

# The Newsletter

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## EDITORIAL

The imminent arrival of the first edition of our 'new-look' Newsletter last November was greeted with some enthusiasm and not a little anticipation.

When it eventually appeared, opinion generally seems to have been that it was a worthwhile enterprise that should be continued. So much of interest emanating from so many different sources in and around our Chaplaincy community was a revelation to many and a good reason for us to pursue the quest to inform and entertain in equal measure. I think that in the pages that follow you will find those high standards to have been worthily maintained, if not excelled, in the contributions from so many who have willingly – or with just a little persuasion – given of their time and talent to keep us all informed and to contribute to the well-being of our church family.

As for our title, it's still the Newsletter, neither our readers nor your Editor having thought of a better one! So we shall soldier on with this one until such time as inspiration strikes on one side or other of the editorial desk! Don't forget: we will be happy to receive your letters or communications for publication in a future edition. Our email address is: newsletter@stgeorgesparis.org. Feel free to get in touch at any time.

For now, I hope you enjoy what follows, whether you're reading this online or in the limited print edition.

**John C**

## FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Looking back on previous editions of the Newsletter has made me realise that one real rite of passage for a Chaplain is when they beg forgiveness for the late arrival of the Newsletter. Inevitable too is the admission it has nothing to do with the hardworking and long-suffering Editor and everything to do with the Chaplain. So, please accept my

apologies and I hope you'll enjoy this next edition of the Newsletter.

Diocesan Synod 2022 heard from a trauma specialist who strongly advised us not to think of the upset of the last couple of years as 'over'. Trauma leaves deep marks and we continue to live in complicated times but I very much hope that as travel restrictions ease and long-delayed visits are made life begins to feel more like the one you want to live.

Choice lies at the heart of our modern world. We have lived through an unprecedented period of economic affluence and political stability. Being able to make big life-choices about career or family, liberated from the restrictions of the past and reassured by the active presence of state support has made for a human community in which simply making any choice is evidence of human maturity. It makes for an exciting, if sometimes bewildering, new world.

War, famine and sickness never disappeared but they did seem confined to the T.V. news so that we could believe that the human family was making real progress in their elimination. Today that confidence seems gauche and misplaced.

In facing up to our limitations there are forms of religion that seem to exult in human difficulty; 'if only you'd listened to my God/my Scriptures/my version of them then you wouldn't be in the mess you're in now.' And in Europe it can appear that in the loss of Christendom we've lost Christ. But that would be to mistake two things: religion and God.

God is real and when we choose God – choose to spend time with the One who delights in us – then we discover that we have made the most real and sustaining choice of which our being is capable. Strikingly to me, when open for public worship in the Pandemic St George's has never ceased to welcome new faces – some have made their home here and some have moved on – but God continues to be active and make out of us an icon of the Kingdom of his Son.

I pray that we will find the courage not to go backwards to old forms of faith, nor to be distracted by our own agendas, but to be transformed into the likeness of Christ who is the image of God. That's where true joy is to be found!

**Fr Mark**

## OBITUARIES

*An obituary of Marion Rushworth will follow in the next Newsletter.*

**Mary Berg : 19th March 1948 - 16th February 2022**  
*Mary Berg's Funeral Mass was held at St George's on Tuesday 22nd February. Fr Mark celebrated, assisted by Fr Jeffrey and Fr Nicolas. The choir sang the Messe de Requiem by Gabriel Fauré. Fr Matthew Harrison gave the homily, which is printed below, by way of an obituary, for the Newsletter.*

Several decades ago – perhaps something like 26 years ago – Mary came to St George's for the first time. It was the Easter Vigil and she stayed for the party afterwards. Both of those things would turn out to be significant for her: a

return to church-going through the liturgies of Holy Week and the events of Christ's passion that they call to mind – a week that was always to remain central to her faith, even sometimes a source of anxiety and apprehension (something that many here at St George's can understand); but the party too! – as the community celebrated together its collective endeavour in keeping the week. And, as you know, at St George's the party after the Easter Vigil means a *coupe de champagne*. Mary later always credited me with giving her, a newcomer, the necessary encouragement to cross the threshold of the chaplain's flat that night, rather than just disappearing into the night at the end of the liturgy – not that I remember doing that very clearly.



Well, so began Mary's association with St George's and with many of us here at this funeral mass. This morning we come to keep company with Christian and Emeline as they make their *Dernier Adieu* to their mother, and we pray for them and for Marie, Manech and Melvil. In this Eucharist we come into communion with the one God and Father of us all – and are gathered into one in this great prayer of love. So, as we say our prayers for our friend Mary, we also remember today all whom we love but see no longer – Gilbert, Mary's husband, chief among them. Since Mary first came to St George's, I couldn't count the number of hours she has spent consulting me about her faith – both when I was the assistant and during my years as chaplain – not that I'm sure I was always much help – a role she transferred undiminished to Fr Mark these last few years. Nor could I count the events both memorable and everyday that we have shared here in this community. So, the question today, as we give thanks for Mary's life, is: where to begin? Or, perhaps more importantly, where to end? Well, of course, it's not possible in these few short minutes to sum up Mary's life – or any life, for that matter, but you are here because of her and, in your different ways, you will be calling her to mind in your hearts, I know. The first word that I wrote down, when I heard that Mary had died, was 'generosity'. Mary was a ridiculously generous

person – and that is a lovely trait to have: a way, after all, that we can reflect the nature of God the Father. She gave generous support to this church community and in a number of ways: not just in terms of stewardship but also with her time and attention – as PCC member, PCC secretary, Archdeaconry Synod representative, Bazaar lunches Supremo and lastly as churchwarden. She was also incredibly generous to me personally: for example, organising to be present with Sonia for my putting-in as a Canon of Malta – that was a surprise – or lending me the family holiday home at La Bernerie, or keeping me supplied with champagne, so that I always had something to offer visiting bishops and archdeacons!

The second word I wrote down is not too dissimilar – 'hospitality'. Many of us here will have enjoyed Mary and Gilbert's hospitality at their old home in Sèvres, where Christian and Emeline grew up. Mary liked a party, or as she might have described it, a 'hooley'. But more than that, her friends were very important to her. Friends from Ireland – like Margot, friends made through Gilbert's life as a professional musician, friends made through her work at the OECD, as well as, of course, friends here at St George's. So, it is good to see so many here this morning. And others will join with us through electronic means, like her brother Patrick in Ireland.

Of course, we have a special thought and concern today for Christian and Emeline: we give thanks for their love and care for their mother and we remember Mary's pride in them – for example in their university studies in the UK and as they have set out to make their way in life – and in her beloved grandsons, Manech and Melvil.

Mary really was one of a kind – actually we all are, of course. That is part of the wonder of creation. But some people seem slightly larger than life, and Mary had that sort of intensity that can sometimes mean they are difficult with themselves and occasionally with those around them. Certainly, after Gilbert's death and the move into her flat, there were some times of unhappiness, and none of us seemed able to help her with that. Perhaps, with hindsight, it was the beginning of her memory loss feeding into anxiety. How good, then, that in the Home she seemed very happy these last years – despite all the difficulties around Covid.

