

Thought for the day, Sat. 6th June prepared by Joan Gray
Words

John ch 4 v 23-24. But the hour is coming and is now here when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth, for the Father seeks such as these to worship him.

I have been thinking quite a lot about words.

In particular the words, Sorry, Thank You, Worship.

Some words we are familiar with while other words are particular to a personal situation or a workplace or organisation. Are you like me if you hear the following words shouted out something similar to. Stand straight, shoulders back, chest out, attention, left right left right and so on. Immediately the picture in my mind is of a group of immaculately dressed people with perfect creases and shoes so highly polished the reflection is stunning.

The word sorry, sometimes trips off the tongue so easily even without giving much thought, an instinctive reaction to a situation. When you almost collide with someone both heading for the same door at the same time or trolleys almost bumping in supermarkets, When the person approaching along with yourself both move to the same side to allow passing and out comes the word sorry with a smile as you both then move the opposite way together. Do you remember those days? At one point I had decided to begin this thought with the word sorry. As in sorry it is not a video until I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror and changed my mind, sorry.

Thank you seems to me as I do my daily walk has become the norm as we give each other space enough or room to pass safely or one party waits at a convenient spot to allow safe passing for the other party. And we say thank you. As we are handed our wipe at the supermarket entrance. Thank you is what rolls off the tongue more readily. Clapping on our doorsteps for a number of Thursday evenings to say thank you for the NHS and other frontline workers.

In my diary for last Saturday was Walsingham where I should have been for the day with a friend. I imagine that would be a day of not so many words. Mainly quiet as we wandered around the church and town in a mood of reflection.

Today my diary tells me I should have been at Launde Abbey. Possibly there it would be a day of more words. Speaking about the wonderful countryside, the building, it's contents and atmosphere. Possibly words of praise, prayer and worship.

Worship, what does that bring to mind for you. As I have spoken to a good number of people connected with churches over the course of lock down, what I hear from

some of them is. "O how I miss church" not how they miss worship. I wonder if the reason for this could be that the vast majority have found new and different ways to worship at home

My short readings for a couple of days were about worship in the Old Testament and then moved onto our verse from John. Worship God in spirit and in truth. In 1982 a musical was written with the title "Son of Man" it contains a chorus based on this verse of scripture. Over the years between then and now it often comes to mind with no reason for it to do so and I always ask the question of myself, what does worship mean to me. Do I worship God in spirit and truth as scripture and the chorus say.

.Amy Grant sings quite a good version of. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet" you may like to give it a listen as you ask yourself the question. What does worship mean to me?

A Prayer.

Gracious Lord, In our daily living we use so many words, many times we get it completely wrong and without intending too we may be misunderstood or hurt someone with our words said in haste. Sometimes we struggle to find just the right word for a particular situation and feel as if we fail miserably. On occasion Lord there is no word that will suffice, help us to just be quiet at such times. Today Lord help us only to use positive, encouraging and supportive words. Words that show your love through our words to others. In the name of Jesus. Amen

I leave you with these words from the Psalmist. Words not heard often outside of worship. I feel words of comfort especially at this time.

Psalm 62 begins with these words.

My soul finds rest in God alone:

My salvation comes from him.

He alone is my rock and my salvation:

He is my fortress. I will never be shaken.