

THE SCOTS KIRK PARIS

#RestezChezVous

Keeping in touch



We at the SKP have been fortunate to be able to stay in touch over the weeks through a variety of initiatives. Our website, Facebook page and Twitter account were already up and running before the lockdown but we now have a WhatsApp group, Messy Flat meetings and virtual coffee get-togethers on Zoom, and of course our Youtube channel for Sunday morning services. We are indebted to all those who have been working hard to preserve our sense of community.

Don't forget your smartphone can be used to make calls too! Jan can be contacted on the number at the bottom of the page or on 06 77 68 83 37.

sending virtual hug



loading...



hug sent!



Hello everyone!

A sparkly 8 to start the week - a reminder of a time when some of us enjoyed putting on our jewellery because we actually had somewhere to go! Even though we have a potential "end date" in sight, nothing is sure yet. We in the Paris region will certainly have our eyes riveted on the "carte du

déconfinement" later in the week to find out exactly what we will and will not be able to do after 11th May. As Jan said on Sunday, we may be feeling downcast and without hope at this stage but God is present with us and all around us. It has been a trying time but also an opportunity to open our eyes to the wonders of God's creation and to see others, and indeed ourselves, in a new light.

Birthday wishes as usual to those who cannot be with friends and family this week.



The number 8 in the Bible

In the Bible, the number 8 represents a new beginning.

The New Testament was penned by 8 men (Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, James, Peter, Jude and Paul).

Jesus showed himself alive 8 times after His resurrection. His first appearance was to Mary Magdalene (Mark 16:9-11), then he appeared to two disciples travelling to Emmaus (Luke 24). After that he appeared to all the disciples except Thomas (John 20:19-24), and a week later to all of them (John 20:26-29). Paul says that Jesus was seen by 500 believers at one time (1 Corinthians 15:4-7). Jesus also met his disciples at the appointed place in Galilee (Matthew 28:16-17) and on Galilee's shores (John 21:1-24). His final appearance was on the Mount of Olives (Acts 1).

Abraham had 8 sons - Ishmael, Isaac, Zimran, Jokshan, Medan, Midian, Ishbak and Shuah.

God saved 8 people on the ark to provide a new beginning for mankind after the flood.

8 unusual 8-letter words for Scrabble fans

Many of us have been playing board games to while away the time. Here are **eight 8-letter words** Scrabble enthusiasts can use to impress their opponents.

ARSENITE: a chemical salt

ERGATOID: worker-like

GERANIOL: an alcohol used in perfumes



IODINATE: to treat with iodine

ONERIEST: from "onery" meaning stubborn and mean-spirited

RATLINES: a "ratline" is one of the ropes forming the steps of a ladder on a ship

RETINULA: a neural receptor of an arthropod's eye

SEROTINE: a European bat



And even though week **8** begins with day 50



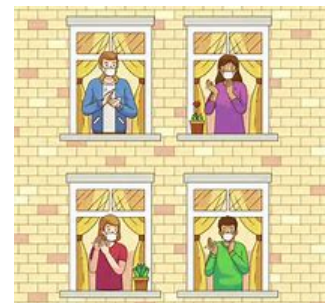
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8 pieces of Coronavirus advice



They do say that the lockdown provides a good opportunity to learn a new language!

An 8 that's familiar to all of us



The Eight

The Eight is the name given to a group of American artists who exhibited together only once, in New York, in 1908 (would you believe). They were Robert Henri, George Luks, William J. Glackens, Everett Shinn and John Sloan who were realists, along with Arthur B. Davies, Ernest Lawson and Maurice Prendergast whose style was more ethereal. Their aim was to bring art into closer touch with everyday life and a good number of their paintings depict unidealized views of city life. Many critics of the time were shocked by what they considered to be dreary choices of subject.

Not long after their one and only exhibition they were absorbed into the larger Ashcan school of which the more well-known Edward Hopper was a member.



Himself,
Robert Henri, 1913



Street Scene,
George Luks, 1905



McSorley's Bar,
John Sloan, 1912



Cross Streets of New York,
Everett Shinn, 1899



East River Park,
William Glackens, ca. 1902



The Dawning,
Arthur B. Davies, 1915



New England Birches,
Ernest Lawson, undated



Franklin Park, Boston
Maurice Prendergast, 1895



of the longest place names in the world

Most of these are totally unpronounceable but here they are, complete with translation. Ready?

Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu, North Island, New Zealand, 85 letters - The summit where Tamatea, the man with the big knees, the climber of mountains, the land-swallower who travelled about, played his nose flute to his loved one (Maori).

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogoch, Anglesey, Wales, 58 letters - Saint Mary's church in a hollow of white hazel near the rapid whirlpool of the church of Saint Tysilio with a red cave (Welsh).

Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggchaubunagungamaugg, Massachusetts, US, 45 letters - Fishing place at the boundaries - neutral meeting grounds (Nipmuc).

Tweebuffelsmeteenskootmorsdoodgeskietfontein, South Africa, 44 letters - Two buffalos with one shot completely dead shot fountain (Afrikaans).

Azpilicuetagaraicosaroyarenberecolarrea, Spain, 39 letters - The low field of high pen of Azpilikueta (Basque).

Pekwachnamaykoskwaypinwanik, Manitoba, Canada, 31 letters - Where the wild trout are caught by fishing with hooks (Cree).

Venkatanarasimharajuvaripeta, India, 28 letters - Venkatanarasimharaju's city (Telugu).

Mamungkukumpurangkuntjunya, Australia, 26 letters - Where the devil urinates (Pitjantjatjara).

The Eyes of Jesus by John O'Donahue (Sunday's benediction)

I imagine the eyes of Jesus were harvest brown,
The light of their gazing suffused with the seasons;

The shadow of winter, the mind of spring,
The blues of summer, and amber of harvest.

A gaze that is perfect sister to the kindness that dwells in his beautiful hands.

The eyes of Jesus gaze on us, stirring in the heart's clay
The confidence of seasons that never lose their way to harvest.

This gaze knows the signature of our heartbeat, the first glimmer
From the dawn that dreamed our minds,

The crevices where thoughts grow long before the longing in the bone
Sends them towards the mind's eye,

The artistry of the emptiness that knows to slow the hunger
Of outside things until they weave into the twilight side of the heart,

A gaze full of all that is still future looking out for us to glimpse
The jewelled light in winter stone,

Quickening the eyes that look at us to see through to where words
Are blind to say what we would love,

Forever falling softly on our faces, his gaze plies the soul with light,
Laying down a luminous layer,

Beneath or brief and brittle days until the appointed dawn comes
Assured and harvest deft

To unravel the last black knot and we are back home in the house that we have never left.

