

Treasured Items

I admit to being a person who keeps things. Not a hoarder as such. Simply reluctant to discard certain items. It is when I become reunited with these items, usually tucked away underneath more keep sakes, I am reminded they are far more than objects collecting dust.

They are treasured memories relating to life that is fluid. Shifting from this and that. In fashion; out of fashion.

There is one item that becomes a window into how life changes.

Address Books. I have 3 which begin in the 70s.



The Dairy details to order the number of pints to be delivered the following week. Opening the front door to see the tops had been pecked by cheeky Blue Tits in a bid for the cream. Smiling that someone had had fun. When shops were shut on Sundays and Bank Holidays this meant storing the milk bottles in water buckets outside. Now the freezer stores excess milk in the

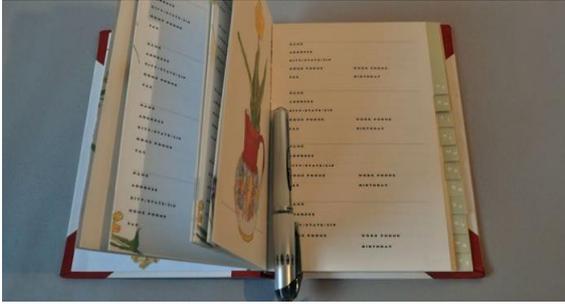
dreaded plastic.

The Coal Man who would take the weight of the sacks on his back. Just as the dustbin men would carry our metal bins. Nowadays, they are called Refuse Collectors and risk assessments mean no more lifting. Coal has become an environmental topic.



Our coalman was also a part time fireman. This added to the embarrassment when our chimney caught fire and he arrived. Lucky for us a bucket of water had done the trick beforehand saving gallons of water being flushed into our lounge.

This life was living in a large village with all the necessary shops. Walking down the street with either a hand wave hello or stop for a catch up. Whole village coming together at fetes which included wellie throwing and smashing china. Yes; without those risk assessments. But to be fair, we did consider safety and ensured all would be well. The meeting in the pub [one of five] to play darts



and dominoes. The dart and quiz leagues. Sunday lunch time was for the men folk to have their pint of beer or two with “men” chats. Open all hours and / or being restaurants has seen the decline in pub games.

By the time I arrive at my latest address book, I notice how relationships come and go. Some friends stayed behind with no further contact. Others come with me. New friends slot in. Sadly the R.I.P. as I can never bring myself to remove them by drawing a line through.

Throughout each address book are the voices from my different worshipping communities. From a small Fen village to north, then south and now mid Norfolk. I am reminded life is one of communion and relationship.

Psalm 117.

Praise the Lord, all you nations;

Extol him, all you peoples.

For great is his love towards us,

And the faithfulness of the Lord endures forever.

Amen

I wonder what keepsakes you have lurking in a drawer or cupboard that remind you of a life past and present alongside God.

Last but by no means least, I come to our weekly reflections that have been offered since March 20. Around 166. At first six times a week. Then twice weekly. I have found them a great resource in holding days of waiting, loss and separation.

As we emerge back into church and our communities, we hope you understand our decision to offer a weekly reflection on Thursdays only during May.

We would love to hear your feedback. Please send to the Church office:
wattonchurch@gmail.com.