

The background of the entire page is a light cream color, framed by a decorative border of autumn leaves. The leaves are in various shades of yellow, orange, and red, with some green leaves still visible. They are scattered across the top, bottom, and sides of the page, creating a seasonal and warm atmosphere.

Trinity Times Autumn 2024

*To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven.*

Ecclesiastes 3:1

*Holy Trinity Church, Maisons Laffitte
Donation 3 Euros*

Who Does What

Chaplain	Rev'd. Charlotte Sullivan 06 83 08 59 67	Church Wardens	David Bean and Angela Labaisse- Brodie
Assistant curate	Rev'd. Vivian Sockett	Church Council Secretary	Rachel Meuriot
Reader	Richard Medcalf	Chaplaincy Assistant	Jenni Gibson

Activity	Contact person
Address List	Jenni Gibson
Book Stall	Sarah Masset
Buildings/ Grounds	Adrian Parr
Charitable Giving	Hesry Marshall
Choir	Rachel Meuriot
Coffee Rota	tinyurl.com/ TeaCoffeeHTCML
Ecumenical Group	Christine Salisbury
Electoral Roll	Elizabeth Bean
Flower Rota	Fiona Dabas
Guiding	Christine Salisbury
Intercessions	Elizabeth Bean
Lesson Readers	Elizabeth Bean
Little Fishes	office@html.com Coffee morning every Tuesday at 9.30 am for pre-school children.
Organist	Joan Bauman

Activity	Contact person
Planned Giving	Robert Manterfield
Safeguarding	Alice Auperin
Scouting	contact@maisons- laffitte-scouts.fr
Sidespeople	Patrick Gautier- Lynham
Sunday Groups	LJ Desmeulles
Treasurer	Bob Hughes
Trinity English School (TES)	trinityenglishml @gmail.com
Trinity Times	Nancy Huguet
Web Site	office@html.com
Youth Group	Jo Devlin
Bible Study	
Tuesday a.m.	Nancy Huguet
Wednesday 8.00 pm	by Zoom

Chaplain's Corner



Dear friends,

This summer has been a whirlwind of emotions and milestones that have deeply touched my heart. As I reflect on the various experiences in my ministry and personal life, I'm encouraged by how God has revealed Himself, connecting these moments for me, reminding me of the past, celebrating the present, and guiding what lies ahead.

My journey began with a trip to Normandy, on June 6th, when I had the privilege of accompanying a long-standing member of our community and WWII veteran Noreen Riols MBE to the service commemorating the 80th anniversary of

D-Day. We had a very eventful journey but, thanks to the kindness of the SNCF and many others, we arrived on time for the ceremony. As I took a moment to myself and stared across the vast beautiful sands of Omaha Beach, I could sense the weight of history - standing in a place where, eight decades ago, countless brave souls risked everything for the sake of freedom.

As we assisted Noreen into the heart of the venue, I was moved to tears as the crowd stood and clapped in acknowledgment of the enormous sacrifice made by her in her role as SOE (Special Operations Executive) and by so many others. The dignitaries who were present made a point of greeting each of the veterans in attendance, now frail with age but strong in spirit. The ceremony itself was very moving, a mixture of remembrance and gratitude, all serving as a poignant reminder of the cost of peace that we enjoy today.

Returning from Normandy to Holy Trinity, we jumped into full preparation mode for Vivian's ordination to the priesthood. My heartfelt thanks to everyone who made the day so meaningful and successful. It has been a joy to be part of Vivian's journey for the last year and on Saturday 6th July the church was filled with friends, family, and parishioners, all there to support her as she embraced her calling.

The service was a beautiful celebration of faith and the gifts we bring to it. As Vivian knelt to receive her Holy orders, I reflected on how her journey, like that of those who fought on D-Day, involves answering a call and stepping into the unknown with trust and dedication.

As summer arrived, things didn't slow down. Paris was buzzing with preparations for the Olympic Games, and we received an invitation to film the Church of England's online Sunday Worship service at Holy Trinity in commemoration of the event. This wasn't just about celebrating athletic



achievements; it was about embracing Olympic values - unity, peace, and the coming together of diverse people. I'm grateful to everyone who stepped in at short notice to read and lead prayers, and to support a very nervous Chaplain! As we recorded the service, I felt a strong connection to the global community, much as I had in Normandy. The Olympics, like my recent experiences, remind us that we're all part of something bigger, transcending borders and individual stories.

