

From the Rector

As I sit down to write, there’s a gentle hum of summer in the air. The grass on the Rec still bears the faint outlines of marquees and gazebos, the bunting has been taken down, but the memory of laughter, music, and the waft of burgers and chilli still lingers (and my clerical shirt has dried off from the soaking in the stocks. Yes, another wonderful village summer fête has come and gone—and what a celebration it was! Thank you to everyone who made it such a joyful event: the organisers who worked tirelessly behind the scenes, the bakers, gardeners, crafters, stallholders, raffle-prize rustlers, and all who turned up to support and smile. These days are more than just fun—they are acts of community, reminders that we belong to one another, that life is richer when shared. (Oh and by the way – the most attended service last year was the Christingle Service on Christmas Eve, with 175 in attendance! Well done to the person who guessed the correct service and an attendance of 174!!)

Events like the fête are full of light and colour, moments when we glimpse something more—something joyful and deep at the heart of being human. And in that way, they echo something of the spiritual season we’re moving into: the **Feast of the Transfiguration**, which falls on 6th August.

In that moment on the mountaintop, Jesus reveals something extraordinary to his closest disciples: his clothes become dazzling white, and he is transfigured before them. Moses and Elijah appear, representing the law and the prophets, and a cloud surrounds them as a voice proclaims, “This is my Son, the Beloved—listen to him!”

It’s one of those mysterious passages of Scripture that leaves us standing in awe. But what strikes me most is what happens next. Peter—bless him—wants to capture the moment, to build tents and stay on the mountain. But Jesus leads them back down into the valley, into the daily business of healing, forgiving, and teaching.

In a way, our summer moments of beauty and joy are a bit like that mountaintop experience. Whether it’s the fête, time away with family, a quiet afternoon in the garden, or a picnic in the sunshine, these are glimpses of glory—moments of transfiguration. And, like the disciples, we’re not called to cling to them, but to let them shape us, sustain us, and send us back into the world with renewed vision.

Of course, not all of summer is restful and still—especially if you're watching the Tour de France! (A must in our house throughout July) What a spectacle it is each year: the dizzying climbs, the high-speed descents, the teamwork, the drama, the sheer endurance of it all. Whether you're a keen cyclist yourself or just enjoy watching from the sofa, there’s something awe-inspiring about it.

It strikes me that the Tour is another kind of parable for life and faith. There are mountain stages and valley stretches, moments of solitary grit and times when riders depend utterly on their teammates. There are crashes, setbacks, heroic recoveries, and unexpected victories. The Christian life is a bit like that too. It’s not always easy. There are climbs that feel almost too steep, descents that come far too fast, and days when we wonder whether we’ve got what it takes. But we’re not alone. We have each other. We have Christ with us. And we are heading somewhere—towards that greater glory we glimpse now and again, like light on the mountaintop.

So whether you're enjoying a restful July or hurtling through a hectic one, I pray you’ll find moments of transfiguration—moments when you feel the love and presence of God breaking through the ordinary. And when those moments come, may they give you courage and hope to journey on.

With many blessings

Fr David