

## Peace and Quiet in Troubled Times July 2026

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 skip or close any adverts that appear.*

### Flowers of Summer



[https://youtu.be/obY\\_h8PmKmY](https://youtu.be/obY_h8PmKmY)

The Banks of Green Willow – George Butterworth

*And do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they neither toil nor spin, yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these.      Matthew 6:28-29*



## Flowers

They are the autographs of Angels penned  
in Nature's green-leaved book, In blended tints,  
borrowed from rainbows and the sunset skies,  
and written everywhere - on plain and hill  
in lonely dells, 'mid crowded haunts of men;  
On broad prairies, where no eye save God's  
may read their silent, sacred mysteries.

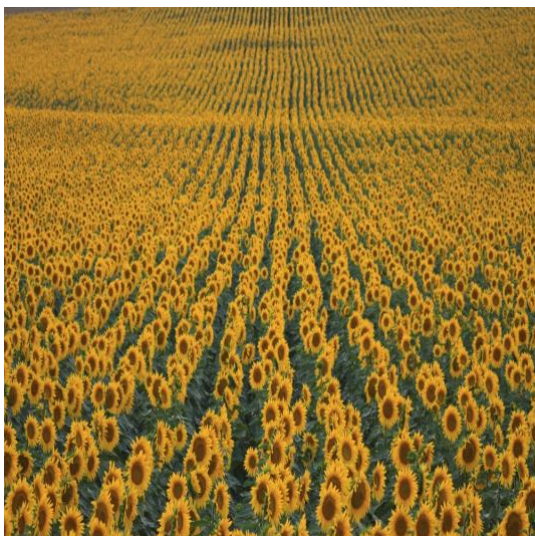


Thank God for Flowers!

They gladden human hearts, seraphic breathings part their fragrant lips  
with whisperings of Heaven.

*Albert Lighton*

## Ah Sunflower!



Ah, Sunflower! Weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the Sun;  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,  
Arise from their graves, and aspire,  
Where my sunflower wishes to go.

*William Blake*

## English Wild Flowers

Forget the Latin names; the English ones  
Are gracious and specific. Hedge-rows are  
Quickening fast with vetch and cow parsley.  
And fast along the lawns the daisies rise,  
For chains, or the murdering lawn mowers.

Look everywhere, there is all botany  
Laid between rising corn,  
Infesting hay-fields. Look the buttercup  
Stares at the sun and seems to take a share  
Of wealthy light. It glows beneath our chins.

Slim shepherds' purse is lost in dandelions,  
Scabious will show a little later. See  
The dog rose in the hedge. It dies at once  
When you pluck it. Forget-me-nots disclose  
Points of pure blue, the sovereign blue of the sky.  
And then there are the herbs.

Counting this floral beauty, I grow warm  
With patriotism. These are my own flowers,  
Springing to pleasant life in my own nation.  
The times are dark but never too dark for  
An Eden Summer, this flower-rich creation.

*Elizabeth Jennings*



<https://youtu.be/GSi1EHFypr4>

Here comes the sun – Miloš (The Beatles)

## A Doxology of Flowers

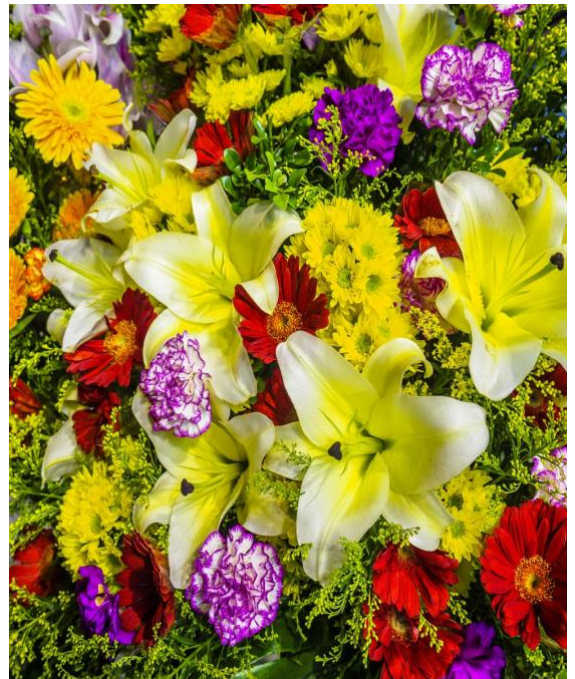
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
praise God, when gentle breezes blow.  
As flowers dance on summer days,  
so may our spirits dance in praise.