After all this I felt a little break was in order! I took a trip to the Somme (a place I've always wanted to visit) in my campervan, a journey that was as moving as it was reflective. The Somme, with its rolling fields and quiet cemeteries, is a place where history feels incredibly close. Driving through the now peaceful countryside, I visited the memorials and gravesites that mark one of the bloodiest battles of World War I. It was a sobering experience, one that made me think deeply about the sacrifices made in the name of freedom. While the ceremony in Normandy was vibrant and moving, the Somme provided a quiet, personal space for reflection - a poignant reminder of the countless lives lost and the enduring impact of war.

As I look back on these last three months, I'm struck by how these experiences, though seemingly disparate, are deeply interconnected. The courage of those who stormed the beaches of Normandy, Vivian's faith and commitment as she stepped into her new role, the unity symbolised by the Olympics, and the somber reflections at the Somme. These moments speak to the resilience of the human spirit and the grace of God. Each experience reminds me of God's guiding presence in every aspect of our lives, and of the importance of remembering the past, celebrating the present, and moving forward with hope, always under God's watchful care and boundless love.

Rev'd. Charlotte Sullivan

Thank you to our Chaplaincy Council Secretary Rachel, for this update

Church Council meeting

If you've ever wondered exactly what the Chaplaincy Council gets up to at its regular meetings, here is a brief update on the issues currently under discussion:

Strategy

You should all be aware by now of our church's vision statement, but just in case you still haven't quite learned it off by heart, here it is again:

A church where God is glorified, all are loved, and purpose is found, as we follow Jesus and share His life-changing message of love, joy and hope.

This seemingly simple and concise statement is the result of many hours of work on the part of your Chaplaincy Council, and more recently a dedicated Strategy Committee composed of representative members of our church community, not all of them Council members.

The process of defining a strategy for our church continues, with a specific goal for the 2024-2025 academic year having been identified. The members of the Strategy Committee are now hard at work putting in place concrete steps to help move us towards achieving this goal.

So, do not be surprised if you notice a few subtle changes in the way we operate as a church over the coming months. These changes will all be destined to enable our church community to better live out the mission we have defined for ourselves.

Ministry and outreach initiatives

In light of the new focus and clarity which has been achieved by progressing through the strategy process, Council has also been looking at various of our relatively new ministry and outreach initiatives with a view to maximising their potential to help us achieve our goal.

In particular, discussion has centred around the instigation of certain relatively new events, such as the monthly "Bring and Share" lunches or the Friday night suppers at the Vicarage, and how this type of activity helps us live out our mission.

Council has also devoted time and discussion to ensuring that our specific pastoral care activities continue to be effective and how to ensure that we reach and engage with all those who are in need, isolated, sick or suffering.

Reflection is ongoing as to how best to continue offering support to Buncoeur Damoclès. This association, whose principal activity is feeding people who have no other resources, has needs which appear to be changing, and Council is concerned that we modify our support accordingly.

The related issue of our support for local food banks is also a regular topic of discussion. The organisation of this type of localised aid to those in need appears to be somewhat complex and Council is keen that our church make a real and heartfelt contribution to such efforts.

Youth Group and Children's Sunday Groups

As some of you will know, our “virtual” youth worker Joy Van Staalduin has moved into a new phase of her life and is no longer working with our youth group. Council is grateful for all the work she has done with our youngsters in recent years!

Going forward, we are immensely lucky to have several enthusiastic members of our community who have stepped up to take over this essential role, and council is extremely grateful to all of them! Anyone who has been on the church premises when there is a youth event going on will have noticed that we have a large number of energetic and joyful youngsters in the 12 to 18 age range.

However, you cannot help but have also noticed the decline in the number of younger children (under 12s) in church on Sunday mornings, and much time has been devoted to this issue during recent Council meetings. We are endeavouring to understand the reasons for this change in order to best try and counteract it! Council is again enormously grateful to the steadfast team of volunteers who prepare and run our Sunday groups and it is our wish that the work they do benefit the largest number of children possible.

