



# **The Marksman**

**The magazine of  
St.Mark's Church, Versailles  
and  
St.Paul's Church, Chevry.**

**SEPTEMBER 2010**

# Welcome

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Your rentrée 2010 Marksman brings you details of what the younger members of St Marks have experienced during their summer vacations, and they haven't been lying on the beach or partying (well, maybe occasionally).

South America, Africa and Asia all saw members of St Marks teaching or working with the underprivileged during the past few months.

This issue also gives you the chance to read how God has touched the lives of some of the people you rub shoulders with every Sunday. You'll also find out more about the REACH building project, and read a couple of short stories by some slightly less young members of the church.

And of course a new batch of even more groanworthy jokes.

*John Penhallow*

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## Getting connected

I thought Anglophone was a branch of British Telecom...

.....until I discovered Saint Mark's

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## A Word from Paul...

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“The LORD will keep you from all harm—  
he will watch over your life;  
The LORD will watch over your coming and going  
both now and forevermore”. [Psalm 121: 7,8]

Autumn is always a time of comings and goings. As I write these words, Clare and I have just said ‘Goodbye’ to Nick, who has left to study politics and economics at Exeter University. With Toby and the two older brothers already gone, the house is going to rattle around us ! In the church we have also seen several departures: some to study abroad or in their home country, some to follow job opportunities, others to be closer to the rest of their family. Good reasons – but a big hole is left behind. To help the church understand and come to terms with this sad but inevitable process, the Lord gave us a picture some while ago. It was of a particle accelerator. Now, if I understand it correctly, a particle accelerator takes in particles of energy and then spins them round at immense speed, till at the appropriate moment they are flung out, energized, to do their work in some distant part of the universe! That’s what has happened with some of our church family. And if we have had the privilege of seeing them spun round by the Holy Spirit for a year or two, or for just a few months, or even for one weekend, and they go out energized by the Spirit to serve Jesus, then our valuable work has been done.

God bless those who are currently heading on into new lives and ministry.

At the same time we welcome new families and individuals among us. We hope you will enjoy the life of God that is expressed in our vibrant Sunday worship, our regular Homegroups, our lively children’s and youth work and the various social events that take place. This edition of the Marksman gives you a good idea of what is on offer. One event I would recommend is the Kingdom Training Day on Oct 9<sup>th</sup> with John Hughes as the speaker. “Following The Spirit” is his theme and I guarantee John will be worth hearing. I anticipate a day when the Spirit will be powerfully on the move – maybe this is the weekend which could energize and transform you. Do try to be there. “The Lord watches our going out and our coming in”. So, come on in, get spinning and see what He can do!

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*Paul Kenchington*

# The Upper Room

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...and this is where it will all happen!



Artist's impression

## Reach out now!

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Many moons ago Christianity came to the tribes on that dot on the globe known today as the British Isles. The English accepted it because it brought them a culture. The Welsh because it taught them to sing. The Irish because it gave them an excuse to fight and the Scots... because it was free. For many centuries Britain together with most of Europe was known as the Christian world, sending missionaries far and wide to spread the good news of salvation. Now we are known as the Western world and those continents we once converted are sending missionaries to us. What happened? Where did we go wrong? I wish I knew the answer. Could it be hidden within the walls of our churches which sometimes become tombs enclosing the secrets, hugging to themselves the truths Jesus came to reveal?

I was once asked what the sidesmen would do if a well known celebrity, a high ranking politician, a member of the Royal Family walked through the church door. The answer seemed obvious. They would rush to welcome them. Dust the front pew and escort them proudly to it. But the questioner probed further. What if a tramp, a bedraggled smelly wreck of humanity walked in. Would he receive the same treatment? Would those sitting in the back row to which he was directed draw away? Would he be invited to join the congregation for coffee afterwards? Would we see him as a brother in Christ? A child of God for whom Jesus died? I ignored the question.

We have a tramp living off the State in a nearby HLM. He's harmless enough. Addicted to the bottle. Inclined to get violent at times. And he smells. I recoil when he crosses the street to greet me. My husband is different. If we pass him on the hill going home Jacques always stops and gives him a lift. I protest loudly when he slows down the car and threaten to get out and walk, but by the time I've opened the door he's staggering onto the back seat. And the stench is overpowering. Oddly enough his name is Christian.

I sometimes ask myself what Jesus would have done? And I know the answer.

At the rentrée most of us are bursting with ideas... and resolutions. Working out plans of action. Projects we want to set in motion. Goals we intend to reach. Things we must do during the coming months. Like the New Year's resolutions I was obliged to write when a child. I meant to keep them. But by the 3rd or 4th of January I'd broken the lot !

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## Reach out now! (Contd)

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The same thing happens with my annual church resolutions. They disappear into the bustle of everyday life, crowded out by all the 'things' which crowd in on me. Important things. Things I 'have' to do. Or imagine I have. Could my problem be that I take on yesterday's and tomorrow's burdens when all that really concerns me - or so the Bible tells me - is today?

This time I've decided to make just one resolution. With the help of the Holy Spirit I'll try to keep it and perhaps it will become a way of life even at this late stage when I am well past my sell-by date. But Jesus is outside of time isn't he? He is the same yesterday, today and forever. So hopefully he won't notice how late I've left it to obey His command - it's not an option- to love my neighbour as myself, and share with them His promise of eternal life. My resolution is summed up in a chorus written by a dear friend:

Reach out and touch a soul that is hungry  
Reach out and touch someone in despair  
Reach out and touch a life torn and dirty  
The sister who needs you  
A friend who is weary  
Someone who is hurting - If you care!  
Reach out and touch that neighbour who hates you  
Reach out and touch the stranger who needs you  
Reach out and give your love to the loveless  
To someone who's lonely  
The lost soul who's seeking  
Reach out and shed God's light in the darkness  
And let His smile touch through you.  
Reach out and touch  
Though touching means losing a part of your self - If you dare!

