

Reflection for Thursday 25th February 2021

The painted stone....



The stone placed on my mouse mat in this picture, was the one Peter Sorensen painted, which was in my Lent bag.

When you look along the Holy Island of Lindisfarne's shore, which is where the photograph on my mat was taken, there are stones of all shapes and sizes and colours, honed by sea and salt and the tides which carry them. They vary in size and shape and can be built into towers by the elements, or by the hands that shape them into something else....as I have done My Family and I prayerfully placed one on top of another to form our tower of stones; to leave behind in thankfulness, not only for bringing us to this very special Island, but to where we had reached in our lives....and as a pledge symbolising our faith going forwards both as individuals and as members of a family.



This reminded me that God can take the simple, the rough and the smooth, of every shape and size and make it into something else. Even when broken, or stuck, as it were in a crevice, or buried beneath the weathering of life, we are not beyond his sight or his care and his ongoing plans.

Last Saturday Dave and I found ourselves outside a church and despite the rain, people were in and out of the churchyard. We wondered why, so we took a look.....

As part of an outdoor Art display, people were adding their painted stones to a line to make this fun and cheery snake, obviously with all ages taking part. I picked up a pretty stone I found and went to add it to the end with thankfulness. It was then that I noticed the one on the third photograph below, with the words painted on 'Love you'



Whether in Lockdown, or emerging from Lockdown, God is releasing his love for us. So can we, for God, our Family and whoever is our 'neighbour', in whatever form, wherever he guides us to be.....

There was a couple walking through. She said she was part of the churchyard gardening team. He was in the church choir. He said the choir couldn't wait to be back to sing together. Our times are in God's hands. As I looked around at the snowdrops, which haven't given up on pushing their way through the cold earth to greet the arrival of Spring, let us be encouraged and strengthened and sustained to 'keep on keeping on'....

This photograph reminds me of what I say at every Funeral I take. Our earthly experience is only part of the whole of life, after which our Christian belief is that we go on to join our Lord in Heaven itself and these 'gravestones' below represent the truth of that hope and trust.



This Quaker Prayer for Peace I shared at the Burial of a Quaker, whose Funeral Service I was privileged to take at St Mary's. May we know God's presence in our lives and in the natural world. May we let Him shape us and place us, for however he calls us to serve him, always for His Sake and for His Glory. **Amen.**