The spirit of generosity and the sense of hospitality – of care and offering and welcome – are also, we believe, part of God's love for us: "In my Father's house are many rooms – many mansions," says Jesus in our gospel reading today. "Do not let your hearts be troubled." So today we give thanks for Mary's life and call her to mind; we also keep her company in our prayers, entrusting her to the welcome of the Father and to a place of peace and light. Amen.

## DISCOVERING ST GEORGE'S

*Gabriel, or Lingzhe Huang, recently joined St George's. He explains the new directions his life has taken and his discovery of worshipping among us.*

My name is Lingzhe Huang. I was born in Xiamen, a seaside city close to Taiwan on the Chinese mainland. The region it belongs to had the biggest Anglican diocese in China during the first half of the 20th century. Being born into a third-

generation evangelical protestant family, my name in Chinese means 'to have wisdom surpassing that of philosophers', in other words, the wisdom that comes from the Lord. My parents had many commitments in the church: my father even preached. They laid a good foundation for my faith. As I grew up, I liked to review the faith from a non-believer's point of view, imagining how I would respond to their doubts.

When I was in middle school, my parents turned to Calvinism. I was baptized at that time. Later on, I became interested in theology and started reading some famous theological books, principally from the Puritans or the early Church Fathers. Gradually, I accepted Calvinist theology. I also found something precious in Catholic theology, while still encountering some points that I couldn't totally agree with. So I wondered if there was a middle way between these two. It was then that I got to know about Anglicanism. (In Chinese, "Anglican" is translated as "the holy, catholic church"!)

In 2018 I came to Paris to begin my college studies. I joined a Chinese evangelical church and got involved in its young men's fellowship. It was at this church that I also met my girlfriend, Lichen. From mid-2019 to 2021, I shared information frequently with this group, including aspects of systematic theology, the liturgical year, and so on. However, as time went on, I became more and more conscious that I couldn't really accept the ways of modern evangelicals.



When the pandemic began in 2020, I took an interest in Anglicanism, though I discerned it more as a "low church".

In 2021 I found the YouTube channel of St John's Cathedral in Hong Kong, together with the Lectionary app; these proved to be very helpful resources for understanding the "high church" tradition. As a result, in the fellowship I began to share stories of the saints according to the Anglican calendar!

Little by little I came to accept "high church" theology and decided to find an Anglican church in Paris. So at noon on 27th October 2021, I attended the first Anglican service in my life, celebrated by Fr Jeffrey. There were just the two of us, but it didn't spoil the holiness of the service. That Sunday I attended the main service and I felt more assured that this way of worship was what I had always been waiting for! On 14th November, along with Lichen, I was confirmed. I chose Bishop Lancelot Andrewes as my patron saint, not only because his feast day is close to my birthday, but also because his faith and devotion resonate profoundly with me.

In closing, I'd like to quote from Bishop Charles Gore as the confession of my own liturgical understanding: "I was what people call 'a ritualist' from the time I was a boy... I love, as I hardly love anything in the world physically,

except the beauties of nature, that type and kind of ceremonial worship, which is called 'ritualistic' by many people and 'Catholic' by its maintainers. It appears to me personally to be the one kind of ceremonial worship which really expresses my feelings, and in which I feel really at home."

Every time we sing the Creed above all, it gives me a fantastic feeling. The rhythm reminds me that in the Old Testament the angels sang at the creation by the Lord, something which is recalled in Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (represented by Eru and the Ainur). Immersed in singing, I recall (anamnesis) the moment when the Three-in-One God created, saved and sanctified us. The singing continues:

"More blessed still, in peace and love to be,  
One with the Trinity in Unity"

– until now, my favourite hymn, at NEH 302!

## WHY NOT BECOME A READER ?

*Perhaps you're already a voracious reader, but that's not the sort we mean!*

Jane Sageau, who kindly runs our team of Readers for the Sunday Eucharist, would be delighted to add your name to the growing list. If it's something you feel you can contribute to the life of the Chaplaincy, Jane would love to hear from you. You can contact her at: [jsageau@gmail.com](mailto:jsageau@gmail.com) and join the happy band of young and old – and in-betweens – who are glad to offer their services at the lectern on Sundays when they are available in church.

## MON INSTALLATION COMME CHAPELAIN ASSISTANT À SAINT GEORGES

*Père Nicolas Razafindratsima gives us his impressions of his Licensing as Assistant Chaplain by Bishop David in November 2021.*



« Licensing » pourrait être classé parmi ces mots anglais qualifiés de « faux-amis » : en effet, il ne signifie nullement « licenciement » mais, au contraire, installation ou admission !



Mon installation comme chapelain assistant à St Georges (Licensing as Assistant Chaplain) a eu lieu lors d'une Eucharistie présidée par Mgr David Hamid, notre évêque suffragant, le samedi 13 novembre 2021 à 18h30. De nombreux chrétiens étaient présents, notamment les membres de la communauté malgache de St Georges et de Strasbourg, mais aussi des représentants d'autres églises. Toute l'équipe de prêtres de St Georges était également présente. Grâce au wifi, désormais disponible dans l'église, la célébration a été transmise en direct sur Zoom (une première), et a pu être suivie même par ma famille à Madagascar.

Le rituel de l'installation était au cœur de la cérémonie. Après que le P. Mark m'a présenté, l'évêque a demandé à la congrégation et à moi-même si nous affirmons notre allégeance au Christ et si nous avons la volonté de travailler ensemble, en union avec l'évêque et avec un engagement concret pour l'unité de tous les chrétiens. A la suite de ces questions-réponses, l'évêque m'a remis ma « licence » (on pourrait dire « permis ») et m'a donné sa bénédiction solennelle.

En clair, cette licence me permet d'exercer mon ministère de prêtre à St Georges. Comme Mgr David l'a rappelé dans son homélie, le ministère de prêtre consiste à prier pour les gens, à les encourager, à les équiper dans leur mission de chrétiens, par les sacrements et la Parole de Dieu. Mais il a expliqué aussi que la mission de proclamer l'évangile et de faire avancer le royaume de Dieu appartient à toute la communauté, à tous les chrétiens, et pas seulement aux prêtres.

L'obtention de cette licence officialise la fin de ma formation, commencée en 2013, après plusieurs années de discernement de ma vocation. Elle me fait passer des fonctions de vicaire (« curate »), à celles de chapelain assistant. Comme j'exerce mon ministère à temps partiel et à titre bénévole, mon titre complet est « honorary assistant chaplain », ce qui en français, se traduirait par « chapelain assistant honoraire ».



Au fond, le ministère du prêtre consiste à aimer les gens, à la suite du Bon Berger, qui a aimé ses disciples jusqu'au bout et a donné sa vie pour ses brebis. Frères et sœurs, dans ce ministère, votre soutien et vos prières me sont essentiels. Merci pour votre soutien et prières passés, et je compte sur vous pour la suite.

