

Collect and readings for Trinity 1

COLLECT

O God,
the strength of all those who put their trust in you,
mercifully accept our prayers and,
because through the weakness of our mortal nature
we can do no good thing without you,
grant us the help of your grace,
that in the keeping of your commandments
we may please you both in will and deed;
through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord,
who is alive and reigns with you,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.
Amen.

READINGS

Old Testament: Exodus chapter 19 verses 2-8a
(8a means the first section of the verse, but not the second!)

Old Testament: Psalm 100

New Testament: Paul's Letter to the Romans
chapter 5 verses 1-8

Gospel: Matthew chapter 9 verse 35 to chapter 10
verses 8 & 9-23

A reflection from Revd Maureen

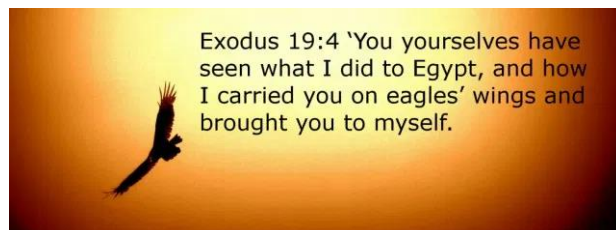


Notice how the Trinitarian theme is continued in the words of the Collect. These prayers for each Sunday usually follow the same format: they address God the Father and, in some way, acknowledge who he is in relation to each of us; then comes the petition, the prayer itself which asks for something in order that we may do God's will, and then ends in acknowledging that the prayer is offered through Jesus the Son and in the power or unity of the Holy Spirit – being those three persons yet one God and praying that it may ever be so. If we look at every Collect, this is the usual format, with possibly just a few exceptions.

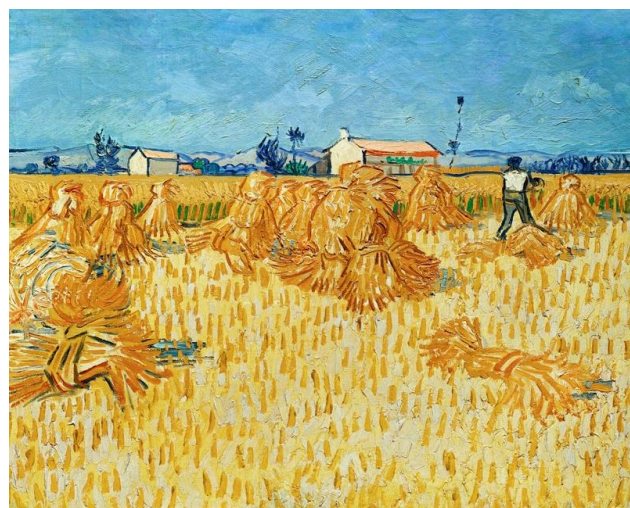
So, some points to consider and reflect on this week about our readings:

- Is there anything in our reading from Exodus which speaks particularly to us today in relation to these times in which we are living? Does God appear to be bargaining with the Israelites: "You have seen .. Therefore, if you obey .." Or is there something else going on here?

- In Paul's letter to the Romans, how does this passage resonate with us today in our present circumstances? Does it offer us hope, reassurance and encouragement? Why might Paul have written this to the people of Rome – what might their circumstances have been at the time? Perhaps have a look at The Acts of the Apostles and see whether you can marry up what is described there with the contents of Paul's letter.



- St Matthew's Gospel – having read from John's Gospel post-Easter, we now return to the Gospel prescribed for Year A: Matthew. Around this time in our Diocese, some people are preparing for Ordination either to the priesthood or as deacons. How might we react to this passage of sending out, but with many warnings? How do you perceive ordained ministry – as something easy, Spirit-filled and blessed? Or as something fulfilling, but with stresses, strains and pitfalls? If Jesus is speaking to all of us here, not only those who feel called to the ordained ministry, how might we respond and how does this passage make us feel?



As always, plenty to think about, imagine and find out about by research – thus taking us deeper into the culture and circumstances of the people of the Old and New Testaments.

Maureen

Bible Quiz

One more question than last time, and perhaps a little more tricky. Please don't resort to consulting Google, without spending a little time in trying to work out the answers for yourselves – we are trusting you!

1. What did the Israelites complain about to Moses, while they were in the wilderness? A) it was too hot. B) they were tired. C) there was no meat to eat.



