

Pastoral Letter 15th April

Dear friends,

It's been a couple of weeks now since my last pastoral letter and so much has happened in that time: we joined together at the beginning of Holy week with our palm crosses on Palm Sunday, then we travelled with Jesus, through the Last Supper into Good Friday. We then celebrated a glorious Easter Sunday morning. In some ways even though it's only just over a week ago, so much has happened to me since then, that it seems a long time ago now, and yet is still very much present.

I've been recently planting some vegetable seeds in my little mini greenhouse here at the Rectory, but before I did so, I checked the back of the packets which indicated the months they should be put into the soil. It warned very clearly on the packet that at all costs the seedlings should avoid being planted when there was any chance of a frost. What happened the day after I planted the seeds, it snowed! Fortunately, the seeds were well protected but if I'd ignored the timings on the back of the packet and had planted them in the soil outside, well, let's just say, it probably would've meant another trip to the garden centre.

When I woke up to the snow the day after I'd planted the seeds, a few lines from the book of Ecclesiastes came to mind;

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven...a time to plant, and a time to harvest...a time to weep, and a time to laugh...a time to mourn, and a time to dance, Ecclesiastes 3 v1-8

I've often wondered why as I get older, time seems to go quicker, and yet of course, it's only my perception of time that changes. When I was a little boy growing up and playing in the corn field behind where I lived, the summer school holidays seemed to go on for ever, and yet where have the last four months gone since I moved into the Rectory? It feels like, in a very good way, that I've been here a lot longer!

I try each day to manage my time as best as I can, to try to do everything that I think needs to be done, but inevitably, unexpected and unplanned things happen and things I planned to do get pushed back to the next day, and the day after that, (especially my ironing!)

Over time I've come to realise that ultimately whatever I do I can't pause or turn back time and that I don't live fully, unless I acknowledge that I live not in the restraints of manmade time, but are open to acknowledge that I live in God's time. As I'm reminded of what it says in the second letter of Peter chapter 3 v8;

But do not ignore this one fact, beloved, that with the Lord one day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like one day.

I pray this Eastertide that individually and together as a church family, we may all become ever more aware of living in God's time, in and through the resurrection of Jesus.

Love & prayers

Revd Neil

