

Vicars Musings week 10

Last Sunday the Church celebrated the great feast of Pentecost, fifty days after Easter.

Thank you for responding to the call to wear something red, I love the screen shots people took.

The account of that first Pentecost, told by Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, tells of a violent wind and divided tongues like fire. The disciples find themselves speaking of God's amazing deeds in strange languages. The crowd is bewildered and says they have drunk too much wine.

On Pentecost Sunday, at a friends church in Islington they listen to this reading in the many languages spoken by the congregation: Twi, Dutch, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Welsh, Jamaican Patois, Icelandic, Yoruba, Portuguese, Fanti...etc. I enjoy the way we pray the lord's prayer in the many languages spoken within our congregations, the cacophony on Sunday across Zoom I found the intensity of that moment very moving. Maybe next year we could also break up the Acts reading in a similar way!

As we await permission to unlock our church buildings, I have decided to change our prayer trees to a wall on which MESSAGES OF HOPE can be displayed on the closed doors of the churches, as a way of communicating the faith and wisdom we share.

If you can't get to church to add yours, PLEASE email me your message.

It would be wonderful if those messages were in as many languages as possible (with translation) 😊

The longer we stay in lockdown, the more I long for the open sea. I have mentioned several times in sermons how the sea holds an important place in my spiritual life. I think it began with being inspired by stories of Celtic saints in their coracles setting out along the coasts and rivers of these islands to settle wherever the wind blew and spreading the word of God wherever they landed. As many people have begun face life beyond lockdown, returning to work, school, sport, we know we are in perilous waters. There is fresh fear and confusion about rules, ramping up frustration and anxiety. The resolve of those shielding at home is wearing thin. Frontline workers are increasingly strained as the months accumulate.

As we travel on, not knowing where we will be blown, let us sit calmly in our coracles, remembering the image of Jesus in the storm at sea - while the tempest raged and the disciples feared for their lives, Jesus is asleep on a cushion at the front of the boat, completely at ease in the raging torrents. And let us imagine the legends that we might make to be passed on about our journeys through these strange times. As we prepare for Trinity Sunday let us also prepare ourselves for the work ahead of us to spread the Good News that has been passed to us.

May the Spirit of God rest on you all.

With blessings,

Rev Fi