## ST MARY'S, CAEN

Since its reestablishment in the 1960's and its move to La Miséricorde the congregation at Caen has had a variety of clergy providing worship and pastoral care. St George's has supported the congregation both financially and through its provision of clergy time and care. The Ven. Peter Hooper in creating a new Deanery of Northwest France, containing Normandy, Brittany and the Vendée, suggested it might be a good time to consider how ministry could be sustained within the Deanery with more local, retired clergy. St Mary's has grown by moving to worship on a Sunday morning. The current time isn't ideal – but is the only one the clergy from Paris can manage – so at the AGM this year St Mary's, Caen agreed to move forward, trusting in God for their future flourishing.

Of course, the close links St George's and St Mary's, which stretch back years, will continue: both the immensely popular Carol Service led by St George's choir and the Normandy Stall at the Bazaar.



We're hugely grateful to Fr Grant Holmes for having organised the complicated rota of six clergy to cover the services since his arrival at Easter 2021. We'd also like to add our congratulations to Carol Hart who was licensed as a Lay Reader in the Church of England by the Archdeacon at a special service in May.

### TIMOTHÉ – FROM SUCCESS TO SUCCESS!

*Following on from the revelation to the nation of a chess star among us, Stephen Razafindratsima, Timothé's dad, recognises God at work in it all...*

Quand on vit avec notre Seigneur et qu'on le met en priorité, c'est qu'il se passe des choses inattendues, très agréables à vivre, comme si on reçoit un cadeau de la part de notre Dieu. Les résultats de Timothé au lycée sont plus que corrects, il poursuit son chemin dans les échecs même s'il n'a jamais eu de sponsor et que c'est ce qu'il veut faire plus tard (pour l'instant). Il a également un talent au piano. Une des priorités de notre famille est que nos enfants louent Dieu par la musique. Il y a eu des messes de la communauté malgache où Timothé a commencé à accompagner les cantiques au piano. Nous voudrions qu'il continue ainsi et qu'il le fasse avec Grace et Mathieu et d'autres jeunes plus tard.

Timothé suit des cours au conservatoire, et le 3 février 2022, il était prévu qu'il participe à un concert qu'il a bien préparé à l'avance. Sauf qu'à quelques jours du concert, la Société Générale lance une compétition d'échecs « La Détection ». Cette compétition réunit plus de 1300 participants afin de détecter un talent, et le gagnant recevra 15000€ sous forme de matériels d'échecs et d'accompagnement (entraînement avec des professionnels et participation à des tournois forts). C'est « le tournoi » que tous les jeunes passionnés d'échecs attendaient. Le gagnant aura vraiment un gros coup de pouce. Le problème est que la qualification pour le tournoi se passe au même moment que son concert de piano (même jour, même heure).

Nous avons essayé de trouver une solution pour qu'il puisse faire les deux, mais c'était impossible. L'organisateur du tournoi n'a pas accepté de mettre Timothé sur un autre jour. On a contacté son professeur de piano qui a répondu que la date était déjà fixée depuis longtemps et que Timothé est déjà dans le programme. Nous avons continué à prier pour que Dieu nous donne la solution. On a décidé qu'il fasse le concert de piano mais au moment du tournoi il le fera sur le téléphone. Difficile à faire, surtout que les deux activités demandent une concentration maximale. Le jour de sa répétition avec son professeur de musique (un mardi pour un concert le jeudi), le professeur lui a demandé si ce tournoi est important pour lui, et il a répondu sans hésiter que « oui », alors le professeur a demandé au conservatoire de déplacer le jour de concert pour Timothé.



La main divine intervient. Le concert de Timothé a été déplacé le mercredi au lieu de jeudi avec d'autres pianistes et c'est Mathieu son petit frère qui jouera le jeudi 3 février. Et Timothé joue donc le tournoi la « Détection » qui réunit plus de 1300 joueurs de moins de 18 ans. Timothé passe la phase des « poules », est qualifié pour le quart de finale, et puis la demi-finale et puis la finale. C'est lui qui est le vainqueur de cette troisième édition de la Détection Société Générale mais première consacrée au jeu d'échecs. Depuis ses débuts dans les échecs, Timothé avait toujours besoin de sponsor: il n'en a jamais eu, alors c'est un cadeau

formidable. Gloire à Dieu pour son talent, nous en sommes très reconnaissants !

## MY ORGAN JOURNEY

*Another of our talented young people, Mmeso Mba, writes about setting out on a journey of (self-) discovery...*

I started playing the organ at the church almost two years ago in October 2020 with John Crothers as my teacher. The organ interested me, firstly because I play the piano, and the organ is not only played with the hands like the piano but also with the feet; secondly, because of the various sounds that are able to be made. The way the organ is placed in our church gave me the possibility to watch organists play at the end of the church service, and the instrument was fascinating to watch.

Playing the organ at the church was exciting because I was able to use many stops which created many different sounds and because this organ presented the challenge of needing to pull out by hand every stop one wanted to use. It is a two-manual, mechanical-action pipe organ built in 1986 by Patrick Collon from Belgium.



Just over a year ago in September 2021, I started organ studies at the Conservatoire Gabriel Fauré in the 5th arrondissement, with Françoise Dornier as my teacher. The organ there is also a mechanical-action instrument, built in 1976 by Gonzalez. I was able to see how challenging playing at St George's had been. Pulling stops, especially for the pedals, was easier at the Conservatoire. This made me appreciate playing in church as it had introduced me to a more challenging instrument before discovering a simpler one. The Conservatoire organ is a small one, built for students and studying – different from the St George's one, which is placed in a church setting.

I currently play at the Conservatoire and I am learning music from different time periods, such as Baroque pieces by Johann Sebastian Bach and a contemporary piece by Hervé Lesvenan. I alternate practice between the church and the Conservatoire, which is exciting, because both organs sound different, with only a few sounds being able to be made at the Conservatoire.

I hope that one day I will be able to accompany church services and play at various magnificent cathedrals!

## BRAIN TEASERS

The puzzles below have been chosen by Irish mathematician Des MacHale, a prolific writer of joke and puzzle books. CLUE: The puzzles are a mixture of word, number and lateral thinking puzzles.

1. A rich woman dies and leaves her entire fortune of two million pounds between a number of lion tamers. How much did each lion tamer receive?
2. Punctuate this sentence to reverse its meaning:  
A SMART DOG KNOWS ITS MASTER.
3. What is never odd or even?
4. Make this equation correct just by moving the digits about:  $26 = 74$ .
5. Two objects perform the same task. One has many thousands of moving parts while the other has no moving parts. What are they?

ANSWERS: See the back page.

### AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM ...

*Mary Jane Wilkie has been a teacher of children of all ages and a Sunday-school director, trained in 'Godly Play'. She has given workshops and presentations on music and spiritual topics, and has published articles on children and music (including Episcopal Life), as well as a book, Music from the Trenches, for parents interested in providing strong support for their children's musical growth.*

Adults often call children "the church of the future", and indeed they are. In addition, they offer spiritual gifts to adults in the here and now.

