HIDDEN RIVER CIRCUIT DEVOTIONAL ARTICLES

Edition 27: NOVEMBER 2026

Welcome to the November edition of Circuit reflections, as we think about events in our lives that help us to reflect on God.

Thank you to all the contributors.

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WEEK 1: November 1st: The Lost Remote Control

A Reflection by Liz Moore, Local Preacher

Scripture: Luke Chapter 15. 8-10

Lying in bed on the Stroke Unit of New Cross Hospital, the communal television was on, but it could only be watched as there was no sound to be heard. Days dragged, as they do in hospital when your mind is active, but your body not, and concentration is at an all time low. Spirits were raised when the move came to Hollybank House Rehabilitation Unit. A room of my own, but with no view; a TV of my own, but with no access to a remote control, so it was either ITV 1 or asking for it to be switched off.

“Is there any chance of a remote control?” I asked.

“They are like hen’s teeth”, came the reply, “very few and far between”.

So, again, time dragged when I wasn’t doing physiotherapy, or having visitors.

“I’ve found you a remote control!” laughed the nurse one day. I was so pleased. You’d be amazed how much of a lift that gave to my spirits. Now I could watch what I wanted to watch, and so the days passed more pleasantly.

Then, one day the remote control disappeared. It must be in the bedclothes – no; down the side of my chair – no; is it on the cupboard (I shuffled my lounge chair across the floor using my one good foot to get there) – no. Where was it? Depression set in.

It was returned a couple of days later when a nurse brought it back – she'd been helping another patient to access the weekend sports programmes. Oh! was I pleased to see it. My life had been quite disturbed, quite unsettled, when I didn't have it. Now it was back, I could relax, and return to my calmer self (with just a slight niggle remembering the other patient who now didn't have access to his sport). I didn't have to worry about what I'd done with it, didn't have to search for it in places I could barely reach; didn't sink into despondency again.

And that got me thinking of the woman who lost a coin – who searched and swept the room till she found it, and then rejoiced over her find. A TV remote control may not be as important as that woman's coin, but when you are in a 'bad' place mentally a TV remote seems just as important.

Read the story again at Luke 15:8-10.

It's not just any coin, its likely to have been part of a headdress that you wouldn't wear with one coin missing, it would be too obvious. If it was any other coin, say, one from your purse, you might shrug your shoulders regretfully, and give up looking after a while (even if it did cost a day's wages), but the woman kept sweeping and searching until she found it. What did she do then? She rejoiced.

The TV remote wasn't valuable in any monetary sense, but it was a symbol of life in today's world. When life is dragging you down, little things mean a lot, they take on a new meaning. In the parable of the lost coin, YOU aren't the woman, YOU are the lost coin; and not just any lost coin – YOU are the special coin, the valuable coin that God is searching for. Each one of us is special, is valuable in God's eyes. Let us rejoice and celebrate that. Hallelujah!!

(You'll never look at a TV remote control again in the same way!!)

STF 443 Come, let us sing of a wonderful love (especially verse 3) by Robert Walmsley

1. Come let us sing of a wonderful love,
   tender and true;
   Out of the heart of the Father above,
   streaming to me and to you:
   wonderful love, dwells in the heart of
   the Father above.
2. Jesus, the Saviour, this gospel to tell,
   joyfully came; came with the
   helpless and hopeless to dwell,
   sharing their sorrow and shame;
   seeking the lost, redeeming at
   measureless cost.
3. Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
   why do they roam?
   Love only waits to forgive and forget;
   home, weary wanderer, home!
   Wonderful love dwells in the heart of
   the Father above.
4. Come to my heart, O thou wonderful
   love, come and abide,
   lifting my life till it rises above envy
   and falsehood and pride;
   seeking to be lowly and humble,
   a learner of thee.

Prayer: Lord, who calls the lost to be found, Who seeks to know us, and be known,
We worship you. We praise you for your constancy, your faithfulness,
your unending love and your undiminished passion for the wellbeing of your people. Amen.

