



*Coast and Country June 2021*

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

*Anglicans and Methodists in  
Unity.*



Dear Friends,

I hope you are enjoying the beautiful sunshine that we have been blessed with over the last few days. Good weather always seems to lift the mood. I don't know whether it is because we are northern European and not used to the long, hot summers of the Mediterranean, but the sunshine seems to bring out the best in many people. Smiles and good humour seem to abound. Maybe we lose some of our inhibitions with our overcoats!

It seems timely then, that I have received some information about the proposed solar farm at Corley. You may already have heard about the proposal, but if not there is some information attached to this newsletter – a presentation from the company proposing the solar farm, some plans and drawings. I have also attached an email from a parishioner who is opposed to the plan. I am sharing this information as, if the plan is approved, it will have an impact on our communities.

In other news, I am delighted to tell you that we will have an ordinand on placement with us for approximately 5 weeks starting this Sunday (6<sup>th</sup> June). Stacy Nelson Taylor is a first year ordinand (priest in training) at Queen's Theological College in Birmingham. Stacy will be joining us for worship and will be 'shadowing' me during the week. In common with many vocational courses, the practical experience of 'the job' is an important addition to academic study but like any training situation, if you are at all uncomfortable with Stacy being present at any meeting or conversation then it is perfectly acceptable to ask for privacy. I do hope that you are going to enjoy Stacy's time with us.

Well, it is only a short newsletter this week, as I am on leave in Norfolk. The beach is beckoning so I will go and make the most of this beautiful weather before being back on duty on Sunday.

Love and prayers from the beautiful east coast.

Ali

*Stop press*  
*Services for*  
*Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> June 2021*  
*9:00am Corley*  
*10:30am Fillongley*  
*Please bring and wear a*  
*face covering*



## 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: Mar 21, 2021 05:00 PM London

Every week on Sun, until Jun 27, 2021,

Join Zoom Meeting



<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85475380558?pwd=WUUhUQ1ZyOEhhSzhhUVlWexAxQU9lUT09>

Meeting ID: 854 7538 0558 Passcode: 572740

Telephone: 0 203 481 5237 United Kingdom 0 203 481 5240 United Kingdom

## Readings and Prayers for Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> June 2021 ~ Trinity 1

### Collects

O God, the strength of all those who put their trust in you, mercifully accept our prayers and, because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without you, grant us the help of your grace, that in the keeping of your commandments we may please you both in will and deed; 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**

God of truth, help us to keep your law of love and to walk in ways of wisdom, that we may find true life in Jesus Christ your Son. **Amen**

### Readings

1 Samuel Chapter 8

Psalm 138

2 Corinthians 4: vs 13 – 5: vs 1

Mark 3: vs 20-end



### Reflection

A Reflection from Revd Ali for the first Sunday after Trinity, is attached to this eBulletin.

## **HYMNS & WORSHIP SONGS**

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

King of kings, majesty (StF 331)

Speak, O Lord, as we come to you (StF 161)

*~ just in case this worship song is a new one for you, here is a link .....*

[Speak, O Lord - Keith & Kristyn Getty - Bing video](#)

Praise to the holiest in the height (StF 334)

The Church's one foundation (StF 690)

## **PRAYERS**

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

### ***The Collect for the Festival of Corpus Christi***

*Day of Thanksgiving for the Institution of the Holy Communion.*

Lord Jesus Christ, we thank you that in this wonderful sacrament you have given us the memorial of your passion: grant us so to reverence the sacred mysteries of your body and blood that we may know within ourselves and show forth in our lives the fruits of your redemption; for you are alive and reign with the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever.

### **Two Poems from Malcolm Guite for Corpus Christi**

#### ***Love's Choice***

This bread is light, dissolving, almost air,  
A little visitation on my tongue,  
A wafer-thin sensation, hardly there.  
This taste of wine is brief in flavour, flung  
A moment to the palate's roof and fled,  
Even its aftertaste a memory.  
Yet this is how He comes. Through wine and bread  
Love chooses to be emptied into me.

He does not come in unimagined light



Too bright to be denied, too absolute  
For consciousness, too strong for sight,  
Leaving the seer blind, the poet mute;  
Chooses instead to seep into each sense,  
To dye himself into experience.

### Hide and Seek

*Ready or not, you tell me, here I come!*

And so I know I'm hiding, and I know  
My hiding-place is useless. You will come  
And find me. You are searching high and low.  
Today I'm hiding low, down here, below,  
Below the sunlit surface others see.  
Oh find me quickly, quickly come to me.  
And here you come and here I come to you.  
I come to you because you come to me.  
You know my hiding places. I know you,  
I reach you through your hiding-places too;  
Touching the slender thread, but now I see –  
Even in darkness I can see you shine,  
Risen in bread, and revelling in wine.

