

Assemblée Internationale

Militaire Protestant

59^{ème} année



Workshops

AND VISIT IN AIGUES-MORTES

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"Cévennes
2010,
le RIMP"
24-27 juin



Militaires
L'Église
DES ARMÉES



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Invitation to the Workshops

Our little preparatory committee has tried to create some invitations that can help to deal with the theme of our meeting this year: “Believing Today, Today’s Believing”. With this invitation we want to appeal to you in several ways. Of course we can talk with each other, but we also have the opportunity to work things out in a creative way, with music, dance, painting, taking photos, tinkering etc. We can hear music, let the words come to us. And we can personally express our thoughts, feelings, idols and visions, experiences. We have got the chance to express what really matters in our lives.

We can join a group by taking a coloured or numbered slip of paper from the pile.

You can choose a group with your own (or most familiar) language, of course. Mixed language groups will be possible with some items, too.

You can see on the planning board where the creative groups are at work, and also you can find the places where the discussion-groups are.

Workshop 1

Pilgrimage with Benedict

Our old tradition contains many good things, like the pilgrimages. The pilgrim knows: 'The road is the purpose.'

Another old tradition is the old '**Rule of Benedict**', not only useful to monks, it can be a life-guide for everybody.

Benedict says, briefly: Every human being is travelling in his life, every one can achieve growth in his life. This is also the aim of the **three vows of Benedict**. These vows are:

- * **Stabilitas** : Stability, endurance, stamina, being present, remain oneself.
- * **Conversio Morum** : The daily reflection on oneself (and one's faith) as a human being, growth, finding your own way.
- * **Obedientia** : To respond with your whole heart, to take notice of another, to hear, to listen carefully. Particularity this, not just being obedient.

The three vows come together in the word: dedication.

To what or whom do I dedicate my life ?

Small Pilgrimage

We invite you to make a small pilgrimage with this group, and take a walk of about 7 kilometres through the beautiful countryside around Mejjannes-le-Clap.

During this walk you'll find three '**Stations**', halting-places, where we can experience a little bit what Benedict meant with his vows.

We will stay about 15 minutes at every Station, the questions belonging to this stations you can also use to walk around with.

The best thing to do is to walk in groups of 8 till 12 participants.

1st Station : Stability

We hear or read the Story of Thesaurus

A question to ask yourself (in silence) :

Try to figure out for yourself what makes your life valuable to yourself, or what in your life has the highest value for you. You can share this with each other, but you are free to do so.

A question to talk about with each other:

Tell to each other what do you do to incorporate this value in your life, or how you are trying to do so.

2nd Station : Conversio Morum

Being human, man or woman, is living forwards. You never know what will happen to you and what will be the outcome of your life.

The pilgrims make there pilgrimage as a reflection on their own life, person and deeds. They try to find new ways to live on. A **labyrinth** is a kind of 'pilgrimage', in a small way.

On this spot you'll find a Labyrinth. Walk it, in silence, concentrated. Follow the path of the Labyrinth to go in and out!

Questions afterwards you walked through the labyrinth :

What did you experience, what drew your attention, what were you thinking of ?

Were there similarities with your own life ?

Is a labyrinth a maze?

When there is time for it, walk the labyrinth again.

3rd Station: Obedientia

The literally translation of obedientia is: obedience.

We the immediately think of discipline, do what you are told to do, submission perhaps..

Benedict, however, at first meant with this word: To listen carefully, being attentive, being receptive.

Task

Everyone finds him- or herself a good spot to sit down or lay down.
Not too close to each other or too far away.

While we sit or lay we close our eyes.

We don't speak and are quiet.

About 10 minutes.

And we listen, just listen.

What do we hear ?

Question afterwards

You can tell each other afterwards what you have heard.

Was it hard, just listening ?

'It isn't far away' - or the story of Thesaurus

To find a precious treasure, of more value than everything you own?

There was someone who couldn't forget this parable of Jesus. His name was Thesaurus. And he left to search for this treasure.

He locked the door of his house well, because he had a long journey to go. He left his village where everyone knew him. That's where he didn't need to search, he knew everything there. And besides, what would the people say when they noticed he was searching for something. 'No', he thought, 'I have to go to another place, where people lived in earlier times, somewhere where you can find old ruins or old houses. That's where I have to search. You never know, but maybe I'll find such an amount of money I'll never have to work again !'

They saw how he left his village, with a big rucksack on his back. He went from village to village, from town to town. Mostly he searched in the hills where in earlier days cities were. The shepherds saw him searching at a distance, and sometimes they came curious near, to look at this guy. What he found were shards and old pots, but they were empty. And what he was looking for, weren't that gold-mountains?

After a long time he got discouraged. Where should he look now. He felt empty, couldn't think of other proper places.

Desperate he sat down on a bridge. This bridge was the border with another country. From the other side a man came across the

bridge. This man had also an rucksack on his back. 'Just like me', thought Thesaurus.

The man stood still, looked at him and sat down, near to him. And just like he knew him all his life, thesaurus started to talk. He told him everything, about the former days and how he left his home to search for the big treasure. And he was a long time travelling now. And that he was just as poor as before.

When he finished, the stranger looked at him and said: 'Do you know why I came across this bridge ? This night I had a dream. I've dreamed there was somewhere a big treasure to be found.' 'Tell me where ?' Thesaurus shouted. The old man smiled and said: 'At your place, in your own house !' 'But...then I didn't have to...' Thesaurus stammered. 'It was quit near you' the man said, 'but you didn't see. He took an old book from his rucksack en started to read: 'It isn't far away. It isn't in heaven, so that you should say: 'Who has to climb up for us to get it for us. It isn't at the other side of the sea, so that you should say: Who has to cross over to the other side to get it for us. It is quit near you, in your own heart.'

