



**UNITED BENEFICE OF CORLEY
PARISH CHURCH & ST MARY & ALL
SAINTS CHURCH, FILLONGLEY WITH
FILLONGLEY METHODIST CHURCH**

Anglicans and Methodists in Unity.



Dear Friends

Sunday is the third Sunday of Lent. We are halfway through the time that the church gives us to take some time to do something different; sometimes that is to give something up. Other times it is a time to take something up – a new discipline or volunteering opportunity, a time of reading and reflection perhaps. However we mark Lent, it is an opportunity to take some time to prepare ourselves to come close to the mystery that is Easter.

When we are halfway through something that has a finite timescale, we often experience the joy of the 'hump'. The marker that, if we imagine a bell curve, is at the top of the peak. It might have been hard work to reach the hump, but it is downhill to the end of the task. When I worked full-time in an office we always used to call Wednesday 'hump-day'. When Wednesday was over it was downhill to the weekend!

We have become very used to looking at bell curves with the infamous 'next slide please' of the Coronavirus briefings. The hopeful optimism has come that this dreadful disease has 'peaked' and the forecast is that the rate of transmission and deaths will start to decrease. We have had some really positive news recently with the tremendous roll-out of the vaccine programme and the reduction in transmission and death rates. But are we really over the hump?

For many of us the impact of Covid 19 will last for a very long time after the pandemic is officially under control. We have all suffered bereavements of different sorts and the impact of those bereavements will take a long time to recover from. So maybe we are a little bit away from our personal hump and the journey still feels a difficult one with light at the end of the tunnel, but the end is still not a definite point in time. A friend shared this poem with me today and I wondered if it might be helpful to share with you. We are all tired and maybe we all need to be a bit kinder to ourselves, to take time to grieve and heal before we can take up our 'normal' lives again

What if we're not just tired?

What if it's our souls that are exhausted?

The kind of tired that sleep won't remedy.

You see, when the world is in crisis (and it is),

Your soul becomes weary with the weight of collective grief.

With the magnitude of problems, which need to be addressed.

There is so much wrong with the world right now,

that we feel we cannot do very much about.

And that is truly exhausting.

Where do we even begin?

We begin by realising that everything has to implode,
before change can occur.

We begin by breathing precious air into our lungs.

We begin by wrapping our love around anyone we can.

Yourself too.

Mostly, we begin by remembering that the darkest point of night,
occurs right before dawn.

You're experiencing a grief for everything you cannot change.

A hopelessness that sucks the energy out of your every cell.

If you are feeling exhausted my friend,

Let your soul rest too.

Your call to action will come soon enough.

Be rested and ready.*

The line about imploding might sound a bit downbeat but we have to exhale before we can inhale and fill our lungs with clean, fresh air. The end of the poem about the darkest point of the night being before the dawn reminds us of the Easter hope. The darkness of Good Friday is coming but the great good news of the joy of the resurrection on Easter Sunday is coming too – the light of the world cannot be contained by darkness. The joy of life bursts forth from the pain and despair of death. We are Easter people. We live in the light of Christ. Things will get better and our lives will return to a 'new normal' post pandemic, but in the meantime if your 'hump' seems a long way distant then please do not hesitate to get in touch with me, Revd Jane or any of the church team. Together we can journey towards the light.

Take good care of yourself and those that you love

Love and prayers

Ali

*©Donna Ashworth: From History Will Remember:

https://www.amazon.co.uk/.../ref=cm_sw_r_cp_api_fabc...

[#collectivegrief](#) [#tired](#) [#exhausted](#) [#weary](#) [#yourenotimaginingit](#)

Your invitation to our Service of the Word Sunday at 5pm on ZOOM



Ali Massey is inviting you to a scheduled Zoom meeting.

