

Morning

It is morning.....

A shepherd sitting on a hill watches the red glow increase
and sees the pale sun creep over the horizon.

Night has gone...

Day is here...
and it is very good.

At the horizon the darkness disappears,
and the distant hills, once black,
now stand against the sky...

The sun rises higher...
and, as it does so, the water of streams
and lakes reflects that light.

Dry land and the water, may be
distinguished...both are calm and good.

There appear trees, then bushes, flowers
and grass...and, as the sun warms the ground,
birds sing, animals scuttle home,
or wake up and begin their work.
All is pleasant, calm and good.

At last, the shepherd becomes aware of himself,
sitting, looking down on the world.

A new day has arrived, and with it the
realisation that the world has a pattern,
God's pattern, and it is very good....

(written as a 'voice-over' to 'Morning' from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite) by John Oldershaw 1990

Seasons of the Spirit ISBN 0 85 169 267 2

Churches Together in Britain and Ireland Compiled and edited by Ruth Harvey

St. Mary's Church



Poem Booklet



Behind all the strange puzzles of life there is the secret
working of God.

In all our activities we may be seeking God: in our work, on our social occasions, as we walk along the road, even when we are so busy that we have not time to think of anything except what we are doing... God can deal with us under a thousand forms for our spiritual hallowing. Behind all the strange puzzles of life there is the secret working of God, creating life, creating character, accepting service -- all sorts of spiritual shaping going on.

- from CHRIST THE COMPANION by S.D.C. Father Andrew

Services

In consideration of Govt, C of E and Diocesan Guidelines, the PCC meeting on 2/3/21 decided to keep closed St Mary's Church building for worship at present to ensure the safety of everyone. **During March and April the 10.00am Services will continue via Zoom.** The link is emailed out and is also on the Website and Facebook page. A Holy Week and Easter booklet will be distributed nearer to Palm Sunday

Lent Series

Our Lent Series continues 11th, 18th, 25th at 3-4pm by Zoom. We are looking at the book "Being Disciples" by Rowan Williams, talking about topics such as Forgiveness and Living in the Spirit. Written resources are supplied. You can still join us by booking on: <https://tinyurl.com/yyw9wgt4>. If you don't have online access but would still like to attend via phone dial-in please contact Revd Kyla.

Prayer

The Ministry Team together with clergy and friends from surrounding churches meet on Zoom at 5pm Mon-Thurs to pray together for our communities. To join us please email Revd Kyla for the link.

Our **Reflections** are online every Tues and Thurs on our website and Facebook page.

Online and Telephone Resources

Daily Hope offers music, prayers and reflections as well as full worship services from the Church of England at the end of a telephone line: 0800 804 8044

"Sunday Hope" is a weekly audio podcast from Norwich Cathedral. It's found on the Norwich Diocese website and through Apple Podcasts, Google Podcasts, Spotify, Overcast etc. Go to the apps, and in search type "Norwich Cathedral" or "Sunday Hope". Click the subscribe button to receive the weekly episodes. It can also be listened to on any landline: 01603 537577 (local rate).

Pray as You Go: www.pray-as-you-go.org

Media Sanctuary Mental Health: www.sanctuarymentalhealth.org/uk/

40 words for 40 days :

www.dioceseofnorwich.org/resource/40-words-for-40-days/

April Rise by Laurie Lee

If ever I saw blessing in the air
I see it now in this still early day
where lemon-green the vaporous morning drips
wet sunlight on the powder of my eye.

Blown bubble-film of blue, the sky wraps round
weeds of warm light, whose every root and rod
splutters with soapy green, and all the world
sweats with the bead of summer in its bud.

If ever I heard a blessing it is there
where birds in trees that shoals and shadows are
splash with their hidden wings and drops of sound
break on my ears their crests of throbbing air.

Pure in the haze the emerald sun dilates,
the lips of sparrows milk the mossy stones,
while white as water by the lake a girl
swims her green hand among the gathered swans.

Now, as the almond burns its smoking wick,
dropping small flames to light the candled grass;
now, as my low blood scales it second chance,
if ever world were blessed, now it is.



The Pattern of Poetry compiled by William Kean Seymour and John Smith
ISBN 222 69230 8

Creator God by Duncan Wilson 1995

Creator God,
taking undiluted delight
in continually throwing back
the boundaries of the universe,
a million suns declare as many dawns
whilst stars and planets
sing their complex music
across light years of space
for you to see and hear and know.
We, who like the Psalmist,
raise our eyes to the sky
and our thoughts towards eternity,
wonder what may be the significance of our being,
the purpose of the life in us.

If, as we believe,
you have engaged us in your caring and creativity,
may it be clear to us that none of our actions
need be futile or fruitless.
Help us to know that within the mundane
there lies the potential for the miraculous.
Transform all our deciding and doing
with the consciousness of your purpose and partnership
and our imaginations
with glimpses of your sovereign glory.

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Get creative!

For our summer booklet we are inviting everyone to submit their favourite short poems or to write something short themselves for inclusion. Please email to Revd Kyla at revkyla@gmail.com by 30th April.

Contacting St Mary's Church

The Parish Office is currently closed but emails to wattonchurch@gmail.com are regularly monitored. If you have an urgent matter, please do contact either:

Vicar:	Rev'd Gerry Foster	01953 881439 gerryfoster@runbox.com
Assistant Vicar:	Rev'd Michaela Sorensen	07554 542861 revkyla@gmail.com

Website: stmaryswatton.org

Facebook: [@StMarysChurchWatton](https://www.facebook.com/StMarysChurchWatton)

The Youthful Spring by Thomas Carew

Now that the Winter's gone, the earth has lost
her snow-white robes and now no more the
frost candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;

But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth
and makes it tender; gives a second birth
to the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
the drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee:

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
in triumph to the world the youthful Spring.



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I remember the days when
with childlike eye
I wondered how birds and butterflies fly.
I stood in cool streams
with little hands outstretched
to catch tiny fish and frogs,
the memory is etched
of laughter,
the smell of sweet grass and time with friends,
the warm touch of the sun,
the hope that Spring never ends.

I remember childhood days spent
on Norfolk sand and sod
spinning and twirling,
at one with my God.

M. Rose



Song to the Holy Spirit

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You blow like the wind in a thousand paddocks,
Inside and outside the fences,
You blow where you wish to blow.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the sun who shines on the little plant,
You warm him gently, you give him life,
You raise him up to become a tree with many leaves.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the mother eagle with her young,
Holding them in peace under your feathers.
On the highest mountain you have built your nest,
Above the valley, above the storms of the world,
Where no hunter ever comes.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the bright cloud in whom we hide,
In whom we know already that the battle has been won.
You bring us to our Brother Jesus
To rest our heads upon his shoulder.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
You are the kind fire who does not cease to burn,
Consuming us with flames of love and peace,
Driving us out like sparks to set the world on fire.

Lord, Holy Spirit,
In the love of friends you are building a new house,
Heaven is with us when you are with us.
You are singing your songs in the hearts of the poor
Guide us, wound us, heal us. Bring us to the Father.

-James K. Baxter



Seed Shop by Muriel Stuart

Here in a quiet and dusty room they lie,
faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,
forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry
meadows and gardens running through my hand.
In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams;
a cedar in this narrow cell is thrust
that will drink deeply of a century's streams,
these lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in this safe and simple house of death,
sealed in their shells a million roses leap;
here I can blow a garden with my breath,
and in my hand a forest lies asleep.

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