We humans are theotropic, that is, we are by nature attracted to God, or something beyond ourselves. Children show this characteristic early, being aware of God yet lacking the language to express it. Here are some of the things I have learned from working with young children. First is that they love to love, and respond readily when others express love. Second is that they are quick to forgive. If we learn nothing else from children, we benefit from this, their natural ministry. But there's more. Jerome Berryman suggests that young children "intuit divinity," operating in a non-verbal world, or a world where verbal expression is straightforward, devoid of hidden meaning or agendas. Not having engaged in formal conversation about the existence of God, they enter into that relationship easily. Thus, they are sincere in their prayers. They never "fake it."

Children are not interested in status. This might be what Jesus meant when he proposed a child as model for the Kingdom of God (Matthew 18:3). Unimpressed by bishops, CEOs of multinational corporations or heads of states, they respond to people as people. Like adults, children want to be taken seriously, with respect for their being, and this is normal, since they lack the status of CEOs and the rest. Anyone who has watched a child poking around in the dirt with a stick knows that they are creative with simple objects, quite content to enjoy the world without benefit of the myriad toys given to them by well-intentioned adults. Despite what consumer advertising would have us believe, they will devise all manner of interesting objects from basic materials, enjoying their fabrication more than the objects themselves. In other words, they are more interested in process than product.

Children think about existential issues, even though they do not yet have language to talk about it. Their imagination serves them well in explaining life, death and meaning. And

until they enter school, their imagination is relatively unfettered.

One of their greatest gifts to me personally is their idealism, their absence of cynicism. I would posit that life's central challenge is to grow old without becoming a cynic, and children show us the way.

If you've read this far, you may be wondering about the instances where children seem incorrigible. We have all seen younger and older ones behave in selfish ways, or respond dramatically and unpleasantly to something. Our response to those situations can help or hinder them in processing their environment. Parents are of course crucial, but children raised by the "village" that we all talk about seem to end up healthier. Most important is that that they pay attention to everything. Anytime you are in the presence of a child, you are modelling, whether you like it or not.

If they are nurtured in their faith, they continue to be hopeful and trusting. Bible stories told without sugarcoating offer examples for remaining strong in the face of difficulties. They learn how individuals help one another, and how faith in God makes a difference.

Suggested reading:

Mimi Doe, *Ten Principles of Spiritual Parenting*.

Robert Coles, *The Spiritual Lives of Children*.

David Hay, *The Spirit of the Child*.

Jerome Berryman, *The Complete Guide to Godly Play, vol. I*.

### NAPOLEON'S TRULY EUROPEAN FUNERAL MUSIC

*History and music blend as our Director of Music and Napoleonic historian, Peter Hicks, gives us an insight into how a well known hymn tune came to be associated with a celebrated personality.*

The melody to "O come, all ye faithful" ("Ô peuple fidèle" in French) is perhaps the most famous of all Christmas carols (after "Jingle Bells", probably). Not only on both sides of the Channel, but also in the US and elsewhere in the English-language world. Though its origins are mysterious – was it French, British, or Portuguese? – it is probably the only Christmas song with Napoleonic connotations.

The melody and the words are thought to have been written by the British Catholic, John Wade (d. 1786), circa 1750, but in continental Europe, in Douai, the city to which Wade had fled after the failure of Bonnie Prince Charlie's '45 Rebellion in Scotland. The solo-line melody (written using plainsong notation) and Latin words were possibly printed in 1751.

The late-eighteenth century British composer, Samuel Webbe (a friend of Wade's), published the hymn in London (1782) in a harmonised version in *An Essay or Instruction for learning the Church Plain Chant*.

Almost simultaneously in London, this piece was referred to as the "Portuguese Hymn" because it had been heard at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy there in the 1780s. As for the French version ("Ô peuple fidèle"), this was

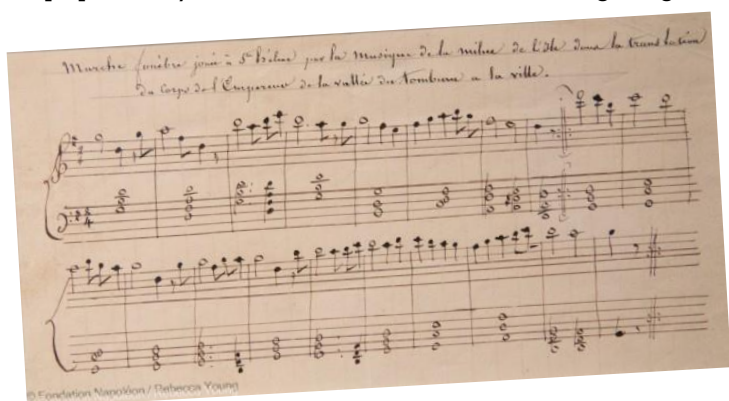


written in 1790 by the refractory priest Jean-François Borderies, either in Antwerp or London. But why is all this of any relevance to Napoleon enthusiasts?

Well, unbeknownst to most, the “Portuguese Hymn” was in fact standard funeral repertoire for British and American military bands in the first half of the nineteenth century – indeed it was played at the Duke of Wellington’s funeral in 1852. Whilst it may seem odd that such a jolly tune should be put to funereal use, the musical taste of the people of the past is frequently mysterious to those who come after! The British soldier Francis J. Bellew, recounting his military service in India in the 1820s, referred to “the solemn strains of the Adeste Fideles or Portuguese Hymn, a dirge-like air, admirably adapted for such occasions, and which breathes the very soul of melancholy.”

A contemporary St-Helena account of the exhumation of Napoleon’s body (1840) reports Napoleon’s second funeral procession as follows:

“At about a quarter to 4 o’clock, P.M. a Gun fired at the Alarm House, intimated that the Procession was leaving the TOMB, on its way to Town. [...] About 5 P.M. the Procession reached Town [...] The Town presented a very striking appearance at this moment. The English Ensigns flying at Ladder Hill and James’ Town, as well as the national flags at the foreign Consulates were floating half mast high; [...] Suddenly, strains of Solemn Music came floating along



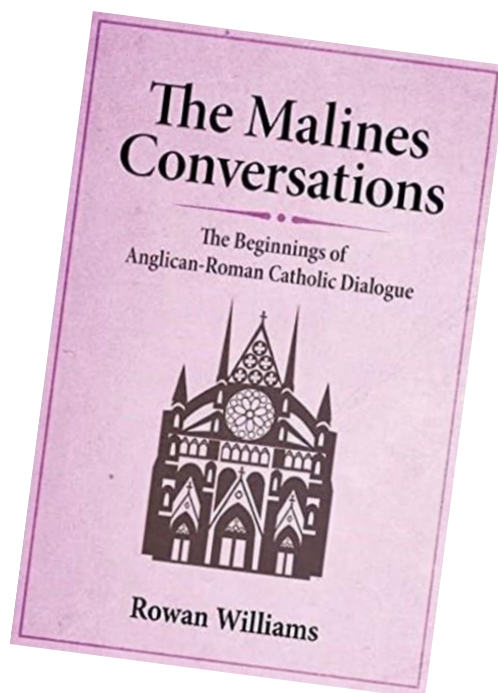
*Funeral March played by the St-Helena Local Militia band while the body of the Emperor was carried from the tomb to the town, Anonymous, Circa 1840, Private Collection*  
the air, and the Procession was seen slowly entering the town [...] [the] Band of the St. Helena Local Militia, playing a Dead March, (The Portuguese Hymn) [...]