Eco-church and environmental initiatives

As stewards of our God's magnificent creation, caring for the environment is an ongoing priority for us all and figures prominently on the agenda of every meeting of your Chaplaincy Council. As you will know, the post of Environmental Officer has been vacant for some time now, and Council are working hard to find (and convince) someone to take on this tremendously important role. It is Council's intention to expand the sphere of activity of the future Environmental Officer in order to give this role more of an educational slant so that we may all learn to work together as a community to protect and preserve the beautiful world we have been given. Watch this space for more news!

In the meantime, environmental initiatives such as energy consumption or waste reduction regularly come under discussion during Council meetings in order to try and identify the easiest and most economical ways to minimise the church's carbon footprint.

R. M.

What is “Agape”? Read Katrin’s article to find out!

Come to the Table

In Luke 14, Jesus tells the Parable of the Great Banquet. The story relates the frustration of a rich man who wants to throw a dinner party but has a hard time convincing folks to show up. ‘I just got married,’ says one; ‘I’ve just purchased a field,’ says another. Losing patience, the man tells his servants to invite the poor, the crippled, and even those they might find along the highways and hedges. His table would be full, even if it meant inviting perfect strangers. The moral? God wants His table to be full as well—and everyone is invited. That includes you.

Me?

The more introverted among you may harbour painful memories of school lunchtimes. You know the ones. There you were, with your cafeteria tray or lunchbox, searching desperately for a place to sit. Time seemed to crawl by as your eyes darted around the room, wondering why the principal couldn’t just install some single-place tables for kids with no friends.

Or is that just my story?

Regardless, the sentiment speaks to a deeper wound of broken “shalom” borne by all who wander east of Eden. This was not lost on Jesus; our Great Physician saw the table not as a place of rejection but as a place of communion. More than anyone who ever lived, He knew the power of a shared meal to heal what psychologists Dan Allender and Cathy Loerzel call “the stranger wound”. Jesus ate with all kinds: His beloved disciples of course, but also the religious leaders and, most significantly, the riff-raff. Tax collectors. Prostitutes. The lame and the outcast. Interrupted during one such meal by a group of Pharisees incensed that He would stoop so low, Jesus quipped, ‘It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick’ (Matthew 9:12).

Jesus spent so much time at the table that He developed something of a reputation for it, prompting spiteful tongues to wag. Deploring their hard-heartedness, He retorted, ‘John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, “He has a demon.” The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, “Here is a glutton and a drunkard, a friend of tax collectors and sinners.”’ But wisdom is proved right by her deeds’ (Matthew 11:18-19). So yes, Jesus loved a good meal. And why wouldn’t He? The Old Testament tells of a heavenly Father who made sacrificial meals, feasts, and festivals compulsory. Clearly, our God delights in the table.

It should surprise no one, then, that Jesus made sure His final meal before the cross would be a particularly meaningful one. ‘I have eagerly desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer,’ He said. ‘For I tell you, I will not eat it again

until it finds fulfilment in the kingdom of God' (Luke 22:15-16). But at the Last Supper, Jesus didn't simply share a meal with His closest followers; He became the meal. He who had declared Himself to be the living bread that came down from heaven (John 6:51) now invited everyone to take and eat His body, given for them, and to drink His blood, poured out for them. And even though His betrayer was a mere arm's length away, in those final moments around the table, unity prevailed.

This unity lived on in the early Church's celebration of the supper Jesus instituted, underscoring the cross-shaped fellowship that had always been at the heart of Israel's sacrificial meals: the vertical dimension between God and believer, and the horizontal dimension between fellow believers. These gatherings quickly became known as *Agape* (love) feasts, comprising a meal, a message, and the Eucharist (Acts 2:42; 1 Cor 11:17-34; Jude 12).

