

Facebook Posts July 2023



Rev Anne writes: Last Saturday, I went with Norwich Deaf Church for a day out to Lowestoft. We met at the Deaf Centre, made wind spinners and had a lovely time of worship together, considering the role of the Holy Spirit in our life. The spinners move in the wind and light is reflected - a visual aid to imagine how the unseen spirit touches our lives, enabling us to reflect the greater light of Jesus. We wrote the fruits of the Spirit on a kite and also the famous verse from John 3:16. After a fish'n'chip lunch we went up to the beach at Pakefield to fly the kites. May we all be as open to the work of the Spirit in our lives as easily as the kite flies in the wind.

You can see more on our page: <https://www.facebook.com/Lowestoft.Dawn>





A thought from Sam Parfitt:

I had the opportunity to visit the Old Chapel and Cemetery in Cromer last week, initially struck by the sadness I felt of seeing the building boarded up I penned this little poem about my thoughts. I share it here as, from experience, closing a Chapel is never an easy-on-the heart thing to do, yet God's ministry is still there, often quiet and unassuming, in the business and messiness of life.

It stands alone, this tabernacle of tears
Once a place of remembrance, celebration, lament,
Now shuttered from the world
An Oubliette from a bygone age

The modern world is closing in
Industrial buildings, fumes from traffic
All pressing in against this monument of flint
A world that those resting would not recognise

It is easy to overlook this place
To pass by quickly without fleeting thought
Of this liminal land of futures never lived
Of regrets never resolved

Yet should one stop for a moment
Take a hand on the rusted gate and venture in
There lies a surprise, a joy, a delight
That in this patch of hallowed earth lies life

Nature bristles with excitement here
Tall grasses, frothy heads of Lady's Bedstraw
Birds and things which creep and crawl
In nooks and crannies and corners

If for every time there is a season,
Let us then try not to be downhearted
But dance among the weft and warp
Of God's great tapestry

For in death there is often life
A delicate and tiny seed containing past and future
An aide memoire that every new beginning under the sun
Has its origins in another beginning's end.





A Thought for the Day from Rev Jacqui:

We had a good break during our 2-week holiday recently and managed to visit four of the Channel Islands - Guernsey, Herm, Sark and Jersey, in that order. Staying in Guernsey is always special for me as I re-visit 6 years of my childhood when my father was minister in St Peter Port. I didn't do TOO much reminiscing but we did walk down the road where the 7 bedroom house is (no longer a manse!) and photograph the road that I walked along to Junior school, aged 7. It gave me a warm feeling inside as I once again thought about where I had come from and who I have become. We met up with one of my old schoolfriends and it seemed amazing that it was 57 years since I left my classmates as my parents moved to a new Methodist station in Suffolk.



I guess my thought for the day is: how do we keep a balance between remembering the past, living in the present, and looking forward to the future? Somehow, I think all are necessary but that living in the here and now open to God's Holy Spirit is the most important thing. It won't be too long before today's present becomes yesterday's past!!



A thought from Rev Rosemary Wakelin:

I remember being on the bus going from Handsworth into Birmingham. A well-dressed lady got in and sat beside me. The bus was being driven expertly through the busy city by a lively West Indian.

The lady said "Isn't it disgusting the way they have come in and taken all our jobs." I said, "They didn't mean to be West Indian, their ancestors were Africans enslaved by the British and forcibly taken to America and the British government has invited this generation to come and help fill vacancies in our work force like driving buses." (Or words to that effect)



She got up to go, I thought she was going to hit me with her handbag, but she smiled and said "Thank you, I had never thought of it like that.

I'm glad I stuck my neck out.



A thought from Rev Anne:

Walking my dog is always a pleasure. Merlin is a poodle. Walking on his own with me, he's confident with his tail up, proudly trotting along.

When he sees another dog in the distance though, he stops and looks - perhaps he's judging if the dog is going to run up to him and try to greet him very boisterously, something he hates? Perhaps he's just trying to see whether the dog is bigger or smaller than him? His preference is to sniff a dog usually from its rear end, before he's met the front so he can judge what the dog is like! Dogs noses are amazing! He can tell so much, just from the sniff!



I think some of us would like to have similar powers - hopefully not by sniffing one another! But wouldn't it be useful to get a clear understanding of someone else straight away, just with a quick sniff?! Instead we know that the old Native American proverb of needing to walk in someone's shoes before judgement is more apt.

Watching Merlin take time and care in greeting other dogs, weighing up who is safe to bound up and meet, and when he should stay close to me, reminds me that as we meet other people, we perhaps should take a step back, quietly staying close to God, asking for help as we relate to one another. 'God who relates as Creator, Saviour, Spirit, give us your grace to treat others with the same loving acceptance you offer to us. Amen.'

A thought from Rev Rosemary:



I remember that when Michael was born the thumb of his right hand showed signs of being well and truly sucked. He had obviously been practising essential skills that he would soon be needing, nor am I surprised that he loves hill walking and running!

I sometimes wonder if our time here is a preparation - a time to acquire the knowledge and skills that will be necessary when we are born into that eternal life. Perhaps business skills, degrees, athletics, cookery etc. will not be needed. Maybe the things that will really count will be our ability to build and keep

relationships, our acceptance of differences, our generosity of spirit, the depth and quality of our loving. In the Gospels we see an intellectual, courageous, compassionate Jesus coping with everything that life throws at him, yet his ultimate calling was to accept the abject helplessness of the crucifixion to take divine Love to its logical conclusion. It's that depth and quality of Loving - that mystery of Grace - that grabbed me as a child and has inspired and motivated me ever since.