### **A Prayer from the Bible Reading Fellowship**

Lord, you are love and in you is no unlove at all.  
May your love be at work in us this day, so that we might be all love too.  
Thank you for all the love we have witnessed, for all the love we have received  
And for all the love you've enabled us to share,  
Because without love we are nothing. **Amen**

## Poet's Corner 21 MAY 2021

On a walk through Suffolk, *Malcolm Guite* celebrates the renewal of old things



WHAT to do with all those beautiful old Gilbert Scott telephone boxes? I love to see them still adorning our streets, though they have long since ceased to be the hubs of communication they once were. It's distressing when they are seized on by bijou designers, and turned into a drinks cabinet or an aquarium for some trendy restaurant; so my heart is always warmed when I see a local community find a way of keeping them still, in some transformed sense, as a community hub.

The people of Long Melford have found a perfect use for theirs. We were in that excellent little Suffolk village, nestled into the Stour Valley, because, rather randomly, Maggie had been booked to have her second job there in the village pharmacy; so we thought we'd make a day of it. I opened the door of the red telephone box, for old times' sake, and, stepping in, was delighted to discover that it was now a "Walkers Hub". Posters on the wall described four or five circular walks of varying lengths, and beneath each poster was a little shelf with free triple-fold leaflets, all beautifully printed on stiff card with directions, maps, and fascinating "local notes". Perfect.

We chose "The Wool Patch Walk", and were soon turning down past the Cock and Bell pub, and walking by "the crinkle crankle wall": a wonderfully wavy old brick wall, made in a pattern known locally by such varied names as crinkum-crankum, serpentine, ribbon, and just plain wavy.

Soon, we were out in the countryside, and sauntering by the lovely and deliciously hidden Chad Brook. The guide rather hopefully said, "You may spot a kingfisher, or even an otter." We looked in vain, but perhaps if we had waited longer. . . Even the prospect of kingfisher and otter excited me and put me in mind of the summoning spells for these creatures in Robert Macfarlane's enchanting book *The Lost Words*. I tried chanting "Kingfisher: the colour-giver, fire-bringer, flame-flicker, river's quiver" under my breath, and then his equally lovely evocation/invocation of the otter: "This shape-shifter's a sure heart-stopper — but you'll only ever spot a shadow-flutter, bubble-skein. . ."

The poetry itself was worth remembering and delighting in, even if, on this occasion, it didn't summon the creatures. Macfarlane, of course, wrote *The Lost Words* because he was distressed to discover that so many words for our local flora and fauna had disappeared from *The Oxford Junior Dictionary*. Indeed, not just "kingfisher" and "otter", but many of the things that we *did* see on our walk: buttercup, bluebell, catkin, cowslip, cygnet. . .

But there is hope. *The Lost Words* has been a great success, and reintroduced a whole generation of children to the beauties around them both of land and language. And, I thought, as we completed our circle and returned to Long Melford's lovely old streets, this place, too, is part of that revival and recovery. They have salvaged, renovated, and repurposed their Gilbert Scott masterpiece, and, even in their leaflets, they have cherished and renewed so many lost words.

So, here's to the crinkum-crankum, the wavy, the serpentine, the sinuous old ways of our beautiful language, weaving its mazy way like that crinkle-crankle wall. And Suffolk, so the leaflet tells me, has more of those wavy walls than anywhere else in England.

## Poet's Corner 28 MAY 2021

As Bob Dylan turns 80, his 'skipping reels of rhyme' are celebrated by *Malcolm Guite*

I HAVE always felt that there is a distinct pleasure to be had in rhyme itself. It is, as A. H. Hallam once said, "a parley between memory and hope": the first unrhymed sound sets up the expectation

of its coming echo, and, when that rhyme comes, it only blooms because it evokes and remembers its rhyming partner.

Poets can play with this endlessly: the immediate satisfaction of a rhyming couplet, the deferred gratification when a rhyme is suspended, as it so often is in Keats, over three or even four lines, and then the sheer exuberance of the overflowing pleroma of a sequence of rhymes on a single sound.

Bob Dylan is a particular master of this effect, which he achieves with aplomb, and apparently without effort, conjuring up what he memorably called, in “Mr. Tambourine Man”, “skipping reels of rhyme”: “And if you hear vague traces, of skipping reels of rhyme, to your tambourine in time, I wouldn’t pay it any mind, it’s just a ragged clown behind. . .”