Do I dare? I'll try. Will you join me?

Maybe together as we reach out in love we can do what in Jesus' strength the twelve uneducated, undisciplined, quarrelsome, cowardly disciples did. Change the world. Then our grandchildren will live not in the Western world but the revived Christian world

The Bible tells us that with God all things are possible. Who are we to argue?

*Noreen Riols*

## The lighter side

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A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.

(anon.)

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Some cause happiness wherever they go. Others whenever they go.

(another anon)

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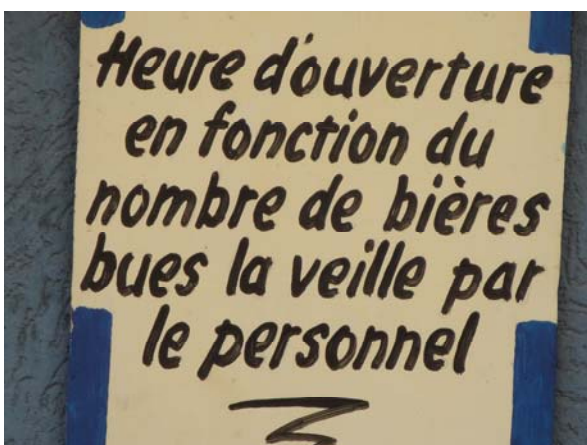
"One morning I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas I'll never know." — [Groucho Marx](#)

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There was a young curate from Kew  
Who kept a large cat in a pew  
He taught it to speak  
Alphabetical Greek  
But it never got further than **μ**

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Honesty is (generally) the best policy:



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*Sign outside a restaurant in Alsace*

## Drops of New Wine

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*God is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine. (Ephesians 3:20)*

I'd like to share with you some things I heard at New Wine that made an impression on me.

Apart from the fun and family atmosphere we shared in our St Mark's corner of the site and also the brilliant teaching and worship at the main meetings, there was a good variety of seminars to attend: Two that I chose were: 'Living the Presence-Driven Life', presented by Lindsay Melliush, and 'How to be the best Children's worker ever' presented by Rick Otto, a well-trained and experienced Sunday school teacher.

Lindsay talked about us as Christians carrying God's presence around with us, just as the Ark of the Covenant was carried on the priest's shoulders. Because we have the Holy Spirit living in us, we are all like priests carrying the presence / aroma of Christ to others, to make Him known to them. She told a story about the Christian leader John Wimber, who was waiting in an airport check-in queue where a lady wanted to keep close to him as she too was queuing: he moved...and she moved with him- she couldn't keep away! After a short while, he said to her: 'Nice, isn't it!' He then explained that it wasn't the smell of his after-shave that she was drawn to, it was the aroma of Jesus in him that she could physically smell! I loved that example and was reminded of someone else I know well to whom that has also happened on more than one occasion.

The seminar closed with a prayer in which we invited Jesus' presence into the meeting by picturing Him coming through the gates of the New Wine site - He had no ticket or ID- only a backpack and no tent or caravan reservation - but He came in and as He walked along He engaged with those he met and they could not help themselves but gaze at Him, adore Him and wish He would stay near them. We thought prayerfully about what it would be like if Jesus made His way through the campsite stopping and talking to people, being offered a place to stay and His presence diffusing through the site...I think I was not the only one who was drawn into Jesus' presence during that time and just wished I could live like that all the time. I was encouraged to seek Jesus' presence afresh, to know Him more and to remember that Jesus' presence is tangible not just for us who already know Him, but also for others who, as yet, do not. The challenge of course then, is to be able to 'give an answer for the hope we have' - to explain in words who Jesus is.

Rick Otto jokingly said at the beginning of his talk that he was not claiming to be the best children's worker ever! But he did have experience and advice to offer and that, indeed, was one of the things he was advocating - surround yourself with those who are better than you, be humble, keep asking questions, combine ideas. The idea is about making the programme better! Not for its own sake but for the sake of the children. He talked about having passion and vision: "what could your children's ministry look like in 2, 3, 4 years' time"?

*Homer Virgo*

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## **Evelyne Ng Tung – La doyenne de St Mark's**

Very few people know Evelyne. She is not able to come to church very often because of her arthritic knees. And very few people know that she has been a member of St. Marks since 1968 and is therefore the "Doyenne de St. Marks" (the member with the most seniority of the whole congregation). She has known six chaplains going back to Rev. Maugham.

This is brief biography of Evelyne. She was born on the Island of Mauritius in 1935 and was baptised in the Anglican Church there. Maurice was an Anglo-French protectorate until it became independent in 1968. Apparently there is an ICS parish there, which is quite remarkable in that the Island is a small, mainly French-speaking island in the middle of the Indian Ocean. She, her mother and brother Roger emigrated to France in 1968 following her father who came one year earlier. She worked for a number of years for the Hôpital Richaud in Versailles. Her mother died shortly after their arrival and it was Alan Lindsay who conducted her funeral at old St. Marks. Sadly, her brother Roger died last July. Unfortunately Paul was at New Wine at the time and was unable to do his funeral as she so much wanted. She managed to come to Church a few weeks ago to tell me and to share her grief as she was apparently very attached to her brother. As she is not able to come to church on her own, we would like to start a rota of folks who would be willing to pick her up and take her back home. She lives in Porchefontaine so it's quite convenient. Anyone who is willing to do that, please let me know.

*John Miller*

## The further back you look, the further forward you see

'The further back you look, the further forward you can see'.

We need to remember names, faces and information and we take photos and store heirlooms to remind us of past joys. The capacity and need to remember are integral to life, and forgetting can be lethal for example if you are a pilot.

