

Call to Worship

I wait for the Lord, my soul waits,
and in his word I hope;
my soul waits for the Lord
more than those who watch for the morning,
more than those who watch for the morning.

Psalm 130 .5,6

Welcome to this reflection for today, the first of the Sunday's after Trinity, a sequence of Sundays that stretch through the summer and into autumn.

Let us pray:

God of truth,
help us to keep your law of love
and to walk in ways of wisdom, that we may find true life
in Jesus Christ your Son. Amen

Common Worship, Additional Collects, Church of England

Last week in this reflection we were considering abstract ideas and theology about the Trinity. Or was it abstract, wasn't it just about relationships? In a way we continue the theme of relationships and, rather than abstract theology, we are in the busyness and conflict of everyday life. In Mark's Gospel we are going to hear of a conflict between Jesus and the religious authorities, and then, seemingly a conflict with his own family.

Mark 3 .20 - 35 (NRSV)

20 The crowd came together again, so that they could not even eat. 21 When his family heard it, they went out to restrain him, for people were saying, 'He has gone out of his mind.' 22 And the scribes who came down from Jerusalem said, 'He has Beelzebul, and by the ruler of the demons he casts out demons.' 23 And he called them to him, and spoke to them in parables, 'How can Satan cast out Satan? 24 If a kingdom is divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. 25 And if a house is divided against itself, that house will not be able to stand. 26 And if Satan has risen up against himself and is divided, he cannot stand, but his end has come. 27 But no one can enter a strong man's house and plunder his property without first tying up the strong man; then indeed the house can be plundered.

28 'Truly I tell you, people will be forgiven for their sins and whatever blasphemies they utter; 29 but whoever blasphemes against the Holy Spirit can never have forgiveness, but is guilty of an eternal sin' — 30 for they had said, 'He has an unclean spirit.'

31 Then his mother and his brothers came; and standing outside, they sent to him and called him. 32 A crowd was sitting around him; and they said to him, 'Your mother and your brothers and sisters are outside, asking for you.' 33 And he replied, 'Who are my mother and my brothers?' 34 And looking at those who sat around him, he said, 'Here are my mother and my brothers! 35 Whoever does the will of God is my brother and sister and mother.'

A couple of points in that reading stand out. What is the sin against the Holy Spirit that cannot be forgiven? What is Jesus attitude to his family, his mother, brothers and sisters, all about?

That Gospel reading takes place in the context of a conflict with the religious authorities. It's right at the beginning of Jesus' ministry and the preceding passage is about the call of the disciples. In the passage that we've just heard Jesus has been casting out what were referred to as devils or demons. It was how what we know as mental illness was referred to. In Jesus' day any type of mental illness, and some physical ones, were described as being due to evil spirits. The religious authorities challenge Jesus and say that he is only able to cast them out because he is an evil spirit himself. In this context Jesus then says that you cannot be forgiven if you blaspheme against the Holy Spirit. I think what Jesus is saying is that what can't be forgiven is when we knowingly and intentionally try and stop the purposes of God. Jesus is saying 'Don't stop what I am doing, because what I am doing is from God.' The conflict between Jesus and the authorities will continue.

One of the messages that we can take from this passage is a warning not to demonise others. The authorities demonise Jesus for what he say, what he does, and even who he is. It's all too easy for us to fall into the trap of demonising others. I know that I do, all too often. We demonise those who disagree with us politically, socially and religiously. Jesus warns those who are challenging him, that what he is doing is from God and that if they intentionally and knowingly stop God's Spirit that is flowing through him then they are committing a sin that cannot be forgiven. We need to adopt open minds when we meet those who we disagree with. God's Spirit may be acting through us, but it will be flowing through other people too. We need a spirit of tolerance that has been missing in modern politics but the church also can look back over centuries of intolerance and demonising each other. We need to recognise that God is working in many many ways.

It wasn't only the authorities who were concerned about what Jesus was doing. His own family heard about his activities too and they were concerned he was 'going out of his mind'. They go out to rescue him and bring him home. But why does Jesus seem to ignore and reject his family? Instead he looks at the crowds gathered around him, who have heard him teach and watched him heal. He then calls them his mother, brothers and sisters.