But as Christianity spread, the role of the table diminished. Thus, by the middle of the third century the Lord's supper had split into a morning celebration of the Eucharist and an evening celebration of the *Agape*. With Constantine's conversion in the fourth century, believers across the Roman empire ceased gathering in private homes and began gathering in public church buildings, further separating the altar from the table and hastening the decline of the *Agape* tradition. Ultimately, the unique *koinonia* (fellowship) and unifying power that the table had offered for centuries was forgotten and the Lord's supper became the exclusive affair of the altar.

Much has been written about the consequences of the divorce of table from altar, but space forbids more than a passing reference to it here. In essence, the *Agape* spirit does live on among certain traditions, but these remain exceptions to most Holy Communion where, according to author John Mark Hicks, 'The atmosphere has shifted from celebrative, interactive joy at a table to silent, private meditation at the altar. The contemplative sorrow of the cross has replaced the joy of the resurrection.'

In recent years, many voices have called for a return to the table fellowship at the heart of the original Lord's supper. They are right to do so. In light of the deep social damage of Covid, the splintering of traditional family and community structures, and the isolation and depression plaguing so many—all signs of a global crisis of hope—is it not time for the Church to recover the healing, connecting, community-building power of Jesus' table ministry?

At Jesus' table, we **remember** that we are called to a cruciform fellowship connecting us to God and to our neighbours. At Jesus' table, we **continue** His outreach to the hurting, the forgotten, and the marginalised. Finally, at Jesus' table, we **anticipate** the great messianic banquet awaiting us, when Jesus Himself will say to you and to me, *Come. You're invited. See your place, set with your name on it. For this is My banquet, and it wouldn't be complete without you.*

*We will feast in the house of Zion
We will sing with our hearts restored
He has done great things, we will say together
We will feast and weep no more*



Further reading:

1. Redeeming Heartache: How Past Suffering Reveals Our True Calling, by Dan Allender and Cathy Loerzel, 2021.
2. Come to the Table: Revisioning the Lord's Supper, by John Mark Hicks, 2008.
3. *We Will Feast in the House of Zion*, by Sandra McCracken and Keith and Kristyn Getty, 2021.

K.D.

***Please see page 20 for some opportunities
to come together and share food and fellowship
as a church family and beyond.***

Holy Trinity now has two priests!

Vivian's ordination

Before the summer, July 6th sat on my calendar as THE red-letter day of my year. However, even though the words 'Ordination Day' were writ large in the box, I'm not sure what I really expected. Like many positive life events which we imagine happening, we hear tell of them, but any anticipation will in some measure be inaccurate or incomplete.

One of the things that deacons are asked to do at the end of their diaconal year is to write a letter of reflection for their bishop. I found this to be a useful but challenging exercise. The best summary of the year I could find was a tremendous sense of 'the now and the not yet'.

Usually in Christian parlance, this expression describes the tension we feel as Christians living on earth as redeemed beings, coping with the brokenness which remains in us and the world, looking forward to the full restoration of our souls and the world. The eschatological now and the not yet. My diaconal tension was not so grand, nor did it involve becoming perfect after a year!

And yet I kind of got the impression that some of you at Holy Trinity felt a bit of the now-and-not-yet tension with me throughout last year. The thoughtful comments to me about waiting, the gentle jokes about soon being a 'real' or 'full' vicar – I wondered what you were seeing in watching my journey, and curiously was buoyed to know that I wasn't making it alone.

And then the day came. A gloriously sunny (if blustery) day, with many friends and family from both near and far. I found the ordination service, the weighty laying on of hands, far more moving than I had expected and was grateful that most of it was just done to me, and around me.

I can't thank everyone at Holy Trinity enough for the months of preparation people put in, whether to enrich and beautify the service, the music, the food or the warm welcome. I remain immensely grateful.

And now we have had two months of 'after'. Not that much has been going on in the quiet of the summer, but that has been just as well for a period of adjustment.

How do I feel now? Simply at peace.

And how do you feel? Not about me, but having watched the process of the church discerning gifting and anointing members to roles according to a sense of God's calling? In some sense, mightn't we all, in the priesthood of believers, benefit from a process of recognition and joint blessing of one another as we serve in one capacity or another?

I don't mean this as a controversial questioning of church processes, rather as a deep recognition that I am no more called than the next person to love and serve God, and that I see in everyone around me a wonderful diversity of gifting and callings, all of which are vital to our shared life at Holy Trinity.

