

Dear Friends,

Well, it's been a frustrating summer for me. Started off ok with a lovely week in Norfolk with Scott then the Saturday before holiday club was due to start I ended up in A and E for the day. The lower back pain that had been niggling for a few days and I was hoping would be gone in the morning, turned out to be a trapped sciatic nerve. It was painful, so I spent the day in A and E whilst the doctor tried to control the pain. They wanted me to stay in overnight but I was worried about the following morning and the following week. Eventually I was allowed home but it was clear that I wasn't going to be able to the baptism the next morning or join in with any of holiday club. I was gutted to say the least.

I was grounded for a week, unable even to dress myself. It must have been bad because I ate a whole packet of biscuits and I don't even like biscuits. I was like a caged animal, a bear with a sore head. I was missing holiday club; I couldn't move or drive or go to the gym. I missed three of the circuit evening services, something I had been looking forward to all year and I was thoroughly fed up.

Things didn't get much better when I got back to work either, my email account had been hacked and I had to spend time recovering it and my contacts and then to top it off I switched on the computer one morning ready to write the sermon for that Sunday and all the notes I'd made during the week had disappeared. After an hour trying to get them back I gave up and went and sat in the garden in tears of frustration, maybe I'm not called to ministry God?

As I poured out my frustration to God in the garden this scripture popped into my mind:

Matthew 6:25-26

Do not worry

25 'Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body, what you will wear. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothes? 26 Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?

Well that was me told. What on earth was I worrying for? Worry just shows a lack of faith in God. I went back inside and calmly started on my sermon.

I wonder what you are worrying about at the moment? Sometimes it's hard not to worry isn't it? But the same God who created you can be trusted with every detail of your life, pour out your worries to God in prayer and experience his peace, now.

I want to leave you with the words of Julian of Norwich (c. 8 November 1342 – c. 1416)
"In this vision he showed me a little thing, the size of a hazelnut, and it was round as a ball. I looked at it with the eye of my understanding and thought "What may this be?"
And it was generally answered thus: "It is all that is made." I marvelled how it might last, for it seemed it might suddenly have sunk into nothing because of its littleness. And I was answered in my understanding: "It lasts and ever shall, because God loves it."

Every blessing

Rev Jan