Thesaurus kept silent. A deep silence came. It wasn't hidden in old towns? It weren't gold coins, that was more valuable than anything ? There he stood up, expressed his appreciation to the man and left, to go back to his own house.

(Inspired by a Jewish legend)

Workshop 2

Group 2a : „Painting on a big canvas“

Of God great, coloured and varied creation is promised in psalm 8. We want to return this Praising in a colourful painting. How do I give my praise of God expression? How do I see the creation - with the eyes of a believer ?

Group 2b : „Drawing“

In psalm 8 it is told that man is God similar. God has equipped us with many gifts. The gift to draw a picture with fine lines is one on it. In this group people will meet who like to draw very well and who have a certain capability. Try to express psalm 8 with pencils and what appeals to you. Maybe you consider in the group a picture story to psalm 8 like a comic or you draw one big picture all together.

Workshop 3

Designing with materials from nature

Psalm 8 is a psalm praising God's Creation and creatures. Let us go into nature, have a look around and marvel at what God's Creation offers us there. If something pleases us let us pick it up and take it with us. Perhaps we find an interesting rock or an attractively shaped piece of wood, a leaf or a flower.

Our group will then produce a piece of art with the collected natural materials, a synthesis that represents God as the Creator and his Creation.

Workshop 4

„What I value in my heart“

We all have and know things, people, activities, hobbies etc. we are very concerned about. We are glad about those things. They enrich our lives. They help us to make our lives more personal and interesting.

In this group we have the opportunity to remember thankfully of that, because it is God who gives us this life with all its possibilities.

With help of a digital camera and a PC we want to illustrate the values we have by providing single „living pictures“. We will use persons, the things and the circumstances on the site where we are, as far as they are available to us.

You love to improvise and provide photos with each other?! It will be great fun a lot !

Workshop 5

Conversation group to the music “The scientist” of Coldplay

We hear the music two, three times. We read in addition the text of the song. Here are some interpretation suggestions and questions:

I think this is about a guy whose girlfriend just broke up with him. He doesn't understand why, trying to analyze what went wrong, looking at it rationally like a scientist. "I was just guessing at numbers and figures, pulling the puzzles apart."

Migduh December 25th, 2005 08:16PM

Now I'm not sure how this sounds but I don't think the whole scientist thing has anything literal to do with the song. My interpretation is that whoever was involved in the relationship has a scientific approach to the relationship, not in terms of maths or actual science but that mindset which is based on being able to work things out rather than just feel. So I believe the song is talking about a guy

whose had this approach to the relationship and then finally wakes up and realises his mistake, and begins to realise that a relationship and the feelings that come with that relationship cannot necessarily be categorized or worked out logically. So I think its kind of like this transformation or realisation he's having, where he goes back to the beginning and wants to start again not making the same mistakes as before, because he realises his need for her or the fact that he is in love with her and comes back to those basics instead of a complex scientific outlook to love...just a thought.

[anonymous](#) June 14th, 2007 10:51AM

Everything is open to interpretation-it's personal. For me it has two meanings. The first is the lyrics about love and the breakup of a relationship with a girlfriend. The second meaning for me is very difficult to listen to at times. It has to do with the relationship I had with my mother. The last night when the doctor told my father and I that she would die in an hour maybe five hours (they were keeping her alive with drugs-she had a d.N.R.- her sickly body was so frail that cpr would not be possible anyway). I would walk out to the car and listen to a rush of blood to the head. Then when I felt strong enough I would go back to her room. I was in my late twenties when I had a severe problem with substance abuse. This took it's toll on my mother. Mentally, physically, financially and monetarily."running in cirles." "coming back as we were." my repeated attempts to drink like a normal person(not to mention drugs) "nobody said it was easy." trying to get back the healthy adult relationship we had. And most of all watching her take her last breath and dealing with her death. "i'm going back to the start." wishing things could go back to the way they were before the damage I caused-that she chose to endure due to unconditional love. "tell you I'm sorry." I never got the chance. " come back to haunt me." regret, remorse about what I could not change before she died. "tell me you love me." when I didn't feel I deserved it she randomly said: "I love you." shocking to me but wonderful at the same time-knowing she had forgiven me. Thats a gift that keeps me going during hard times. "you don't know how lovely you are." she was a rare slice. I have not met many

people as special as she was. She was an amazing human being. One who will always be greatly missed. I could go on but I think you get the general idea.

[anonymous](#) November 6th, 2006 03:05PM

A further question :

Which view and which understanding do we have from our life and our world – a rather rationalistic-scientific, or one which is open for "soft" factors (feeling of the affiliation to something higher or a little bit all connecting, a feeling of the meaningfulness, an idea of a higher purpose) ?

Coldplay « The Scientist »

Come up to meet you, tell you I'm sorry You don't know how lovely you are	Kam um dich zu treffen Dir zu sagen, dass es mir leid tut
I had to find you Tell you I need you Tell you I've set you apart	Du weißt nicht, wie lieblich du bist. Ich musste dich finden Dir sagen, dass ich dich brauche Dir sagen, dass du für mich was ganz Besonderes bist Erzähl mir deine Geheimnisse Und stell mir deine Fragen
Tell me your secrets And ask me your questions Oh, let's go back to the start	Oh, lass uns zum Start zurückgehen
Running in circles Coming up tails Heads on the science apart	Wir drehen uns im Kreis Die Münze fällt immer auf "Zahl" [Köpfe sind eine Wissenschaft für sich]
Nobody said it was easy It's such a shame for us to part Nobody said it was easy No one ever said it would be this hard	Niemand hat gesagt, es sei leicht Es ist so eine Schande, daß wir uns trennen Niemand hat gesagt, es sei leicht