I look forward to our next year together and pray God's blessing on us all.

V.S.



Judy gives us an account of the celebrations at Omaha beach

80th Anniversary of D-Day

It was still dark when Charlotte and I drove to Marly to accompany our favourite veteran Noreen Riols by taxi to St Lazare station to catch the special VIP train to Caen en route for the D-Day 80th anniversary at Omaha Beach.

Noreen was already waiting at the door, as always the perfect lady, dressed in an elegant dark suit on which her polished medals shone in the weak sunlight on that perfect summer's morning. Spirits were high as we sallied forth and light banter punctuated this matinal start until, as we approached the capital, the traffic slowed down, momentarily stopped and then came to a permanent halt. A feeling of foreboding descended on us all, including our taxi driver, as we realized we were going to miss THE train. Anybody who is anybody had arrived in Paris on their way to Omaha Beach including President Biden, and President Zelinski.

The Place de l'Etoile was gridlocked and all roads were certainly not leading either to Rome..... or to the Gare Saint Lazare. Girl Guide instincts came to the fore and amongst the many just-in-case numbers I had noted was the name of the SNCF head of protocol. Initially just a contact, this helpful chap very quickly became a friend for life as I called him not once, nor twice, not even three but four times because it became clear we were going to miss the same number of trains heading to Caen. Disappointment feebly describes our feelings but Noreen, our mentor, remained calm and collected, demonstrating those very skills she had mastered so ably as Agent Baxter in Churchill's Secret Army 80 years ago. Unbelievably, we arrived at the station four hours after leaving Marly just in time to board the 10H59 regular train to Caen. An exploit, thanks solely to the SNCF staff who had pulled out every possible stop including the Porsche version wheelchair driven by a very friendly, wide grinning porter to whom we are forever grateful as he had also noticed Noreen's precious MBE medal had fallen on the pavement just as she was helped out of the taxi. In Harry Potter mode, Charlotte and I miraculously kept up with our Formula One porter and a bevy of ultra efficient SNCF inspectors, who whisked us through labyrinths and tunnels, up lifts and through forbidden doors, to finally fling ourselves on to a platform (Platform 9 ³/₄?) where the train had been held up just for our arrival. Feeling relieved and very grateful, we all promised we would never undermine the SNCF ever again, totally aware that without their super human help, we would have been heading back to Marly to watch the ceremony on television. The following hour was highlighted by a very comfortable train ride, gliding through sun dappled countryside with a childlike sense of excitement and with absolutely no idea what the next step would be as we were now totally out of D-Day organisation. Meanwhile, Noreen's grandson Tom had already arrived at Omaha via Caen on the famous VIP train we had missed! We arrived at Caen where the red carpet treatment was rolled out, literally. It stretched the length of the platform along which we were invited to walk while a battalion of spruced up SNCF employees accompanied us to a gleaming black SUV where we were welcomed by the head of a 12 motorbike police escort responsible now for Noreen's onward journey to Omaha Beach. Once we had greeted the Ambassador of Kenya, who just happened to be sitting at the very back, our memorable journey commenced and we sped along otherwise totally empty motorways and



through deserted villages where the only other people encountered on the way were soldiers and police officers saluting our passage on every bridge and road corner. It is hard to know how much time it took to drive to Omaha Beach, such was the thrill and the intensity of the experience, but eventually we were reunited with Tom, whose relieved face stood out amongst the crowds already formed there. An army of Red Cross workers, civil servants, volunteers, and the like were on the spot and we were guided to a VIP tent for a drink and a few nibbles, all of which were very much appreciated. Introductions were made to, sadly, just a handful of other British veterans who had also congregated there with their families. Medals gleamed and clanked while an atmosphere of reverence and respect was omnipresent. Unaware still of the proceedings, we chatted amongst ourselves, related our adventure so far to incredulous Tom and enjoyed the premonition that something very special was about to happen although what exactly remained a mystery.

