

St. Peter's Addingham

a place of Christian worship in three millennia

SOURCE



this

month

includes...

Rector's Journal

Faith

by Joan

July 2023

Nature Notes

by Margaret S

plus

Trinity thoughts 'Swifts' poem Thank you, Sue

A living God...

Thursday: 10pm and I'm thinking about Sunday's sermon, but as soon as I turn towards my library of systematic theology, I think, "let's just have a quick look at Facebook...." Two hours later systematic theology hasn't put its trainers on, but I'm halfway through a marathon of updates, and selected content.

I know FB pushes to me stuff I've shown an interest in, but judging by what I waste two

hours on, I'm only interested in cage fighting; antelopes being eaten by lions, hyenas, and wild dogs; CS Lewis; and late night comedy stand-up. I can, and do, pass hours watching this.

Friday: the other bit of Facebook is the local content. It is always about dogs, or parking; and is eagerly consumed by

me in the hope of following a real old dust-up. Settle FB is very good for this, where flouncing off, declaring, "I'm never going to post again", is usually followed by some derisive mockery - "Good riddance" etc.

On Thursday I get what I want, on Friday I might get some very unwelcome social media reality. God is not like Thursday just sending us stuff we want. God is more



like Friday, constantly sending us words we don't want to hear, even though we need to listen. Church too; is that a place of comfort and security? No challenge? No discomfort? Not likely that a living God would leave us

alone for too long. At the moment we are all pentecostal, and that means being led where we would never choose to go.

MY FAITH

by Joan Higgs

My parents had great faith in God always. Sundays were attending church, morning service, Sunday school for me in the afternoon, then chapel in the evening. I remember stamping my foot once and saying to my father "When I grow up I am NEVER going to church again." Then feeling awful when he said that would make him very sad.

Over the years I have realised just how much my Christian faith means to me and that I could not live without it.

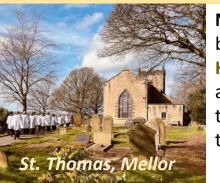
There was a major wobble of faith once though, when our eldest son died suddenly aged 36. I was in a very dark place and found myself in the Cathedral, where I sat in a side chapel for some time. I went to light a candle for him before leaving. As I walked up to the candles I passed a very dark corner. After lighting the candle I stood there and wished God would just let us have one message from our loved ones to tell us they were alright. As I walked back up the main door to leave I passed the dark corner again and in the middle of the blackness was a small white square. I carried on toward the door when a voice by my shoulder told me to go back and look at it. I though I was being silly and carried on – but so did the voice. I had got as far as the door to leave when more urgently the voice said "No – you must go back and look at it." So I did – and could not believe what I was reading.

If I should die, and leave you here awhile Be not like others sore undone, who keep Long vigils by the silent dust and weep. For my sake, turn again to life, and smile, Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine. Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine, And I, perchance, may therein comfort you.

It was as if my son had sent the message. The "dear unfinished tasks" of his were I knew raising his daughters aged 6 and 8 yrs. So that was our focus too from then on.

I had entered the Cathedral in a dark mood, my faith wobbling – but left that lovely building with my faith fully restored. Praise be to God.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.



News of old friends... Our former Rector Revd. Andrew Tawn becomes Vicar of St. Thomas' in Mellor, near Stockport, in July. He, Helen, Rosemary & Lucy visited St. Peter's in June to bid us farewell, and he & our Patron John Thompson-Ashby (here with Anne) shared thoughts about St. Peter's for our latest podcast. It was lovely to see them all.

You can watch all St. Peter's Podcasts at

vimeo.com/showcase/10274277

A Scottish priest's attempt to understand the Trinity

We often make the mistake of thinking that words are the answer, that we can describe what God is like. What helps us more are images and stories, that twitch the curtain of mystery. The image I like best of all is the image of water. Now there are several ways of making not very good Trinitarian images with water. For instance, the three states of water, steam and ice, but this does not work as there is no kind of relationship between ice, liquid and steam - they are just the same thing under different conditions.

Instead, think of God as source, picture of a **river** comes to mind eternal and original **source** (the generates a **spring** (the Son) **flowing** water which tumbles Spirit). Whether or not this image will help next time you are talking

wellspring and living water. The and the idea is that there is an Father) and that this in turn which overflows as living, down and brings life (the appeals to you, and whether it to someone about the Holy

Trinity, I can't say. But for me it has an energetic outward flow about it which does some justice to the idea that **God is love**, **God is grace**, **God is active**. It says God is utterly beyond our understanding and yet flowing out to soak us in that living water. It's an image of the Trinity which affirms all three equally and makes God a single river flowing out for the joy of its own being, as well as for the sake of everything that lives and grows around it. Father, Son and Holy Spirit, three persons in one God: 'source', 'wellspring' and 'living water,' together offering to make us holy as they touch us, and wash us, and refresh us with life, and grace, and joy.



THANK YOU, SUE!

An enormous THANK YOU to **Sue Hatfield**, who has quietly and faithfully taken on the task of Sidesperson every week since we came back into church after Covid, ensuring all receive a sheet and making everyone welcome.

The plan is to re-introduce a rota of sidesteams soon to share in this important work.

25th July: St. James' Day brother of St. John, saw the Transfiguration, apostle to Spain, killed AD44 by Herod Agrippa.

INFLYING - OUTFLYING

When southerlies blow, As summertime lightens,

Speeding and screaming into our skies

Swifts airborne our thoughts:

Higher for mystery, Flocking for direction,

Gaping for nourishment,

Subsiding for ending,

Departing for returning.

From the Registers

Wedding

June 3 Matthew Postlethwaite and Kate Lambert

Funerals

June 8 Helen Birdwood

June 26 Paula Smith

June 28 Bruce Atkinson

Wulfherans

In June, we visited the gardens at Birstwith Hall near Harrogate, home to Sir James Aykroyd (3rd Baronet Aykroyd of Birstwith) and his wife. There is a formal park, landscaped gardens, an ornamental orchard and extensive lawns leading to a picturesque stream. It was lovely to see the varieties of colour, from rhododendrons and lupins to wisteria and clematis, plus many other species.

Our July meeting is Afternoon Tea in the church hall, 3pm, Tues 4th July.

Members and guests, please book your place with Joy (£12.50)



Peace point

'World peace is possible, but it has to be striven for by each generation, otherwise it could easily be lost.'

Alex J. Bellamy

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For up-to-date details of all services and activities, please look at our website, follow us on fracebook or pick up a "What's On" leaflet.

Everyone is welcome and you can also join with St. Peter's online; we livestream many of our services to our **f** Facebook page, so take a look.

You can also follow **f** C.a.f.e – children and family events at St. Peter's Addingham

Nature Notes for July

Margaret Spencer

Butterflies are about, both Whites and Tortoiseshell – they seem to enjoy the flowers in the garden, plus the sunshine! This week, **Swallows and Swifts** were flying high above the farmhouse, I walk around that way every day to have the joy



Iortoiseshell

of seeing them! I read that Swallows have started spending the winter in Britain instead of migrating 6,000 miles to South Africa - "we remember years ago when it would have been impossible for Swallows to survive the freezing temperatures but now - as our winters are becoming milder - we may see more and more."

I awoke this morning to the sound of a Robin singing outside my bedroom



Nest of young Sparrows

window, a great joy but rather early! (You can hear this at www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nrw9xPCFtYw)

Blackbirds are in the garden, plus a lovely nest made by the **Sparrows** on the roof edge.

The trees across the road are in full flower; hope to visit Bolton Abbey soon and enjoy a walk by the river!