This isn't so much Jesus rejecting his earthly family but rather a widening of the net of who he calls his family. In other words those who follow him are part of God's family. Each and every one of us, as disciples, are part of the family of God. Those that follow Jesus are as close to him emotionally as his earthly mother, brothers and sisters.

Who were Jesus family. We know about Mary and Joseph, but as for his siblings we aren't clear. We do know though that there was one called James. The following reflection is written from James' point of view.

James

(The following is part of a reflection by David Hamflett, and is taken from 'Bare Feet and Buttercups', edited by Ruth Burgess, Wild Goose Publications)

My lot were a typical Village family.
Dad was the local carpenter, builder, whatever.
He was called Joe, not that us kids ever called him that, although mum did.
We just called him 'Dad'.
Mum was, well, mum was just mum.
She was called Mary.
Again us kids never called her that,
although we heard dad calling her that often enough from his workshop
when he was wanting his elevenses
or wondering when he would get his lunch.
We just called her 'Mum'.
Then there were all us kids all higgledy-piggledy together in our house.

I was one of the younger ones.
Never mind my sisters, it was my big brother I always looked up to.
He was bigger than me.
A lot bigger.
He could always beat me when we wrestled or ran or whatever -
when you could get away from helping out in dad's workshop that is,
I thought he could do anything.
I thought he was so clever.
I thought he was God.
Well, you do, don't you,
like all little brothers who think their big brother is their greatest hero.
Mum thought he was God too.
But, then, that's mothers and their eldest sons for you.

Well, we grew up, as kids do.
Dad died, mum cried.
But it was a lovely funeral - all the neighbours came.
My brother took over dad's business.
Business as usual.
And, although grown, I still looked up to him.

Then there was that day when he simply downed tools and went off.
Mum cried again.
The neighbours all thought it was a right rum do.
'He should stay put.'
'He's got his family to provide for.'
'He's got responsibilities.'
And there were dark mutterings about our cousin Johnny

Bit of an oddball, our Johnny.
Came to a sticky end.
The neighbours thought that he was leading my brother astray.

We heard about some of his new pals.
Fishermen are okay, I suppose, although they always stink of fish.
But a tax collector - nothing but a Roman lacky!
And the Zealot - a religious bigot who wants to kill in the name of God!
Well, I ask you!
He started going on about God and stuff.
We all thought he was mad.

Mum took us all off to try and bring him home.
We could all look after him, try and sort him out.
And if not, well, we could just hide him away somewhere
Didn't work, though.
He just stayed with his pals.
Didn't seem to want us any more.
Anyway, mum and my brothers and sisters went off home.
I thought I'd hang around a bit, see what was up, all that sort of thing.
Because, for all that, I still looked up to him.
So, off I went, traipsing round the place along with all the others.

David Hamflett

James decided to hag around for a bit and see what was happening on his journey of discipleship. It's a journey we'll be taking through these Sunday's after Trinity. As we do so let us be open to the actions of the Holy Spirit in ourselves and in others. Let us also remember with thanksgiving that we are Jesus' brothers and sisters. Let us pray:

Closing Prayer

For love
that values even us—
so undeserving,
so prone to failing,
so hesitant in our faith—
we offer our grateful thanks.

For love
that blesses and guides us who often wander,
whose faith is tender,
who constantly need your help, we offer our grateful thanks.

For love,
without which
we would be nothing
and, when possessing,
are everything,
we offer our grateful thanks.

Taken from The Act of Prayer by John Birch

Thank you for being part of this reflection today. There's a written version on the website as always. Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, stay safe, take care and remember that the best of all is that God is with us!

Call to Worship

It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
to sing praises to your name, O Most High:
to declare your steadfast love in the morning,
and your faithfulness by night.

Psalm 92 .1,2

Introduction

Welcome to this week's reflection. I'm filming today in Cadbury Park, surrounded by magnificent trees of different species. They all have one thing in common - they will have started life as a tiny seed. God's kingdom is like that - and its growth is due to God, not our efforts. But of course, we have a role to play.

Let us pray:

Dear God,

Help us to know,
when we are feeling small,
that we are never small to you.

Bless us with your stillness,
that we may hear within ourselves
even the faintest murmur of hope,
then, let it strengthen and grow.