Outside, activity was heightened by the sound of military processions and fanfare, of marching feet and clipped rifles, of busy people running around like an army. It was time for another Girl Guide moment and I called a number on the list of might need names. Delightful Marie from the Prefecture of Caen had not been informed that we had finally arrived and was overjoyed to hear we were installed in the VIP tent! Presentations and hearty handshakes were made and, again, so many people and particularly the young, queued patiently to utter a word of thanks and pay homage to Noreen. No doubt thanks to Marie's intervention, we were invited to take our seats but without knowing exactly where they were. Tom valiantly pushed Noreen's wheelchair, now a sedate version, up a sandy ramp while Charlotte and I accompanied her on either side when suddenly, to our astonishment, we were in fact wheeling Noreen, the only woman and the first of the British veterans and all the others present, onto a stage to a standing ovation from the thousands of people who were already seated. This spontaneous shower of thanks combined with the overwhelming sense of sadness for the tragedy that took place there 80 years ago were palpable and I am convinced there was not a dry eye amongst the many fortunate spectators gathered there to pay their respects to the very few remaining veteran heroes. The procession is glued to our minds forever as is the sense of pride to be accompanying Noreen at such a life-defining moment. The applause was deafening. It still rings in our ears. We were directed to Noreen's place amongst those attributed to the handful of British veterans, all seated behind the front row seats yet to be filled. Slowly but very surely, the four large screens dotted around the stage replicated the events taking place in front of our own very eyes. Suddenly before us – and I mention only a few – Prime Minister Gabriel Attal preceded the King and Queen of Belgium who greeted the Grand Duke of Luxembourg while kissing the King and Queen of the Netherlands as President Trudeau of Canada hugged Olena Zelenska whose husband was shaking hands with Chancellor Scholz and Mark Rutte, the newly appointed head of Nato. Meanwhile Prince William brought up the rear to a roar of applause by everyone including those many royals already present. It seemed like we were privy to the start of a happy family gathering where air kisses and bear hugs were the norm!

Finally, showstopper President Biden and wife Jill were escorted personally to their seats in front of us by President and Brigitte Macron. Oddly, it seemed at first, President Biden regularly turned around to smile at us until we realized we

were sitting next to his personal body guard!

Despite this show of diplomatic platitudes and social interaction unrolling before our very eyes, we were filled with a sense of heightened awareness of the event about to take place. The intensity of the collective emotion was palpable as was the overwhelming outpouring of mutual respect and sincere gratitude as the ceremony progressed. For two hours a very captive, totally receptive audience absorbed the poems, letters, songs, anthems and finally, the speeches. For a long moment, a deafening silence reigned before another standing ovation broke the remembrance of tragedy to be replaced by gratitude and awe for those still alive and living witnesses of that D-Day 80 years ago. Stoic best describes Noreen and her fellow veterans as the haunting memories were vivid in their minds, aware that they had lived to see another day unlike so many of their friends. At the end of this emotionally charged ceremony, the front row of heads of state and royals all spontaneously turned around to shake hands and talk to the veterans sitting behind them, still upright and very dignified in their chairs for the endurance of this very long and moving ceremony. The Grand Duke of Luxembourg made a bee line for Noreen with whom he conversed at length followed by Prince William who was genuinely delighted to hear that she had worked in London and in Beaulieu, Hampshire as he informed her his current bedside reading was a book about the history of SOE! President Macron also joined the queue to pay his respects and eloquently expressed the honour it was for him to meet her. As for Brigitte Macron, she was thrilled to meet a female veteran, and personally asked to have her photo taken with Noreen.

Suddenly a feeling of spontaneity and informality replaced the weight of remembrance and of gravity. Cameras clicked, people embraced, laughter resounded, smiles abounded. Slowly but surely, people started to leave their seats although many would have stayed on to savour this unique atmosphere of collective homage when the awfulness had been remembered and dwelt upon in depth. As we wheeled Noreen back to the VIP tent for our final farewells and heartfelt thanks, all the veterans, including Noreen, were constantly stopped by people who wanted to express their gratitude and have their photo taken with her. The veterans were the only stars that memorable day and everyone else, including the diplomats and the royals, were mere spectators.