Topic: Service of the Word

Time: Feb 28, 2021 05:00 PM London

Every week on Sun, until Mar 21, 2021, 4 occurrence(s)

Feb 28, 2021 05:00 PM

Mar 7, 2021 05:00 PM

Mar 14, 2021 05:00 PM

Mar 21, 2021 05:00 PM

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85475380558?pwd=WUUhUQ1ZyOEhhSzhhUVlWeXAxQU9lUT09>

Meeting ID: 854 7538 0558

Passcode: 572740

0203 481 5237 United Kingdom

0203 481 5240 United Kingdom

Meeting ID: 854 7538 0558

Passcode: 572740

Here are the links to Sunday's Services on
YouTube ~

<https://youtu.be/EWGxC39cMeU> (Common Worship)

<https://youtu.be/SkzLQFHj7xk> (BCP)

Readings and Prayers for Sunday 7th March 2021

The Third Sunday of Lent

Collect

Almighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified: mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, who is alive and reigns with you, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen**

Eternal God, give us insight to discern your will for us, to give up what harms us, and to seek the perfection we are promised in Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen**

Readings

Exodus 20: vs 1-17

Psalm 19

1 Corinthians 1: vs 18-25

John 2: vs 13-22



Reflection

You will find Revd Ali's Reflection for this Sunday attached to this bulletin.

HYMNS & WORSHIP SONGS

Here are the Hymns that we would have been singing in Church this Sunday:-

Let us build a house where love can dwell (StF 409)

Blest are the pure in heart (StF 244)

From all that dwell below the skies (StF 75)

I danced in the morning (StF 247)

Here's the link to this favourite worship song, sung by the Choir & Congregation of First Plymouth Church, Lincoln Nebraska US on June 29th 2014.

[I Danced in the Morning \(LORD OF THE DANCE\) - YouTube](#)

PRAYERS

We continue to pray for all those affected by the global pandemic in any way.

A Prayer for Simplicity

Too long have I worried about so many things.
And yet, my Lord, so few are needed.
May I today love more simply – like the bread.
May I today see more clearly – like the water.
May I today be more selfless – like the Christ.

Prayer/Walk

A hidden path that starts at a dead end,
Old ways, renewed by walking with a friend,
And crossing places taken hand in hand,

The passages where nothing need be said,
With bruised and scented sweetness underfoot
And unexpected birdsong overhead,

The sleeping life beneath a dark-mouthed burrow,
The rooted secrets rustling in a hedgerow,
The land's long memory in ridge and furrow,

A track once beaten and now overgrown
With complex textures, every kind of green,
Land- and cloud-scape melting into one,

The rich meandering of streams at play,
A setting out to find oneself astray,
And coming home at dusk a different way.

Malcolm Guite

A Prayer for our Church Buildings

O God, although you do not live in man-made temples
You choose to work through them.
Pour down your blessing upon this place
And all who minister here
That it may be a strength to those who have oversight,
A joy and inspiration to all faithful Christians,
A home of prayer and devotion
Setting forth to the world a pattern of true holiness and worship.

From the Prayer of St David's Cathedral, adapted.



Keats' poems are resonating on the 200th anniversary of his death, says *Malcolm Guite*



IT IS extraordinary how often, in the quiet hours of this long lockdown, I find that poems I read and absorbed in my youth resurface in my mind and press on me with fresh poignancy. In this New Year, Keats has been much on my mind, partly because 2021 marks the 200th anniversary of his death — indeed, we have marked the very day, 23 February, in this past week.

But it's not just the anniversary: it's a deeper and more subtle confluence of time and circumstance, and, most of all, the tenor of his writing. I suppose his "negative capability" is something we have all been practising willy-nilly: that power to abandon our own agenda and be absorbed utterly in the moment, to make ourselves open and patient to experience, whether of beauty or melancholy, or both together, so that it dwells in us richly and eventually finds rich expression.

Certainly, the "Ode to Melancholy", and the other great odes, have been accompanying me in these months. But this week it's not been the high achievement of his *annus mirabilis* in 1819-20, but something that he wrote in January of 1818, when he was only just coming into his powers, which has haunted me. And the connection has not been so much the anniversary of his death as his courage in expressing the common fear of death itself. I am thinking of the sonnet that begins:

*When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain. . .*

That fear must have passed through all our minds in this past year, and I suppose Keats's expression of it haunts me most because it is the writer's fear: what if I never finish the books, never write the poems, never capture in words that little bit of vision which is always glimmering before me, beckoning, waiting to be wooed into full expression?