2. Who was the Pharisee who waited until it was dark, in order to speak to Jesus? A) Annas. B) Nicodemus. C) Caiaphas.
3. Who was the person who owned the tomb where Jesus' body was laid after the crucifixion? A) Nicodemus. B) The Centurion. C) Joseph of Arimathea.
4. What name did Adam give to his wife? A) Eve. B) Agnes. C) Mary.
5. How many Psalms are there, in the Old Testament? A) 150; B) 50. C) 250.
6. What was the name of the place where Lazarus lived with his sisters Martha and Mary? A) Capernaum. B) Bethany. C) Nazareth.

Answers next week. *Have fun!*

**"GOD DOESN'T STOP THE
BAD THINGS FROM HAPPENING;
THAT'S NEVER BEEN
PART OF THE PROMISE.**

**THE PROMISE IS:
I AM WITH YOU.
I AM WITH YOU NOW
UNTIL THE END OF TIME."**

~Madeleine L'Engle

How we met by David Young

Reading David Smart's piece about climbing in Snowdonia reminded me of the visit Maureen and I never made to Snowdon.

Some of you may know that we met at school, at the hymn bookcase actually. The books were kept outside one of the classrooms fronting on to the assembly hall. Someone acted as representative and distributor for each class coming in for Assembly, collecting the 30 or so books to pass round. We used to exchange pleasantries, and then discovered we travelled on the same bus to and from school. Then we found out that we both attended church. And so the relationship developed. But what's that got to do with Snowdon?

I was a member of the local Rambling Club, and most years there was a weekend visit to Snowdonia. I had persuaded Maureen to join the Club as well. In 1964 my mother and I had decided to go to this annual event, and Maureen was keen to come too. Her mother was less than enthusiastic about it and, after much discussion and reassurances, it was a triumph when she finally agreed.

Both of us were also in the rather small school choir (it wasn't a musical school) and we were preparing for a celebration of Shakespeare's quatercentenary that year, singing a selection of madrigals with just two voices on each part: soprano, alto, tenor and bass. I don't remember what the date for the concert was to be but, suddenly, it was changed. The new date - Friday evening of the weekend we were going to Snowdon! Our loyalty was such that, being a choir of so small a number, our absence would have had a considerable impact on the performance.



On the Monday following the concert the Headmaster made the usual congratulatory comments about the event and then said 'I understand that two members of the Sixth Form had to change their weekend arrangements...' Sniggers among our Sixth Form colleagues standing at the back of the hall! Nudge nudge, wink wink!

David

Barber Shop Blues: Gibraltar II (as experienced by Michael Gale)

I persevered with the idea that Gib was the place for a decent haircut, provided the establishment was English. Just off Casement Square a notice proclaiming 'Gents Hairdresser' seemed safe enough. The shop was empty apart from the barber sitting in the chair reading a paper, and a carpenter putting up some partitioning at the back of the shop. After agreeing on a medium to short cut, the process began. I sensed the snipping was rather tentative and caught sight – in the mirror – of an exchange of hand signals between the barber and the carpenter. He worked round my head without achieving much at all.



Eventually I said, "I want much more off than that". He turned round to the carpenter and said "I don't dare. Can you help?" The carpenter put down his saw, took up the scissors confidently and told his compatriot "watch this. I'll show you how to do it." He finished my hair very

neatly. I made some comment on his versatility.

"Actually, I'm the barber" he replied. We just opened this morning. My mate the carpenter is to learn my trade. You were his first customer."

Michael

Another barber shop experience from Michael next week!

From Gavin and Maureen Lord

Hello everyone

Another fabulous collaboration between Canon Chris Bishop and his brother in law David Pickthall on the theme of 'Test and Trace'. Chris is playing a ukulele banjo this time and as for David – well just watch the video and see!



<https://youtu.be/ZD4kZRJg7lw>

Best wishes

Gavin & Maureen

In case of a nuclear attack: a tale from the Exmoor Forest Hotel by Julie Woodward

Shortly after taking over the hotel the local policeman arrived to meet us.



He explained to us that we were the centre of operations in case of a nuclear attack. This was in 1977.

We had a telephone direct line to Minehead police station and a siren that we had to sound in case of an attack. He said that every 6 months we would receive a postcard with a password and time to ring the police station to check. We didn't know where the siren was, but located it in the old boiler house, still snugly cased in its crate. It would have to be cranked up and then sounded to warn people of the attack.