Our journey back to Caen was uneventful in comparison. We boarded one of the three VIP coaches with the cavalcade of motorbikes escorting us once again and, like everyone around us, we reminisced about the adventures and the emotions of the day. They were plentiful and still, today, invade our thoughts and prayers in coloured detail. Our poor taxi driver, still overcome with remorse for the morning's misfortune, was waiting for us and after a very quick drive back to Marly, we left Noreen in the hands of her faithful carer at midnight.

After 17 unforgettable hours together and without any rest whatsoever, Noreen was still as bright as a button. I am sure that if we had offered to do it all over again the next day, she would have been game. Such is the spirit of this special lady, no doubt the very same courage and determination she displayed 80 years ago when she was recruited at the tender age of 17 to join SOE, Churchill's Secret Army – and the rest is history!

J.P.

If you have ever asked yourself the question, why should I join a Bible study / home group, Jeanne provides her answer. Please send us your experience of Bible study or Home groups!

Why Bible Study?

Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Psalm 23:5



“Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light for my path” Psalm 119 v 105.

30 years have sped by since I shyly set foot inside Ilona Wicker’s home in Maisons-Laffitte for Bible Study.

This was a ‘first’ for me and I was probably the youngest one in this gathering of ‘mature women’, to quote Ilona.

I have never looked back on this first contact with a group that studied the Bible to find guidance for Christian living and to learn more about loving God and His Word. Although new people have joined our twice monthly meeting and some sadly have died or left France, we still soldier on in our ‘spiritual home’ of the moment with Nigel and Caroline in Le Mesnil-le-Roi.

I can only describe these times of sharing our faith, our differences, doubts, gratitude, joy, as times of Great Blessing. “From the fullness of His Grace we have all received one blessing after another” John 1 v 1.

We can be honest with each other, authentic, enlightened, as we humble ourselves under His loving guidance and open our hearts to the Holy Spirit. The recent study of the gospel of St. John had something to say to everyone and we were blessed by the Zoom presence of Reverend John Murray and Diane who were able to pass on their Bible knowledge and experience in spiritual matters. Diane has since then taken up residence in her Heavenly Home and is sorely missed by us all.

Yes, in spite of the pain of temporary separation from fellow travelers, we are truly blessed by our Heavenly Father’s provision for our every need. Christian fellowship is so vital for our spiritual growth. After each meeting I quietly thank the Lord during my drive back home for these instants of Grace spent in His presence, and that of my Christian companions.



How many of us can you recognise?

J.H.

LJ tells us about her amazing feat!

My Three Peaks Challenge



It was Easter 2023 when my friend, Marie, and I were sitting having a glass of wine and discussing our ‘big birthday’ in 2024, when the Three Peaks Challenge was suggested. It had seemed like a great idea at the time, but the reality is, where do you train for a mountain challenge in Les Yvelines? I spent many hours walking up and down the Tapis Vert in Marly Park and running up and down the steps too, along with walking where I could.

The date began to loom closer and the enormity of it began to hit me. I then decided if I was going to do this then I was going to do it for someone else too. I chose Institute Curie for two reasons: the first is for my friend Rachel and my Aunty Jacqueline, both who are currently fighting cancer; the second is in memory of my cousin Louise. With them in mind, along with others, I chose to put myself out there and test myself.

As the day dawned my stomach began to churn. Could I actually do this? “What if?”, must have swirled around my head so many times. However, my dad made me a huge bowl of porridge then told me he and Mum were proud of me. No matter what happened, they both believed in me. Incredible words at the right moment.

I met Marie and our amazing driver, her husband Paul, who drove between the three mountains. Without him this challenge would have been impossible. As we headed to Ben Nevis, the radio was full of the deaths of a dad and his 12-year-old son. They had been out in the mountains beside where we were going. We aren’t sure what happened, but it sounds as if they fell, this was a sober reminder that mountain walking is not always safe. Thankfully for us, the weather was on our side.