I have been hearing those traces, those skipping reels, a great deal of late as Radio 4, among many other media outlets, has been celebrating the great man’s 80th birthday. I especially love the effects he gets on a song like “Simple Twist of Fate”, with its short-lined, closely rhyming stanzas:

*They sat together in the park  
As the evening sky grew dark.  
She looked at him and he felt a spark  
Tingle to his bones  
'Twas then he felt alone  
And wished that he'd gone straight  
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.*



The inevitability of the rhyming sounds, twisting and turning through the song, does indeed chime with a sense of fate, finality, inevitability. But it is not fate, of course. It is the deliberate choice of an artist, at the height of his powers, exercising his freedom, but channeling and sharpening that freedom through the apparent constraint of rhyme. It is not for nothing that Dylan, in one of his most elaborately rhyming and chiming songs, sings continually of “the chimes of freedom”.

When I turned, in my teenage years, from my first intoxicated reading of the Romantic poets to the darker and more dour pages of modern poetry, post-Eliot, largely written in “free verse” — fragmented, apparently formless, eschewing both rhythm and rhyme, and, in some cases, even intelligibility — I used to wonder where all that wonderful craft had gone, all that music that rang from the pages of Keats and Byron. And then I realised that it had fled from the page to the microphone, from the book to the album. There it was, ringing as free and clear as ever, in the songs of Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, and Van Morrison! Poetry, which began as an oral tradition and flourished long before the invention of writing, let alone printing, had returned to its roots.

I have tried, in my own small way, to return rhyme to the page, to find my freedom in form, to summon a little of that lost Keatsian music. As I do so, I am inspired as much by the songs of Dylan and Cohen as by the great written poetic tradition.

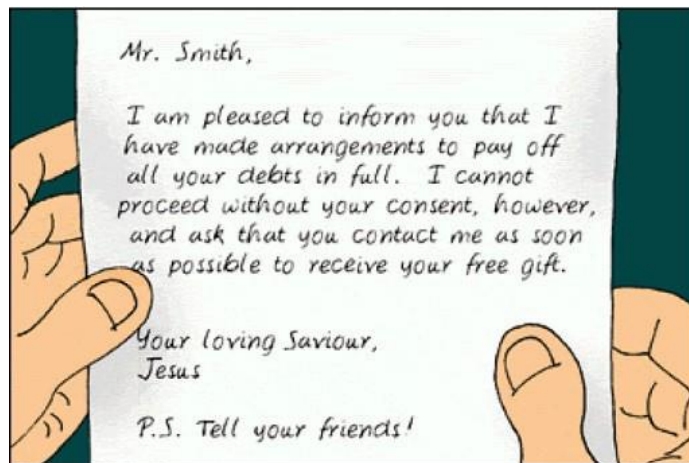
There was some controversy when Dylan was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. It was, in any case, as Leonard Cohen observed, “like pinning a medal on Mount Everest”; but, for my part, I thought it a well-deserved honour for the man who put the lyre back into lyric poetry.

*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 ~

- ✚ A Reflection from Revd Ali for the First Sunday after Trinity.
- ✚ Order of Service for Holy Communion (BCP) at Corley Church
- ✚ Order of Service for a Service of the Word at Fillongley Church
- ✚ Order of Service for Evening Prayer on Zoom 5pm Sunday
- ✚ Corley Solar Farm (proposal) ~ 5 documents



## 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. <sup>i</sup>

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### <sup>i</sup> *Contact Details:*

Revd Ali Massey ~ Vicar 07837 124509  
Revd Jane Braund ~ Methodist Minister 01676 533737

[reverendalimassey@gmail.com](mailto:reverendalimassey@gmail.com)  
[jane.braund@methodist.org.uk](mailto:jane.braund@methodist.org.uk)

Jim Green 01676 540579  
Gwen Harris 07799 685890  
Graham Hargreaves 01676 54 0766  
Sue Taylor 01676 540880  
Suzanne Whiting 01676 542410  
Martin Woodley 02476 268055

[jim@greensphere.co.uk](mailto:jim@greensphere.co.uk)  
[gwenharris1996@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:gwenharris1996@hotmail.co.uk)  
[graham.obiter@btinternet.com](mailto:graham.obiter@btinternet.com)  
[sue.millcotts@btinternet.com](mailto:sue.millcotts@btinternet.com)  
[suzannewhiting@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:suzannewhiting@tiscali.co.uk)  
[woodley2@live.co.uk](mailto:woodley2@live.co.uk)