Terry asked him how we would know if an attack had been launched to which he replied, "well you might hear it on your local radio". The locals were pretty blasé about the danger and asked us to make sure that the bar was open.

We were also told that we would be a centre for people being evacuated from cities to the country. How we would feed them was not discussed.

Fortunately it didn't happen, so we never found out how loud the siren was, thank goodness. I expect it has all been forgotten now, but maybe the siren is still there.

Julie

A helpful guide to returning to church

A big thank you to Julie Woodward who shared this with us and gave us all a good laugh. I'm sure it won't be like this in our churches. Or will it?



<https://youtu.be/fIfItkvCVfA>

Fleeting yet eternal by Adrian Smith



We all have them, these moments. They are hard to define, yet easy to identify.

I started thinking about such moments a few years ago, without being able to put a name to them.

I was travelling between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth on the Wightlink ferry. The boat was not crowded, and I was able to sit right at the front looking down at the prow of the boat. Suddenly something caught the corner of my eye. Focussing more carefully I saw that we were being guided towards Portsmouth by several dolphins, leaping from the waves in perfect arcs and easily keeping pace with the ferry. I defy anyone to watch the effortless play of wild dolphins and not be "surprised by joy" as C. S. Lewis put it. I watched for about half a minute, then the Captain came on the P.A. system to tell passengers about the dolphins and where to look to see them. A crowd of people materialised around me, eager to catch a glimpse, but by that time the dolphins had gone away. For me, however, it was a precious image.

"Fleeting yet eternal."

Those, I decided, were the words I was searching for to describe the experience, but I only found them several weeks later when I was reading a book called "Reasonable Doubt" by Italian crime writer Gianrico Carofiglio. In it he describes an experience as *"like the way you feel when you leave home early in the morning and there's nobody about. When you sit down in a bar near the sea, have your coffee and wait, and the streets gradually fill and you're very aware of everything and you feel as if you're part of something fleeting yet eternal"*.

I think it's a wonderful phrase, and I was reminded of it when reading David Smart's description of the Perseid shower in last week's edition. I recall other fleeting yet eternal moments.

- A Sunday morning, driving Katharine to a church retreat at Lee Abbey. We round a bend at the top of Porlock Hill and a magnificent stag stands in the middle of the road. He is there just for an instant before leaping over the hedge, but the after-image remains on my retina.
- A Saturday night in Salisbury. Katharine and I are walking around the cathedral, which is floodlit, and which appears to float, almost ethereal, in the surrounding darkness. Someone is rehearsing tomorrow's organ voluntary inside and, unexpectedly, in the middle-distance spectacular fireworks appear.

- Downtown Manhattan, 1993. We have been watching Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan in "Sleepless in Seattle", the 'big' movie of the moment in the U.S. Meg and Tom finally meet at the top of the Empire State Building late on Valentine's Day. Emerging from the 'theatre' we realise that we are just around the corner from the Empire State Building. We ride to the top and walk out to see all of New York illuminated at our feet, the Statue of Liberty in the distance. Breathtaking.

These are moments of pure gift. They are never planned. They are the result of the confluence of time, place and the openness of a person to receive them. We do not earn them. They never last long, yet they are long remembered. They evoke joy, wonder and gratitude. They stir our souls.



The artwork above is used by kind permission of Dosia McKay, an artist, musician and writer. The picture is called 'Blossom'. Produced on computer, for me her art captures the essence of this experience of something fleeting yet eternal. This feeling can also be captured in some music. As Dosia writes: *"Music is an inward cry, a wordless prayer, a hunger, a yearning for something outside of ourselves. It's a dream, an intangible reality, an invisible force entering through the ears and claiming the heart, it's a dance of the soul, it is faith calling to existence things fleeting, yet eternal"*.

These moments enrich us. Whatever their nature, wherever they take place, they transcend the commonplace, lift our hearts and reconnect us to God. They are, indeed, signs of God's grace.

I would love to know about your "fleeting yet eternal" moments, or your thoughts about such moments. If you would like to share your experiences or thoughts I would be delighted to publish them, anonymously if you wish, here in our newsletter.

Adrian



From Katherine Lyddon: Lockdown Psalm II



Katherine spotted two Lockdown Psalms in The Church Times. Here is the second one.

1. Clap your hands, all ye neighbours: clap in the front gardens and on the doorsteps.
2. Make a thankful noise, for it is Thursday: clap your hands and bang the pots; bang the mighty pan from the stove, the frying pan from the draining board, and the little pan from under the sink.