At 5pm on Thursday 30th May we started heading upwards, passing many people on their way down. The views were great most of the way up, but Ben Nevis is a long steady climb, and as we neared the top the mist came down, typical Scottish weather. As we neared the summit it became harder to find our way and we had to be careful to stay on the path and not slip in the snow. Wandering too close to the edge was a reality. Finally, we reached the 1,345 m summit and took the obligatory photo and shouted Happy Birthday to my son Thomas. I had promised him I would. We headed downwards stopping for a quick break and reaching the bottom at 10.30pm. Dusk was upon us and the car was beckoning. We quickly put on a fresh top, socks and slippers before jumping in the car and heading south. Luck was not to be on our side on the journeys between the mountains. Shortly after leaving Ben Nevis, we

met our first road closure, which meant a detour on a small winding road - not good for someone with car sickness!! It felt worse than the roller coaster at Parc Astérix!

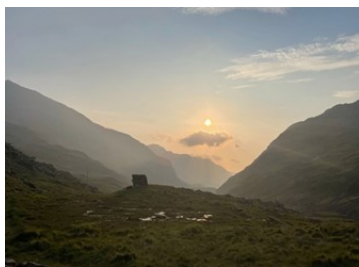
Finally at 4.45 am we arrived in the Lake District and within minutes we were heading up Scafell Pike. It was a very quiet climb. We met one other person on the way up. I felt great on this climb and the views were beautiful. This climb is only 978 m high, but I really enjoyed it, even though it was very windy at the top and we had to hang on. It was lovely coming down and meeting people going up. Two people called us the larks. After 4 hours 15 minutes we were back at the car, and we woke Paul who sprang into action. Once more the traffic wasn't playing ball. It was just busy everywhere and, as we sat on the M6, we watched the time slip away.

At 3.45 pm we arrived at Snowden. We knew that even with the best will in the world we didn't have the ability to run up and down the 1,085 m that is Snowden, maybe if we had been 30 years younger! We decided our aim was now to finish it, tiredness was setting in. We set off and then began the climb, it was like rock scrambling at times as the path kept disappearing, I was getting tired and quite possibly dehydrated. I had not been able to eat and was struggling to keep food down, but Marie kept feeding me jelly babies and water. There were points when I just wanted to sit down, but something in my head kept telling me to put one foot in front of the other. I had a whole community praying for me, and if my friend could go through chemo and still be positive about life, then this was nothing. When you feel that you have gone as far as you can, that inner voice becomes very strong. I cried when I reached the top, I felt so proud of what I had achieved. The journey down was long but thankfully uneventful. We made it in 4 hours 15 minutes.

27 hours after we started, we had managed to walk 37 km up and down three mountains and had climbed 3,064 m in height. I raised 2,799 euros for Institute Curie and Marie had raised for £2,297 for her chosen charity, Glass Door. We are both very proud to have completed this challenge. It was so rewarding to put ourselves out there and test our limits. And to do it with my best friend was the icing on the cake.

Thank you to everyone who supported me with prayers, words of encouragement and sponsorship. Together we really are a community.

LJ. D.





The Trinity Times committee, past and present, would like to thank Edith for her many years of hard work on the Holy Trinity church magazine.

She is a gifted journalist, an expert proof reader and has an invaluable knowledge of the history of our church.

A huge thank you for everything, Edith. We will miss you!



*Last autumn. Life in all its abundance.
A blessing from God on our own "mount of olives" in the church grounds.
Photo: AJWP*

The Trinity Times committee would like to thank Jane Drew for the beautiful cover design of this issue.

Dates for your Diary

Sunday services:
9.15 am and 11.00 am

*For dates of Christmas services and activities,
please see the calendar on our web site,
or pick up a flyer - available at the back of church.*

<https://htcml.com/>



Join us on the
2nd Sunday
of each month
FOR A BRING & SHARE

Sunday LUNCH

The flyer features a collage of food items: a bottle of wine, a glass of red wine, a pizza, bread, a salad, and a quiche.



Little Fishes

If you have (or care for) little ones,
from babies to pre-schoolers,
join us for tea, coffee and playtime on
Tuesday mornings from 9.30am to 11.30am
at Trinity Hall, Holy Trinity Church,
avenue Edouard VII, Maisons-Laffitte.

All are welcome!



For more information email Jenni at office@htcml.com
or WhatsApp or text 0682493202



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The policy of this magazine is to publish articles of interest provided they are neither illegal nor immoral. The content of the magazine does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the editorial committee.