



ST MARY'S MAGAZINE HARVEST 2016

RECTOR'S REFLECTIONS (Bob's Bit)

‘Celebrate the Feast of Harvest with the firstfruits of the crops you sow in your field.’ *Exodus 23. 13*

In Old Testament times the first sheaf of the harvest was to be given to the Lord as a token that all the harvest belonged to the Lord and would be dedicated to him through dedicated lives. Routinely on Sundays, when we present our offerings, we acknowledge that all we have comes from the Lord, as we say:

‘Yours, Lord, is the greatness, the power, the glory, the splendour, and the majesty; for everything in heaven and on earth is yours. All things come from you, and of your own we give you.’

Once a year, when we celebrate the Feast of Harvest, we have an opportunity to acknowledge the Lord's provision and to thank him for the blessings of the Harvest, while at the same time collecting items for distribution through Angus Foodbank to those in need. This year in St Mary's we shall have a Harvest weekend. I hope you can join us. (See back cover for details)

There is another Harvest, which gives pleasure to the Lord. Paul describes it to the Corinthians:

‘Christ has indeed been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of those who have fallen asleep.’ *1 Corinthians 15. 20*

Christ, who has been raised, is the firstfruits, i.e. the guarantee, of the resurrection of believers. We are the Lord's Harvest. Happy Harvest! All the best from Bob.



Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness Close bosom-friend
of the maturing sun Conspiring
with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round
the thatch-eves run; To bend
with apples the moss'd cottage-
trees, And fill all fruit with
ripeness to the core; To swell
the gourd, and plump the
hazel shells With a sweet
kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers
for the bees, Until they think
warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd
their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid
thy store? Sometimes whoever
seeks abroad may find Thee
sitting careless on a granary
floor, Thy hair soft-lifted by the
winnowing wind; Or on a half-
reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of
poppies, while thy hook Spares
the next swath and all its

twined flowers: And sometimes
like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a
brook; Or by a cider-press, with
patient look, Thou watchest the
last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring?
Ay, where are they? Think not of
them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the
soft-dying day, And touch the
stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small
gnats mourn Among the river
sallows, borne aloft Or sinking
as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat
from hilly bourn; Hedge-crickets
sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a
garden-croft; And gathering
swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats *To Autumn*



Looking ahead:

St Mary's Harvest weekend:

Friday 21 October: Decoration of the Church. If you would like to help, please contact Margaret Jack on 572469.

Saturday 22 October from 10.00am till 4.00pm: Church open to visitors and for the reception of Foodbank donations. If you can do an hour of welcoming duty, please contact the Rector on 575515.

Sunday 23 October at 10.00am: Harvest Thanksgiving Sung Eucharist.

Sunday 20 November at 11.15am: AGM

Sunday 11 December at 10.00am: Visit of Bishop David