WEEK 2: November 8th: In Remembrance of Sacrifice:
A Reflection by Karen Drayton, Local Preacher
Scripture: 1Samuel 1, John 3.16,17
Poem: In Flanders Fields by John McCrae, a Canadian Doctor who served in World War I

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Today is Remembrance Sunday, and we remember the sacrifice of all the men and women – who gave up so much that we might be able to live a life filled with the good things we enjoy today. We are so grateful to them, and inspired by all they gave up. Today we think about sacrifice – the sacrifice Hannah made to give up the one thing she wanted most – a son. (Imagine! Wanting something so much that you were willing to give it away!!) the armed forces of WWI and II, and people suffering and fighting in other wars that we especially remember today, and Jesus' sacrifice on the cross, to give us eternal life, a way back to living with God, in harmony and peace and in incomprehensible, far reaching, gracious and unconditional love.

During a time of war, People gave up their romances, their future, their potential children, with their physical and mental health to protect the land we call our home.

Some were excited to be called up, some reluctant, some tried everything to get out of being enlisted but all were soon disabused of the notion that it was fun and exciting.

Though I'm sure most were fearful and scared, they were happy to defend their country's way of life, our culture, our way of doing things, our language, our freedoms, our sense of the dignity and equality of everyone, We didn't want others to take over our land, with their desire to rid the world of people who were disabled, or Jewish, or gypsies or anyone who didn't look like them. Even though so many were killed and maimed and psychologically damaged, we are grateful that we kept our country from being invaded. If we had problems, at least they were our own problems!!

There is a story of a young lad from Sunderland who volunteered for the army, and went to NI to be trained There he met a 16 year old girl, fell in love, married her for a brief three months and

then left for the Front. Under heavy bombardment, he got separated from his platoon, wandered around in circles for days, and was eventually found in a hut, muttering to himself about going to get some shopping… he was shot for desertion after a 10 minute court martial. His family were told he had run off with another woman…it was more acceptable to have deserted his wife, than to have been unfaithful to his country. (His wife married someone else, and went onto have 10 children).

I love watching historical Korean drama. I love the culture, nobility, with breathtakingly embroidered beautiful silk costumes and hats of the upper classes. But there are also the lower classes, the slaves, bowing all their time, keeping their heads down in servility, never complaining or disagreeing with their leaders who were obviously born to rule over them. Any sign of insubordination, and they were killed mercilessly.

But when the Japanese and the Americans and the Chinese, in turn, and sometimes together, came to take over Joseon, as Korea was called then, the nobles expected the slaves to fight for them, to fight for their homeland and way of life. But, finally they revolted – why should we? When you treat us so badly. when our quality of life is rubbish? Why should we fight for a country that treats us as second class citizens? They had no reason to fight for their country who did not recognise their humanity.

Just as in Britain, the wars they had were a time of change, of demolishing social classes, of increasing equality and human rights for everyone, not just the ones at the top.

It made me think – if we are to be inspired by the sacrifices of the past, we need to build up a country that is worth fighting for. To quote the poem above – "To you with failing hands we throw – the torch be yours to hold it high". We have been thrown a torch of continuing the fight for what is right and good and lovely and true. It might not be physically fighting in the army or navy, but it is standing up for what is right.

A country that shoots young people for desertion and cowardice rather than recognising shell shock or PTSD is not an admirable country, but we could give them the benefit of the doubt for ignorance.

A country that tries to create a hostile environment instead of treating refugees from their wars and poverty with respect, that prevents asylum seekers from working or charges them enormous sums of money to apply to stay is not an admirable country.

A country that still treats people of colour differently to white people is a country that desperately needs improving.

A country where many people rely on food banks and 4.3 million children (31%!!) are estimated to live in poverty is surely not one we want.

So, our admiration for the sacrifices that others have made must inspire us to create a better life. We are called to make sacrifices to ensure life is better for everyone, that we follow the call God has given us to offer gracious hospitality to all in need and work to enable all to have the dignity of living out of poverty and in employment.

Jesus died courageously to show us how to live.

He died to give us eternal life, a life of quality that starts before death.

He talked about the Kingdom of God, where all were invited, where none were looked down on, and none went hungry. He treated those whom society thought as outcast with respect – the lonely, friendless Samaritan woman drawing her water from the well, the crazy man living in desperation among the tombs, the outcast woman who loved him so much she washed his feet with her tears and her hair and he most expensive gift.