God, though, never forgets us and wants us to remember him. In Joshua 4: 1 - 14 God told his people to build a memorial. As he miraculously led them across the river Jordan towards the Promised Land, Joshua called together one man from each Israelite tribe and said to them (verse 5) 'Go over before the ark of the Lord your God into the middle of the Jordan. Each of you is to take up a stone on his shoulder, according to the number of the tribes of the Israelites, to serve as a sign among you. In the future, when your children ask you, "What do these stones mean?" tell them that the flow of the Jordan was cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord.'

God told them to establish a memorial as a *sign* of God's presence, initiative, saving work, nature and character: when God's presence was in the middle of the Jordan, the waters that barred them from the promised land were held back. They needed a tangible reminder of God's grace, lest they forget, not only a sign to those who crossed the Jordan and saw the miracle but also one for *future generations*: 'when your children ask you, "What do these stones mean?" tell them....' (verse 7). God wanted the next generations to know what he was like, what he had done and why he had done it, so that they could know, revere, love and serve the God of their parents.

Christians are instructed to witness to the Cross to every generation; we have Holy Communion as the memorial of what God did for us in Christ. But like *every good memorial* Communion not only looks back to what happened, but *also looks forward* – we partake only until Christ comes again, for then it will be unnecessary. Winston Churchill's saying 'The further back you look, the further forward you can see' challenges us: do our churches, lives, and Communion help others to see the eternal hope that God wants them to discover and enjoy?

**David Healey** (ICS General Manager).

For more information about ICS's work supporting English-speaking churches in continental Europe, go to [www.ics-uk.org](http://www.ics-uk.org)

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## TALK OF THE DEVIL

The dishevelled man rushed in late, again, as on so many previous weeks, almost bumping into the backs of those standing near the door. Most of them were there for a quick escape, in the event that the sermon should get too personal, or simply be too long. As usual, he was frustrated and angry with himself for being late, again, and for possibly being identified with those who were only on the edge, not committed enough. He was angry for not having the courage to bustle through to the odd seats that remained empty, invariably in the middle of crowded rows.

There was a rousing hymn, but heads blocked the screen and there were no books, not even bibles, for the standing. He felt somewhat naked, denuded. He knew and loved the tune so well, but not enough the words. It was like watching the bus he had missed go past, tantalisingly advertising on its side the very thing he wanted. The gleeful chatter and sporadic cries of kids blurred the prayers and the acoustics were, frankly, not brilliant even in the best places, but quite appalling at the rear. At first he could hear but hardly discern, then, by sheer dint of concentration he began to catch on and then gradually to follow. It was becoming good, like a pleasant scene emerging through dispelling mist. The message was becoming clear and it was relevant. His heart and head de-stressed, relaxed, even though he was standing. He began to forget his discomfort. He began to be lifted, as it were, even carried, ascending like a glider.

"Why, hello again, it's so nice to see you!" The silky voice announced with a little irony. It jerked the dishevelled man back sharply downwards.

"Have we met before?" he asked, confused by the nagging familiarity of the over-confident young man who was intruding uncomfortably into his personal space, by craning his head so close over his left shoulder. He felt a warm breath on the side of his neck and the distinct and disturbingly reminiscent smell of roasting cabbage, but he could not quite place it. Was it really cabbage? He had got to hate cabbage. It was quite alien from his mother's or indeed his girl friend's cooking, but it was naggingly familiar and associated with something quite unsettling, rather like recalling an unpleasant and restless dream. It was a bit like being compelled to prise up the corner of the lid of an old coffin full of bad memories.

"Oh yes indeed, a little while ago I had the pleasure of engaging a most promising conversation with you in my back yard. I was rather hoping you would stay a bit longer in fact." He paused, "much longer," he added wistfully to himself and perhaps a bit reproachfully to his, shall we say, prey? for so it began to feel. "You seemed so comfortably installed", he added, this time with a clear tone of

reproach, like a disappointed host whose great efforts at welcoming had been rudely rebuffed.

Suddenly, the dishevelled man realised he had quite lost the thread of the sermon, of the whole service in fact. He was back where he started, no, it was even worse. The ladder he had so painstakingly gone up became irrelevant now, as he had tumbled down a long, devouring snake. The illusion of the game gave him no amusement and no comfort. He had been distracted from the preaching and was quite sure it was just as they were reaching a critical point in the sermon, the point that was intended for him, personally. The special gift to him had slipped by quite unheeded, it had been snatched away un-opened. He felt deeply cheated, emptied. The whole train had been missed this time. It had gone past without him and he had had a reservation with a good window seat. It was the strange young man's fault! Did he have to distract him just at that point? The mentally registered yes, came almost like a triumphant hiss. "You missed it again," it accused.

"Get thee behind me!" He blurted, half inspired, half from memory of a bit of scripture he recalled from a distant Sunday school.

"But I am already behind you", said the young man, feigning a little shock but teasing in his eyes.

"I didn't mean you, yes you!" cried the man confused, hardly daring to make the amalgam between the physical and the spiritual presences of his antagonist.

It was strange that no one around seemed to notice or even bat an eye-lid.

"I am sorry", the young man declared, "no hard feelings, but please, you do not need to pay any more attention to me now you know, I quite understand. Why don't you listen to the rest of the service. Oh, its finishing already, what a shame, that was the final blessing in case you missed it."

He continued, "I liked the hymns, I know them all off by heart! I have a good voice you know, and its a real pleasure to sing along. Some of them are quite meaningless and most people don't even think about what they are singing anyway, so why should I?" In fact sometimes I think I am the only one who actually realises the truth of what we are declaring! I admit it's not very comforting for me at times."

