

Quiet Space 20th June 2021

Ordinary time

Welcome and introduction

Noticing the small, ordinary things and being aware of God's presence in the everyday. Sometimes when we're in large difficult situations that threaten to overwhelm us, noticing the small signs of God's love can somehow remind us that we are being held and are anchored in God's love. The small signs give us a glimpse of God's presence and remind us that God is our stronghold.

Stilling (slide of sea) **Tess Ward ; the celtic wheel of the year**

Let me trust God's presence in the silence

Let me not be distracted by the clamour of every thought

But let my heart be still, my mind unlearned,

My face unmasked.

Empty me of all I think I can offer.

Let me not be afraid of all I know I cannot be. Let me trust that I am enough

That just to be here is enough

Just as I am

And to trust that you look on me with eyes that see

With eyes that love.

Silence 5mins

Bible readings – read twice Psalm 9 v 9-10 NIV

The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, a stronghold in times of trouble. Those who know your name will trust in you, for you, Lord, have never forsaken those who seek you.

1 Kings 19 v 12 Message version

God wasn't to be found in the wind; after the wind an earthquake, but God wasn't in the earthquake; and after the earthquake fire, but God wasn't in the fire; and after the fire, a gentle and quiet whisper.

Silence – 5 mins

Small things by Anna Kamienska ; The Paraclete poetry anthology (slide of kitchen sink)

It usually starts taking shape

From one word

Reveals itself in one smile

Sometimes in the blue glint of eyeglasses

In a trampled daisy

In a splash of light on a path

In quivering carrot leaves

In a bunch of parsley

It comes from laundry hung on a balcony

From hands thrust into dough

It seeps through closed eyelids

As through the prison wall of things, of objects

Of faces, of landscapes

It's when you slice bread

When you pour out some tea

It comes from a broom, from a shopping bag

From peeling new potatoes

From a drop of blood from the prick of a needle

When sewing a button on a familiar shirt

It comes out of toil, out of care

Out of immense fatigue in the evening

Out of a tear wiped away

Out of prayer broken off mid-word by sleep.

It's not from the grand

But from every tiny thing

That it grows enormous
As if Someone was building eternity
As a swallow its nest
Out of clumps of moments.

Silence

Tess Ward in the celtic wheel of the year writes (slide of insect on flower)

Spirit in all things
You see with fine detail each moment of my day
You see the speck of insect that crawls across my table
You have noticed the nuances of my mood
And the brushes of the world against my soul today.
You have paid more attention to me than I have to you dear God
And for that I am thankful
As I lay down to sleep, I ask your open- eyed care on us
Sustain and protect us this night and make us ready to greet you
As another new day dawns full of tiny opportunities to love.

Silence

As we end this day in your safe-keeping, let us silently name three blessings before our sleeping.

Silence

The blessings of God in ordinary time be upon me.
Blessings when I take a bath or take the bin out.
Blessings when I am doing nothing in particular.
Blessings on the little things that catch my eye.
Blessings on the quirkiness of the thoughts that belong to me
That you alone know and love this day.
May I rest in you at this day's end that was both special and ordinary.

Pause

Blessing – Jan Richardson, Circle of Grace

In the Leaving

In the leaving

In the letting go,

Let there be this

To hold onto

At the last:

The enduring of love,

The persisting of hope,

The remembering of joy,

The offering of gratitude,

The receiving of grace,

The blessing of peace.

Let us un-mute ourselves and finish by blessing each other with the Grace