This hand-written score of an arrangement of that piece was among the souvenirs that Napoleon’s valet, Louis Marchand, brought back from the expedition sent to St Helena in 1840 to repatriate Napoleon’s mortal remains to France (known as the “Retour des Cendres”).

In Paris, two months later, Mozart’s Requiem accompanied the Emperor to his final resting place, beneath the Dome of Les Invalides.

## THE MALINES CONVERSATIONS: THE BEGINNINGS OF ANGLICAN -ROMAN CATHOLIC DIALOGUE BY ROWAN WILLIAMS

*In the Church Times Christopher Hill reviewed a book which appeared in January 2022 – a current perspective on a seminal dialogue.*



Last year brought the centenary of the first of the unofficial Malines Conversations between English Anglicans and French and Belgian Roman Catholics. They were led by the veteran Anglo-Catholic Lord Halifax and by the heroic Cardinal Désiré-Joseph Mercier, Archbishop of Malines-Brussels during and after the First World War.

Lord Williams has given us a splendid monograph, which focuses on the central theological issues of the Conversations while also emphasising the background tensions in both Churches in the early twenties of the last century. The booklet has been published with the help of the Malines Conversations Group, which, like the Conversations themselves, is informal but informed.

Williams first offers pen portraits of the key personalities, reminding us that for Halifax and the Lazarist priest Fernand Portal this was their second “great adventure”. Halifax and Portal had pioneered modern discussion of Anglican Orders in 1895, which was then closed down in 1896 by Pope Leo XIII in *Apostolicae Curae*. But Halifax and Portal, even after this disastrous “prequel”, maintained their friendship, and the Lambeth Conference *Appeal to All Christian People* of 1920 gave them the opportunity to return to the task of seeking the visible unity of the Church.

Williams does not give a detailed history of the annual conversations, but points to the excellent work by the Servite priest Bernard Barlow and the extensive work on the Conversations by the Belgian scholar John Dick. Rather, Williams reminds us of the context of the Conversations.

## BERTIE IN PARIS

*In our last edition, we asked if there were among our readers any budding writers who might like to provide a story relevant to St George's 'In the style of...' Andrew Taylor has bravely stepped up to the mark: here is his welcome offering 'In the style of P.G. Wodehouse'. As you will discover, the eminent author (who lived for a time in the 16th arrondissement) has found a more than worthy successor...*

"I say, Jeeves," I said, as he came hovering in bearing a welcome pot of steaming coffee. "These kippers are most toothsome. You must continue patronising the emporium where these came from."

"Certainly, Sir," he replied. "I am glad that they are giving satisfaction."

The sun was beaming down from a blue sky, the birds were warbling at their most harmonious, and I was bathing in the glow of a cloudless horizon.

"I have come to a decision." I said to the good man.

"Thanks to Bingo we are off to Cannes in the next few days".

For those who might not have dipped into some of my previous oeuvres, Bingo Little is my oldest childhood chum. He is married to the acclaimed author Rosie M. Banks and is the editor of that famed publication "Wee Tots". It was in this capacity that he had called on me.

"Yesterday, at his distressed request, I agreed to give Bingo a shoulder to lean on. He took me to this event with exhibitionists at the National Gallery, as he had to write a review for his blessed magazine. I tried to reason with the poor sap that he would be much happier having a quick snifter at the Drones, but he didn't buckle. And I am glad he didn't, as I saw these paintings done by an august painter called Renoir of very natty chaps wearing straw hats – *canotiers*, that's the word. As the gay and insouciant *boulevardier* that I am, I have decided that I must have such a headgear. So ho for the azure coast to procure this item of hatting from the fount of its creation."

Just as Jeeves was about to reply, he was cut short by the peeling of the front doorbell. He shimmied out, and shortly afterwards I heard the familiar (and resounding) voice of my Aunt Dahlia.

"Is that gargoyle out of bed yet? Or is he still sleeping off his excesses from last night?" On these hurtful words she swept into the dining room. I love this good and deserving aunt dearly, but she has a tendency to speak her mind a little too freely as if she was addressing a wayward hound two fields away.

"Good morning, my dear old blood-is-thicker-than-water aged relative. Lovely to see you and all that, but could you kindly refrain from casting asparagus on me about my monastic lifestyle. All the more on this glorious day when I have made an executive decision that we shall grace Cannes with our presence these coming days."

"Cannes?" She snorted in a sforzando voice. "Can't! If you don't want society to be in the melting-pot, you will go to Paris and do precisely as I tell you. Your Uncle Tom has had what he calls a Damascene moment – he keeps going on about some blinding light. Be that as it may, he wants something he calls a chalice restored to Fr Freddy Cardew. Before collecting cow creamers, he used to go on and on about these hemispherical silver bowls with decorative panels of gold filigree, gilt, bronze, enameling and *millefiori* studs – the lot with nodes on, or something like that. He

would stop at nothing to add to his hoard. On one occasion he purposefully told Fr Cardew that an auction was to take place in quite the wrong church. With him out of the way, Tom was able to snaffle this particular cup at a knock-down price. In order to atone for this act you will now take it over to St George's church in Paris where Freddy Cardew is currently officiating."

"But, old ancestor, why can't you take this foul object yourselves? That way Uncle Tom can apologise in person to this despoiled, God-fearing cleric."

"I can't. As part of his epiphany Tom wants to cleanse himself externally as well as internally. He is off soon to take the waters at Harrogate and I have to go with him to hold his hand. Your going to Paris is a godsend. That way you can also keep an eye on Anatole."

"I what!?" I squawked. For those not in the know, Anatole was Aunt Dahlia's supremely gifted French cook.

"He has been brooding of late and saying that he is homesick and wants to "hot it up again" on the most beautiful Elysian avenue of the world. So you will go with him while we are in Harrogate and ensure that he comes back whole and unentangled with any French floozy."

"But I say! Without seeming to be rude, you're talking out of the side of your permed topknot. I can't go round baby-sitting silverware and a temperamental Frenchman, however gifted he is. I must go to Cannes."

"If you do not do as I say, you can kiss goodbye to Brinkley Court, and you will never taste another of Anatole's mouth-watering offerings again. When I think how refreshed and inspired he will be after a few days in Paris, who knows to what new heights he will soar."

"But that's blackmail!" I cried.

"Yes, isn't it?" she said with a cold smile.

"If I might just intervene..." I had forgotten that Jeeves had been with us all this time. "I was in recent communication with Mr Purvis, Mrs Gregson's butler, and he told me that it was her intention to journey to Cannes in the coming days."

This Mrs Gregson was my Aunt Agatha who eats broken bottles by the full moon, and considers that I have water on the brain.

Faced by this new piece of information my resolve faded to such an extent that a few days later I found myself overlooking the Place de la Concorde from my room at the Hôtel de Crillon. Anatole had opted for a more modest hostel further up the Champs-Élysées.