And when we see that others
cannot find the treasure in themselves,
lend us a measure of your compassion
that we may spark your joy in them -

because, from the smallest seed,
or the tiniest spark,
tended in each of us -

you can channel
the overwhelming beauty
of your realm on earth.

Siân Jones, in 'Conversations' (URC Prayer Handbook 2021)

Today's readings focus on how God is able to do mighty things from small beginnings. Sometimes in our lives as disciples we overburden ourselves in thinking it is up to us to build the Kingdom of God. But we are the channels through which God acts, the soil in which the Kingdom grows. Growth of plants and of the kingdom feature in our reading from Mark's Gospel.

Mark 4 .26 - 34 (NRSV)

26 He also said, 'The kingdom of God is as if someone would scatter seed on the ground, 27 and would sleep and rise night and day, and the seed would sprout and grow, he does not know how. 28 The earth produces of itself, first the stalk, then the head, then the full grain in the head.

29 But when the grain is ripe, at once he goes in with his sickle, because the harvest has come.'

30 He also said, 'With what can we compare the kingdom of God, or what parable will we use for it? 31 It is like a mustard seed, which, when sown upon the ground, is the smallest of all the seeds on earth; 32 yet when it is sown it grows up and becomes the greatest of all shrubs, and puts forth large branches, so that the birds of the air can make nests in its shade.'

33 With many such parables he spoke the word to them, as they were able to hear it; 34 he did not speak to them except in parables, but he explained everything in private to his disciples.

Thoughts

Those two parables really spoke to me this week. The first focusses on the growth of a seed, into a seedling, the full grown plant, and then its fruit. That doesn't happen overnight. Plants grow slowly, in response to warmth and light. A farmer, or gardener, has patience. The parable reminds me that we must have patience too, when we think God's purposes are too slow.

The second parable focusses on the smallness of a mustard seed, from which can grow into a mighty tree. It's the same with other types of trees too. Each of these here grew from tiny beginnings. As you'll be used to hearing in these reflections, in these trees the birds of the air perch, nest and sing.

Both parables remind us that we shouldn't be frustrated or put too much burden on ourselves thinking we must do more, or that without our efforts the kingdom will not be built at all.

I found the following reflection, by Nick Fawcett, particularly useful this week. When we're tired, frustrated and disillusioned we need to remember - God is at work.

Meditation (of an exhausted missionary) *Based on Mark 4 .26 29*
(The following is a reflection is taken from 'To put it another way' by Nick Fawcett.
Published by Kevin Mayhew.

I thought it was down to me, the way he'd been talking.

For one awful moment

I actually thought the dawn of the kingdom hinged on *my* efforts,
my faithfulness,
my contribution to the cause.

What a frightening prospect!

Imagine what it would mean, were it true:

I'd be waiting for ever,
looking forward in vain expectation to a day I'd never finally see,
for, despite my best intentions, I'd be bound to fail -
I always do -
the job hopelessly beyond me.

Don't get me wrong,

it's not that I haven't a role to play -
we all have that,
each have something valuable to contribute -
but, thank God, his purpose is bigger than any of us,
his kingdom growing as often as not
despite rather than because of us!

Whether we see it or whether we don't,

it's there slowly growing -
seeds starting to sprout,
shoots bursting into flower,
fields ripening for harvest -
God's hand inexorably at work,
refusing to be denied.

That doesn't excuse us, of course,
never think like that.

We all have a responsibility to help it to happen,
through word and deed to bring the kingdom closer;
and if we fail in either we may find ourselves excluded
when the day finally comes.

But that doesn't mean we must try and do everything,
bear the whole burden on our shoulders,
for we're in this together,
partners in faith,
dependent intimately on God to take what we offer
and use it to his glory.

Take heart from that when progress is slow
and your efforts seem in vain,
when the fulfilment of his promises
seems further away than ever.

Never give up,
never lose faith,
for the kingdom has dawned and its growth is assured -
the final victory not down to us
but to him.

Those words leapt off the page to me when I saw them. They also remind that, however the smallness of our mustard seed, God can produce marvellous things if we allow him to work in and through us.

God can produce things in new and unexpected places too. Let's have a second Bible reading this week, from the wonderful prophet Ezekiel. Ezekiel wrote these words after years of exile. They speak to us afresh after months of lockdown restrictions. Like Ezekiel, maybe we don't want to return to the old ways, but rather trust God who promises new beginnings, in new ways and in new places.