Praise God whose light is there to bless  
when earth puts on her summer dress.  
As flowers tilt their heads above,  
so may we blossom in God's love.

Praise God from whom all justice flows  
for every race that blooms and grows.  
In Christ may colours mix and stand  
in glad array and hand in hand.

Praise God from whom shalom does flow;  
praise God, whose world is ours to know.  
May we take time, before they're gone,  
to smell the flowers, one by one.

*Walter Murray*



## Golden Glories

The buttercup is like a golden cup,  
The marigold is like a golden frill,  
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,  
And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,  
And gay and golden nods the daffodil,  
The gorse common swells a golden sea,  
The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,  
And golden drops the honey which the bee  
Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers, and stores and sips.

*Christina Rossetti*



<https://youtu.be/u2bigf337aU>

Ella Fitzgerald - Summertime

## A Garden in the English Summer

They say nothing is perfect  
but wait a minute

here I am in the English summer  
and my bare feet are falling into the grass

and everything is sun-gorgeous  
and the swifts are in love with the sky

and the lavender is being delighted  
by a crowd of bees and butterflies

the roses show what heaven means  
as heat sends their fragrance through the air

and though the world goes about its business  
the garden is without a care

so let me double-check:  
yes, this is perfect.

*Gideon Heugh*



## My Garden



It isn't neat  
or well thought out.  
It won't win any awards.

There are weeds everywhere -  
daisies and dandelions  
improvising on the lawn.

The lavender is leaking onto the path  
and the wildflowers I sowed last year  
seem oblivious to order and reason.

What a kick of life though,  
what a spill of beauty,  
what vibrant droplets of colour  
are splashing all around me,

what a mess,  
what a gorgeous mess.  
*Gideon Heugh*

## Jasmine

Tw'as midnight-through the lattice, wreath'd  
With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd  
From plants that wake when others sleep,  
From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
Their odour to themselves all day,  
But, when the sun-light dies away,  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about.

*Thomas Moore*





In crack-haunted alleys, in overhangs,  
in somebody's front garden  
abandoned to crisp packets and cans,

on landscaped motorway roundabouts,  
in the depths of parks  
where men and women are lost in transactions  
of flesh and cash, where mobiles ring

and the deal is done - here the city lilacs  
release their sweet, wild perfume  
then bow down, heavy with rain.

*Helen Dunmore*



### To the Dandelion

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found.  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it as God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

*James Russell Lowell*

## Flowers

I have never learnt the names of flowers.  
From beginning, my world has been a place  
Of pot-holed streets where thick, sluggish gutters  
race  
In slow time, away from garbage heaps and sewers  
Past blanched old houses around which cowers  
Stagnant earth. There, scarce green thing grew to chase  
The dull-grey squalor of sick dust; no trace  
Of plant save few sparse weeds; just these, no flowers.



One day they cleared a space and made a park  
There in the city's slums; and suddenly  
Came stark glory like lightning in the dark,  
While perfume and bright petals thundered slowly.  
I learnt no names, but hue, shape and scent mark  
My mind, even now, with symbols holy.



*Dennis Craig - Jamaica*



<https://youtu.be/poCw2CCrfzA>

Prelude Cello suite 1 - Bach

## Flower in the Crannied Wall

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;-  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower-but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*



## From Ode- Intimations of Immortality



The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*William Wordsworth*



<https://youtu.be/wwl9cf9uUFQ>

The Watermill - Ronald Binge