

It's the last Sunday of the month, so as has become traditional at St Andrew's here we go .....

*Happy Birthday to you, To God's love be true,  
May God's peace be with you, Happy Birthday to you*

Can you believe we've been through Spring and Summer, and now five and half months later September brings us into Autumn? Perhaps with the recent weather it does not feel so surprising though! September is also to bring us to a new and rather different start – services in St. Andrew's from 6<sup>th</sup> September on 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Sundays. We may not be able to sing and we can't chat over coffee but we can see each other. So I have decided this will be the last of my weekly Covid19 Rambles and Reflections. Looking back the first one was in mid-March, these are two of the hymns I included then, and they have stayed with me throughout the height of the pandemic. I'd hardly started my regular walks then – and must admit I have slackened recently. But it has been fantastic witnessing the changing seasons in the countryside, stopping frequently and 'in awesome wonder, consider all the worlds Thy hands have made..' I'm now looking forward to recording the autumn colours.



*O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,  
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;  
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,  
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.  
**Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.  
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,  
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!***



*When through the woods, and forest glades I  
wander,*

*And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.  
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur  
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.*



*For the beauty of the earth,  
for the glory of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies.*

***Christ, our Lord, to you we raise  
this, our hymn of grateful praise.***

*For the wonder of each hour 'My Vale of the Oaks'  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale and tree and flower  
sun and moon and stars of light,*



One Tree in Potterne Field became my landmark and symbol of this epidemic- it became my Isolation Tree.

On 26<sup>th</sup> March I included this verse of the hymn written by Johnson Oatman in 1897. Apparently he did not carry the same natural singing ability of his father but he was greatly gifted in song writing! After studying ministry and serving in Methodist churches, Johnson wrote over 5,500 songs in his lifetime!

*When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,  
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,  
**Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.***



Keeping in good health has certainly been one of my blessings. I counted them at the beginning of lockdown, and am still counting!

Now keep faith and take care, and thank you for sharing my thoughts over these last months.