Jesus left a legacy of stories and hope – we learn how to love God and love our neighbours– by looking after them in the short term and the long term. We learn how to extricate the log from our own eye before drawing attention to the mite in someone else eye. He praised the widow giving her tuppence while the rich drew attention to their own lavish giving with loud and arrogant prayers. Going the extra mile is about sacrifice – the first mile is doing what anyone would do – the second is the extra, sacrificial mile. The one that costs you something, the gift you might not really want to give.

I believe, as Christians, Jesus asks us to sacrifice our own desires to build up the Kingdom of God. It's not about what we want, what makes us happy, but what makes God delight in our behaviour.

One of the main challenges of today is what sacrifices we can make to help reduce the fast growth of climate change. Change which already is leading to record breaking temperatures, rampant forest fires and floods in Greece, Canada, and Australia and in the UK, and rising sea levels which are already becoming catastrophic to many low lying islands in the world……

We are asked to sacrifice our need to drive everywhere, or travel by plane to far destinations, we are asked to recycle as much as possible, and reuse stuff - while at the same time we are being inundated with adverts to buy more, consume more, wear more, travel more.

I read an article in the Church Times by someone who had attended a lot of COP meetings. She was at COP7, the first one in Africa, in Marrakesh, where they met with high hopes and great expectations, 25 years ago, where the science had already mounted up incontrovertibly for the evidence for climate change. The writer, Ruth Bushyager, said she is finding it hard, 25 years later, to resist some measure of hopelessness and cynicism.

She says yes, we can do as much as we can in our own lives to live without contributing to carbon emissions. We can influence others as we do so. We can be part of public opinion calling for changes, we can support the huge number of charities making a difference and campaigning politically.

But she said, in the end, all she could do was pray. She holds on to the faith that with God, nothing is impossible (Matthew 19.26).

She quotes an American writer & civil servant Gus Speth who has been at the heart of climate change politics for more than 50 years.

He says, I used to think the top environmental problems were biodiversity loss, ecosystem collapse and climate change. I thought that with 30 years of good science we could address those problems – but I was wrong.

The top environmental problems are selfishness, greed and apathy. To deal with these we need a spiritual and cultural transformation.

Surely he is absolutely right, and I think Jesus would agree with him. The heart of the problem is our own sinful selfishness, and greed, and apathy. We are unwilling at a personal or a national level to sacrifice our own comfort and convenience for the good of others. We don't like to sacrifice our entertainment – it is a priority over going to church meetings, or prayer and Bible study events. Things that build up the Kingdom of God, things that focus our scattered senses on God's peace. We prefer to watch TV and all the shows we enjoy.

Yet at the heart of the Gospel is the sacrifice of God for our salvation – our hope is in him for our own transformation to lead more selfless lives. To be inspired by reading the Bible more, to pray more.

Look at Hannah and be amazed at her sacrifice for God – giving to God the one thing she wanted above all others - remember how God repaid her in spades, with more children and with a first-born son that brought great wisdom to the nation of Israel at the time.

Look at the service men and women who sacrificed so much for us in all the wars for this country, and be grateful for all they achieved in making Britain the great place it is, laying the foundations for more equality, more literacy, more freedom, more health and research.

Look at Jesus, and how his death points us to his life and teaching - how he encourages us and inspires us, into making a better world, where all are loved and nurtured, supported and can reach their God given potential. Where we act with thought for others before ourselves. Where we have a global vision rather than a narrow one, that includes everyone. Where we love and laugh and are happy to make all the sacrifices necessary.

Singing The Faith 698 A thoughtful hymn by Fred Kaan (It can be sung to the Tune Abide with me)

1. God! As with silent hearts we bring to mind how hate and war diminish humankind, we pause – and seek in worship to increase our knowledge of the things that make for peace.
2. Hallow our will as humbly we recall the lives of those who gave and give their all.
   We thank you, Lord, for women children, men who seek to serve in love, today as then.
3. Give us deep faith to comfort those who mourn high hope to share with all the newly born, strong love to in our pursuit of human worth: 'lest we forget' the future of the earth
4. So Prince of peace, disarm our trust in power, teach us to coax the plant of peace to flower. May we impassioned by your living Word, remember forward to a world restored.