The dishevelled man was mesmerised. The young man pursued, "The sermon was also good today you know. It was all about the need for commitment and the tough standards you have to maintain. Counting the cost and making sure you have the resources before you start building so you won't look ridiculous. I'm sure it was quite challenging, though it requires a lot of effort really. Personally, I like

to take things a little more easily, at my own pace. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Why, you really do look rather depressed," he added suddenly, almost affectionately, "I recommend you have a good, slap-up lunch with a few jars and a little rest afterwards. Why not a short siesta? Then perhaps I could meet you once again and we could pick things up just where we left them."

The dishevelled man stared, as if rooted in horror, then he seemed to snap to and stammered a definitive "good-bye". He shot down the aisle, escaping toward the front, brushing past, sometimes bumping into the congregation. They were ebbing from the pews like waters from so many tributaries to form a gathering flow toward the rear, for the car-park or coffee in the annexe. Some stopped and chatted in little groups, like eddies in the current. The younger man followed him intently, but only with his gaze, then he ebbed away too as the crowd caught up with him. The dishevelled man had only one person in his sights. Even when that line was interrupted by larger bodies moving passed, he held the image, as if not daring to let the vicar escape from his visual grasp. "I must speak to you urgently!" he stammered. "Please", he added, as if suddenly remembering the elevated status of his interlocutor.

"Do I know you?" asked the man in the black frock. Seeing the highly disturbed state of the other he rather wondered if the situation was safe indeed. There was a frantic, almost paranoiac expression on this vaguely familiar face. "Ah, I know, I have seen you occasionally standing at the back. OK, how can I help you?" he asked, discreetly signalling to a watchful warden at the side. The latter gathered help and remained a short but respectful distance away. Too short to save the vicar from sudden hurt but probably close enough to intervene before a calamity, should it be threatened, but somehow, this seemed unlikely seeing the pitiful rather than aggressive state of the untidy man.

"Your sermon!" he blustered.

"It spoke to you then?" the preacher asked.

"Yes! I mean no, I didn't hear it, not much of it I mean," He hesitated, "I think you were about to speak to me, but he deliberately distracted me."

"I didn't see you today until just now, so if my words were getting through to you it was not me but someone else who was getting through to your conscience, if you understand what I am saying. Do you believe that God speaks personally to individuals?" There was a feeble note of assent.

"But who tried to stop you?"

"You must know him, in your position, and he was there and now I do think I know who he is too!"

"I think I understand" said the vicar, "he was around, eh, always around. Now, I

think we need to pray together with the wardens, if you will."

"I will," consented the dishevelled man, and they did, together.

When he rose again, he no longer looked dishevelled, though of course he was and if the over-confident young man ever came again to the back of the church, he was not aware, because he now made sure he always found an early seat. Maybe he even brushed past the young man on occasion, but without noticing, and that did not matter anymore. Strangely, he found he quite liked cabbage again when it was served.

The Vicar told the wardens he thought the church seating and ushering arrangements should be improved, and with that the acoustics.

He was tempted to suggest also installing a video camera over the entrance, but then decided against it.

*David Logan*

### **Imprisoned bishop told "Sermons too short"**

During the "Protectorate" of **Oliver Cromwell**, he once stormed into Ely Cathedral with his soldiers during a service and imprisoned Bishop Wren on the grounds that he had continued with "unedifying and offensive" chanting and his sermons were too short. As a result, the cathedral was closed for 11 years.

This is a unique case of a preacher being taken to task for brevity.

## A long way East of Suez

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The latest entry to my blog sums up a lot of what I've been through in my three months 'holiday' back on the Thai-Burmese border, teaching Burmese refugees:

'Change:

- when the beggar kids wave and smile instead of asking for money
- when students update me on the latest school gossip instead of giving me their homework
- when food becomes a source of energy and not just something I do three times a day
- when comfort is putting on a clean non-smelly t-shirt
- when 'Teacher' or 'Spiderman' are heard more than 'Claire'
- when full grammatical sentences are never uttered
- when home is not one place, but wherever you lay your head down with a smile

When it was time to leave Mae Sot it seemed like I had been there forever. Very much repeated phrase by all returning travellers but there's no other way to express it. I have lived in 21 different places in Mae Sot, have taught in 10, from ages 5-55, from apple to democracy. I'll be returning to be a French daughter for five days, then an English student for 9 months, and my biggest prayer, after that for the safety of my students, is that I don't forget the luxury of possessing nearly nothing.'

If there's one thing I've learnt about working alongside God while I've been here is not to expect Him to have one project in mind for you. Going where He has sent you is not nearly enough, you have to keep in touch to realise He will never stop opening doors and slightly shifting your position until you wake up one day wondering how you took on so many tasks, could add so many different new skills onto your CV. I thought I was coming here to be an English teacher, not a taxi-driver, doctor, cleaner, bartender, mother, sister, computer/history/geography teacher, sponsor, psychologist, worship leader, and others I probably can't even think of.

This is probably the main reason I don't want to find an answer to the question 'what are you doing after university?' Hopefully, many many things.

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*Claire Simmons*

## Uganda! What stands out in my mind

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The Pearl of Africa! The perfect Example of third world development! In my opinion, it is one of the most beautiful countries in the world!

From the tranquil hills of Sessee Islands and Lake Victoria to the craziness and noisiness of Masaka where the Bodas rule the road, it is truly spectacular. Bodas are motorbikes that will get you from one place to another for about 500 Ugandan Shillings (about 0,15€). They are everywhere! In a country where people are poor, Bodas are the perfect business opportunity: The driver rents the bike from the owner and then he is free to do whatever he wants as long as he pays the rent. We didn't take any Bodas on our trip. The first and obvious reason is that there were 8 of us and no matter how hard the driver insisted, you can't get 8 people on a bike!

