

## ANN'S RAMBLES and REFLECTIONS

for 2<sup>nd</sup> August 2020



Overlooking Croyde Bay last Sunday afternoon. In the morning I had the privilege of attending the first service to be held since the start of lockdown at St George's church at Georgeham in north Devon. It was a Holy Communion service. It's the church my daughter and family go to when they are in Devon. We had to book and we wore our masks, although the vicar said it wasn't yet required in church – that like so much else is now changing this month. It is said that nothing is certain in life except death! There was a degree of certainty during the lockdown – everything was cancelled. It was stay at home. Now coming out of lockdown, we seem to be living in a time of day to day uncertainty, which can be unsettling – that's probably quite an understatement! Many of us will want to continue in the relative security of lockdown. It wrapped around us like a safety net. Decisions and choices didn't have to be made. I do recognize that I write this in the cocoon of a pensioned retirement. One of many blessings. I haven't got the worry of 'will I still have a job next week?', 'can I pay my rent/mortgage this month?', 'have I got the money to pay for food for the family'? The certainty that we all do have as Christians is that is that God is with us every step of the way.

*I'll be there, every step of the way*

*The voice inside that gives you hope to face another day*

*I'll be there every step of the way*

*The strength to give you courage to fight another day*



Our service last Sunday began with this hymn: *All Heaven Declares*

*The Glory of The Risen Lord.*

*Who Can Compare with The Beauty of The Lord?*



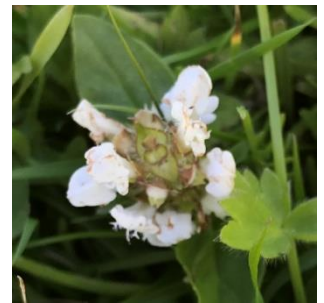
It was recorded and on screen and we hummed behind our masks. It just fitted the frequent theme of my reflections over the last months. It's such a hymn of celebration. I love the landscapes of coast and countryside - I think you've guessed that by now: perhaps it's part of being a geographer as well. But this week I have taken more photos of the wild flowers

because I have the means of identifying them. This is one of those areas where my memory is not good. As a child I remember collecting wild flowers, pressing them, and making scrapbook. Identification was via The Observer's Book of British Wild Flowers. Did you have one? I wish I'd kept my copy – I've just seen it selling on the Internet for £110! My son-in-law has now put a marvellous App on my phone: 'Picture this'. I take a close up of a plant and it tells me what it is! No picking – I keep the photo. It works for garden plants as well – great because I'm always forgetting the names! 'All things bright and beautiful' is not one of my favourite hymn, but this verse fitted.

*He gave us eyes to see them* (I've got some new specs this week!)

*And lips that we might tell* (you can't see them behind the face mask)

*How great is God Almighty Who has made all things well.*



*Common selfheal*



Back home midweek, it was time to go up to, what I now call 'My Hills'. The greatest change was that the barley had been harvested. The wheat is nearly ready too.



The service last Sunday ended with this great him of praise 'Praise to the lord the Almighty' – I'll do the same.

*Praise to the Lord - O let all that is in me adore him!*

*All that has life and breath, come now with praises before him!*

*Let the "Amen!" sound from his people again; gladly with praise we adore him!*