

**St. John's Anglican Church, 31 Avenue Carnot, Menton**

Postal Address: 2 Avenue Pigautier, 06500 Menton, France  
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**Eucharist every Sunday at 10.30am**

Priest-in-charge: The Revd. Chris Parkman tel: #33 (0)6 51 52 50 49  
email:- [rev.chris.parkman@gmail.com](mailto:rev.chris.parkman@gmail.com)

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**St. John's English Library** President: Joanna Langhorne  
Opening Hours: Wednesday 14.30-17.30 Saturday 09.30-12.30  
[sjelmenton@gmail.com](mailto:sjelmenton@gmail.com) <https://www.facebook.com/menton>  
<https://www.libib.com/u/stjohnsmenton>

**The Anglican Chapel, Bordighera**

The English Cemetery, Via del Camposanto, Bordighera

**The British Association, Menton**

Chair: Birgitt Nordbrink Tel #33 (0)4 93 28 10 02  
The Association meets Saturday mornings in the Louvre from 10.00 to 12.00  
website <https://www.britishassociationmenton.com>

**The Church of the Holy Ghost, Genova**

**Piazza Marsala 3, 16122 Genova, Italy**

**Chaplain: Revd. Canon Tony Dickinson tel. #39 010 88 92 68**

website : [www.anglicanchurchgenoa.org](http://www.anglicanchurchgenoa.org)

**CROSS BORDER NEWSLETTER**

**NOVEMBER 2023**

**ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, MENTON**

**EUCHARIST - EVERY SUNDAY - 10.30am**

**Celebrant: The Rev. Chris Parkman**

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**THE BRITISH & COMMONWEALTH  
WAR GRAVES CEMETERY  
BORDIGHERA**

**Service of Remembrance**

**Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> November at 10.45am**

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**THE ANGLICAN CHURCH OF  
THE HOLY GHOST, GENOVA**

**Chaplain: Revd.Canon Tony Dickinson – Tel:#39 010 88 92 68**

mobile: #39 324 559 4023

email: [chaplain@anglicanchurchgenoa.org](mailto:chaplain@anglicanchurchgenoa.org)

**EUCHARIST EVERY SUNDAY - 10.30**

**HOLY COMMUNION or SHARED PRAYERS – WEDNESDAYS  
12.30**

**The Food Bank is open every Sunday and Wednesday after the Service**

## READINGS for SUNDAYS in NOVEMBER 2023 – YEAR A/B

|   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| November 5<br>All Saints Sunday<br>White/Gold   | 1 <sup>st</sup> Reading<br>Psalm<br>2 <sup>nd</sup> Reading<br>Gospel | Revelation 7.9-end<br>34.1-10<br>1 John 3.1-3<br>Matthew 5.1-12                  |
| November 12<br>3 <sup>rd</sup> before Advent<br>Red<br>Remembrance Sunday                       | 1 <sup>st</sup> Reading<br>Psalm<br>2 <sup>nd</sup> Reading<br>Gospel | Amos 5.18-24<br>70<br>1 Thessalonians 4.13-end<br>Matthew 25.1-13                |
| November 19<br>2 <sup>nd</sup> before Advent - Red<br>9.00 BCP & 10.30<br>Family Morning Prayer | 1 <sup>st</sup> Reading<br>Psalm<br>2 <sup>nd</sup> Reading<br>Gospel | Zephaniah 1.7, 12-18<br>90.1-8, 12<br>1 Thessalonians 5.1-11<br>Matthew 25.14-30 |
| November 25<br>Red<br>Christ the King   | 1 <sup>st</sup> Reading<br>Psalm<br>2 <sup>nd</sup> Reading<br>Gospel | Ezekiel 34.11-16, 20-24<br>95.1-7a<br>Ephesians 1.15-end<br>Matthew 25.31-46     |
| December 3<br>Advent Sunday<br>Purple<br>Year B   | 1 <sup>st</sup> Reading<br>Psalm<br>2 <sup>nd</sup> Reading<br>Gospel | Isaiah 64.1-9<br>80.1-7, 18-19<br>1 Corinthians 1.3-9<br>Mark 13.24-37           |

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## **BAPTISMS, CONFIRMATIONS, MARRIAGES, FUNERALS**

**arrangements may be made by contacting the chaplain**

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The Church of England invites to Holy Communion all baptised persons who are communicant members of other Churches which subscribe to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and who are in good standing in their own church. Those who are prevented by conscience or the rules of their own Churches from receiving the Blessed Sacrament are invited to receive a blessing.

