



In this month's blog:

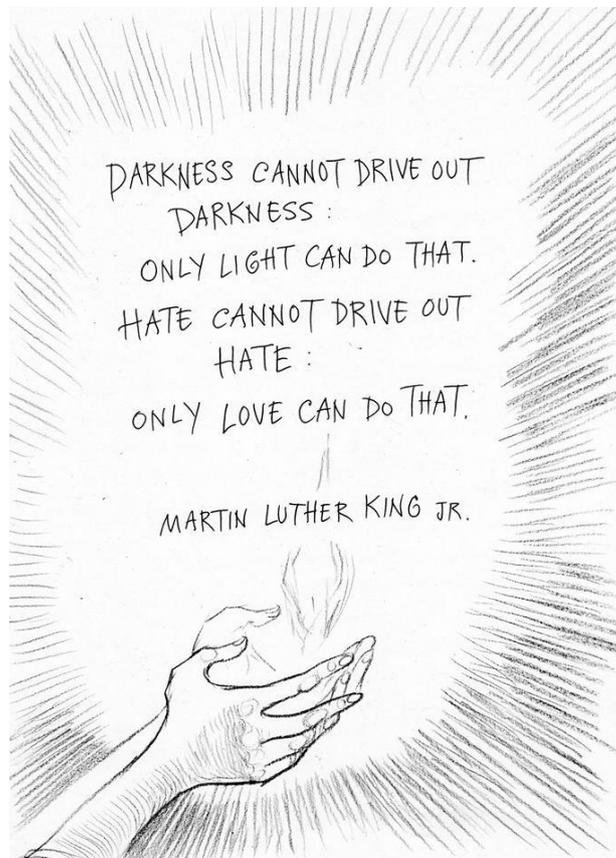
- **Quiet Day**
- **Thoughts on the Life of a Carer**
- **AMD in the Redruth Benefice**
- **My Early Morning Dog-walking Prayer**
- **Reading "The Shack"**
- **And finally, a card from London!**

Quiet Day

This will be Saturday July 15th with the Venerable Patrick Evans who lives in Trehan near Saltash and was recommended by Bishop Chris. All we ask is a donation of at least five pounds towards the cost of the house and the tea and coffee with which we are supplied.

So far I have four names on the list, although there may be others lost in my inbox! I am going to say that unfortunately I will have cancel the day if I do not have a dozen firm bookings by Saturday June 22nd. Epiphany House is a significant cost and it is unfair to bring in a guest facilitator for just a few people.

The list: Martin Adams, Wendy Barritt, Sheila Andrews, Annette Claridge and.....





Thoughts on the Life of a Carer

The day after the May blog was published my wife and I headed off to Duchy Hospital for her hip replacement, an event we have been building up to for many months with several cancellations for dental treatment and an infection etc. Her major thought was, "I just want to wake up after the anaesthetic as a first goal!" but she surfed through the procedure on a wave of prayer with the support of friends and the church.

Back at home, having had a call that the first goal had indeed been accomplished and that all had gone according to plan I realised just how much stress I had been carrying in the preceding months. I was suddenly incredibly tired and consoled myself that I could spend the next several days resting up and spending some time in prayer, my children having promised to feed me between hospital visits.

The hiatus was to be short lived and after only two days there was a phone call and the taxi was required. Much delight in having Lez home, of course, but then instead of the book in the conservatory I began a seemingly endless round of tasks which I did / do willingly. I have not been allowed to cook since Lez took over the kitchen when we started a family so it has been a delight to get back to honing my culinary skills and there is a joy in aiding the recovery of one's patient with good food! Learning the art of dressing one's charge in surgical stockings, massaging cream into the heels, holding the shower hose at the correct angle not to mention making sure pills and potions are easily fetched or reached is another element of the carer's life.

I had of course forgotten the sundry other duties thrust into my lap such as loading the bird feeders with seed, feeding the fish, removing duck weed from the pond, cleaning the toilets which I then add on to my usual list that starts with walking the dog.

That my patient is getting stronger and more mobile each day, and wants the washing up left so that she can do it to feel a sense of normality is something for which I give huge thanks. It makes me painfully aware of those who are caring for others whose condition will only deteriorate such as dementia. Hip surgery is fairly major but, having been there and got the T-shirt, I know that the frustrations and worries of the recovery process are worth it for the result; I calculated that my 'new' hip has now walked around 8000 miles or more.

So my prayers are full of thanks for family and friends, for their prayers and care, for the cheery hospital staff, for individuals I know who are having a tough time with their health and above all for those who spend their lives caring for a spouse or family member whose prognosis is the opposite direction to the life given by a new hip.

Update: For anyone facing hip surgery- Lez has been a model patient – off the painkillers after a couple of weeks and yesterday walked into town to the shops and back. One friend called in and said, "oh my goodness you're upright --wow!"



AMD in the Redruth Benefice

Our benefice has been going through the AMD (Assisted Ministerial Development) process and from my viewpoint it seems to have been a successful and worthwhile venture.

I am sure it is helped by having an incumbent who has worked very hard at bringing a team together, being inclusive and focussing on listening. We have moved from an initial position of what things / initiatives are we going to have in our churches to improve our lot to a focus on prayer and discerning God's will for us and our churches. God, we are reminded, does not work to a timescale we set -- here is a poem Rev Angela Brown (our curate) found to illustrate that.