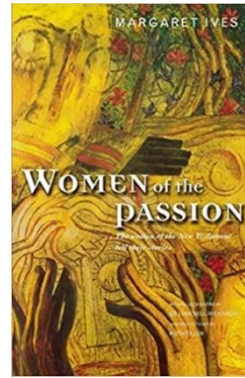
3. Rejoice, for thou hast booked a delivery: a weekly slot even unto the end of June.
4. Surely plenteousness shall be in thy house: goodness shall follow thee, at a two-metre distance, all the days of thy life.
5. [2nd part] Our garners shall be full: and Netflix shall bring forth thousands and ten thousands of new episodes for evermore.
6. Arise! Yea, verily, for the lockdown easeth: gird thy face with apparel and go into the city.
7. Rejoice in the fruitful offices, all ye who were furloughed: but thy going out and thy coming in shall not be on public transport.



8. Rest ye alert by day, and alert by night: and the pillars shall deliver ye out of the wilderness.
9. Judgement and remembrance shall be thine heritage: and ye shall dwell in the house of austerity for ever.

Professor Catherine Clarke, from the Institute of Historical Research, University of London

Join in with our Book Group! Monday 15th June on Zoom at 7pm



We are about to start a new book, "Women of the Passion - Women of the New Testament tell their stories" by Margaret Ives. (Click picture to view on Amazon.)

As it may not have arrived in the post, may we suggest everyone brings a special reading or poem which they might like to share with the group on Monday evening, or a treasured part from any of the books we have read or may read in the future.

Everyone is welcome and you can join using your computer, an app or just your landline phone, see links below!

[Click to join via computer link](#)

Via zoom app: Type
Meeting ID: 962 6238 1258
Password: 123456

Via telephone: 0 203 481 5240
Meeting ID: 962 6238 1258
Password: 123456

Snippets

"The article about the sheep being driven from Scotland has brought back memories for me. I can remember Mum and myself going to Horner Lane (which leads from Seven Ash to Crowcombe Heathfield) and watching the sheep being driven along the bridleway. I cannot remember the date, I am sure Mum took some photos but where they are I don't know."

Gillian Boyce

"Thank you so much for your reflections on The Seekers and Morningtown Ride. It brought back many happy memories of listening to this brilliant harmony group. Judith Durham was the cornerstone of the group and it was a bombshell when she left in late 1967 for other pastures. There were interlopers after that with The New Seekers and this led to The Seekers being rebranded The Original Seekers. JD came back in the early 90s after the tragic death of her husband.

There is a lot of their work on YouTube thank goodness. This includes their 50th anniversary concert in 2014. JD was still pitch perfect. My favourite is still Georgy Girl in 1967 which turned a fairly routine film into a box office success."

Gavin Lord

Our Prayers

Almighty God, of Grace and Hope, arouse and provoke members of your church in heart and in mind to take up the labour in your fields, sow to the Spirit, and reap the plentiful harvest to grow your family of faith.

Lord in your Mercy: Hear our prayer

Creator God, we are part of the tensions and injustices of the world: heal the resentment between people and intervene in the world's conflicts. Help us to walk humbly with you at our side and when we come to the crossroads lead us down the path of justice and righteousness, whilst steering us away from the road that leads to selfishness and sin.

Lord in your Mercy: Hear our prayer

Father God, help us to be gentle, with others and with ourselves. Give us, we pray, the calm that makes for consideration and the respect for others that makes us courteous. Take from us hard words and the cynical look. Let us be to others as we would wish them to be to us and, when we fail, forgive us and when they fail, heal us.

Lord in your Mercy: Hear our prayer

Caring God, we pray for all those who are afflicted by physical, emotional or mental illness especially the problems caused by the ongoing Covid-19 pandemic. Help them to keep their eyes fixed on you and give them the courage to face the trials and temptations that may come. Especially we pray for: Peter, John, Gwen, Joan, Bobby, Lucinda, Norma, Roger and Wendy, Revd. Martin and Sally Perry, and for all others known to us.

Lord in your Mercy: Hear our prayer

Holy God, your love reaches beyond the grave. At the end of our days on earth be with us and with those we love and with those whom we love and have gone before us. We pray now for those who have recently died both Coronavirus related and from other causes and for those bereaved by their passing. We remember before God, those who have died and are known to us, especially Marissa Phillips and John Stedman (a lay-reader in this Diocese).