(1)

## *Reflections from our chaplain Chris .....*

### *“Community Character”*

I have been enjoying watching a bit of rugby again recently, with the latter stages of the World Cup. By the time you read this, we will know who has won! I've been reminded how there is always a special character in each team that plays. This is true for many sports, but I notice it particularly in rugby. I came across this quote comparing New Zealand's All Blacks with three other teams: 'There isn't the blood and thunder of South Africa, the champagne and swagger of France, or the intricacies of Ireland. Instead New Zealand inflicts defeat by a thousand cuts.' It made me chuckle!

For me this is only an example of the fact that all 'communities' develop a character, and I think this is true of Christian communities too. There was clearly a marked difference between the various churches of St. Paul's day, when we compare what he says in his letters to each of them.

Recently, the Church Council has been reflecting on the special character which we feel marks out St. John's. Of course, we are an Anglican Christian church, but what else can we say? We are suggesting the following 'five' values developed from our discussions at the AGM and other reflections:

**Welcoming:** we want everyone to feel cared for and accepted for who they are. We want to extend our welcome beyond our buildings, living it as a value in our daily lives.

**Faithful:** We want to proclaim a genuinely orthodox Christian faith and be a committed, long-term presence serving the local community.

**Inspiring:** We want to be a place where people are inspired by our various events, activities and shared experiences.

**Hopeful:** We aspire to live and proclaim the Christian message of hope amidst the reality of 21<sup>st</sup> century life.

**Joyful:** We want to be people of authentic joy which doesn't negate the difficult times of life but sustains us on the journey.

With these, we can now ask ourselves from time to time, 'are we still living by what we say?' I hope it provides a good basis for fruitful reflections. Unlike the New Zealand All Blacks playing rugby, let's pray that God will bring blessing through our community in a thousand small ways!

God bless you all. Chris

(2)

## A REQUEST

Male parishioner of St. John's based in UK, aged 69, seeks a furnished room to rent, preferably in Menton, for about a month each year at a mutually convenient time.

Please contact Chris: Telephone - +44 (0) 780 380 6887  
email - christopherhuband@yahoo.co.uk

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## A MESSAGE FROM OUR BISHOP, ROBERT INNES.....

“We have all been shocked and dismayed by the eruption of violence in the Holy Land. The destruction of the Anglican Al-Anli Hospital in Gaza city has been particularly horrific. Each act of aggression makes building peace more difficult. So I call on people across our diocese to pray fervently with me for an end to the violence, for the safety and wellbeing of innocent civilians and for the restoration of peace.

Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. Lord have mercy.”

Bishop Robert included in his message this prayer offered by Archbishop Hosam Naoum of Jerusalem:-

O God of all justice and peace,  
We cry out to you in the midst of the pain and trauma of violence and fear which prevails in the Holy Land.

Be with those who need you in these days of suffering; we pray for people of all faiths – Jews, Muslims and Christians and for all people of the land.

While we pray to you, O Lord, for an end to violence and the establishment of peace, we also call for you to bring justice and equity to the peoples.

Guide us into your kingdom where all people are treated with dignity and honour as your children – for to all of us you are our Heavenly Father.

In Jesus name we pray. Amen

(3)

## DID I READ THAT SIGN RIGHT? . . . . .

TOILET OUT OF ORDER. PLEASE USE FLOOR BELOW.

In a Laundromat: Automatic Washing Machines. Please remove all your clothes when the light goes out.

In a London Store: Bargain Basement upstairs ....

In an Office: Will the person who took the step ladder yesterday please bring it back or further steps will be taken.

In an Office: After Tea-Break, staff should empty the teapot and stand upside down on the draining board.

Notice in a Food Health Shop Window: Closed due to illness.

Spotted in a Safari Park: Elephants, please stay in your car.

Notice in a Farmer's Field: The farmer allows walkers to cross the field, but the bull charges.

On a Leaflet: If you cannot read, this leaflet will tell you how to get lessons.

On Repair Shop Door: We can repair anything (Please knock hard on the door. The bell doesn't work.

From newspapers: Police begin Campaign to Run Down Jay Walkers.

Miners refuse to work after death.

