

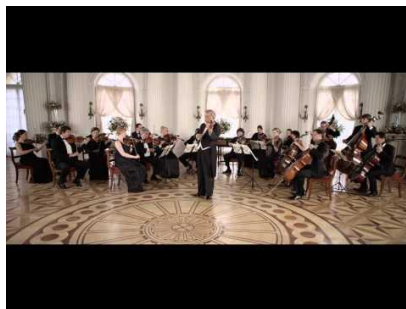
Peace and Quiet in Troubled Times April 2024

Welcome to this opportunity to give yourself time and space away from the daily tasks, worries and fears which put our minds in turmoil. You are invited to focus on the music, words and pictures. You may find it helpful to read the poems out loud and then to keep silences in between, entering into an oasis of calm, to engage in 'mindfulness'. Each month we explore a different theme, relevant to our common experiences of life and the world around us. We follow the pattern of the seasons of the Church year.

Please click on the underlined text beneath the images to hear the music via YouTube. Please do gskip or close any adverts that appear.

*'God has written the hope of
resurrection on every leaf in
Springtime'*

Martin Luther



<https://youtu.be/e3nSvliBNFo>

Vivaldi – Spring from The Four seasons

Spring

Underneath winter's struggle for survival
Life waits to be born.
After long periods of apparent desolation
Shoots appear, and colour warms the earth,
Gladdening the heart with hope.
Buried beneath our fears, preoccupations,
Apparent deadness, Life waits:
The growing is in the waiting.

Ann Lewin



Spring

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring -

When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring

The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?

A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden. - Have, get before it cloy,

Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,

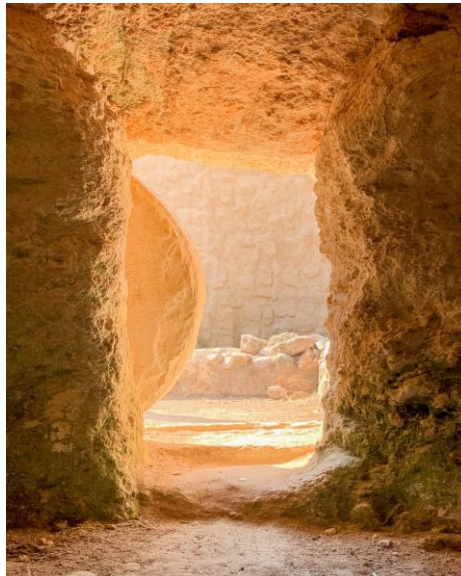
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning. G.M Hopkins



<https://youtu.be/G53oH-MI9qU>
Moments with a song thrush



<https://youtu.be/PZ6ZuEek7Pg>
Morning has broken – Hayley Westenra



'Woman, why are you weeping? For whom are you looking? Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, 'Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.' Jesus said to her, 'Mary!' John 20 15-16



Easter Dawn

He blesses every love that weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognize the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question, 'Why,
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply,
'They took my love away, my day is night.'
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

Michael Guite

Prayer (Looking in the wrong places)

Lord Jesus,
we are always looking for you in the wrong places;
among the good and respectable people,
when we should know you are to be found
with the poor and disreputable and outcast.

Lord Jesus,
we are always looking for you in the wrong places,
at a safe distance,
but you come so close to us,
nearer to us than breathing.

We look for you in churchy things,
but we are more likely to find you
among the pots and pans,
or around the kitchen table ...

We look for you in buildings,
but you walked crowded streets,
and shorelines
and mountains ...

Even now, even after Easter,
still we insist on trying to find you among the
tombstones;
among long-dead dogmas,
in old, decaying fears and hurts,
in the guilts and resentments we inhabit like a coffin.

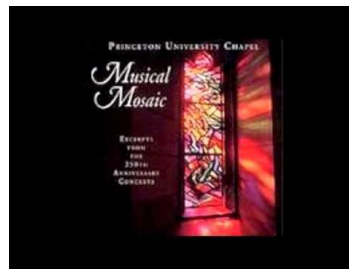
But the angel said:
Why do you look for him among the dead?
He is not here!