Lord in your Mercy: Hear our prayer

Gracious God, we thank you for hearing our prayers and as we move into the coming week help us to remember our Saviour's words as he sent his disciples out into the world "As you go, proclaim the good news, the Kingdom of Heaven has come near".

Merciful Father: Accept these prayers for the sake of your Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen

Spike's column

This week: Spike answers your questions



Hello dear friends.

Over the past few weeks I've received lots of questions. I thought I'd use my column this week to answer some of them.

Q: Spike, how do you cope with the relentless bad news on television?



A: When the news comes on TV I hide in a paper bag until it's over. I commend this to you.

Q: Spike, what is your favourite TV show?

A: Mr Human and I are enjoying Farscape at the moment. It has some most interesting creatures in it and I find it fascinating.

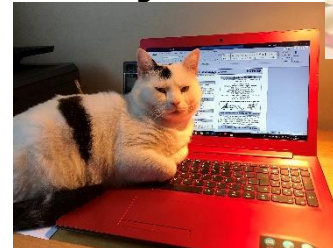


Q: Spike, what is your favourite plaything?

A: I love anything with catnip in it, like this ball!



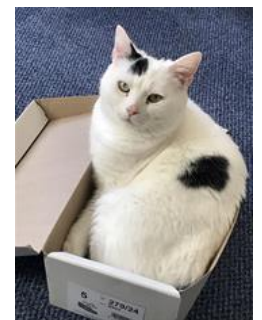
Q: Spike, how do you put such a good column together?



A: thank you for the compliment. It's all down to my keyboard skills you know.

Q: Spike, why do cats like to sit in cardboard boxes?

A: that's a really stupid question. They just do, OK?



Q: Spike, what do you do before going to bed?

A: I say my prayers, of course.



See you all next week!

Love from
Spike xxx

Crazy Little Thing Called Love from Revd. Martin Perry

And not such a little thing either! Can have a huge effect! The problem? Too many have their own understanding of love – or what kind of love they want. That's when it goes crazy – one way or another!

Like Jack, all hyped up, with an outpouring of passion and sincerity of heart, at last tells Geraldine that he loves her, and will do so for ever. "Oh, Jack, that's so nice!" answers Geraldine. "One thing I am sure of is that we will always be friends – probably."

(CRAZY LITTLE ♥ thing CALLED LOVE

I once wrote a series of poems under the heading "Odes on Love". There were about 27 of them, touching on different aspects of love. There are so many varieties of love. They are not all applicable to every situation or to every relationship. With so many types, it's a wonder anyone gets married.

But does it ever occur to us that our view of it influences how we see the love of God? If we think that the greatest image of love is a hardworking, caring nurse concentrating on a patient with the virus, do we then expect God to behave that way towards us in times of trouble? Alternatively, if we associate love with holding hands and soft kisses in the moonlight, lashes of romantic feelings, is that the effect God's love should have on us while praying?

OK so we hear that "God is love". Why do we accept that statement? Because it is about us: our pleasures, comfort, thrills, satisfaction, relief, and whatever other good comes our way. These things happen in us and to us, and we feel we've received something we needed, or longed for. We feel cared for, in other words, in all sorts of ways. Loved!

We say that we live in a world made by God. It is an expression of him. If that is the case, then God must have every kind of love in his nature. We wouldn't know about it unless he put it here and made us able to appreciate it. No one can create something unless they have the ingredients –not even God! So we sum it all up in that saying...

"God is Love"

When we see love in that all-encompassing divine way, how much love is there for everyone in every circumstance then there is nothing crazy or little about this thing called Love!

Just Martin

Trinity Sunday By Penny Gale

Trinity Sunday has come 'round once more,
The time in each year when we praise and adore
The unity of the Three Persons in One.
A Triune that never will be overcome.

The 'Three in One' and 'One in Three'

United in perfect harmony.

Each separate identity fused into one,
All combined for the purpose of God's will to be done.

God, the Father, the Founder of all,
He made planet Earth, and all that we call
By name, that lives on it, and all up above,
He created for us through His enduring love.

God the Son, He sent to earth as a human born
To experience life as we do, but then to be torn
For our sins on a cross, where forgiveness He gave
To us all, when He died, and then rose from the grave.

His resurrected life gives hope for us all,
That one day we'll be with Him, at His call
To eternal life, of love and care,
For ever and ever, with Him to share.



