

Dear all

I'm not quite sure why, but a kid's song that we used to sing at Sunday School, and also at the local church primary school when I was a curate, came into my mind. You may know it. 'If I were a butterfly'.

It may be that, in my last 2 letters, in different ways, I have been reflecting about not 'being me'. When considering Vocations, part of what I was reflecting about was the supposed hierarchy of vocation, and how this should not fit into the church's thinking – which can so easily lead on to "I wish I was..." or "I would rather be...". And yesterday I was reflecting on being 'the other one', or 'the lesser' – and who actually is the greatest.

The song reels off a list of animals, and what they might have to be thankful for. Each verse ends with *And I just thank you, Father, for making me me*. The chorus goes on *For you gave me a heart and you gave me a smile, You gave me Jesus and you made me your child, And I just thank you, Father, for making me me*.

A very simple song, twee even. Yet, as with many of this type of song, there can be a profound truth which we forget as we get older.

Here is a link to the song.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o6WeVBHtL9o>

As Monty Python was wont to say, and now for something completely different. This is an article in the latest Church Times that considers whether the coronavirus is a judgement from God – a theological reflection about it. It is quite nuanced, and gives much food for thought.

<https://www.churchtimes.co.uk/articles/2020/1-may/comment/opinion/is-the-coronavirus-a-judgement-from-god>

Don Francisco, whose music I have posted links to before, has a fascinating take in his song 'The Package'.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5AnajvtMKiQ>

Don't forget to tune in tomorrow at 10.00am for the Communion Service. Tomorrow's service will be slightly different in that it will reflect the vocations theme of Vocations Sunday – however the basic structure will be as normal.

Finally, Nick Fawcett's latest prayer for those who are struggling to find the words...

Breathe your peace within me, Lord

Breathe your peace within me, Lord,
peace such as only you can give.
When I fret about tomorrow,
when I worry about my loved ones,
when I question whether I can cope,

when my stomach feels knotted and panic rises within me,
help me to hear your still small voice,
rebuking the wind and waves,
stilling the storm,
calming the roiling waves,
and in place of turmoil bring tranquillity,
in place of chaos, quietness,
in place of a troubled, anxious spirit,
rest for my soul.
Amen.

Stay safe

Blessings and love

Mark