Lord Jesus, help us to lay down the graveclothes,
roll away the stone
and come out into life,
here and now.

We will find you,
among the living,
ahead of us, going to the Galilee we seek.
You have wrestled death to the ground,
and now there is nowhere we can go,
no darkness we can enter,
which is not God-encompassed.

Ruth Burgess and Kathy Galloway



<https://youtu.be/2HcF8vadCBg>

Sanctus – Missa Luba

Jesus did not come to explain away suffering or to remove it. He came to fill it with his presence'

Paul Claudel



<https://youtu.be/Z3649dq6boA>

Hallelujah -Two Cellos

Stronger

We're all searching for something true,
surrounded by fake news, extreme views,
everyone's confused
but I've seen that love is stronger than fear,
haven't you?

Sometimes it feels like there's nothing we can do,
we don't know who to trust,
systems are being abused -
it can be lonely when you're searching
for something true.

We're longing for hope,
we're longing for something new,
we're longing for that bitter mountain to be moved;
but I've seen that love is stronger than despair,
haven't you?

Society seems to be in crisis
and perhaps our hearts are too;
but there's a different perspective that you can choose
when you're searching
for something true:

If you peer behind a veil
that's been torn in two
you'll see the promise of a world renewed -
I've seen that love is stronger than hate,
haven't you?

Maybe that's not enough, maybe we need another clue,
maybe there are some things that will never be proved.
Yet we're all searching for something true,
and I've seen that love is stronger than death,
haven't you?

Gideon Heugh

Easter prayer

Christ our life,
you are alive in the beauty of the earth
 in the rhythm of the seasons
 in the mystery of time and space
Alleluia

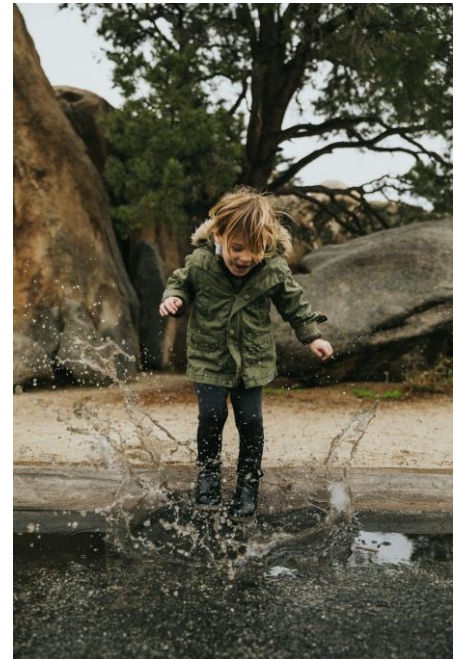
Christ our life,
you are alive in the tenderness of touch
 in the heartbeat of intimacy
 in the insights of solitude
Alleluia

Christ our life,
you are alive in the creative possibility
 of the dullest conversation
 of the dreariest task
 the most threatening event
Alleluia

Christ our life,
you are alive to offer re-creation
 to every unhealed hurt
 to every deadened place
 to every damaged heart
Alleluia

You set before us a great choice.
Therefore we choose life.
The dance of resurrection soars and surges through the whole creation,
It sets gifts of bread and wine upon our table.
This is grace, dying we live.
So let us live.

Kathy Galloway





<https://youtu.be/FMtCh0VuoKg>

Simple gifts – Aaron Copland

Sunrise

You don't need to make your own hope-
the sky is full of it.

Wake up early one day
(I dare you)
and watch the sun rise,

watch how it encourages the Earth
to become itself, only more so,

watch how it allows all things,
even the sad beings,
to be colourful, and beautiful,

then listen, listen as it says
quietly, yet undoubtedly
'We begin again.'

Gideon Heugh





'How do you do it?' said night
'How do you wake up and shine?'
'I keep it simple,' said light
'One day at a time'

Lemn Sissay



<https://youtu.be/Zq-bncWOnJ8>

Edvard Greig – Morning Mood