Ezekiel 17 .22-24 (NRSV)

22 Thus says the Lord God:

I myself will take a sprig from the lofty top of a cedar;

I will set it out.

I will break off a tender one from the topmost of its young twigs;

I myself will plant it on a high and lofty mountain.

23 On the mountain height of Israel I will plant it,
in order that it may produce boughs and bear fruit,
and become a noble cedar.

Under it every kind of bird will live;

in the shade of its branches will nest winged creatures of every kind.

24 All the trees of the field shall know that I am the Lord.

I bring low the high tree,

I make high the low tree;

I dry up the green tree
and make the dry tree flourish.

I the Lord have spoken;

I will accomplish it.

I've based our final prayer today on the final verse of a well known hymn.

Let us pray:

Closing Prayer

God of seed and kingdom,
help us to remember that
all our efforts are nothing worth
unless you bless the deed;
vain our hopes for the harvest tide
'til you bring to life the seed.

Grant us faith and hope in
the time that shall surely be,
when the earth shall be filled
with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

Thank you for being part of this reflection today. There's a written version on the website as always.

Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, stay safe, take care and remember that the best of all is that God is with us!

Call to Worship (*Psalm 107 .28, 29, 31*)

They cried to the Lord in their trouble,
and he brought them out from their distress;
he made the storm be still,
and the waves of the sea were hushed.
Let us thank the Lord for his steadfast love,
for his wonderful works to humankind.

Welcome to this reflection, a Sunday on which in our Gospel reading we think of the peace that sometimes only God can bring into the storms and turmoil of our lives. Today marks the end of Refugee Week, a week in which we've been praying for those forced from their home by conflict, poverty, war, disaster or climate change. It's also Fathers Day on which we give thanks for the strength and security that our dads have provided to us. Let us pray:

Opening Prayer

God our saviour,
look on this wounded world
in pity and in power;
hold us fast to your promises of peace
won for us by your Son,
our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Church of England, Common Worship: Alternative Collects

A rough cross made of driftwood owned by the British Museum has been on tour recently. The Lampedusa Cross was given by Sicilian carpenter Francesco Tuccio, who made a cross from the wreckage of a boat that sank off the island of Lampedusa, near Malta. That boat was carrying 500 refugees from Eritrea and Somalia when it capsized. 349 people died. The local carpenter carved and offered small crosses to survivors as a symbol of their rescue and a sign of hope.

It's a reminder of the power of the sea. St Paul and St Luke were themselves shipwreck survivors on the island of Malta itself. The shipwreck is graphically described in Acts of the Apostles (Chapter 27). But it isn't only on the open ocean that sailors are at risk from storms. Large lakes are also prone to storms, as we'll hear in today's Gospel, set on Lake Galilee. After a busy time of teaching Jesus and the disciples set off intending to travel to the opposite shore.

Gospel Mark 4 .35-41

<https://youtu.be/H1GQKCOwFj4>

35 On that day, when evening had come, he said to them, 'Let us go across to the other side.' 36 And leaving the crowd behind, they took him with them in the boat, just as he was. Other boats were with him. 37 A great gale arose, and the waves beat into the boat, so that the boat was already being swamped. 38 But he was in the stern, asleep on the cushion; and they woke him up and said to him, 'Teacher, do you not care that we are perishing?' 39 He woke up and rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, 'Peace! Be still!' Then the wind ceased, and there was a dead calm. 40 He said to them, 'Why are you afraid? Have you still no faith?' 41 And they were filled with great awe and said to one another, 'Who then is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?'

For those on the water storms are a real risk. We can imagine the abject terror of the disciples as they fought to control the boat in the storm - and maybe their annoyance that Jesus was fast asleep in the stern!

Asleep in the storm

(Mark 4 .35ff)

Jesus! For gods sake, wake up!
Another wave like that last one
and we'll have had it!
How can you sleep so peacefully?
Shipwreck stares us in the face!
Our sail can't hold out much longer,
then the currents will finish us off.

My shoulders are aching
trying to control this tiller;
my hands are sore
struggling with these ropes -
while you sleep!