Juvenile Court to try shooting defendant

War dims hope for peace.

If Strike isn't settled quickly, it may last a while.

Red Tape holds up New Bridges.

Man struck by Lightning; Faces Battery Charge.

New Study for Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group.

Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half.

Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft

Typhoon Rips through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead - (*Did I read that right?*)

(4)

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
between the crosses, row on row,  
that mark our place; and in the sky  
the larks, still bravely singing, fly  
scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
we lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
loved and were loved, and now we lie  
in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
to you from failing hands we throw  
the torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
we shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
in Flanders fields.

John McCrae

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**Well, the rains have come! Two days plus of pouring rain in October**

We woke after a night of battering rain on the windows, to a red dawn below the clouds. What did we see? I saw trees dripping with raindrops, thrusting their branches skywards; spider webs glittering between the rows of tomato plants; puddles on the hard earth; black shiny olives in the grass; diamonds on the four-leaf clovers; multitudes of pine needles swept aside by the wind awaiting the road cleaner to sweep them up; and a silver pathway over the sea from the horizon to the shore reflecting the brilliant sunshine.

What a wonderful world – Praise be to you and thank you, O Lord of all.

*Elizabeth Cordone*  
(5)

## Maximilian Kolbe

### Christian witness amidst 20<sup>th</sup> century suffering

Some people's lives seem to epitomise the suffering of millions but also to shine with a Christian response to it. One such person was Maximilian Kolbe, 1894 – 1941, a Franciscan priest of Poland, and publisher extraordinary.

Maximilian was born in Zdunska Wola, near Lodz, where his parents, devout Christians, worked in a cottage weaving industry. Like thousands of others at the time, the family and their village was ground into poverty by Russian exploitation. In 1910 Maximilian entered the Franciscan Order, and studied at Rome. After his ordination in 1919, Maximilian returned to Poland, where he was sent to teach church history in a seminary. But a new factor entered his life: he diagnosed with tuberculosis.

Living in post-war Poland was difficult enough, but with tuberculosis as well – most people would have quietly withered away. Not Maximilian Kolbe. Instead, the tuberculosis gave Maximilian a sense of urgency – a sense of the brief transitoriness of this life. He knew his time was slipping away.

Instead of teaching history, he determined to do something to help the Christians living in Poland now, in the tatters of Europe after the First World War. And so he founded a magazine for Christian readers in Cracow, who badly needed effective apologetics to help them hold to their faith in a chaotic world.

Soon, the obsolete printing presses (which were operated by Maximilian's fellow priests and lay brothers) were working overtime – the magazine's circulation had leapt to 45,000. Then the printing presses were moved to a town near Warsaw, Niepokalanow, where Maximilian now founded a Franciscan community which combined prayer with cheerfulness and poverty with modern technology; daily as well as weekly newspapers were soon produced. The community grew and grew, until by the late 1930s it numbered 762 friars.

Then in 1939 the Germans invaded Poland. Maximilian sent most of his friars home, to protect them from what was to come. He turned the monastery into a refugee camp for 3,000 Poles and 1,500 Jews. And the presses continued taking a patriotic independent line, critical of the Third Reich.

Kolbe was arrested by the Gestapo along with four friars. They were taken to Auschwitz in May 1941. Their names were exchanged for tattooed numbers, and they were sent to brutal forced labour.

Then came the final scene in his hard life. At the end of July, 1941, several men escaped from his bunker at the camp. The Gestapo, in revenge, came to select

several more men from the same bunker who were to be starved to death. A man, Francis Gajowniczek, was chosen. As he cried in despair, Kolbe stepped forward. “I am a Catholic priest, I wish to die for that man. I am old; he has a wife and children.” The officer in charge shrugged his shoulders – and obliged.

So Maximilian went to the death chamber of Cell 18, and set about preparing the others to die with dignity by prayers, psalms, and the example of Christ's Passion. Two weeks later only four were left alive. Maximilian alone was fully conscious. He was injected with phenol and died on 14 August, aged 47.

He was beatified by Paul VI in 1971. In 1982 he was canonised by Pope John Paul II, formerly Archbishop of Cracow, the diocese which contains Auschwitz. Present at the ceremony that day was Gajowniczek, the man whose life Maximilian Kolbe had saved.

(from: The Beacon - August 2020)

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A PRAYER for the current situation.....

