

22nd June 2020

A very good morning to you all!

Looks like you are lumbered with me again....

First, my apologies to those of you whose emails I still haven't answered. Oh dear! I shall try and remedy this as soon as possible.

So - what is life like in France these days?

We are basically back to "normal", and, I guess it's for the worse, "Coronavirus" seems to be a nightmare from the past - unless you happen to take the bus or visit the vet.

The latter we had to do several times in the past few weeks and it now involves waiting outside for our turn (whether it's raining, storming or scorching sunshine) - then put on that mask and keep awkward distances while trying to hold the wayward rabbit for the vet. It could be quite comical really - if it wasn't for the poor rabbit, or rather rabbits:

Brownie had a back trauma because she can't stop digging, particularly under great slabs of stone...

And Husky managed to break her back leg, probably by jumping down from a low roof (although, we blame it on the neighbour's cat as is our habit...).

Brownie is now almost fully recovered, but Husky will probably need an amputation, we shall know more today.

Apart from these adventures, Sally and Colin and I are busy emptying the house. What a great blessing a big move is.

I don't know about you, but we seem to amass many things that turn out to be not terribly useful or important.

Back to basics is our current motto. And isn't that also a reflection that the virus has brought on recently? What is it that we value most? And I am not talking about monetary value.

I find myself thinking more and more about leaving my friends here. Or imagine myself taking that one last look on Mont-Blanc. Or feeling that real southern French heat on my skin.

Or walking one last time into Holy Trinity Church - and I so hope that this will be processing in with the choir for a "proper" service (but, alas, that probably won't happen).

Or waving good-bye to our house that has been our home for the last 13 years.

One could get positively tearful - if my German soul didn't forbid me such a show of weakness...

And then, yesterday, I suddenly thought of Abraham, or rather Abram as he was still called then, in Genesis 12, and how he was called away from his country, his people, his father's household. Abraham didn't grumble (although my children's Bible tells it a bit differently...) and just took his wife and the possessions he could transport and went, apparently only knowing that the Lord would provide him with land and children - which by then must have been already very hard to believe for Abram since "Sarai could not conceive".



THE PRIEST CARVES OUT SACRED SPACE AT HOME IN ORDER TO RECORD LITURGY FOR SUNDAY.

The enormous amount of trust that Abram placed in God is definitely worth exchanging for enormous amounts of stuff that one amasses by sitting still.

So far my reflection, I reckon the tears will still flow (albeit quietly and hidden away) when it is time to leave here.

Attached an impression from my home during a Sunday morning zoom service (not that I claim to be the priest of course...)

With all blessings,
Julia