When Aunt Dahlia had mentioned that Anatole wanted to "hot it up", I had little idea what temperature he was aiming for. From the first evening he set a pace that a man of my ascetic standards found hard to follow. I doubt that even Drones Club champion Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright at the top of his form could have withstood the onslaught. Whatever brooding he might have been doing back at Brinkley was nowhere to be seen now. Each evening, following a liberally-watered dinner, he took us off to some smoky den for a post-prandial libation, before going on to such cabarets as the Chat Noir, the Moulin Rouge, or again the Folies Bergère. And, not content with this, he would go round to the stage door in the hope of inviting the dancing girls for a final drink. No exhortation of mine had any impact on the man, and the thought of what Aunt Dahlia would have to say if he became entangled had me breaking into cold sweats.



My wan complexion was making people frown and the staff of the Crillon seemed to avoid me as though I was lowering the tone of the establishment. On the seventh day I admitted myself defeated and retired to my bed in the hope of saving something from the wreckage. Having asked Jeeves to do what he could to keep an eye on Anatole, I slid between the sheets and shut my eyes. The next few days passed in a fog but my spirits were not lifted during my few waking moments by Jeeves mentioning somebody like Fifi or Froufrou...

When I finally rose from my sickbed, Jeeves updated me on the situation. There had indeed been an increased Fifi-ness about Anatole, and I begged Jeeves to leave no stone unturned to resolve this catastrophic turn of events. He also mentioned that he had been meeting with Fr Cardew at St George's – I suppose he must have been discussing Spinoza – and he was confident that the solution could come from that side. This reminded me that I had totally omitted to fulfill my responsibility on this front.

"O my sainted aunt," I said, "I must take that glorified drinking cup to the man of God."

"I should like to suggest that we go to Saint George's this afternoon," replied Jeeves. "I have arranged that we meet Anatole there at two o'clock."

As we arrived at our destination I was quick to note that the church had taken its name from the street, the Rue St-Georges, and pointed this out to Jeeves.

"I may have been remiss and guilty of a certain opacity, Sir. This house at number 35, known as "L'Atelier", was the home and workshop of Auguste Renoir, whose paintings you so admired in London. It now houses a museum, a hat shop dedicated to *canotiers*, and a "guinguette" in honour of the artist's famous paintings. It is in the latter that I suggested we should meet Anatole."

There indeed was God's gift to the gastric juices, although even he was looking a little under the weather. I thought at first that this was due to the nocturnal life he had been leading but I was far from the truth. It was difficult at first to catch what he was saying, but then some clarity broke through.

"Nom d'une pipe, you ask why I am not well in my plate? How should I make it when my girl gives me the meeting and she lets me fall? It is for an hour that I turn my thumbs but does she come? Holy blue, I am not a sous-chef to be so treated. No longer these French butterflies for me, it is an English dove for my better for worse I must have."

Well, who could say better than that? My spirits rose as I heard this gallic flow of reproach, and I may even have gone as far as to pat the good fellow on the shoulder. In order to take his mind off his emotional turmoil I suggested that we should move next door to purchase my headgear. After approval from Jeeves and Anatole, I settled on the "Renoir special" and approached the proprietor to ask:

"Combien beaucoup cela coûte?"

"75 Francs, M'sieur," he replied.

"Je dis quoi, c'est un peu raide, non ? » I vociferated.

At this point I was pushed into the background as Anatole burst in with a tirade of French that was filled with such beautiful sounding words as *pignouf*, *gougnafier*, *olibrius*, or again *maroufle*. I lapped it up, and in no time at all we were back out in the street proudly bearing my by now reasonably priced trophy.

Jeeves hailed a passing taxi-chappy and once again he gave instructions to head to Saint Georges. But this time we

came to another august street which this time contained a religious edifice entitled "The English Church of St George".

I was surprised upon entering to hear a piano tinkling away and some willing singing from a group of young ladies. Our entrance caused a certain stir, but the dog-collar wearing cleric stood up from the piano and opened his arms to us. If you like your priests on the muscular side, like my friend the Revd Harold "Stinker" Pinker, then Fr Cardew was not for you. But what he lacked in physical stature he more than made up for in his appearance. The radiant light that shone off his magnificent high brow was the reflection of his inner radiant spirituality. My initial impulsion to offer small chat floundered in his presence.

"Welcome to the Theatre Girls' Club. These noble-minded girls and myself enjoy the opportunity to belt out the best of the hymns ancient and modern and are delighted to have an appreciative audience in front of whom to perform."

On these words the ivory-stroking man of God sat down and struck up a resounding tune to which the theatre girls immediately added their voices. I was most surprised when I heard the respectful tenor of Jeeves and the beautiful baritone of Anatole joining in singing : "*Thine be the Glory, O Ressuscité.*" After two more hymns, in which I continued to maintain that my singing was best kept to the privacy of my bath-time ablutions, the padre invited me to follow him to the sacristy. I felt embarrassed to be doing Uncle Tom's dirty work and having to apologise on his behalf. However, Fr Cardew quickly calmed my fears and accepted the chalice most graciously.

"That which is God's shall be rendered unto God," he said as he placed it on the middle of the credence table. And with this simple act a large weight rolled off my shoulders. We rejoined the ladies, and my sense of elation was heightened even further at the sight of Anatole deep in conversation with one of the theatre girls. Jeeves glided across the room and came to my side.

"That is Daisy, Sir. She has been in Paris for two years but is not finding the experience congenial. I happen to know that she is keen to return to England and would like to find a position as housemaid, such as she held before trying this adventure. I was in touch with Mr Seppings, Mrs Travers' butler, a few days before we left and he happened to mention that Brinkley Court was in need of such a person."

"But I say, Jeeves, this is wonderful! Anatole seems much smitten by her, which will mean that he will want to stay on at Brinkley Court for ever in order to be with her. Aunt Dahlia will be happy to have her household staff at full capacity, and even happier to secure Anatole's services for years to come. And which will mean that I can continue to savour the delectable dishes of that culinary artist. Not, of course, that that is at all a consideration when accepting an invitation to come to Brinkley," I added hastily. "Lead me to a telephone that I might apprise Aunt Dahlia of all the good news."

We bade our farewells to Fr Cardew, whilst Anatole promised Daisy that he would be back to see her very soon. Shortly after our return to the hotel I was in communication with Aunt Dahlia. The conversation was so joyful that she even went as far as to say that she might have been wrong in referring to me as a chump in the past. On hanging up, a thought came to me.

"I say, Jeeves. You mentioned that you happened to know that this girl was keen to return to England. Would you

have anything to do with organising her meeting with Anatole?"

"Whilst you were chaperoning Mr Anatole in our first days here, I made the acquaintance of Fr Cardew and the ladies of the Theatre Girls' Club. Mrs Travers had made it abundantly clear that you were not to let Mr Anatole become enamoured of a French lady. But on discovering that Daisy had been a housemaid and keen to become one again, I took it upon myself to interpret Mrs Travers' interdict as not applying to an English lady. As I knew that you were keen to purchase a *canotier*, I thought that I could kill two birds with one stone. Once more I resorted to duplicity by informing Mr Anatole, falsely, that his French sweetheart wanted to meet him today. I counted on his gallic pride to react as he did, and that his jilted heart would be soothed by the sweet natured Daisy."