<p>Oh take me back to the start</p> <p>I was just guessing At numbers and figures Pulling the puzzles apart</p> <p>Questions of science Science and progress Do not speak as loud as my heart</p> <p>Oh tell me you love me Come back and haunt me Oh and I rush to the start</p> <p>Running in circles Chasing our tails Coming back as we are</p> <p>Nobody said it was easy Oh, it's such a shame for us to part Nobody said it was easy No one ever said it would be so hard</p> <p>I'm going back to the start Oh ooh ooh ooh ooh Ah ooh ooh ooh ooh Oh ooh ooh ooh ooh Oh ooh ooh ooh ooh</p>	<p>Niemand hat je gesagt, es würde so schwer werden Oh bring mich zurück zum Anfang</p> <p>Ich war nur am Raten Von Nummern und Zahlen Das Puzzle auseinandernehmend</p> <p>Fragen der Wissenschaft Wissenschaft und Fortschritt Sprechen nicht so laut wie mein Herz</p> <p>Sag mir, dass du mich liebst Komm zurück und verfolge mich Oh, und ich eile zum Anfang</p> <p>Wir drehen uns im Kreis Jagen wie ein Hund dem eigenen Schwanz hinterher Sind am Ende keinen Schritt weiter. Niemand hat gesagt, es sei leicht Es ist so eine Schande, dass wir uns trennen. Niemand hat gesagt, es sei leicht Niemand hat je gesagt, es würde so schwer werden Ich gehe zum Anfang zurück. Oh ooh ooh ooh ooh Ah ooh ooh ooh ooh Oh ooh ooh ooh ooh</p>
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Workshop 6

Liturgical Dance

The delegation from the Ivory-Coast will explain us something about their dances. They will show and learn us a liturgical dance !

Workshop 7

Conversation group: „ Briefly and property “

There are many kinds of creeds, old or new, long or short, certain or unsafe, closed or openly formulated, essentially or poetically written ones.

If the Huguenots her services held was not without risk. It was dangerous. One had to hold services secretly. Could take part only who was invited to it. As a proof of such an invitation served a small coin which one had received. One had to show this. On one side one saw Christian symbols, a Communion cup and a Bible, or the cross of the Huguenots. One can look at the coin, so to speak, as a practical, small confession which belonged to the respective bearer, had for this one certain meaning and dignity and what one could recognise him as a Protestant believer by.

We invite you :

1. To write a confession on the 'coin' from cardboard which exists of your own words, fits so to you quite personally: in short. These words could be a short Bible text, a poem or a sentence with own words. It can be absolutely also a question.
2. 2. On the other side of the coin you can sign one for you attractive symbol.

You can exchange yourselves with pleasure at first about that, and form a coin then everybody and everybody for themselves. As the next you could fancy your coins mutually and tell which thoughts have escorted you with the figure. It would also be possible to form at first the coins and then to continue the conversation.

For inspiration we have added some texts:

‘ I call you so long to you appear ’(**Rene van Riessen**)

Creed of Augustinus :

What, however, do I love if I love you? Not the beauty of a body still the rhythm of the moved time; not the shine of the light which is so dear to the eyes; not of the flowers and ointments fragrance; not the melodies in the world of the tones; not the body which is doing good in the embrace: I love nothing of all that, if I dear my God.

And still I love a light and a sound and a smell and a food and an embrace, if I dear my God. There inside in my soul shines what no space grasps; there sounds what kidnaps no time; there smells what no wind blows away; there taste what irritates no satiety; there nestles up what no surfeit solves apart. It is this what I love, if I dear my God. (Confessions X, 6, 8)

A modern translation of psalm 53 :

God does not exist,

say most people presently.

And thus they also do it:

like them with Nothing or Nobody calculation need hold.

Not with the people around itself

and certainly not with God.

And what about me?

I try to fancy like it is to be a God:

you exist,

but nobody believes in you,

nobody counts on you,

nobody looks after you.

What a lonesome life !

I fancy

that God from the sky to myself looks down.

The fact that he sees like we sit,

everybody behind his own PC,

or on our doctored motorcycles

of the black market,
origin vaguely.
Never mind - it was a piece of luck.
There are things, that one must not ask himself.

And God thinks:
Is there then even nobody more
still to me believes,
except I myself ?

Since thus it is with God:
his existence does not depend on that
what the people believe or not.
He remains what he is - what also happens.
He believes furthermore that there is one person
who will come one day to him and asks:
' Hey, are you there still ?
Nevertheless, I still know you from former times?
God, how you are called again ? '

Workshop 8

**Conversation group : „ Be a Christian in the armed forces “
(story about the captain Cornelius)**

„Now I find out in truth that God does not look at the person; but in every people who fears him and surely acts that is pleasant to him.“ This is probably the determining sentence in the story of the captain Cornelius. The Acts of the Apostles 10 report about this soldier, officer of the so-called italisches cohort which had been formed from Syrian released in Rome. He fought as a foreigner for a foreign army and is called pious and God-fearing. However, he reveres none of the Roman divinities of his “employer”. He believes in the one God and his son Jesus Christ. He believes so much that he supports the poor with alms and prays to God regularly. However, he is no Jew and is not recognised as a Christ by the other Christian believers. The situation of his faith could hardly be more difficult. He is a stranger in the Roman army. He believes in a God who is foreign to the Romans and who is not seen with good grace. However, his prayers are heard by God, so that God Peter asks to stay in the house of the captain Cornelius and to have lunch with him – with dishes which were impure for a Jew. However, Peter must recognise that he was mistaken. **„Now I find out in truth that God does not look at the person; but in every people who fears him and surely acts that is pleasant to him.“**

The baptism of Cornelius follows this sentence. Now it was also possible for moors to become a Christian and the Christian faith could spread out all over the world. You probably know this situation: to be put out as a Christian in the army to the questions of the others. How can one generally believe in God ? How are the armed forces and the faith can be brought in line? How can I be a Christian in the armed forces ? On the trace of captain Cornelius we want to think in this group about these and other questions.

