

**Reflection from the Revd Canon Jim Canning for  
Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> June 2020 – Trinity 2**

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**From:** [Arthur Canning](#)

**To:** [jim@greensphere.co.uk](mailto:jim@greensphere.co.uk)

**Sent:** Thursday, June 18, 2020 4:05 PM

**Subject:** Trinity 2. Father's Day. Sunday 21st June 2020. Churches Still Closed Public Worship.

Dear Jim Green and All at Fillongley, Corley and Other Places.

Readings for Today. Genesis 21. 8-21. Troubles in Abraham's Household with Two Wives & their Sons Isaac & Ishmael.

Psalm 86. 'Lord you are kind and forgiving, full of love towards all who cry to you.

Romans 6.1-11. 'For if we have become identified with him in his death, we shall also be identified with him in his resurrection.'

Matthew 10. 24-39. Various unique Sayings of Jesus.

Matthew 10.32-33. 'Whoever will acknowledge me before others, I will acknowledge before my Father in heaven, and whoever disowns me before others, I will disown before my father in heaven.'

I did not choose this Section of the Gospel for Today because it is Fathers' Day, but because I feel I have a Duty to hang what I want to say on to some part of the Readings for Today. This normally works, except when I have the Wrong Readings. This happened at Southam, but I think I have told you about that Event. Rev. Ralph Werrell did not complain. He has recently separated from his wife and moved to a New Flat in Lichfield at the age of 91 years. He is still writing books about William Tyndale and giving lectures all over the world. Until recently he was travelling without Travel Insurance. After his heart Operation I insisted that he pay for Travel Insurance.

When this Corona Virus business started several weeks ago Millions of Pounds of Government Money was spent on creating enormous 'Nightingale Hospitals' in huge public Buildings because it was assumed that everybody over 70 years of age would contract it, and we would need to go into Hospital to be cared for until we died.

This matter threw me into some confusion because I have had for a long time an agreement with my wife that I will not die and leave her with the Mountains of Paperwork and Books which surround my Red Morgan in the Garage, take up increasing space in the Spare Bedroom that I now use as a kind of Office, and in the overspill garage down the road which officially only accomodates the Mowers, the Rotavator and Ladders, but actually includes several trunks, boxes, and Box Files and Information for the Various Books that I am in the process of Writing, and a fair few Boxes of Sermons. Officially I am in the process of throwing it all away.

Before Corona Virus, I thought I was doing quite well. And when Lockdown was instructed I was able to declare that I had plenty to do, even if it lasted for several years. Yet when it was suddenly announced that we had all arrived at the end of the Road, I became seriously concerned at what would happen to all paraphernalia if my demise was imminent. I actually know what would happen because our younger Son, Mark, lives nearer than our elder Son, Philip. Philip might spend a bit of time sorting through things, but Mark used to be in the Army.

In the Army, if someone is killed, you dig a Grave, bury him, and move on to the next battle. No time for sentiment, hire a skip and throw it all out.

Though practicality indicates that this will be the end result anyway, because there appear to be no bookshelves or filing cabinets in coffins, I had been maintaining some hope that I could send at least some of it to the Diocesan Record Office, and a few Files of Family History to our Sons and Grandchildren. When I was at Frizington, the brilliant Organist's Mother was the Verger. At the time we were being given so many Old Family Bibles that, by agreement between the three of us and Jim the Gravedigger we buried two Family Bibles in every New Grave. If anybody ever excavates Frizington they will think we were a Very Holy Community.

Now that it seems likely that we may actually survive for a few more weeks and might even see Rhodes again, it seems slightly less urgent to get it all sorted out, but that I should proceed faster than I have done over the past eight years. So after failing to find the Bank Statements for 2002-04 that I needed, I located a Black Document Box and brought it home. I extracted one item and examined it. It was my Account Book for 1965. It was most interesting, 2 Tickets to the Theatre in Sunderland 7 shillings and sixpence. Box of Chocolates 4/6. Train from Durham to Hereford £1, 12 shillings and twopence. Contribution to Petrol Two Shillings and tenpence for Trip from Durham to York. What was I doing? Well yes. Living Life to the full. 1 Pint of Beer 1/9d. While officially studying Greek, Hebrew and Religious Knowledge at St. John's College, Durham.

And then the Book arrived that I mentioned last week. 'He sent Leanness' by David Head, who, I think, was a Methodist Minister and General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement. Incidentally, Bishop John Gibbs, the Bishop of Coventry who followed Cuthbert Barnsley, and invited me to transfer to Coventry Diocese from Carlisle, also worked for SCM at that time. It was through the contacts that he made then that he was able to transfer from being a Congregationalist Minister to becoming a Bishop in the Church of England. He was very influential in establishing the changes in Parochial Organization and the Re-Creation of the Blue Coat School which had been started in Cuthbert's time. He was also the Leader with Archdeacon Alan Morgan, who once lived at the glorious new Corley Vicarage, in Fund Raising for the establishment of the Hospice at Myton in Warwick.

You may have observed that I am well-acquainted with Mrs. Williams at Corley Church. She was the House Head of Gorton House at the Bluecoat School when I had the Honour of being an Honorary Chaplain there. While sorting out yet another Box of Papers I found this song on an ancient overhead projector slide. One day I might remember what tune we sang it to. Sometimes I meet former pupils from this era who remember the occasional Readings from the Sunbeam-Talbot Owners Workshop Manual. It was a formative time for me and I used to take my Cumbrian Labrador Dog Leofric with me. Here is the Song. I had forgotten there was so much of it. What has changed?

Chorus: The World is in such a Mess, Such a Mess.  
What will happen we can't guess, we can't guess.  
Can't someone bring more good things to be?  
Why's it all been left to me, left to me?

One.  
Andrew's in Mustique with Starkie Koo, Starkie Koo!  
Whatever could they find to do, Find to do?  
Moral Standards dropping all around,  
Where are Good Examples found, Good Eggs Found?

Two.  
What is in the News Today, News Today?  
Murders, Rapes, and Miners' Pay, Miners' Pay!  
Arthur Scargill fighting for a Nurse,  
Why can't someone kick him where it hurts, where it hurts?

Three.  
Margaret Thatcher's seeking Fame, seeking fame!  
All the World must know her name, Know her name!  
Boadicea's hopelessly outclassed,  
Britain's going downhill fast, downhill fast!

Four.  
Unemployment is a Shame, is a Shame!  
Automation gets the Blame, gets the Blame!  
Offshore enterprises give Low Pay, Low Pay!  
Exploited Workers Far Away, Far Away.

Five.  
Some with Bombs would seek their Way, Seek their Way!

'We will bring New Day,' they say, Day they Say!  
Let us seek for All to live at Peace, Live at Peace!  
Argument will never cease, never cease!

Six.

Some would pray to God to sort us out, Sort us Out!  
Some say God is not About, Not About!  
God will help in what we try to Do, Try to Do!  
But Starting's up to me and you, Me and You!.

Chorus: The World is in such a Mess, Such a Mess.  
What will happen we can't guess, we can't guess.  
Can't someone bring more good things to be?  
Why's it all been left to me, left to me?

This Hymn does not seem to have appeared in the Hymn Books yet.  
But now I really can throw this ancient slide away.

Matthew 10.32-33. 'Whoever will acknowledge me before others, I will acknowledge before my Father in heaven, and whoever disowns me before others, I will disown before my father in heaven.'