The second reason is that they are actually quite dangerous. The drivers slalom through the traffic dodging pedestrians and cars, not really paying any attention to the speed limits (not that there are any!). Uganda has a road fatality rate almost 11 times greater than the UK, with one of the highest accident rates in Africa. In fact, the road



conditions are so bad that it's the standing joke in Kampala that if you see a driver going in a straight line, he's probably drunk! (Or his steering has failed). So we took taxis instead and even though you still had to hold on for your life so as not to get concussion by the end, it somehow missed the excitement of Bodas. In total, we visited three schools, all with their own faults, their own problems, their own high points and low points. Kyetume Primary School, Kyetume Secondary School and Kasaka Primary School.

We only went to Kyetume Primary School for one day. It was the last day before starting our long journey back home and most of the leaders were figuring out the final details of the trip.

So, the rest of us went to Kyetume Primary and taught French there.

It was challenging! The head master showed me which class Phillip and I would be teaching.

He opened the door and packed inside, at about thirty a row, were more than a hundred kids, some of whom didn't speak English, and ranging in age from 7 to 19. We started teaching trying to make as interactive as possible, something

which they weren't very used to. At least they were enthusiastic and loud, trying their very best to pronounce the words properly.

Kyetume Secondary School was very different. At this school, there were fewer students per class. When we entered, around thirty faces stared back at us wondering what white people were doing in their classroom. After the usual "We welcome our Visitors" chant that they greeted us with at every school, we set to work teaching them French. The challenges were different here. Trying to get them to stand up and repeat individually what we were saying was almost impossible in an education system that encourages collective repetition and taught embarrassment at those who stood alone.

Of course, the same was true of Kyetume Primary but somehow the embarrassment was drowned out by the amount of noise and people present in the room. Over and over again we repeated the words trying to get them to remember. Some of them took notes but most didn't. We went back a week later to give them another lesson and they had actually remembered what they had done. The kids were enjoying it! They were learning something different!

Something new!

As well as teaching French, we decided to do a project that we knew would make a difference.

Teaching is good but how do you know if the kids have remembered if you're not there in the long term?

We needed something that would give us satisfaction. Something we could look at and say "It's finished!"

So, we decided to paint the library at Kasaka Primary School.

It took time! We had to paint the walls with three coats of white paint after having cleaned the whole room, making sure to get rid of all the wasps and all the birds that had made their home there.

But before we did all that, we had to be welcomed and introduced. This involved hearing the chanting welcome of "We welcome our Visitors" and us having to tell our names, after which, the students repeated them, more often than not, mispronouncing them resulting in things like "Hugo" becoming "Sugar", "Val" becoming "Vial" and "Bethany" becoming anything from "Bathroom" to "Barkley". This whole process had to be repeated for each of the 9 classes in the school. Thankfully we only had to do this the first day we visited.

We also sat in on one of the classes which was very interesting. Such things as rewarding the more hardworking with bananas and praying during the class so that those who didn't do as well may do better are interesting ways of teaching and actually quite good things to do!

However there did have bad bits. Things like kneeling in front of the teacher to ask for something and the community repetition style of teaching annoyed me. But that's the only they know how to do it!

We discussed this as a team wondering how it would be possible to change things like that. In the end, we decided it would either take a very long time or a

miracle!

I could tell SO much more on what happened in Uganda.

I could easily take up this whole issue with amazing, incredible and sometimes heartbreaking stories.

I haven't even started about what happened at Alan & Beryl's house, on the days off, in the streets of Masaka, at the farm or at the radio station! The journey itself could fill up a novel! But what I have written here is what touched me. The people, the kids, the schools and the amazing work that Alan & Beryl have been doing! Would I go back? Yes, definitely! No doubt about it!

Please pray for Love in Action & for their projects. Also pray for John, a kid taken in by Love in Action who is currently in prison for stealing in the market. Prisons in Uganda aren't very pleasant especially for a young child.

If you would like to sponsor a child through Love in Action, please go to [www.loveuganda.com](http://www.loveuganda.com)

To see the photos and videos from the trip, please visit [www.stmarksmission.org](http://www.stmarksmission.org)

*Nicky Bodsworth*



Overheard in the BP Boardroom:

Due to the most recent events in the Gulf of Mexico, and the rising cost of electricity, as well as current market conditions, the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off.

# Uganda – the team, the town and the teaching

## **The team**

Present on the team that left for Uganda on the 2nd of July were : Maxence Bellon, Nicholas Bodsworth, Valérie Deschamps, Hugo & Philip Hoyland (leader), Beki & Nathan Lambert (leaders) & Bethany Wray.

## **The town we were working in**

Masaka, three hours south of the capital, Kampala. It is a relatively small town by our standards, but it is actually one of the largest in Uganda. The town consists of three or four parallel main roads, where a market, some banks, and a couple of internet cafes are the only alternative to small shops and run down houses.

## **The context**

The town of Masaka benefitted from running water, as do the big, well developed towns of Entebbe and Kampala. Electricity also runs in Masaka, albeit with frequent and sometimes lengthy power cuts. However, whenever we went out of town, the mud huts became more frequent and brick and mortar became scarce. Running water and power aren't even dreamed of by people outside of big towns, and the main activity of the population out of Masaka is subsistence farming.

There are many issues facing the community. AIDS and warfare have ravaged a whole generation of Ugandans, and this means that there is a huge number of orphans.

## **The mission which we came alongside**

Alan and Beryl Went have been in Uganda for seven years. They initially arrived to help Pastor Duncan of River of Life Church to start a bakery in Masaka. The project never materialized, but instead, Alan started an Internet Cafe in Masaka. This grew, and eventually, they started many other projects, through financing, but also through the use of their expertise in management.