Workshop 9

Conversation group : Psalm 8 and picture “Starry Night” of Vincent van Gogh



Psalm 8 the dignity of the person

Lord, our ruler, how Marvellous is your name in all landing which
you show your Highness in the sky

If I see the skies, your fingers work, the moon and the stars which
you have prepared: what is the person that you think his, and the
person child that you take care his?

You have made him a little lower than God, with honour and
magnificence you have crowned him. You have done him man over
your hands to work, you have done everything under his feet:
Sheep and bovine animals all to times, in addition also the wild
animals, the birds under the sky and the fish in the sea and
everything what pulls through the seas.

Lord, our ruler, how marvellous is your name in all landing!

Almost Heavenly

“Starry night”

If we begin with a consideration of the painting of Vincent van Gogh's “Starry Night “: What do we see ?

If we observe the colours, the light, the things. If we tell to each other what we see. Which feelings does this painting cause in us ?

Do you have a place in this painting ? Where do you stand ? What do you believe, Vincent von Gogh tries to let see us ?

Psalm 8

Reading now psalm 8.

At first everybody for itself

Then can read out to one of the group the psalm for the others.

Talk about it, if and in which way a connection had these Psalm and “Starry Night”.

Following there are some ideas and questions to Psalm 8. The best way it would be, you read this at first. Than you can choose, by which you will start.

A place under the sun

Some years ago there was something special to see. The planet Venus went by the sun. A colleague allowed to look at it me by tinted binoculars. He said: „ What is this small point in contrast to the sun, right?! If we looked from the Venus to the earth, we would just still be a small point. And from the sun would be still seen we much smaller. On that would be you and I, as small beings. How small we are, nevertheless! “

Staggeringly. It was one wrong around by binoculars after itself as if would have seen. Everything became smaller. It was everything as if a lot farther considered would have.

With this experience became to me two sides, two very contradicting things, consciously :

a) Our life is only small and tiny. We are only a chance, a small mote. What we do in our life, no big meaning has. We can take care of a lot, but everything passes.

b) I can surprise : The extensive universe - and I has in it a place ! I may be there! The life is a present. There is there something. I do not understand it, I cannot catch it surely in words - but you are noteworthy and I am noteworthy.

Which feelings do you have with regard to your existence ? Can one look at the painting of Vincent van Gogh as a translation of psalm 8 ? And if had to go thus his what wanted to express van Gogh of psalm 8 ?

Quantity and quality Somebody has said about psalm 8 : To faith is for me that one is not small for God !

In our psalm one sees the difference between quantity and quality very clear. God does not go around the quantity, but around the quality of our life. Not largely – greater – greatest, loudly – nothing but – in him most loudly, strongly – stronger – strongest, importantly – more importantly – most importantly, touches him. Very well, however, the voice of babies and children. He meets a choice to sensitive human children. This is his power, God's quality with which the psalm begins and closes. One could also say maybe: The God's biggest quality is his love for us people.

What does quality give to your everyday life ? Which things, which feelings and sensations, which plan or which idea of the life? The choice of God for the sensitive people - can play this a role in your life as a member / as members of the armed forces ?

Almost Heavenly

A person is called in this psalm ‘ a little lower than God ’. This is impressively nice. With it one can live self-confidently. It is a blessing if one may live so. Of course one can also think: almost Heavenly ! Not completely ! With it the difference creeps, actually, between quality and quantity again We fixate on what does not succeed (over and over again). If our failure, our non-skill see. Do

we want this? And generally: Is this necessary ? And if it should be necessary – how do we handle with it ?

One could maybe say: It is too many honour for me. There is to me too much responsibility. I cannot carry this and redeem. There do not take part I. I want to be only a person, and nothing more.

In the old Bible translation of Martin Luther it stands in such a way: „ You become him leave a small time of God to be left. ” This translation is not probably very good, but it puts a lot of true in it: To be left by God. Maybe this is the feeling of loneliness (God's desolation). Or Now it are the feeling „ to do with your skill and property of some property from your life, independently. You stand in your own shoes. And you are able to do this. ”

If you see the painting of Vincent van Gogh which feelings it releases with you: Independence, God's desolation, were blest ...? You are called „ almost heavenly “. Does this signify something for you ?

Workshop 10

Workshop Obama – Niebuhr

Last year, Barack Obama cited Reinhold Niebuhr (1892-1971) as one of his favorite philosophers. The choice contrasted with George W. Bush's famous citation in 2000 of Jesus Christ as his favorite philosopher.

Serenity Prayer (1937)

"Father, give us courage to change what must be altered, serenity to accept what cannot be helped, and the insight to know the one from the other."

The most popular version, whose authorship is unknown, reads :

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, Courage to change the things I can change, And wisdom to know the difference."

The longest version has these additional lines :

"Living one day at a time; Enjoying one moment at a time; Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace; Taking, as He did, this sinful world as it is, not as I would have it; Trusting that He will make all things right if I surrender to His Will; That I may be reasonably happy in this life and supremely happy with Him Forever in the next. Amen."

Question : Talk about this prayer in relation to your faith, your work, your relations etc. Share your hope, your faith, and your possibilities to change things.

