

An Opportunity for a quiet time in the garden

Following the much appreciated quiet times at the PCC's awayday, Don and Rhoda invite you to spend a time of reflection and prayer in their garden at 11 Barnet Drive, Bromley Common on Saturday, 2nd August between 10 am and 3 pm.

Please come and go at convenient times to you.

The Rev. Michael Camp has kindly agreed to lead two short reflections at 10.30 am and 12.30 pm and closing prayers at 2.45 pm.

Shelter will be provided under the gazebos from sun and rain. It would be advisable to bring a sun hat with you as it can be very hot in our garden on a sunny day. An umbrella might come in useful for either rain or sun.

Tea, coffee and cold drinks will be provided throughout the day.

Please bring a picnic lunch if you so wish.

If you think you will find it difficult to be just quiet and still, please feel free to bring a book or some craft activity to enjoy.

If you are coming by car, please bring a chair or rug with you as we might not have enough seating accommodation for everyone.

Buses numbers 61, 261, 320, 358, 402 and R1 go to Bromley Common bus garage which is a short walk from our house.

This is not in anyway an open garden fund raising event. We hope the quiet time will bring you a sense of calm and peace.

You will be most welcome to come

Don and Rhoda MacKenzie

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Insufferable, The Little Children

(With the summer holidays looming!)

- 1 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul: and why art thou so disquieted within me?
- 2 Thou must be joking when thou sayest they are breaking up already: I mean, we have scarcely got through the Easter eggs.
- 3 O, what sins have I committed: that I am chastened with a rod?
- 4 After six weeks of uninterrupted Wayne and Tracy:
wormwood and gall will be as nectar and ambrosia.
- 5 Whither shall I go for peace and quiet: or where shall I hide me from their clamour?
- 6 If I climb the stairs they are there: if I go down, even to the living-room, they are there also.
- 7 My days are gone like a shadow: and I am withered like the grass.
- 8 Their iniquities are more in number than the sand: so also are their sullen little friends with bellicose temperaments, too much pocket-money, hollow legs, unquenchable thirsts, fog-horn voices, dripping noses and mercilessly tardy bedtimes.
- 9 Wayne doth send out his voice, yes, and that a mighty voice: remove him from my sight lest I smite him upon the hip.
- 10 Who maketh the windows to shake: and his bedroom as a battlefield.
- 11 He pulleth the hair of his sister's head, and knappeth her dolls in sunder: she therefore hath put sawdust in his Branflakes.
- 12 Six is it of one: yea, and half a dozen of the other.
- 13 Daily they say unto me: "Mummy, what can I do next?"
- 14 Unto whom I swear in my wrath: and instantly regretted it.
- 15 They lay waste the kitchen like a whirlwind: storm and tempest fulfilling their words.
- 16 O, how amiable were my dwellings: and just look at them now.
- 17 By the washing-machine I sat down and wept: by the fridge-freezer I uttered my reproof.
- 18 One day in July or August: feels something like a thousand. Amen

Source unknown