

Trust in God

26 6 16

Almighty and everlasting God,
by whose Spirit the whole body of the Church
is governed and sanctified:
hear our prayer which we offer for all your faithful people,
that in their vocation and ministry
they may serve you in holiness and truth
to the glory of your name.

Our text may be found in Psalm 25 and verse 2:

'My God, in you I trust.'

Not the sermon I'd first written for today.

Not the result I expected from the Referendum.

Given the fact that the majority who voted have voted to leave, what does that mean for us here in France ?

Well, I'm not going to preach politics – I'll leave that to the Donald Trumps, the Jeremy Corbyns, the Boris Johnsons of this world, professionals in the game of articulating popular views. As your present priest, ordained in the Church of God, let me, however, simply reflect on our situation as I feel it.

In principle, a decision has been made for the United Kingdom to separate itself from a United Europe. How that will be effected and what it will mean, to be no longer on the inside but on the outside, only time will tell.

But let me say, though we cannot see the way ahead, we do, as the Psalmist rightly asserts, trust in God. 'In God is all our Trust' is the motto of the last school in which I taught, Dame Alice Owen's. 'In God we trust' is the motto of the United States of America. And, amid the changes and chances of this life, it is good to know that we can put our hand into the hand of God who loves us and whose Son, Jesus Christ, died for us so that, one day, we may come back home to be with Him, our Father in heaven.

Now just because I'm a congenital optimist, it doesn't mean to say that bad things don't happen to good people. Clearly we know they do. Well I'm just four and a half and I'm playing in the back garden of our family home in East London. My brother, Les has a home-made bow and arrow and I'm standing next to him as he fires an arrow at the garden fence. The stick hits his target, a wooden fence, and bounces back hitting my left eye. Rushed by ambulance to Moorfields Hospital in Old Street, after a successful operation, I no longer have a pupil in my left eye. But that doesn't mean I can't make the best of things in the circumstances and despite of now having only one eye wherewith to see, I can, by choice and determination, be a good pupil at East Ham Grammar, play rugby for our 1st XV and, as a teacher, go on to try to make a difference for the many students I have over the years taught.

So for us who at present live in Europe, in France, a part of Europe of which we're no longer going to be a part, the way ahead is now less certain than it was a weekend ago. But let us who worship here in the church of St Bartholomew's, Dinard, founded some 145 years ago in 1871 by British and Americans trust in God our Father, trust that ultimately all will be well and trust that we may, in our own way, continue to make things better in whatever way we can.

I have spoken in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, Amen.

Preached at the Eucharist

St Bartholomew's, Dinard

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