Workshop 11

Conversation group to the mockery picture „ Jesus as a donkey



This mockery picture (mockery picture on a wall of the Palatin with crucified donkey, Rome, 3-rd century, text: “Alexamenos adores his God.”) may be a kind of shocking picture for some. People can react sensitively to the attempt to score off an existential religious content. But such a mockery picture can not only annoy, it can also arouse. When this picture was originated, the Christians stood in conflict with the Roman emperor. How could one be so irrational and unreasonable not to honor the emperor but a man who had been executed as a criminal on the cross ?!

How today ? How unreasonable or reasonable is it actually to believe in God in the 21-st century ? Does my companions and female companions see me as a donkey if I come out that I believe in God ?!

Workshop 12

Conversation group about the video clip "S'Muaterl" of the first general uncertainty

We will have a look on the video clip together on PC / Beamer. In addition we read the text in German or English.

At first sight– particularly in connection with the pictures – the song seems to be a provocation. However, does this clip do not put a basic question ? A question, people often hit in their life ?

We – the people here below - with all our destinies and some misery – and God up there ?! Where is God ?!

How should I be able to handle with it – with my experience of God's distance ?! How could I harmonize a faith in "the good God" and my human experiences ?!

So: Not necessarily a provocation, but rather a subject of „faith on the knife's edge“!!!

Erste Allgemeine Verunsicherung (EAV) „S'Muaterl“ - „Die Mutter“ – “The Mother”

Ein altes Mütterlein mit silbergrauen Haaren, vom Schicksal schwer geprüft erträgt sie jedes Leid. Sie ist ihr Leben lang gar grausam eingefahren, doch die Kirchensteuer zahlt sie brav noch heut.	Eine alte Frau mit silbergrauen Haaren, vom Schicksal schwer geprüft erträgt sie jedes Leid. Sie hat in ihrem Leben manch Schlimmes erlebt, aber die Kirchensteuer zahlt sie heute noch brav.	An old woman with silver-grey hair, with horrible things to go through in her life She has experienced some bad in her life, but she pays Church-expensive even today well.
Von ihren Söhnen ist keiner mehr am Leben, die hat das Vaterland im Krieg irg'ndwo verlorn. Auch ihr Kanari hat den	Ihre Söhne sind schon alle tot, sie sind im Krieg für das Vaterland gestorben. Und auch ihr Kanarienvogel ist schon	Her sons are all dead, they have died during the war for the native country. And her canary is dead,