They are now in charge of a school a few kilometers outside of Masaka, in a small and very remote village called Kasaka. This is a primary school, and they hope to start a secondary school in a few years. This alone has contributed in putting the town of Kasaka on the map in that area. They have also helped with the financing of a few other schools, including one in another small village called Kyetume.

They have also started taking in a few orphans and provided them with a home, school fees, food and basics to start a new life in a surrounding of love and care.



In the schools which they are involved in, they also enable children to be sponsored.

They run a few other projects which help to finance the work in and around Masaka, such as a farm and the internet cafe amongst other things.

Besides these projects, their very presence in the town is a blessing to the community, and they have a fair amount

of people who work for them or who benefit from their projects who spend a lot of time around their compound, where they learn valuable life skills.

## **An average day for the team**

### ***The Morning***

The leaders would get up at 7.00 to meet together and pray and study the Bible before starting the day. The rest of the team were supposed to be up at 7.30 so that they could have breakfast and be ready to head out the door straight after their own Bible studies, which started at 8.00. That was the theory! In practice, Valérie was up at 7.00 every morning, and while Philip, Beki and Nathan were meeting, she would be preparing our breakfast, beautifully ready in time for 8.00. On the other side of the spectrum, Bethany, Nicky and most of all Maxence would try and stay in bed for as long as they could, before being chucked out of their rooms, with only Hugo being consistently punctual! Nicky adjusted over the course of the weeks as well. The team would then split into two groups, with Beki leading Valérie and Hugo in Bible study, whilst Philip was in charge of Maxence, Bethany and Nicky.

After Bible studies we would learn a valuable lesson in life called "waiting". We would have a taxi scheduled to pick us up at 9.00, but the average arrival time was 9.30, and on some days we would wait until 10.30 before our coach arrived.

### ***The Daytime***

On a regular day we would drive out to one of the projects that Alan and Beryl had a hand in, accompanied by their assistant Noah, who took the time to check that all of Love in Action's affairs were in order, as well as to encourage the

people working on the projects. On Wednesdays, we would take time off to breathe and visit the area.

The days tended to take their toll on the team, due to the heat and general discomfort, but if we felt a bit jaded by the time we jumped in the van on the way back to Masaka, we were usually exhausted by the time we arrived at the Wents. Those who were too tired to stay awake would get neck aches from sleeping on a bumpy ride, and those who couldn't find sleep would get exhausted trying to stay in position on the roads.



The drives to the various places that we were going to was usually about an hour and a half long, and with much of the journey tipped at nearly 45°, it was less than comfortable. Still, the journeys allowed us to catch a fair amount of wildlife, with monkeys, ibis, cows with huge horns and birds of prey a common sight, and we even saw a snake cross the road in front of us...

### *The Evening*

But it was well and truly the evenings that were the best times for many of us. If there were times where we were frustrated either by our lack of expertise or the lack of expertise of the workers at the Love in Action projects, the evening times at the Wents were moments when we could do what most of us are best at: just being human beings who reflect God's love, and we felt that every expression of love that we conveyed to our guests was multiplied by the amount of kilometers and Euros that we had put into it.

Playing football with orphans who had been taken off the streets, helping Lydia, Harriet and Teddy with the washing up and caring for single mothers still trying to work their way through their studies was just the best thing that we could do, and as simple as it is, we realised soon enough that it was actually huge. This is a country where there is no room for orphans, and there isn't a culture of nurturing children. So our impact was simply being people who had sacrificed a summer at the beach to come into people's lives and show them love. It was the evenings spent with Beryl, Teddy, Harriet, Lydia, Moses, Matthew, Rob, Peter, Jennifer,

Hadjera and everybody else that confirmed our intuition that it was worth our while spending large sums of money on plane tickets to come and be with people instead of sending all of the money that we had raised over to the Love in Action projects. Our very own Love in Action was our presence and our person much more than our money.

After dinner, we would grab our bucket of food for next morning's breakfast, and head off back to our beds, usually all piled onto the back of a pick-up truck. On getting home, we would spend some time debriefing, which would usually include a generic health check-up and a lot of laughing. People would then head off to bed one by one, after having informed their diaries of the day's happenings.

### **The feedback of the team**

We spent a while, during our last few days debating how useful the trip actually was. Some in the group felt that the classes that we gave were slightly pointless, as there was a feeling that in a few years time, due to lack of practice, any French that was learned would be forgotten. There was also a sense of helplessness about the whole situation, as we really discovered that the problems which are poverty-related in Africa go down to the very roots of life and society. Corruption, lack of education, AIDS, orphanhood, poverty, hunger and the like are a massive vicious circle pervading the whole of society, and there are no easy solutions to get out of it. We were faced with methods of teaching that we knew were highly inadequate (not that we could have done any better), and that is because the teachers themselves don't have the resources and training to do their job as educators properly. The lack of stimulation for a child leads to handicaps when it comes to learning at school, which ultimately leads to a poverty in research and in solutions in the highest spheres of society, so the problems are incredibly deep, and the implications reach very far. So is a sense in which we can't do anything but relief, when what is really needed is grassroots prevention.

