harrison Ford

Wedding in Cana

Water into wine

the first of his signs

John 2 v11

We'd been invited to a family wedding.

Now a widow, I came on my own
from Nazareth up to Cana.

You were there too with the Twelve:

with Andrew and John,
disciples of your cousin, John,
each with a brother,

with Simon Peter and James -
all four fishermen;

young Philip with his friend,

Nathaniel Bartholomew,

a nice lad from Cana;

Matthew the tax collector;

Thomas the twin;

Simon the Zealot;

James, son of Alphaeus,

Thaddeus,

and Judas Iscariot,

the one to hand you over.

All was going well,

all good, until I heard

there was not enough wine

so I told you

and you told me

it wasn't the time.

But I knew you'd do

what you had to do

so I told the servants

to do what you said.

So they filled six jars

with water from the well,

took some for tasting

and the groom was told

how good the wine was;

how odd to save

the best till last !

So all was well in the end

because God's will was done

because you are ready to do it.



Skinned alive

The horror, indignity, unkindness:

to take away what defines someone,

that connects them on the outside

with all that they can be in touch.

Poor Nathaniel Bartholomew:

he may well have seen the way to heaven

but he will have also felt the pain of hell !

