

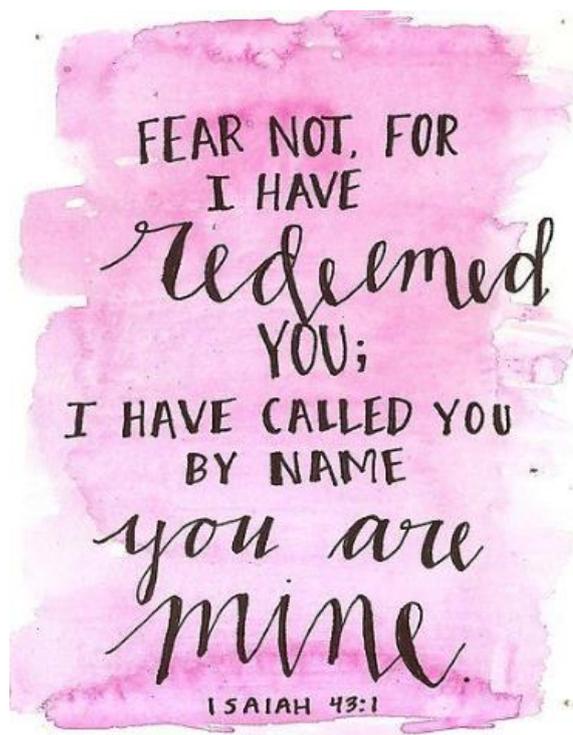
## Christ Church Freemantle

Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> October – 18th Sunday after Trinity

When I'm feeling a bit overwhelmed by life or anxious about things beyond my control, I find poetry quite helpful. The rhythm seems to slow me down; I must read it more carefully than prose and I cannot rush through it, I have to absorb it. It calms my overactive brain and gives me a sense that our human experience really doesn't change very much over the centuries. All human life is there. Those of you who read the pew sheet will know that both Mandy and I who put it together often use the wonderful poetry of Malcolm Guite and I recommend his blog which you can find here <https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/blog/>

I do wonder if this global pandemic has given us a clearer knowledge of what it was like for our forebears than any other year. That gnawing sense of uncertainty, but also knowledge that life is incredibly precious and fragile and is to be cherished. Perhaps we as a society have taken things for granted too much in the past, assumed that we could continue to use and abuse our planet. Maybe some of us who have been forced to stay at home more and travel far less are truly appreciating the glorious glimpses of nature in our gardens and local parks?

It feels quite apt that this Thursday is the saint's day for Teresa of Ávila. Her poem helps me to feel that people have always felt anxiety and fear of constant change and upheaval. It also reminds me that whilst life can be tough and we may be 'wearied by the changes and chances of this fleeting world', God never changes and will never forsake us.



**Let nothing disturb you,  
Let nothing frighten you,  
All things are passing away:  
God never changes.  
Patience obtains all things  
Whoever has God lacks nothing;  
God alone suffices.**

Teresa of Avila

Liz Coe