However, there is a sense of hope that what we have done will bear lasting fruit. The ability that our girls had to simply stay and play with the three babies at the Wents made a huge impact in a matter of days. Children soak up the world like a sponge, and awakening them to the world is accessible, even at our level. So that felt like we were really investing in the whole life of some very young children. The love and support that we were able to show to everyone around the Wents' place was also a way in which we feel that we've been able to have an impact. The small, SMART projects such as the painting of the library was also an achievement. Some of us may feel that we weren't able to help much, but actually, the general sadness at our departure showed that we managed to do what we had always set out to do: "touch a few people, in a few places in a few ways with the eternal love of Jesus". No-one can bring lasting change in three

weeks, but we know that our actions and attitudes will stay in the hearts of many of the people we encountered in Masaka, so as far as our initial aims are concerned, it's "job done"

### **My personal impressions**

Going on this trip, I was always just as interested to see what was going to become of the people from our group, and how God was going to impact them, as much as how much we were going to be able to give. And I must say that in this sense, I wasn't disappointed. God worked some major stuff in the hearts and lives of everybody on this trip. I came back with a group that was stronger, more assured, more rooted in faith and in their commitment to justice than the group that took off from Charles de Gaulle on the 2nd of July. But that was obviously the reaction in the heat of the action. When God really "hits" somebody, it's great to see them "fall down" under the shock, but what's even more interesting is to see how they "get up" after the impact, and how this encounter with God changes the rest of their lives. If in six months' time the things that God laid on their hearts in Uganda have vanished, then I will consider that the gung-ho attitude of the group in the final days was mere emotion. But if this group of eight people is still standing for justice, making themselves counted for the poorest of the poor and going for it with God when they go back to work, school, youth group and day to day routine, then every euro spent on this trip will have been worth its ton of gold.

I asked everybody if they would go back, and the answer was a unanimous "yes". I really hope that that is the case, and with the prospect of me ending my spell as youth worker at St. Mark's in January looming large, I really hope that youth mission projects don't end when my time here does. I really believe that this group could make it happen all over again without me or Beki. On the last Monday, it wasn't without apprehension that I let Philip take the group to Kyetume on his own, but I really had no reason to fear. Philip was fantastic throughout the trip, and I commend him to you as a fantastic leader, who I hope will stick around in the youth setup for years to come. Valérie was equally brilliant, getting up every morning with the leaders to prepare breakfast. If we follow Jesus' take on the matter such spontaneous servanthood is the biblical way to define "leadership". I think that with one other experienced head on board, this group is more than capable to go again, and shine a greater light still than that which we were able to shine this year. I am so excited to see what God will use the seeds of this trip for in the coming years.

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*Nathan Lambert*

## Was it a Miracle?

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(Photo) All that was left of the Rue du Calvaire. We lived at N° 21, the second house on the left

You are going to read various testimonies of outstanding events that many of us would call miracles.

### Event One

I was born just before World War II and I was living with my parents in the middle of a large city in the western part of France. At the time, the Germans were occupying that part of the country. Step by step the Allied Forces were becoming more powerful and my father thought that the bombardment of cities would come to disrupt what was left of the economy.

Therefore, he decided that we should not wait for that phase and that it would be wise to move out of the downtown area to a safer place, in our case, a house situated about three miles west of the city. On September 16, 1943 at 16:05 the first bombardment of our city started, causing thousands of dead. The very street and building we had so recently been living in were totally destroyed. (See picture). We were alive! Was it a miracle?

### Event Two

In the late forties, medicine was not what it is today. I was a kid who just could not gain weight and grow taller like most kids of my age. My parents tried everything: special diets, cures in mountain spas, everything. Then one day, a doctor, a cardiologist, had a bright idea: he decided to measure the blood pressure in my legs. He discovered that there was hardly any pressure in my legs. He then concluded that there was a blockage in between the upper and the lower parts of my body. In fact, I had a coarctation of the aorta and without an operation, I would probably not have reached the age of twenty. At the time, this operation was not done in Europe, but a surgeon who had learned the procedure in the United States had just returned and he accepted my case. I underwent an operation in 1951. Everything went fine although it lasted six long hours. I am still alive today. Was it a miracle?

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*François Pavageau*

## Was it a miracle (contd.)

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### Event Three

In 1962 I was driving my blue VW Beetle from Paris to Strasbourg where I was a student. The passenger in my car was a fellow student.

As we approached Saint Dizier my car had a head-on collision with an oncoming Renault whose driver had lost control. I was thrown out through the windshield, breaking the steering wheel with my legs. I literally flew 25 metres and landed on the ground with nothing but a bruised left hand and broken eyeglasses. As for my friend, he was simply ejected through the door and was able to walk away unscathed. The car went and wrapped itself around a high-voltage power pole.

We were alive because at the time nobody was using safety belts. Consequently, we were ejected split seconds just before the car was wrecked. Was it a miracle?

### Event Four

In 1963 I was a student and living in a small apartment heated only by a wood stove. I used to leave a large pan of water on the top in order to keep the air moist. One night, I awoke feeling nauseous and I felt the need to open the window. Unfortunately, I did not make it and fell on the stove, spilling the pan of very hot water on my left arm, leg, and feet. I screamed so loudly that the people in the apartment down below heard me and came to my rescue.

I was taken to the hospital, where I was treated for third degree burns. After being released I went through weeks of deep depression, triggered by the intensive burns. I was saved by daily visits from my best friends and I am still alive today. Was it a miracle?

Each of the above stories tell of outstanding events, but what is most astonishing is that they all relate incidents that happened to the same person: me! I am sure that most of us have been miraculously saved many times, and I believe that we should think about it more often.

*François Pavageau*

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## “¿ Cachai ?” – “¡ Si, amigo !”

On the 5<sup>th</sup> of August of this year, 33 miners were caught in a tunnel collapse in the Mina San José, trapping them in a refuge 800 metres below the earth's surface. This was a week before I arrived, the point at which people started assuming the worst and at which the praying started. People, family, friends and strangers alike, counted as one the days without contact. Indeed, the whole of Chile was suddenly united behind this small group of miners, flags started appearing everywhere and everyone's eyes were fixed on the 24/7 TV coverage of the event. It would seem that the prayers of an entire nation did not go unheard and, on the 29<sup>th</sup> August after 24 long days, contact was finally made, revealing that all 33 miners were alive and well.