Above all, trust in the slow work of God (Teilhard de Chardin)

Above all, trust in the slow work of God,
We are, quite naturally,
impatient in everything to reach the end
without delay.

We should like to skip
the intermediate stages.
We are impatient of being
on the way to something unknown,
something new,
And yet it is the law of all progress
that it is made by passing through
some stages of instability -
And that it may take a very long time.

And so I think it is with you.
Your ideas mature gradually -
let them grow,
let them shape themselves,
without undue haste.
Don't try to force them on,
as though you could be today
what time (that is to say, grace and
circumstances acting
on your own good will)
will make you tomorrow.

Only God could say what this new spirit
gradually forming within you will be.
Give our Lord the benefit of believing
that his hand is leading you,
and accept the anxiety of
feeling yourself in suspense and incomplete.



A big part of our benefice response to AMD has been a focus on prayer. The following poem seemed to fit very well into our prayer evening session – so much so I bought the book, “Spoken worship” by Gerard Kelly.

Fit Me in Somewhere (Gerard Kelly)

Fit me in somewhere
In this giant jigsaw, God,
Somewhere in this work of art
You’re working, select a space my shape can fill
And with a puzzle maker’s skill
Let my contours find their fit without contortion.

Teach me which patch I am, God,
In the cosmic quilt you’re quilting.
Show me where my square of selfhood is of use.
Let the colourful complexities
Of the pattern that is me
Find their purpose in the placement that you choose.

Show me my position, God,
In this group photograph.
Stand me where you want me to stand.
Put me next to whom you will.
Make me stand, for good or ill,
Precisely in the place your plan demands.

Tell me what I am, God,
In this body you are building:
A tongue to taste,
A nerve to serve,
An ear to hear.
Give me grace
To not be, gracefully,
The parts I am not called to be
And to play with elegance the roles I’m given.

Fit me in somewhere
In this giant jigsaw, God,
Somewhere in this work of art you’re working.
Weave your wondrous tapestry
Until the twisted, tangled threads of me,
Surrendered to your artistry,
Form an image that is beautiful to see.



Chaplains Blog June 2017



My Early Morning Dog-walking Prayer – sometimes!

Our father in heaven, hallowed be your name – hallowed especially by those who would seek to pervert faith into a cause to be fought with violent acts

Your will be done on earth as in heaven – making our world a fairer, more equitable, kinder more loving society.....

Give us this day our daily bread – the bread you broke for those on the road to Emmaus, for those in the Upper Room and for the 5000 on the hills who sat at your feet. I pray for those who will struggle to feed their families this day and for the work of the food-banks as well as those who are spiritually starved

Forgive us our trespasses – for for as a world our sins are many, especially in endangering our planet and not sharing its resources fairly....

As we forgive those who sin against us – I pray for those who cannot forgive, who harbour great grudges, the burden of desired revenge or who are broken by the memories of past wrongs, especially for....

(Sometimes I don't get as far as....) **Lead us not into temptation and deliver us from evil.**

For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours now and forever.... Amen

Reading

I finally got round to reading “The Shack” by Wm Paul Young, prompted by a comment in a discussion about gender and the Trinity. Once past the tragedy of the opening chapters the last half of the book I found fascinating and thought provoking and certainly worth the few pounds for a second hand copy on Amazon!

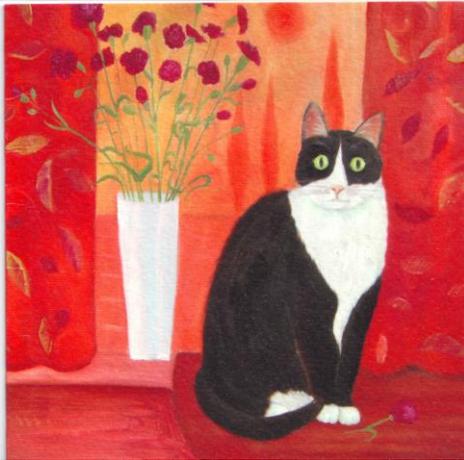
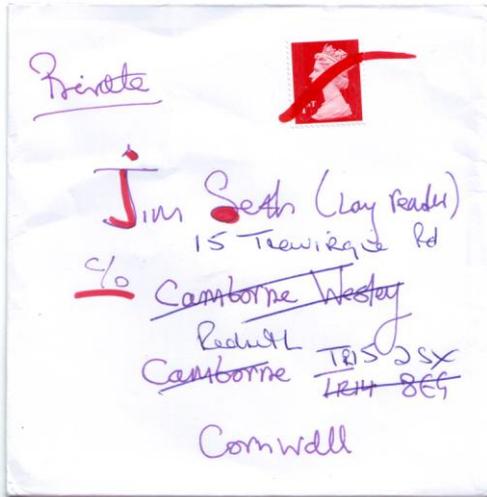
Will I watch the film?

Probably not!

And finally...



Chaplains Blog June 2017



And finally, for this blog, a card I received a couple of weeks ago. I have no idea who Peter in London might be -- though it could possibly be an ex pupil and it is sent via Camborne Wesley with whom I have no real connection!

But it's the thought that counts isn't it!

So if Peter from London ever reads this blog.... Thank you!

