

Dear friends,

The national gallery, the V & A, Matilda at the Cambridge Theatre, Oxford Street, Piccadilly, a Thai restaurant, a vegetarian Hare Krishna restaurant, meeting my daughter Claire in Soho, staying at a lovely club right on Marble arch were all ingredients to a lovely two days in London. I love living in the Southwest, don't get me wrong, but the Buzz and variety of the big city presses a lot of our buttons and we need a "fix" from time to time.

Taking the train from Tiverton parkway you quickly realise just how vibrantly green and spacious the countryside is and just how much of it there is! The crowds on all sides in Oxford Street comes as a bit of a shock after Budleigh High Street but you do realise that amidst all the prophets of doom that love to put Britain down, London is still the best city in the world and we have the finest countryside all around us – no wonder people are willing to risk their lives to escape France on a daily basis!!

**Suitably** revitalised, our worship on Sunday provided its usual uplift with the choir excelling themselves at choral evensong. (I was willing the Wimbledon men's single's final not to go to a fifth set – God is good!) where I preached on bearing good fruit that befits those who represent Christ.

**Note:** Next week, there will be no email because I'll be in Wales, taking my dad's funeral

## Sunday 17th July – 5 after Trinity – Proper 11

The reverend Mike Williams will be presiding at the 8am and 10am services at Saint Peter's and I will be presiding at All Saints and St. Michael's at 9.30am and 11am respectively. Then we will be leaving immediately afterwards to drive to Wales.

**Genesis 18: 1-10a.** The three visitors to Abraham is the subject of the most famous icon in the Eastern church's history by Andrei Rublev. The three visitors are God and it feeds in directly to the Christian understanding of God as Trinity and personal. They prophesy that Sarai, despite being beyond childbearing age will have a son.



The colours used indicate that the figure on the left is the Father, the Son is in the middle (blessing the eucharistic cup) and the Holy Spirit on the right. The oaks of Mamre are behind them.

**Colossians 1: 15-28.** Words have limitations so “Christ being the image of the invisible God” is both impossible as something invisible cannot have an image and yet you know exactly what Paul is trying to convey. Christ is involved in creation, is fully part of God and is also the head of the church. This is a mystery that had hitherto been hidden from the Jews but has now been revealed to believers. Jesus Christ is the wisdom of God made known to the church.

**Luke 10: 38-42.** On the face of it, Martha gets a raw deal here and I know many women sympathise with her. But that misses the point of this story. This is a companion piece to the previous story of the good Samaritan. Not only are good works and actions required (The good Samaritan) but also attentive listening and devotion to God's word (Mary). Mary was sitting at Jesus' feet as a disciple and not distracted by other tasks as so many of us are so much of the time.

**Our garden party** will be from **3pm on 23rd July** at the vicarage in East Budleigh. Please bring a bottle (it doesn't have to be alcoholic!) and something to sit on. If anyone can provide a plate of food it would be gratefully received. Please let Louise know on [drlouisejacques@gmail.com](mailto:drlouisejacques@gmail.com) or ring 443 473. Everyone is welcome at this RMC get-together!

**The Budleigh Music festival** is now in full swing at St. Peter's church of course and last night we attended our first of two concerts. Last night it was Jeneba Kanneh-Mason, the pianist, playing to a sell out church and she was magnificent! To think she is only 19 years old beggars belief. She received a standing ovation at the end. It is a privilege to be a part of such an important event. St. Peter's is the biggest and best venue in Budleigh and we are help provide (alongside the literary festival held later this year) an important cultural platform.

## Thought for the day.

Somebody said to me recently regarding losing a parent. "It's a melancholy event, it's the disappearance of a principal link into one's own background, and it takes away a rather subtle form of protection of oneself, however frail our father may be." Such wise words and so true. A fracturing of that link into childhood and teenage memories shared by no-one else. The forgetting of friends and relations, tenuous to me yet well known to them. The links and connections that are being stretched further and further until some of them snap completely. That sense of being alone – an orphan at my age – leads me to cling on and reinforce other family relationships but as previously stated, that link into the far past is now gone. What lives on is love. As a friend once said to me on the death of his mother – that in the end the only thing left is love. Love really is the binding agent of the universe in a phrase that I have used hundreds of times yet only feel the full truth of that statement when the situation hits you personally. Of course, this is all

nothing new to most of you – I am merely catching up really but re-stating truths doesn't make them less true or less personal or momentous.

**The prayer for today** is by Harry Williams CR (RIP) and will be familiar to most of you. Harry became a monk and was still alive (just) when I attended Mirfield and didn't communicate with the ordinands – a cussed bloody-minded recluse basically -but his influence outlives him in his collected books, sermons and prayers. This is brutally honest.

**O God I am hellishly angry.**

**I think so-and-so is a swine.**

**I am tortured by worry about this and that.**

**I am pretty certain I have missed my chances in life.**

**This and that has left me feeling terribly depressed.**

**But nonetheless here I am like this,**

**Feeling both bloody and bloody minded,**

**I am going to stay here for ten minutes.**

**You are most unlikely to give me anything, I know that.**

**But I am going to stay for the ten minutes nonetheless.**

Love and peace,

Martin