

A postcard from the seaside



*I danced in the morning when the world was begun,  
And I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,  
And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth:  
At Bethlehem I had my birth.*

Well I didn't quite dance along the beach: more like my usual wander, but it was lovely anyway. The moon and blue sky at about 10pm last night. The day had been quite cloudy with mist and rain but then the skies cleared late evening to a lovely sunset. I had to have this hymn again this week.

*I, The Lord of Sea and Sky, I Have Heard My People Cry.  
All Who Dwell In Dark And Sin, My Hand Will Save.  
I Who Made The Stars Of Night, I Will Make Their Darkness Bright.  
Who Will Bear My Light To Them? Whom Shall I Send?*

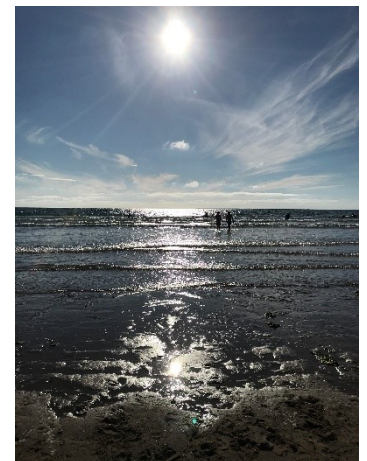


We had a lovely 5.5 mile walk along Saunton Sands yesterday. Typical British summer weather again. We watched the rain showers moving along the coast but we kept dry except for the moment we sat down for our picnic lunch, a shower decided to come over us! It was short lived fortunately. Then the sun would break through.

You may think I'm obsessed with the skies? Probably yes, but they are magnificent; always changing. They affect our moods. John Masefield's poem 'Sea Fever' encapsulates something of those feelings.

*I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.*

*I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.*



I love to watch the seas and the clouds. But I'm not one to want to go in the sea! I might paddle? The rock formations here give a fascinating coastline. For the geologists amongst you, these are the Pilton mudstones of Carboniferous age. Sharp rocks that can be hazardous in a storm. But watching the waves is appreciating their strength.  
*Eternal Father strong to save....*

As I look out of living room window here, the sheep are grazing in the field and across the sea, I might see Lundy Island. A peaceful, pastoral scene. Locals do say if you can see Lundy it is going to rain. If you can't see it – it is raining. At the moment I can't see it!



*Sheep may safely graze.*