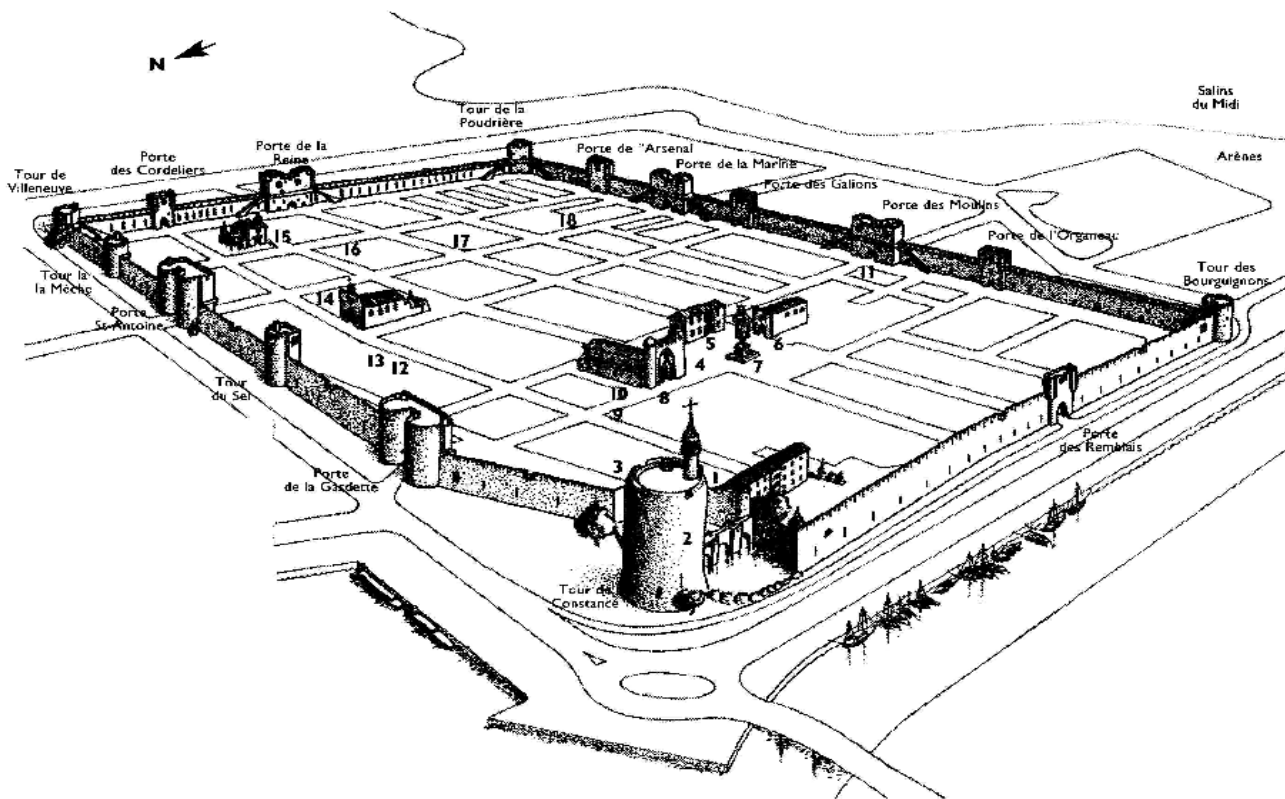
<p>Löffel abgegeben, weil die Nachbarskatz' is unlängst hungrig wur'n! Lauscht sie dem Pfarrer am Sonntag nah der Kanzel, denkt sie kummervoll zurück an ihren Franzl, den ihr der Herrgott nahm in Auschwitz ganz barbarisch, weil er ein Roter war und net besonders arisch.</p> <p>Voller Ehrfurcht vor Maria, die wo gebenedeit, denkt sie trotzdem bei sich von Zeit zu Zeit:</p> <p><i>Ref:</i> <i>Herrgott, es gescheh' dein Wille!</i> <i>Nur manchmal glaub' ich du brauchst eine Brille und auch ein Hörgerät, weil du siehst und hörst mi net, wenn's mir da herunten dreckig geht, aber vielleicht muass des so sein, vielleicht muass des so sein...</i> Sie hat nur einmal Glück g'habt in ihr'm Leben, ein Lotterie-Gewinn und der war steuerfrei. Der Pfarrer woit ihr gleich die letzte Ölung geben - und seitdem ist des Kirch'ndachl nei...</p> <p>Ihr Nachbar, der war nie noch in der Kirch'n, raucht 100 Tschick am</p>	<p>tot, weil die Katze des Nachbarn sie gegessen hatte!</p> <p>Wenn sie am Sonntag in der Kirche dem Pfarrer zuhört, denkt sie traurig an ihren Franz, ihr Gott ließ ihn in Auschwitz grausam sterben, weil er ein Kommunist war und nicht besonders arisch.</p> <p>Voller Ehrfurcht vor Maria, die sie anbetet, denkt sie trotzdem immer wieder:</p> <p><i>Ref:</i> <i>Herrgott, dein Wille geschehe!</i> <i>Nur manchmal glaube ich du brauchst eine Brille und auch ein Hörgerät, weil du siehst und hörst mich nicht, wie schrecklich es mir hier unten geht, aber vielleicht muss das ja so sein, vielleicht muss das ja so sein...</i> Sie hat nur einmal Glück gehabt in ihrem Leben und das war ein Lotterie- Gewinn und der war steuerfrei. Der Pfarrer wollte ihr gleich die letzte Ölung geben – Und seitdem hat die Kirche ein neues Dach...</p>	<p>too, because the cat of the neighbour had eaten them!</p> <p>If she listens on Sunday in the church to the priest, she thinks sadly of her Franz, her God allowed to die cruelly in Auschwitz because he was a communist and not especially aryan.</p> <p>Of full reverence for Maria whom she adores she thinks, nevertheless, always:</p> <p><i>Ref:</i> <i>Your will happens! Only sometimes I believe you need glasses and also a hearing aid because you see and do not hear me how terribly it goes for me here below,</i> <i>but maybe must be in such a way,</i> <i>maybe must be like that</i></p> <p>She had only once luck in her life and this was a win in the lottery and it was tax-free. The priest immediately wanted to give her the last lubrication – And since then the church has a new roof...</p>
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<p>Dog und sauft zwa Liter Wein, is pumperlg'sund doch unser armes, braves Muaterl, hat a hine Leber und a Raucherbein!</p> <p>Und wie der Messner grad mit dem Klingelbeutel kommt, da hat er g'hört, wie des oide Muaterl summt:</p> <p><i>Ref: Herrgott, es gescheh' dein Wille! Nur manchmal glaub' ich du brauchst eine Brille und auch ein Hörgerät, weil du siehst und hörst mi net, wenn's mir da herunten dreckig geht, aber vielleicht muass des so sein, vielleicht muass des so sein...</i></p> <p>Sieht sie im Fernseh'n daham die Schreckensbilder. Nur von Hunger, Elend, Not und Tod, dann bedauert sie den Herrgott immer wieder, dass er im Himmel kan' Farbfernseher hot!</p> <p>Sieht sie den Papst dann am Flugplatzboden kleben, einem Diktator beide Hände geben,</p>	<p>Ihr Nachbar, der noch nie in der Kirche war, raucht 100 Zigaretten und trinkt 2 Liter Wein am Tag, ist kerngesund, aber unsere arme, brave Mutter hat eine kaputte Leber und ein Raucherbein!</p> <p>Und wie der Messdiener grad mit dem Klingelbeutel kommt, da hat er gehört, wie die alte Mutter summt:</p> <p><i>Ref: Herrgott, dein Wille geschehe! Nur manchmal glaube ich du brauchst ein Brille und auch ein Hörgerät, weil du siehst und hörst mich nicht, wie schrecklich es mir hier unten geht, aber vielleicht muss das ja so sein, vielleicht muss das ja so sein...</i></p> <p>Im Fernsehen daheim sieht sie die schrecklichen Bilder. Nur von Hunger, Elend, Not und Tod, dann bedauert sie den Herrgott immer wieder, dass er im Himmel keinen Farbfernseher hat!</p> <p>Wenn sie den Papst dann am Flugplatzboden knien sieht, wie er einem Diktator</p>	<p>Their neighbour who never was in the church smokes 100 cigarettes and drinks 2 litres of wine on the day, is fit as a fiddle, but our poor, good mother has a broken liver and a smoker's leg!</p> <p>And how the acolyte with the collection bag is coming, he had heard, how the old mother was humming:</p> <p><i>Ref: Your will happens! Only sometimes I believe you need glasses and also a hearing aid because you see and do not hear me how terribly it goes for me here below, but maybe must be in such a way, maybe must be like that</i></p> <p>On television at home she sees the awful pictures. Only from hunger, misery, need and death, then she regrets God over and over again that he has in heaven no colour TV set!</p>
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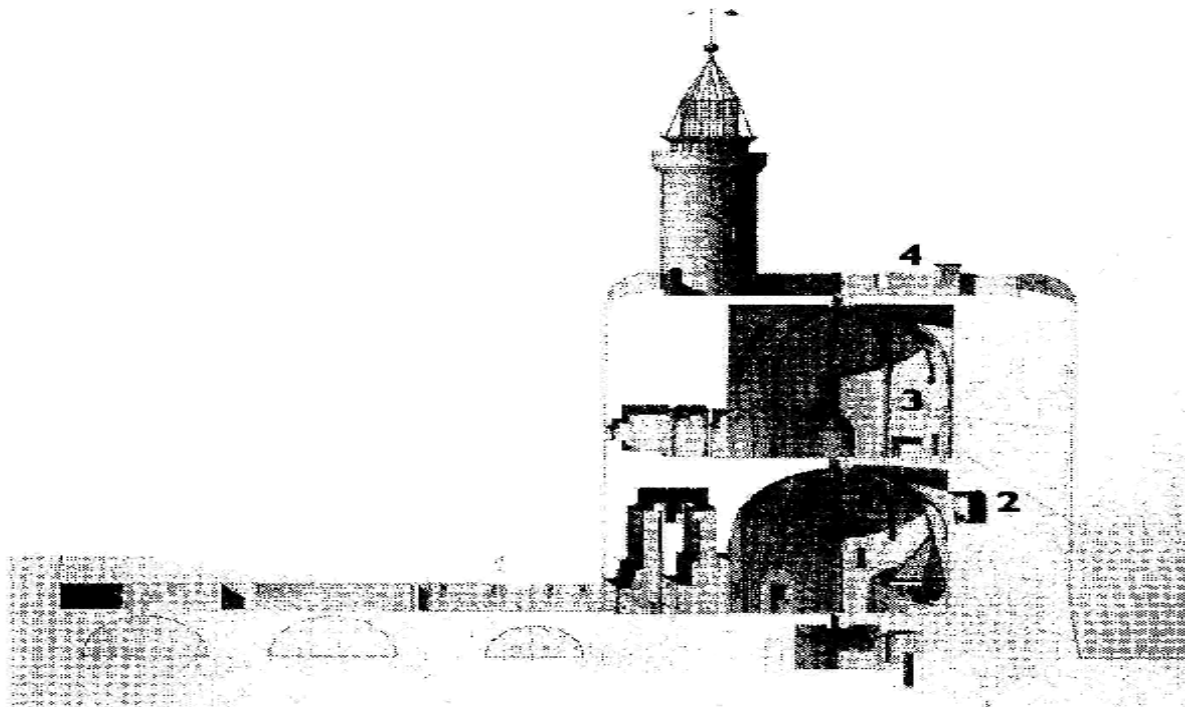
<p>in einem Land, wo Bomben fall'n und Kinder sterb'n, und wo gefoltert wird, dann möcht's am liebst'n rea'n!</p> <p>Sie bet' ein Vaterunser und sagt: „Es ist ein Skandal - unser'm Herrgott sein Bodenpersonal!“</p> <p><i>Ref:</i> <i>Herrgott, es gescheh' dein Wille!</i> <i>Nur manchmal glaub' ich du brauchst eine Brille und auch ein Hörgerät, weil gerecht is des all's net, wie's da bei uns herunt'n zugeht. Wos da auf Erden all's passiert, dass sogar dem Teufel anders wird...</i></p>	<p>beide Hände reicht, in einem Land, wo die Bomben fallen und Kinder sterben und wo gefoltert wird, dann möchte sie am liebsten rennen! Sie betet ein Vaterunser und spricht: „Es ist ein Skandal – unserem Herrgott sein Bodenpersonal!“</p> <p><i>Ref:</i> <i>Herrgott, dein Wille geschehe!</i> <i>Nur manchmal glaube ich du brauchst eine Brille und auch ein Hörgerät, weil gerecht ist das alles nicht, wie es bei uns hier unten so zugeht. Was da auf Erden alles passiert, dass sogar dem Teufel übel wird...</i></p>	<p>If she sees kneeling the pope then on the airfield ground as he passes both hands to a dictator, in a country where the bombs fall and die children and where is tormented then she would best like to run!</p> <p>She recites a Lord's Prayer and speaks: „It is a scandal – to our man's God his ground staff!“</p> <p><i>Ref:</i> <i>God, your will happens!</i></p> <p><i>Only sometimes I believe you need glasses and also a hearing aid because all that is not fair as it is with us here below so. Everything that happens there on earth, that even the devil feels sick...</i></p>
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VISIT IN AIGUES-MORTES