"Would this be once again the result of your study of the psychology of the individual?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Jeeves, yet again you stand alone. By George, the dragon that thinks that it could outsmart you has yet to be born - he would be left huffing and puffing and looking very silly!"

### BEWARE THE BOGUS GENDARME...

Barbara Aveling relates a salutary tale, based on a true story... At home one morning last December, I had left my gates unlocked.

In walked two gendarmes, who patiently explained that there had been a number of robberies in the area and that they were investigating these. Somewhat suspicious, I requested their identity cards, which were duly produced. I felt I should apologise, for, as I conscientiously explained, "There are false bin men about, you know, who come looking for tips, and so on. One can never be sure..." I was curious as to how the 'burglars' could have gone from house to house, but the officers suggested that we go into the garden at the back of the house, to see whether there were any traces of a visit by the malefactors. Sure enough, as if by magic, they found a tear gas spray just lying about (as you do)!

Since I have very high hedges (very necessary, when you have a neighbour with nine cats!), I began to think that this tale spun by the gendarmes was just a joke - was there, perhaps, a hidden camera somewhere, belonging to a TV programme?

Apparently not, for it was suggested that we continue indoors, after one of them had received a mobile telephone call, so in we went, only to find that their supposed 'burglar' had looked in my sewing box and behind a framed photo, clearly in pursuit of hidden banknotes!

The gendarmes' ideas' became more and more preposterous as we continued round the house. We eventually reached the bedrooms, and they explained that the burglar must have taken valuable jewellery, banknotes, etc., because he had been caught with these items in his possession.

Then came the crunch... The two gendarmes were joined by a third - beefier and more belligerent than the other two. 'Where were my banknotes and jewellery?' he demanded; and, above all, 'Where was the safe?'

As soon as I replied that all my money was in the bank, and that what little jewellery I had possessed was stolen several years before, the gendarmes somehow melted away - but not before helping themselves to a small amount of cash

from my handbag, which ended up completely ruined by their efforts to wash away their fingerprints from it. Of course, I called the real local police, who were excellent, insisting I had someone stay with me after the shock of discovering that the 'gendarmes' were bogus. They sent their fingerprint experts round too. I was reassured to learn that such folk as my 'gendarmes' just want money and are not out to harm folk physically!

### BICENTENARY COMMITTEE

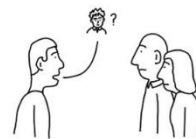
We'd like to send our condolences to Elisabetta Hicks on the death of her mother Margaret da Prati. After presenting our ideas to the Chaplaincy Council and congregation we're moving forward with a hymn competition and finding a new logo - based on St George - for use online. You might like the accompanying cartoon which gives you an idea of what the process might look like!

### REBRANDING THE CHURCH

HOW TO DESIGN A NEW LOGO



HOLD A MEETING



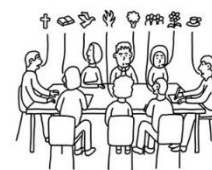
SEE WHETHER ANYONE HAS A NIECE OR NEPHEW WHO KNOWS ABOUT THIS KIND OF THING



LET THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HAVE A GO



LOOK IN A BOOK OF FONTS



APPOINT A COMMITTEE TO THRASH OUT THE DETAIL



UNVEIL THE FINAL DESIGN AT THE IOAM SERVICE

### BOOK REVIEW

Periodically, we hope to publish a review of a book that we can recommend to our readers. Here, Robin Baker, a longtime fan, presents a famous volume which is on the list for the Theological Book Club in November 2022.

"A book that all members of the Church of England should read": *The Towers of Trebizond*, by Rose Macaulay.

There are a number of books that attract and retain readers by the brilliance of their opening words. Many British readers would think, in that connection, of Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities*, with its "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..." From my limited acquaintance with French novels, I would pick Maurice Druon's *Quand un Roi perd la France*: "J'aurais dû être pape" (I should have been pope). But, all in all, I think that the first prize has to go to the book that is the subject of this review: "Take my camel, dear," said my aunt Dot as she climbed down from this animal on her return from High Mass".



Rose Macaulay worshipped at the Grosvenor Chapel, a London Church with strong links to St George's, Paris. A number of our chaplains have previously been priests there, and the present priest in charge (the Grosvenor Chapel does not have its own parish, so cannot have a vicar) is Fr Richard Fermer, a former Assistant Chaplain of St George's. Despite worshipping there, Rose Macaulay denied herself the sacrament for much of her time, as she was in an adulterous relationship.

This book fulfils many functions. It is partly autobiographical, it is a comedy, it is a tragedy, it is a travel book about Turkey and it is a book that offers superb, indeed profound, reflections on the Church of England.

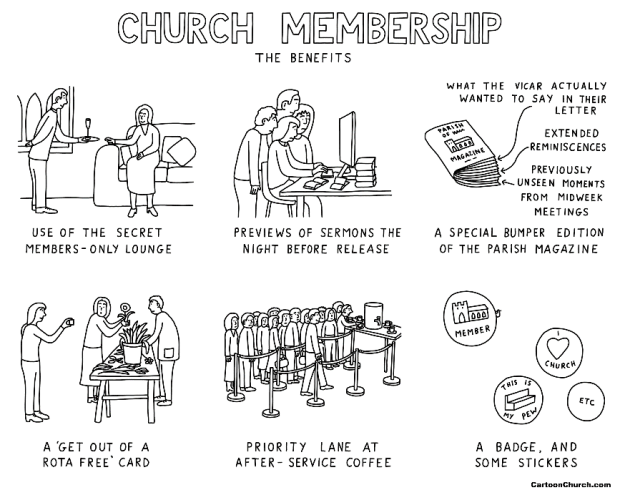
The plot of the book is about a visit to Turkey in the 1950s. The party consists of the narrator (Laurie), who goes to see Turkey, to amuse herself, to do a bit of sketching, and to contribute to a 'Turkey book'. The others in the party are aunt Dot, who goes to convert Turkish women to feminism; the Hon. Father Chantry-Pigg, who goes to convert the Turks to Anglo-Catholicism; and Aunt Dot's camel, who goes, unsuccessfully, in search of love.

The partly autobiographical nature of the book is that Laurie is also in a love relationship with a married man.

The book starts with a delightful summary of Laurie's religious family history in the light of the changing views and requirements of the country's different rulers; explaining, for example, that after the Glorious Restoration, they were able to persecute Papists, conventiclers and Quakers, and that with great impartiality! It continues with a description of Fr Chantry-Pigg's church, which is "several feet higher than St Mary's, Bourne Street". The priest is plagued by assaults from two directions. There is a group called the Catholic commandos, which he describes as 'the Italian mission', who write over his notices when they see the word 'Mass'; or, when they see the word 'confessions': "Why, you are not a priest" "Why, you have no power to absolve"! The other group are the protestant 'storm troopers' who cross out the word Mass and write "The Lord's Supper" over it! On one occasion, both groups enter the church at the same time, when Fr Chantry-Pigg and his curate are both hearing confessions. The muscular curate and Fr Chantry-Pigg succeed in driving both groups out and then continue with the confessions, although the scene has made the necessary concentration very difficult for both the priests and the penitents...

