

## Friends

As I sit here at my desk reflecting on Harvest Services for Sunday (including one which starts at the allotment at Cookham Rise, for which I am hoping it will be dry!) the rain is driving past my window with some force. I am reminded in a “these poets really don’t know what they are talking about” sort of way, of the famous poem “To Autumn” by Keats:

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close-bosomed friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

....

Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o’er brimm’d their clammy cells.

Well, summer has not o’er brimm'd anything, but has left us bereft, and the mists are driven away by the rain, and the mellow fruitfulness requires rapid harvest if it is not to be lost in mud or water-logged beyond hope. And yet, we need the rain. Plants need water, and diminished reservoirs need topping up. We too need water. Our bodies are between 55% and 60% made of water. It is perhaps therefore unsurprising that Jesus should refer to himself as “living water”. Perhaps he is saying something of the importance of being constantly aware of him in our lives. Or if not constantly, at least whenever we have a glass of water.

I have mentioned before my belief that grace before meals is an important part of the daily round of the Christian life; a short moment to re-connect us with God. I wonder if a few moments of thanksgiving, or confession or intercession every time we took a drink of water would increase our prayer intake as well. After all, streams of living water may flow, but it is up to us to dip our cups in the water of life and drink.

God bless,

Vicci