Aigues-Mortes



La Tour de Constance



Aigues-Mortes

Saint Louis's city

An inland port

Built on a swampy lido*, Aigues-Mortes was founded in 1240 by Louis IX, who was to become Saint Louis. The first king of France to have a Mediterranean port, he established himself on land surrounded by neighbouring powers. He built the future Constance Tower and a castle which no longer exists, and developed canals towards the sea, Arles and Montpellier. He left on his crusades in 1248 and 1270 from the port at Aigues-Mortes.

Doorway and dungeon of the kingdom

Sheltered by the city walls, in 1278 the port became the only southern port in the kingdom, handling goods such as spices and wool. But when Provence became a part of France in 1481 Marseille took its place. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes* in 1685, the towers of Aigues-Mortes, formerly a Protestant city, were turned into prisons for the Huguenots.

Between beaches and vineyards

Around 1875, a vineyard was planted on the land around the town, away from the phylloxera*. At that time the town was expanding due to the new fashion of sea bathing.

The Constance Tower

This tower, completed in 1248, is all that remains of the castle built in Louis IX's reign. It was almost certainly the gatehouse tower, designed to be impregnable with its six-metre-thick walls. A spiral staircase leads to the different levels of the tower.

1 The circular lower room lies beneath a twelve-ribbed vault built on sculpted caps which are supported by polygonal columns. Four arrow loops open onto the outside. To the north, the entrance is formed by a double doorway closed by a wooden batten.