WEEK 3: 15th NOVEMBER 2025: The Boy in the Baptist Chapel

A Reflection by Richard Brinck-Johnsen (Circuit Administrator)

Scripture reading: 1 Corinthians 11:23-26

Some of you will recall in last December's devotionals reading the true story of a sixteen- year-old boy who had an encounter at a bus stop in Essex. We now return to the next chapter of that story which takes us once again to the events of this week exactly thirty years ago this week – the exact date was Sunday 17th November 1996. By this time, Richard was a still very precocious seventeen-year-old and after a sequence of events over the preceding year which had included several choir performances and the recent funeral of an elderly relative, he had decided the questions he had over the faith that had started to develop needed an answer. Just as six decades earlier, C.S. Lewis had tried to avoid accepting that there was a connection between his experiences and the person of Jesus Christ, who he fought so hard to avoid before he "gave in and admitted that God was God, …the most reluctant convert in all England." Richard had tried to maintain his doubts about the historical Jesus. However, by the start of November Richard had come to the conclusion that the question of whether the God he had started to believe in was one and the same as the Christian God needed to be settled, once and for all.

So, on Remembrance Sunday, Richard had made the short walk to the Baptist church round the corner from his parents' house. It was not an unfamiliar location to him as he had been a member of the Cub and Scout groups that met there until a couple of years previously when he had left the Scouting movement behind to focus on his studies. As a scout, Richard had been a regular attendee at Church parade which in those days was always on the second Sunday of each month so even though he was no longer a member of the uniformed organisations he hoped he wouldn't stick out too much. How wrong he was! He definitely felt like a fish out of water and somehow mistook the sermon for prayers. However, he got through the rest of the service and seemed to enjoy it and at the end of the service a friendly younger member of the congregation came and introduced himself and helped put Richard at ease and made him feel instantly at ease and among friends. Richard would probably not experience that same level of welcome feeling until many years later when he arrived at his local parish church in Walsall. Richard was so impressed that he came back for the evening service which was probably his first encounter with what we would now describe as "contemporary worship". The thing that struck him most was the new worship songs were unashamed about putting Jesus at the front and centre of who they were singing about and addressing. He realised he would soon have to make his decision about what he believed one way or another. A week later, Richard was back in church and having learned that the evening service was to be a Communion, he was determined to be there. Richard's main memory of that event is of hearing the words of the institution for the first time based on 1 Corinthians 11.

"The Apostle Paul tells us, For the tradition I handed on to you came to me from the Lord himself…" (An interesting choice of words as we generally believe Paul only met Jesus on the Damascus Road and wasn't present for the institution of the Lord's Supper, something which thirty years on still warrants further investigation…) But then came the words of invitation which

really spoke into Richard's heart and have stayed with him through all these years even during the times of great doubt:

"Come to this table, not because you must but because you may, not because you are strong, but because you are weak. Come not because any goodness of your own gives you a right to come, but because you need mercy and help. Come, because you love the Lord a little and would like to love him more."

At the moment of hearing that last sentence, Richard experienced a kind of tingling of the spine, not quite the same as the experience of being "strangely warmed" which he had felt at the Chigwell bus stop the previous year but definitely similar. And so, he decided, in that moment, to allow his doubts to give way to an act of faith and to become a Christian. That night, thirty years ago this week, he received Holy Communion for the first time.

Richard's questions didn't altogether fade but as he continued to attend church regularly and to partake of the Lord's Supper, he realised that he was slowly getting to know the real Jesus and that his questions about the historical accuracy of the bible and gaps in the known facts about Jesus were not what mattered.

It has not been a straightforward path for me over the last three decades and at almost in the halfway point in my fifteenth year as a Christian (which included a few years when I had a break whilst working out other aspects about my life) I left the Baptist church, having felt that I was no longer fully welcomed for the person I truly was. I quickly switched to the Church of England where I felt some connection to the version of Christianity I had first encountered at sixth form and it was there that the journey started which led in this thirtieth year of my faith to my being licensed as a Lay Reader. It is an immense and transformative privilege to be the holder of a bishop's license to exercise a ministry of preaching and teaching in my local parish.

And so, for now I will leave the story of the events of thirty years ago there, but with a hope that God willing I may return to the events of the following year which included my believer's baptism and an opportunity to begin serving God in surprising ways. But that is a story for a future time. In the meantime, I continue to serve in acknowledgement of the two greatest commandments: to love God and love other people and to be thankful for the amazing love shown to us in the person of Jesus.

