Keep Your Strength Up

And as I look back
these ten years hence
there wasn't one set of footprints
there were hundreds
of the friends and loved ones
who visited, listened, cried,
prayed and carried
the body of Christ
strengthening me.
Every hair of my head was lost
but I was rescued from the storm,
thankfully.

Prayer

Loving God, Your Son Jesus Christ broke bread and shared the cup with His friends.

May we grow in closer communion when we share our pain and suffering.

Encouraged by St Paul

Questions

- How does the reflection above make you feel?
- Have you had experiences of when the promises of Scripture haven't delivered as you'd expected?
- When have you most felt the pain over disunity in the body of Christ?
- How might sharing the body of Christ be a source of healing and unity between Christians?

and the early Christians, give us strength to build bridges of compassion, solidarity and harmony.

In the power of the Holy Spirit, we ask this in the name of Your Son, who gives His life that we might live. Amen.

Go and Do (see www.ctbi.org.uk/goanddo)

Global: Work for the day when good healthcare is available for all.

Local: Hold a 'bring and share' meal together with the churches in your area where you have a conversation about what Eucharist/Communion/Lord's Supper means to each church.

Personal: Visit, send a card or call someone who is currently unwell that you know.

Week of Prayer for Christian Unity

Week of Prayer for Christian Unity 2020 Unusual kindness

Acts 27:33-36

"Just before daybreak, Paul urged all of them to take some food, saying, 'Today is the fourteenth day that you have been in suspense and remaining without food, having eaten nothing. Therefore I urge you to take some food, for it will help you survive; for none of you will lose a hair from your heads.' After he had said this, he took bread; and giving thanks to God in the presence of all, he broke it and began to eat. Then all of them were encouraged and took food for themselves."

Psalm 77

Mark 6:30-44

Reflection

'You need to eat something, to keep your strength up'
Paul exhorts them,
breaking bread
giving thanks,
leading the way.
His words of reassurance
that not a hair would be lost
in the depth of the storm
may be a hollow resonance for some.

I love coffee
but lost my appetite for it
I love a good read of the bulky
weekend paper
but my brain had no space for it
too busy processing and preparing
harnessing the little energy reserves
I had
to face cannulas and PICC lines
and nauseating chemo.
Every hair from my head would
be lost
but I'd be rescued from the storm,
hopefully.

And when you can't eat to keep your strength up because the chemo makes you sick on a Wednesday you chew on the words that those who wait upon the Lord will renew their strength they'll rise up on wings like eagles run and not grow weary trusting that one day this broken body might rise again strong and supple scarred and scared. Every hair of my head was lost but I'd be rescued from the storm, hopefully.