Lord God, we live in disturbing days:  
across the world,  
prices rise,  
debts increase,  
banks collapse,  
shops close,  
jobs are taken away,  
and fragile security is under threat.

Loving God, meet us in our fear and hear our prayer:  
be a tower of strength amidst the shifting sands,  
and a light in the darkness;  
help us receive your gift of peace,  
and fix our hearts where true joys are to be found,  
in Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen

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Finally, brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. What you have learned and received and heard and seen in me, do, and the God of peace will be with you.

(Philippians 4.8-9)

## **Life at St. James-the-Least**

The Rectory,  
St. James-the-Least

My dear Nephew Darren,

I repeated your apologies for being unable to dine with Lord and Lady Shuttlingsloe when I was there yesterday evening. I invented a parish meeting you had to attend and did not mention the real reason of your lack of a dinner suit; your customary trainers and jeans would not have been appreciated.

The evening followed the usual pattern. Being greeted by the footman made me think that your bicycle propped in the entrance hall would have looked rather forlorn, since that is where we hold our Harvest supper for 200 people. The journey from entrance to drawing room would have benefitted from a rest stop half way from coffee and sandwiches to break the journey.

There were the usual guests – most of whom were merely continuing conversations they had had the previous evening at another stately, decaying pile in the county. The guests were standing, because all the chairs were occupied by the Lord's dogs, comfortably settled among the cushions, after clearly having had an enjoyable afternoon rolling in the mud. Since one aged golden retriever recognised me, having developed an over-familiarity with my own dog, he amicably let me squeeze beside him on a sofa – even if it left me for the rest of the evening looking as if I was wearing an Afghan coat.

When the meal was ready, the butler arrived with our overcoats to wear as we moved along the corridors, away from the drawing room fire to the dining room, a cavernous room heated by a one bar electric fire placed next to our host. The house is rumoured to be haunted, but I suspect any sounds of footsteps come from guests of previous years still wandering the corridors trying to find their way out.

The meal would have been good if eaten in the kitchen, but after another mile long trek through the house, arrived at the table stone cold – which Lord Shuttlingsloe considers perfectly acceptable, since his family have been eating in this way for the past 500 years, which is how long most of the present staff have worked there. Conversation at my end of the table was less than easy, since Lady S slept soundly throughout the meal and my companion on the other side seemed to hold me personally responsible for the Spanish Inquisition. Had I been, she would most definitely have been on my list for questioning.

As Rector, one has one's social responsibilities, but I confess, there were moments when I rather envied your own evening, with a meal on a tray in front of the television although without the bicycle by the front door.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace





## REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - 12 NOVEMBER - 10.30am

It is one hundred and five years since the Armistice on 11 November 1918 and war in Europe came to an end. We continue to hold Remembrance Services in memory of the 'glorious dead' and poppies are sold to help provide assistance to the armed forces and their families of today as wars continue in many parts of the world.

Why poppies? It all began in Flanders and Picardy, areas of Northern France which saw some of the most concentrated fighting during the First World War, but the poppy flowered every year, giving life, hope and reassurance to an otherwise devastated place.

John McCrae, a doctor serving with the Canadian Armed Forces was deeply moved by what he saw in Northern France and in 1915 wrote the poem 'In Flanders Fields' see page 5. The poem was published in Punch magazine and civilians around the world began to realise what the War in France and the trenches was really like. McCrae died in a military hospital on the French Channel Coast during the War. Shortly before he died on 28 January 1918, 44 years old, he is said to have

murmured: *Tell them this, if ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep.*

In Canada the poppy was officially adopted by the Great War Veterans Association in 1921 on the suggestion of a Mrs F. Guerlin, a French citizen. It is thought the impact of John McCrae's poem influenced this decision. During World War 2, Canadian Armed Forces were billeted, and are honoured, in Castellar above Menton.

The British & Commonwealth soldiers buried in Bordighera War Graves Cemetery had been part of an Expeditionary Force in the North East of Italy in WW1. They were hospitalised in hotels, which had become military hospitals, when many were taken ill with the Spanish 'Flu and died there between 1917 and March 1919.

Poppies will be on sale in St. John's and at the Cemetery in Bordighera.

### **LEST WE FORGET**

### REMEMBRANCE SERVICE

**THE BRITISH & COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES CEMETERY  
BORDIGHERA - 16 NOVEMBER - 10.45am**