Advertisement

And yet there is something both poignant and promising in this poem — poignant because we read it knowing that, three years later, Keats was dead, and yet the promise he feared to fail of was, indeed, fulfilled. In those few years left to him, he achieved miracles. His modest hope of "gleaning" something, some few fallen grains from his teeming brain, was more than fulfilled. He left us not just gleanings, but, as he longed to, "rich garners" full of ripened grain. He achieved the very things he feared to fail in. In the next quatrain of that sonnet, he says:

*When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance. . .*

In the course of the next two years, those cloudy symbols of high romance that he had intuited in the glimmering of the night sky filled the pages of his notebooks and letters: "La Belle Dame Sans Merci", "The Eve of Saint Agnes", the great odes. In "When I have Fears That I May I May Cease to Be", he feared that he would "Never have relish in the faery power, Of unreflecting love".

But he was to express just that love more fully than any other poet in the language. This sonnet ends with the image of Keats standing alone on “the shore, Of the wide world”, with love and fame sinking to nothingness.

But, in the end, he himself became the bright star, far above that shore, steadfast and eternal, gazing down on “The moving waters at their priest like task, Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores” (Last Sonnet).

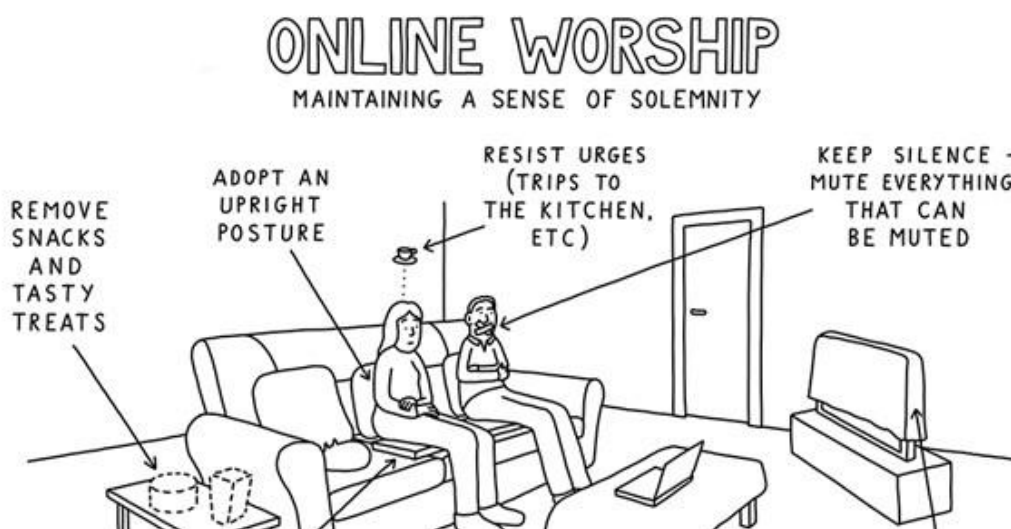
All of us who may share in “priest like tasks” can give thanks for him!

Malcolm Guite is a poet, priest and singer-songwriter. He is a Chaplain of Girton College and Associate Chaplain of St Edward King and Martyr in Cambridge, and is the author of many anthologies of poetry. He is a weekly columnist in the Church Times where he writes the very popular ‘Poet’s Corner’ which is now included here each week for you to enjoy.

RESOURCES

Attached to this Bulletin are these items ~

- 📖 Reflection from Revd Ali for the Third Sunday of Lent
- 📖 Order of Service for Evening Prayer (Sunday at 5pm on Zoom)
- 📖 Order of Service for Holy Communion (BCP) ~ Sunday 7th March 2021
- 📖 Order of Service for Holy Communion (Common Worship) ~ Sunday 7th March 2021
- 📖 Coventry & Nuneaton Methodist Circuit News January/February 2021



AND FINALLY DON'T FORGET

If there is anything that you need or know of someone who would appreciate being contacted or added to the mailing list for this weekly e-bulletin, please do not hesitate to contact Revd Ali, Revd Jane or any of the Churchwardens and Church Stewards listed below. ⁱ

ⁱ *Contact Details:*

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