See those rocks?
It's taking us
right towards them.
There's some good lads
died on them -
it'll soon be us too.
Come on, Jesus!
Get baling!
Wake up!

*Ian Cowie in Bare Feet and Buttercups
edited Ruth Burgess, Wild Goose Publications*

Of course we think of storms in other ways than the weather. The phrase 'the storms of life' is widely used for periods of crisis in our lives and the lives of others. For some storms soon pass, but not for others. In Refugee Week we think of those who've had to leave their homes, to which they are unlikely to return. Often that storm has arisen suddenly and unexpectedly. No time to pack, sometimes not even time to gather family members together. For refugees the storms of life can sometimes blow them many thousands of miles from home. Where will they find a safe haven? When will the storms of their lives abate?

The sheer desperation of the experience of refugees can't be equated to the experience that all of us have faced us in the last 15 months or so. Even so these are distressing and disturbing times for everyone. Sometimes we may feel reassured, at other times we feel desperate, hopeless and afraid. Maybe we ask, 'Where is God'?

Always ...

Lord Jesus,
who could sleep peacefully through a storm at sea,
some days I feel out of my depth and scared.
At such times, when I know that
my integrity and strength are spent,
I could really use some reassuring company.

So, I am glad when, through Bible words and songs,
and others' prayers, I learn that you are close.

At other times,
I understand the fear felt by your friends -
given no tangible sign of your care
and baffled by your apparent absence ...

Maybe these are the times in which to learn
that you are not there to meet our beck and call
but to be trusted, faithfully trusted,
always ...
always ...
always ...

Ian Fosten in 'Conversations', URC Prayer Handbook 2021

A safe haven from the storm is what a mariner seeks. The security of land compared with the perils of the sea. Those who are facing other types of storm need safe havens too. Sometimes those havens can be temporary, places of refuge, at other times what is needed are new homes built on firm land; permanent, stable and secure.

What can we offer those who are seeking safety and security in the midst of the storms of life. We have focussed this week on refugees - and we have a role there - and we have a role for others who have endured the storms of life too. Our closing prayer reassures us all that we don't have to provide that only by ourselves. God is present, God is with us.

Closing Prayer

You who are weary
Sleepless
Tired
Depressed
Discouraged
Do not be afraid!

You who are fed up
Hopeless
Visionless
Fearful
Tearful
Do not be afraid!

God is present in your suffering.
God will calm the winds and waves of your soul!

Prayer by Junius Dotson, The Africana Worship Book, Year B

Thank you for being part of this reflection today. There's a written version on the resource site. For now, take care, stay safe and remember that, even in the midst of storms, the best of all is the God is with us.

Call to Worship

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness. (*Lamentations 3 .22,23*)

Welcome

Welcome to today's reflection, in which we hear of the healing power of Jesus' touch in carrying out two miraculous healings. Before that we hear about the history of The Kings Touch, right here in this country, a tradition of healing by monarchs. Let us pray:

Opening Prayer

Ever-present God,
you walk with us through good times and bad,
on mountaintop and valley floor;
your footsteps our guide,
your hands our support.

Ever-present God,
you are with us when life is smooth or rough,
in wholeness and brokenness;
your healing our hope,
your touch our desire.

We shall fear nothing if you are with us,
our ever-present God. Amen

Introduction

Queen Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I stayed here in Kings Norton. Camp Lane is believed to be so named because her retinue camped there while she stayed at what became known as the Saracen's Head.

The Tudor dynasty saw both the zenith and the demise of a tradition known as The Kings Touch. It was a belief that the monarch could heal people just by touch. It started in England way back in the 11th Century in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Although it declined during the mediaeval period it was revived by Elizabeth I. The Pope had excommunicated her, including saying he'd taken away her healing powers, and she was intent in proving him wrong. Then, under the nStuarts, the tradition initially thrived. In 1633 Charles I added it to the Book of Common Prayer. It survived The Commonwealth and Charles II is rumoured to have 'touched' 92,000 people during his reign. But the tradition declined during the reign of Queen Anne. George I formally abolished it and it was removed from the Prayer Book in 1732.

During the Tudor and Stuart years The Kings Touch was really only applied to one condition, Scropula, a disease of the lymph nodes of the neck. So associated was the condition with the tradition that it became known as The Kings Evil. However one of the features of the tradition is spontaneous remission, which doubtless explains some of the regal healings.