I was working for 4 weeks as an extra hand in a thriving church in the centre of Santiago, and despite my being a foreigner, this story of enduring hope and unflinching love is one that connected deeply with me. I started my “gap month” having already spent two weeks working at New Wine and very aware that I was going to need every ounce of energy that I could get. As well as this I was also sure that my 5 years of Spanish would do very little to prepare me for speaking it with South Americans. Both of these thoughts turned out to be true and in both respects God came through for me amazingly.

In the latter, I caught on to the chileno accent surprisingly fast, making both comprehension and speaking much easier. I also amazed one of the guys I was working with as the first gringo to understand the Chilean slang “¿cachai?” (similar to “capiche?”), without him having to explain it 5 times. In the former, I discovered reserves of energy (particularly mental) that I didn't know existed and it was only during my last week that I finally started to feel the exhaustion.

God also challenged me over various aspects of my spiritual life, including quiet time, something that was very much necessary. In the same way he reminded me of that which is perhaps the most important in our lives as Christians: He loves us. One of the Chilean miners sent up a message saying the 33 of them were safe and well, another posted a second message saying that they were not 33 but 34. In the same way we should be reminded of the fact that God's unflinching love is constantly with us and that, if our hope is enduring, if we pray at all times and in all situations, no matter how insignificant they might seem to us, then God comes through for us, often in ways we never imagined.

¡Que Dios te bendiga MUCHO!

*Nick Kenchington*

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## A date for your diary!



**Kingdom Training Day  
October 2010**



**“Following the  
Spirit”**

**With**

**John Hughes**

**Saturday 9th October 2010**

**10am—4pm**

**A simple lunch will be  
provided.**

**Cost for the day €15**





**New Wine Europe**  
(English speaking)  
For International Churches in mainland Europe

**New Wine Europe**  
**Summer Conference**  
**2011**  
*Changing Nations*  
*August 8 - 12, 2011*

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Main speakers and Children's Ministry leaders from New Wine England

Location

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**Come and be inspired**  
**to change lives, communities and nations**

Registration opens 1st December 2010

For more information see [www.new-wine.eu](http://www.new-wine.eu)



Carol and Kevin celebrate their 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary

Is that coffee you're drinking, Paul?

The locusts of Egypt



"On yer bike"

"Not likely"

## The last word

It is a while since the Marksman brought its readers any quotations from Sir Winston Churchill. Here are a couple which are perhaps less well-known:

Churchill was far from being a communist sympathiser, but when Hitler attacked the Soviet Union in 1941 he lost no time in rallying to the Russian cause, in the face of some criticism from other MPs of his party. He defended his stance by remarking "If Hitler invaded hell I would at least make a favourable reference to the devil in the House of Commons".

Also in 1941, Hitler's deputy Rudolf Hess parachuted over Scotland in a crazy, one-man mission to meet the Duke of Hamilton and through him to persuade the British government to make peace with Germany. When the Duke sent word to Churchill of what had happened he replied "Will you kindly instruct the Duke of Hamilton to tell that to the Marx Brothers"

It is also far too long since the Marksman published any clerihews; some (younger) readers may even have forgotten what they are, so here are a couple of old ones:

Sir Humphrey Davy  
Destested gravy  
He lived under the odium  
Of having discovered sodium

Sir Christopher Wren  
Was having lunch with some men  
He said "If anyone calls  
Say I'm designing St Paul's"

And one new and bilingual one:

The young Saint Augustine  
Had morals that were disgustin'  
La chastité  
N'était pas sa tasse de thé

**St Mark's Anglican Church, Versailles**  
**In the Diocese of Europe**  
**founded in 1814**

St Mark's is a self-financing chaplaincy working in partnership with:  
The Intercontinental Church Society, 1 Athena Drive, Tachbrook Park,  
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**“Reach out for God and find Him....”**

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<b>Chaplain:</b>	<b>Paul Kenchington</b>	01 39 02 79 45
<b>Associate Chaplain St Paul's:</b>	<b>Elaine Labourel</b>	01 69 04 09 91
<b>Administrators:</b>	<b>Christina Galley</b>	01 34 52 28 85
	<b>Kevin Bodsworth</b>	01 30 95 84 49
<b>Youth Worker:</b>	<b>Nathan Lambert</b>	06 88 35 51 97
<b>Children's Programme Coordinator:</b>	Hilary McCullouch	01 45 37 28 73
<b>Evangelism Coordinator:</b>	Kevin Bodsworth	01 30 95 84 49
<b>Music Ministry:</b>	Paul Kenchington	01 39 02 79 45
<b>Churchwardens:</b>	Alan Kendall	01 39 18 62 28
<b>Deputy wardens:</b>	Anne-Marie Laidet, Mike Hudson, H��l��ne Wilkinson	
<b>Lay Council:</b>	Elizabeth Coy, John Ferrero (Secr), Catherine Fourel, Davy McCullough, Mark Richards, Paul Simmons, Anne-Charlotte Tassin (Treasurer)	
<b>Archdeaconry Synod Representative:</b>	Jim Watkins	

**Worship:**

<b>St Mark's</b>	9.00am	1st Sunday	Holy Communion (BCP)
	10.30am	1 <sup>st</sup> Sunday	Morning Worship (CW)
		2 <sup>nd</sup> & 4 <sup>th</sup> Sundays	Holy Communion (CW)
		3 <sup>rd</sup> Sunday	All-Age Family Worship
		5 <sup>th</sup> Sunday	Praise & Prayer
<b>St Paul's Chevry</b>	5.30 pm	1 <sup>st</sup> , 3 <sup>rd</sup> & 5 <sup>th</sup> Sundays	Holy Communion (CW)
		2 <sup>nd</sup> & 4 <sup>th</sup> Sundays	Evening Prayer (CW)

Association Cultuelle D  clar  e (d'apr  s la loi de 1905)

**REACH OUT for God and find Him – He is not far from each one of us**

*Acts 17, v 27*

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