Prayer: Lord Jesus, you invite us to come as we are, to come with courage or with fear. To come with what we carry and what has been placed in our care. Lord God, meet us with compassion. Lord Jesus, call us into love. Holy Spirit, strengthen us to build one another up. Thank you that your table is open for all people, that you call us all to worship you and to love one another. Amen.

My Lord, what love is this (Mission Praise 476) by Graham Kendrick

1 My Lord, what love is this
that pays so dearly,
that I, the guilty one may go free!

Chorus: Amazing love, O what sacrifice, the Son of God given for me.
My debt He pays and my death He dies,
that I might live, that I might live
(Last time) That I might live!

2 And so they watched him die, despised, rejected.
But oh, the blood he shed flowed for me
Chorus

3 O And now, this love of Christ shall flow like rivers
Come wash your guilt away, live again!
Chorus

WEEK 4: November 22nd: A Reflection on Water by Joanne Clarke, Worship Leader at Pelsall

Reading - John 4 v 7-14 The Samaritan woman at the well

As the weather turns colder, I have out my wellies, an anorak and an umbrella. All ready for the Winter showers! Despite our best efforts to stay dry, the water will always get in. Rivers burst and houses flood. Here in our churches, we know only too well that the roof can leak and water will get in through the gaps!

God is so often likened to water. The ferociously strong tide of His wrath. The provider of the river of sustenance. The cleansing water, washing away our sin.

The story of the woman at the well is Jesus telling us all that God's living water is more crucial than our earthly water. But are we subconsciously avoiding the water!

The wellies on our feet – marching to our own tune, going in our own direction not braving to feel the water on our bare toes or feel God's love too closely! The anorak on our back – clothing ourselves in the latest trends to fit in, to blend in with others. Hiding our faith so as not to stand out. The umbrella in our hand – shielding ourselves from uncomfortable truths. Focussing on the manmade colours and patterns instead of the wonders of the Creator.

When it comes to God, we need to be willing to let God in. If God is the water, we need to be willing get drenched. Take the waterproofs off – everything that is an obstacle to God, the distractions, the blissful ignorance, the safe dry land. The good news is that even when we have our waterproofs of modern life on it doesn't stop raining! God's love is still seeking to soak through!

This week let us all endeavour to remember - when we jump in a puddle, get caught in a downpour, drink a large glass of water, stand in the shower, soak in a bath - to think about letting in the water of God. Let us feel the renewing, cleansing, thirst quenching, tranquility and love that God can give us.

We have God's river of life flowing into our heart and soul meaning we can live in hope. What is our response to this?

There is a saying that you can't pour from an empty cup. The saying implies the pouring and sharing of what we have with others. In the same way, if we are praying to God to fill our cup and quench our thirst, in response we should be looking to offer the same to others. We can 'drench' people with God's love. No, I do not mean you should go out and tip a bucket of water over someone's head! I mean, show the love, grace, and hospitality that God blesses us with to our friends, neighbours and strangers. It is not always easy to do this. People get on our

nerves. But God doesn't turn off his water just because we get annoying! Or when we try to waterproof ourselves and shut him out. So neither should we turn the water off for others who are missing the life-giving water we are lucky to have flowing through us. And just in case you are feeling like an insignificant water droplet in the great river, here is a poem of encouragement for you.

God's Water Droplet by Amber North

I'm just one water droplet among many in a waterfall
I'm indistinguishable if you were to quickly glance at me
All you see is a mass of water flowing down a cliff
You don't notice me so much as you notice the waterfall as a whole
Yet I'm part of why the waterfall exists in the first place
The course of the river adapts to the break in elevation
And suddenly it's like I don't exist
I fall and I fall at a high speed
The peak of my existence
Yet no one notices me
No I'm irrelevant compared to the bigger picture
But the bigger picture wouldn't exist without me
As I'm plunging towards the river below
I reflect upon my significance in this world
What is my value compared to all the noticeable elements
Compared to the elements that are appreciated?
No one I've ever encountered has given credit
To all that a miniscule water droplet like me can do
I have a cycle and you've probably seen me and weren't aware
I was once in the kitten shaped cloud you saw in the orange sky
I was once in the snowflake you saw passing by on a winter's morn
I melted and turned up in this here river
I'm currently in the waterfall now
And have yet to discover more stages in the future
I've been around
I've served many purposes
So how come it's as if I don't exist?
Only the picture that I help create exists
I've come to learn that
It's only when I start seeing myself the way my Creator sees me
That I can have confidence that my worth
Is not defined by those around me
I'm worthy merely because I'm my Creator's creation
This Creator I speak of
Who are they?
Well, my Creator is the great I Am
The King of kings
Immanuel
He is with me wherever I go