2 The round passageway, a sort of corridor high up within the wall, enables the lower room to be watched over.

3 The upper room was used as a prison for Protestants in the 18th century. **The vestibule** is remarkable for its high quality decoration.

4 The terrace, an ideal outlook post, overlooks the entire region. **The turret** used to house a light-house to guide the boats and ensured that they paid their customs duties.

Almost intact Medieval fortifications

The 1,640 metres of city walls were built in two phases: the first during the reign of Philippe III the Bold and the second during the reign of Philippe IV the Fair, who had the enclosure completed between 1289 and 1300. It was to be adapted for new weapons during the ensuing centuries, especially on the northern side which was the most exposed to attack. Many aspects bear the marks of the jobbers*. The wooden structures, roofing and moats can no longer be seen. There are several kinds of defence works along the walls, overlapping the curtain walls: entrance structures, flanking towers and corner towers.

The north wall

The canal leading to the original port was on this side. The lagoon, which no longer exists, provided natural protection, strengthened by the defence works.

5 The Porte de la Gardette is the town's military gate, the only one with the remains of a draw-bridge. It was the only way into the town from the 16th to the 18th century. It had been protected since the 14th century by the Carbonnière gate tower, 3.5 kilometers to the north on the road.

6 The tour de Villeneuve is a good example of a corner tower, designed to provide additional protection.

The east wall

The towers on this part of the wall were often places of refuge in the fighting between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Marks left by missiles can still be seen.

The south wall

Protected naturally by a lake where boats have sailed since ancient times, this side had a landing stage from 1278 on. The bottom of the walls was strengthened with earth excavated to make the Beaucaire canal in the 18th century.

7 The Porte de la Marine is so named for its proximity to the port. Goods were transported in flat-bottomed boats.

8 The Porte des Galions has vaults decorated with a Minotaur and a monk talking to the birds.

9 The Porte des Moulins takes its name from two windmills built on it in the 17th century. Make sure not to miss the keystones with the angel holding a crown and the frowning old man. The salt works, which were connected to the town in 1290,

are the source of the "white gold" which formed the basis of the city's wealth. Their ecosystem is typical of the whole of the Camargue.

The west wall

For a long time, the north-west quadrant was a military quarter, with the place d'Armes and the Governor's residence built in the 17th century on the site of the old king's palace, which was destroyed by fire in 1421. The town was extended on this side in 1272, adding the forest as far as the Mauguio lake.

The town

Around place Saint-Louis, the historic heart of the town, there are several old buildings such as the 17th century Capuchin convent. Notre-Dame-des-Sablons, mentioned as early as 1260, was built before the fortified enclosure, during the lifetime of Saint Louis.

A crusader port

The holy war

Eight military expeditions were organised by Western Christians in order to reconquer the Holy Land, which had fallen into the hands of the Muslims, between the 11th and 13th centuries. Crusades were considered to be the most prestigious pilgrimage and for certain Christians a duty of conscience. The very pious Louis IX led the last two crusades, both of which left from Aigues-Mortes.

1248:to Egypt

From 1246 onwards, equipment and provisions were gathered in preparation in Aigues-Mortes. However, Louis IX had to ask Marseille, Venice and Genoa to complete his fleet. He gathered 1800 ships in Cyprus in 1249, of which only 38 had left Aigues-Mortes with him. As soon as they arrived in Egypt, the king took Damietta, but his army was defeated at Mansurah in April 1250, where he was taken prisoner. Released in exchange for a large ransom, he remained in Palestine until 1254 and rebuilt the walls of the Frankish strongholds.

1270: departure for Tunisia

In 1270, the crusaders were summoned to the port of Aigues-Mortes for a fresh expedition. They embarked on July 1st 1270 and set off for the coast of Tunisia. However, the future Saint Louis died from dysentery on August 25 in Carthage.

Protestant heritage

The Constance Tower, the Camisard prison

From 1575 to 1622, Aigues-Mortes was one of the eight safe havens granted to the Protestants. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes* in 1685 caused severe repression of Protestantism, which was marked in Languedoc and the Cévennes in the early 18th century by the "Camisard War". Like other towers in the town, from 1686 onwards the Constance Tower was used as a prison for the Huguenots* who refused to convert to Roman Catholicism. In 1703, Abraham Mazel, leader of the Camisards, managed to escape with sixteen companions.

A women's prison

From 1715, ordinary women, often from the Cévennes, were locked up for having attended religious services or for simply being suspected of having done so. Among them, Marie Durand, with her unshakeable faith, is one of the out-standing figures of Protestantism. She was arrest-ed in order to put pressure on her brother Pierre, a pastor, hoping that he would give himself up to the authorities. She remained imprisoned for thirty-eight years before being released in 1768. It is thought that she wrote the word "register", which means "resist" in patois, on the window well in the upper room, though there is no proof that it was her. This has become an iconic appeal for freedom of conscience. In 1968, on the bicentenary of the release of the Protestant prisoners, a pillar was inaugurated in the courtyard at the Governor's residence which referring to Marie Durand's résistance.

Glossary

Edict of Nantes : promulgated by Henri IV in 1598, the edict recognised the Protestant religion in the kingdom of France. It was revoked in 1685 by Louis XIV.

Huguenot : a nickname given to Protestants by Roman Catholics.

Jobber : a workman paid by the job. Their marks are typical of medieval buildings, making it possible to identify who did the work. There are over 600 marks in Aigues-Mortes and only the Constance Tower does not have any.

Lido: a strip of coastline completely closing off a bay and sometimes separating a lagoon.

Phylloxéra : a vine parasite which decimated French vineyards in the 19th century, changing the wine economy and the French countryside.

