

A new experiment in hospitality – Sunday lunch

To my informal service in the old Methodist Church in Radstock. There were about 16 of us and we met for the service, hearing a talk about how Saul converted into being Paul. The Pharisees of which Saul was one felt that they were doing right thing in persecuting Christians and it took the 'Damascus moment' when the Spirit of Jesus said Saul Saul why are you persecuting me? Saul did 180 degree turn and worked enthusiastically for Jesus and eventually died for him.

I enjoy meeting in small groups and we had a sub-group of 5 of us. Even shy people can start to speak their mind in a small group even though they can take time to get going.

I came away from the meeting enlightened and invigorated. The essence of spiritual power is Joy and freedom of mind even though the circumstances around us do not give us much scope for optimism.

At lunch time we went to visit a new initiative run by the local council where a two course lunch is offered to members of the public who may or may not be able to afford to eat. It was done on a trial basis of once a month and may be advertised as say the first Sunday of the month or the last Sunday of the month. There was music in the background. All tables had been decorated with spring flowers, at the food was simple and straightforward. As it was the first occasion I would always make allowances but in future there needs to be more coordination of staff. At one point the chef had to come out to take our order.

There should ideally have been an actual waiter but meanwhile a young boy who must have been about 10 years of age did his best to run around and serve everybody. We sat at a table with

a young lady who worked as a bar in a local public house joined by her mother at a later time

The atmosphere was very good and I took the opportunity of speaking to one of the town councillors about new ventures and that we should not expect perfection the first time but if you have the same spirit then the events will take on a power of its own and it will grow of its own accord.

We spent a lovely afternoon on the allotment. I did a session of mowing, the first of the year, up and down the borders of the plots and Francoise dug up some leaks and we put up a trellis. Although it was only a few degrees centigrade the work soon made us warm and I took off my outer garments because I was sweating.

I was depressed to read that a hotel called the hotel Beresford in Newquay had been overtaken by refugees. It was a Shearings Travel company hotel and we had hoped to go there for a bit of rest and Recreation but now it looks as if it is not possible.

How many thousands of refugees or so-called refuge do we have to take before the country explodes in Anger?