I shall fret not about how others perceive me
For my Creator makes my worth invaluable
Only His view of me matters
So as I become once again a part of a mass of water in the river below
I close my eyes knowing that I'm known

Singing The Faith 377 Down the mountain the river flows By Andy Park

1. Down The Mountain The River Flows
   And It Brings Refreshing Wherever It Goes
   Through The Valleys And Over The Fields The River Is Rushing And The River Is Here

The River Of God Sets Our Feet A-Dancing
The River Of God Fills Our Hearts With Cheer
The River Of God Fills Our Mouths With Laughter And We Rejoice For The River Is Here

2. The River Of God Is Teeming With Life And All Who Touch It Can Be Revived
   And Those Who Linger On This River's Shore Will Come Back Thirsting For More Of The Lord

3. Up To The Mountain We Love To Go To Find The Presence Of The Lord Along The Banks Of The River We Run We Dance With Laughter Giving Praise To The Son.

WEEK 5: November 29th: A Reflection by Liz Moore: Change challenges us!

Scripture: Romans 8

28 years ago I had a major car accident. I was in hospital for 11 weeks and away from work for 10 months, but, to adapt the song of the 1950's,

"I had high hopes, yes, such high hopes, I had high, apple pie in the sky hopes."

Yes, there were down days, but for many reasons I was determined to drive again, and to get back to teaching.

Wind on 27 years and I am struck by a stroke.

In the early days there wasn't much difference between these two incidents, in fact after the accident I was not only bedbound, but incapable of feeding myself. After the stroke I was up in a couple of days, and having physiotherapy.

My family and friends from those days have frequently reminded me of how resilient I was after the accident and that with that sort of determination I would win through again.

It wasn't to be.

It's about a year now since the stroke and I can walk no better now (about 20 halting, stick assisted steps) than I could when I left the rehabilitation unit at Hollybank House (now closed).

I still have no use in my left arm, so my piano playing, cooking, sewing, and knitting days are all now a thing of the past. So are my trips to Australia to see my daughter and family, or even to Lancashire to see my son and family.

Is it only a matter of age that has made the difference? I don't think so. I've been doing all the exercises I've been given, but with no improvement. My brain appears to have decided not to rewire itself.

This change has challenged me in a way that the previous one hadn't. Week by week I could see an improvement after the car crash. I haven't seen any physical improvement since about a month after the stroke.

After the car-crash I could see a future as I healed. After the stroke my future looked very bleak. until I got my Powerchair. That has opened my horizons to possibilities I didn't think were likely (though not getting to Australia). It means I can get out and about, meet people, attend worship, so I'm not lonely.

These two massive life events have challenged me. The car crash challenged me physically, and while physical improvements were being made, I felt positive. The stroke has challenged me spiritually. Improvements are not being made, physical healing is not happening, so where are the answers to my prayers. You may think me flippant to say this, but my healing appears to be tied up with another song (this time from 1930's) –
"Pick yourself up, dust yourself down and start all over again"

But how do you pick yourself up?

It's the writing from Paul that spurs me on, particularly Romans 8: 31b:
"If God is for us, who can be against us?"

And then Romans 8:31: "Who can separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness, danger or sword?"

And then the ultimate sentence- "For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Jesus Christ our Lord."

Go back and read that chapter (Romans 8), and I pray that it brings as much peace and healing to you as it does to me.

Praying for healing may not bring bodily healing, but it can bring spiritual healing.
As a young woman, recently paralysed, said on 'Songs of Praise' a few week ago –'I'm asking the question – what can I learn from my situation?' and I would follow that up by saying 'and who can I share it with?'

When I'm feeling frustrated, or when lying sleepless in bed, I turn to the David Adam/Margaret Rizza's hymn **(624 in Singing the Faith)**

Calm me Lord as you calmed the storm, still me Lord, keep me from harm.
Let all the tumult around me cease, enfold me Lord in your peace.