God, Holy Spirit, the ethereal member
Of the Three, the one we always remember
That comforts and guides our footsteps each day,
And helps us to keep straight on the narrow 'way'.

These Three are all one, in an Union Divine,
They want to win souls, with love as their sign,
If we loved one another as they love us too
This world's wrongs would be righted, if only this
we would do.

Penny

Picture: [Father Son and Holy Spirit One Depiction of the Trinity](#)
by Jill Iversen



An obituary for **Roger Morris**, reprinted with kind permission of

The Telegraph

Rear-Admiral Roger Morris, who has died aged 87, commanded a flotilla of survey ships in the Gulf during the Iranian Revolution and later became Hydrographer of the Navy.

In early 1979, as the Iranian Revolution gained momentum, Morris in his flagship, the hydrographic survey ship *Hydra*, surveyed the south-eastern Iranian coast for a new seaport at Chabahar, which had been proposed by the Shah. As tensions grew, Morris, a scholar as well as a notable surveyor, who kept a translation of the Koran in his cabin, selected an excerpt from the sacred text to be painted on the nose of the ship's helicopter.

While construction of the new port facilities faltered and international workers were arbitrarily detained, Morris liaised with the British resident naval officer ashore. He kept his four unarmed ships, in their distinctive white liveries, close inshore as a visible reminder of his presence, until at last the revolutionary authorities began to release their hostages from house arrest.

On his own initiative, Morris seized the chance to pluck several hundred Americans, British and other nationalities from the shores

of Bandar Abbas (on the Gulf coast) and from small boats in the Gulf of Oman, and commenced a shuttle across the Gulf to the United Arab Emirates and to American warships further out to sea.

When Morris needed to replenish his ship, Foreign Office representatives in Dubai and Abu Dhabi vacillated, obliging him to make his own arrangements at Muscat. No journalists witnessed events, there was little reporting in the UK press, the thanks of the British government were muted, and no awards were made.

Later that year the US embassy in Tehran was occupied. It was also the end of a long era when the Gulf had been an area of British influence and peace had been maintained by a small squadron of the Royal Navy. Morris had the satisfaction that he had acted in the highest traditions of his Royal Navy predecessors.

Roger Oliver Morris, a doctor's son, was born on September 1 1932 and grew up within sight of Devonport dockyard. He was taught at Mount House, Tavistock, before joining Dartmouth in 1946.

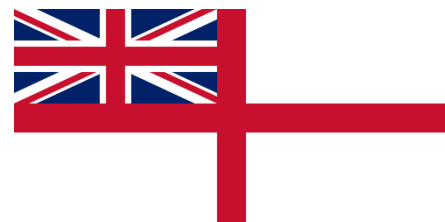
He began specialising in hydrography in 1956. After surveys in ships in home waters and the Far East, three months under canvas on South Georgia, and then more surveys in the Indian Ocean and the islands of the South Pacific, his first command, as a lieutenant-commander, was the inshore surveying craft *Medusa* in 1964.

In 1968-70 he was given command of the brand-new *Beagle*; but he was rumoured to have been passed over for further promotion when sent to command *Hydra* on a survey in the Malacca Strait.

There, however, he was called to join the relief operation in East Pakistan after the devastating 1970 Bhola cyclone which killed 500,000 people, his task to find and mark channels for small craft to ferry in food and supplies, and for his success he was promoted to commander.

Subsequently, he commanded *Fawn* in 1972, *Hecla* 1975-77 on the west coast of Scotland and at the Jubilee Fleet Review, and *Hydra* 1978-80.

After the Iranian episode, Morris took *Hydra* to conduct surveys in the Minches between the Hebrides and the west coast of Scotland, as well as charting a shoal between St Kilda and Harris which he named Whale Rock, for a minke whale which watched over his work. Morris came ashore for the last time in 1980 to go first to the Hydrographic Office at Taunton, and then to Whitehall before being promoted to rear-admiral.



In 1985 he succeeded Rear-Admiral D W Haslam, who had taught him his craft 30 years before, as Hydrographer of the Navy, an appointment first established more than two centuries earlier.

He was made CB and retired to Somerset in 1990, where he wrote [Charts and Surveys, in Peace and War](#) (1995). Morris studied heraldry, was an ornithologist and a talented watercolourist, some of whose paintings were used to update Admiralty Sailing Directions.

Rear-Admiral Roger Morris, born September 1 1932, died April 18 2020