Fr Chantry Pigg's position and his attitudes are used by Rose Macaulay as a source of excellent comedy, but he himself is far more than a figure of fun. His attempts to persuade Laurie to repent and change her lifestyle are serious and well presented, as is Laurie's response and her description of the problem. Indeed the latter are particularly moving, as they are written by one who has been in that position herself and wrestled in the battle between the temptation of her illicit love and the life that her religion tells her that she should follow.

There is another woman character in the book also facing internal conflicts. Dr Halide Tanpinar, a doctor from Istanbul, had converted to Anglicanism while studying in England. She is in love with a Muslim Turk but feels that



she cannot marry him because of the way that Muslims oppress women. Eventually she concludes that Anglicanism cannot be accepted in Turkey and reconverts to Islam, marries her beloved and works for the betterment of the position of women as a Muslim herself.

The tone of the visit, and thus of the book, changes when Aunt Dot and Fr Chantry-Pigg go – of course, illegally – over the border into the Soviet Union. Laurie is left with the camel and she travels widely around the Middle East, including Israel. While Laurie is at Bethany, she considers the question of the absolute validity of Scripture. I found her ideas particularly interesting, as they reflect what Fr Jeffrey has recently been teaching us.

Having had a very minor experience of a report about me appear in a national newspaper, I found Laurie's account of talking to the press about the flight of her two friends to the Soviet Union and the published reports that resulted both amusing and convincing.

But the book did cause me one disappointment. I have only made two visits to Turkey and in neither of them did anybody said "Yok" to me. In the book; "Yok!", meaning an indisputable and very strong "No", is said often. Perhaps I never succeeded in posing the sort of requests that Rose Macaulay's characters did...

When she returns to England, Laurie brings back an ape that she acquired in the Middle East and which she tries to educate. She starts by teaching it chess, but it is better at draughts; then croquet, which makes it lose its temper (is that familiar to any croquet players reading this?) and then takes it to Mass, where it learns to cross itself and kneel at the right place during the Creed but, despite this, its presence is not appreciated by the celebrant! She then teaches it to drive, which it does with great enthusiasm but with the inevitable disastrous results.

Eventually Aunt Dot and Father Chantry-Pigg return from the Soviet Union and are placed under suspicion. Life gradually returns to normal, until the book ends with a personal tragedy for Laurie. Rose Macaulay had suffered her own tragedy when her lover had died in 1942. This tragedy was made even worse for her by the fact that petrol was very strictly rationed during the war and, as she was not a member of his family, she was not allowed the petrol she needed to visit him.



I find the book fascinating, instructive, amusing and, generally, a joy to read. So I would like to end with a direct quotation from the book – one that gives Laurie’s expression of her views on Anglicanism:

*“I personally think Anglicanism is the most attractive branch of the Christian Church, its prayers being dignified and beautiful and in fine English, and not abject or sentimentally pious, or hearty and pally and common, or in Latin, and which is subject to new light and development, and a Mass mainly from pre-Reformation rites, and church ornament and much of its architecture on the whole, though by no means always, in good taste - though I like all this, and could never belong to any other Church (indeed, I only with difficulty, and in part, belong to this one). I see no reason to press it on other people who may prefer, as they obviously do, to be Roman Catholics or dissenters or agnostics, and seem to get on all right as they are, in fact often much better than I do. So I live and let live.”*

## FROM THE CHAPLAINCY REGISTERS

### Holy Baptism

14 Nov 2021 Marc-Alain BRIXTON  
 30 Jan 2022 Gaspard Martin René SAGEAU  
 30 Jan 2022 Arthur Roland André SAGEAU  
 30 Jan 2022 Amaya Thérèse Christiane SAGEAU  
 17 April 2022 Apollo Nicholas Stanley HARDINGE  
 24 April 2022 Charles William Maurice Bloch-Escoffier  
 24 April 2022 Penelope Victoria Maria Bloch-Escoffier  
 15 May 2022 At St Mary’s, Caen Aidan Westray Cain  
 Lael MESPOULET-HEWISON  
 12 June 2022 Lucas Paul Emilio CARRION-RUIZ  
 14 July 2022 Alann Malalanianina RASOLOARIVONY

### Holy Matrimony/Blessing after a Civil Marriage

9 July 2022 Sharanga Gamwasam and Diane Perera

### Funerals

22 Feb 2022 Mary Berg  
 19 April 2022 Marion Rushworth  
 22 July 2022 Cyril Valéry

## GIVING TO ST GEORGE’S PARIS

*Membership of St George’s isn’t like subscribing to any other organisation and the benefits might not be like those below, but...*

We’re a really diverse group of people in the congregation of St. George’s, but we do have at least one thing in common: St. George’s is very important to us all. St. George’s enriches the lives of each of us, in various ways. It’s our church, and we feel very fortunate to be members of it - and we all want it to thrive and grow. We all want it to continue its very special kind of ministry and tradition, its very special style of worship and fellowship. St. George’s is the focus week by week of a regular pattern of prayer, beginning each week on Sunday in the inspiring 10.30 Sung Eucharist with our marvellous choir, and the fellowship that follows at wine and cheese and our Parish Sunday Lunches.

St. George’s also devotes much clergy time to other important areas, including teaching the faith, visiting the sick, our thriving Malagasy community, ordinands on the Ile de France and our growing ministry to young people and students. In addition, St. George’s has a particular role to

play in ecumenical affairs in France. And both your clergy are busy at most times of the year preparing candidates for confirmation and generally accompanying all of us in the deepening of our faith, through study groups, retreats and individual spiritual guidance.

We’ll hear more about regular planned giving this autumn at St Georges but if you’re new can you help support St George’s financially? After the pandemic we are looking for an increase in giving. Can you manage a regular commitment or a one-off gift? See our RIB below for details of how to pay into St George’s account.

**Good news for taxpayers in France!** The fiscal deduction on identifiable donations has been increased from 66% to 75% for the period from 2/6/21 to 31/12/22 (within the limit of 20% of "revenu imposable"). This means the net cost to you of a €100 donation would be reduced to €25 instead of €34. For example, increasing the donation to €130 would result in same net cost of €34 previously! Please consider increasing your giving if you can to cover our increasing operating costs.

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## BRAIN TEASERS – ANSWERS

The nub of the problem is grammatical. The correct usage of ‘between’ and ‘among’ is that ‘between’ is used for two people and ‘among’ for more than two. So each lion-tamer got a million pounds. (“Lion tamer” is a red herring).

1. “A smart dog knows it’s master.” The apostrophe indicates the contracted form of ‘it is’ (or ‘it has’). Without the apostrophe, ‘its’ is the possessive adjective.
2. “Never odd or even” is a palindrome, i.e. it reads the same back to front.
3.  $72 = 49$ . You also needed to turn the 6 upside down!
4. One object is an hourglass; the other is a sundial. They both measure time. The moving parts of an hourglass are grains of sand.