Healing and touch have been closely associated for centuries. The authority to heal was often associated with ruling powers. One of the conflicts between Jesus and the authorities was over where his authority to heal came from. We hear of two healings in today's Gospel, which this week is presented in a story style by Phil Summers.

Reading **Mark 5 .21-43 (NRSV)**

21 When Jesus had crossed again in the boat to the other side, a great crowd gathered round him; and he was by the lake. 22 Then one of the leaders of the synagogue named Jairus came and, when he saw him, fell at his feet 23 and begged him repeatedly, 'My little daughter is at the point of death. Come and lay your hands on her, so that she may be made well, and live.' 24 So he went with him.

And a large crowd followed him and pressed in on him. 25 Now there was a woman who had been suffering from haemorrhages for twelve years. 26 She had endured much under many physicians, and had spent all that she had; and she was no better, but rather grew worse. 27 She had heard about Jesus, and came up behind him in the crowd and touched his cloak, 28 for she said, 'If I but touch his clothes, I will be made well.' 29 Immediately her haemorrhage stopped; and she felt in her body that she was healed of her disease. 30 Immediately aware that power had gone forth from him, Jesus turned about in the crowd and said, 'Who touched my clothes?' 31 And his disciples said to him, 'You see the crowd pressing in on you; how can you say, "Who touched me?"' 32 He looked all round to see who had done it. 33 But the woman, knowing what had happened to her, came in fear and trembling, fell down before him, and told him the whole truth. 34 He said to her, 'Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace, and be healed of your disease.'

35 While he was still speaking, some people came from the leader's house to say, 'Your daughter is dead. Why trouble the teacher any further?' 36 But overhearing what they said, Jesus said to the leader of the synagogue, 'Do not fear, only believe.' 37 He allowed no one to follow him except Peter, James, and John, the brother of James. 38 When they came to the house of the leader of the synagogue, he saw a commotion, people weeping and wailing loudly. 39 When he had entered, he said to them, 'Why do you make a commotion and weep? The child is not dead but sleeping.' 40 And they laughed at him. Then he put them all outside, and took the child's father and mother and those who were with him, and went in where the child was. 41 He took her by the hand and said to her, 'Talitha cum', which means, 'Little girl, get up!'

42 And immediately the girl got up and began to walk about (she was twelve years of age). At this they were overcome with amazement. 43 He strictly ordered them that no one should know this, and told them to give her something to eat.

The following poem is based on the experience of the woman whose healing we heard in the middle of that reading.

Poem: Who touched me?

A feather-dusting touch,
finger tip desperation,
mere brush of contact at the edge of fabric –
nothing to be alarmed at
in the adoring crowd.

But she was changed and so was he.
One healed.
One weakened.
And he must mark the change
by offering more than she had asked.
'Go in peace,
your faith has made the difference.'

So she would never forget
one touch,
one single point of contact
with that power.

Marjorie Dobson

Thoughts

Touch is something that many have missed during Covid19 restrictions. People haven't been able to hold loved ones hands in hospital, embrace relatives to console them at funerals or hug in celebration at weddings. A reassuring pat on the shoulder can speak more than words can say.

In today's reading it was physical touch that conveyed the very act of healing. But we use the word touch in other ways too. We talk of 'being touched by kindness' when someone sends a gift or makes a generous action.

In the Gospel today life is being restored by the touch of healing. The woman had been excluded from society because of her condition. Now she was restored to health and her community. Seemingly Jairus' daughter has died, but Jesus is life itself and she is restored to her family - and the practicality of family tea time.

We understand healings in very different ways today. Medical procedures are themselves miracles. But the greatest miracle is when people are restored to community and society from which they have become separated through many reasons.

Let us seek to show the love that welcomes all that others may say "I was touched by your welcome". Let us pray:

Prayer

God of love,
In Jesus Christ you lived and died as one of us,
touching all humanity with the spark of divine love.
In his rising from the dead you embrace us all
in the eternal life of your kingdom.
Help us to touch the lives of others with your love,
that life and community may be restored.
Amen.

Mike Claridge

Closing Comments

Thank you for being part of this reflection today. You'll find a written version on the resource site. For now, take care, stay safe, and remember that the best of all, God is with us.