

Dear Everyone

Greetings from nearly summer in San Francisco, which is like proper summer if you're English; temperatures often in the late 30's and we constructed the paddling pool this afternoon. Covid is coviding on, there is little new to say about that from a local perspective. The Frost tribe found ourselves in isolation for a couple of weeks as Boyfriend tested positive, and he spends a lot of time in our house, but we are all ridiculously healthy and merely fed up with home-schooling. Only another month until the end of the academic year.

One Sunday, when Danny was smaller, we were sitting waiting for a church service to begin, in a big building, with a low stage at the front, all set up with instruments, and theatre lighting. "Sssshhh", said Danny, "The show is going to start". The road by which "church" has become all but synonymous with "performance" may not be an altogether healthy one, and in some cases lockdown seems to have exacerbated this tendency, by further increasing the distances between "performers" and "audience", and the pressure is on to ensure any errors or glitches are carefully edited out before uploading, so we can offer up the slickest possible version of ourselves to Youtube scrutiny.

I (Hazel) found myself contemplating this during yesterday morning's service which may have been about as far from "the media is the message" as it could be possible to imagine. The singing and the music were social distancing to about three tones, with each member of the the congregation meandering their own route through somewhere between the two keys, while the person leading the service appeared not have been furnished with anything so sophisticated as a running order. I found myself reflecting first on what a fantastic bunch of people they are, and then on how interesting it is that of our two congregations, the one that is least "choreographed" and makes space for everyone and is open for anyone who wants to experiment to find their gifts, is also the one where the congregation is happy and growing both spiritually and numerically. And finally I was reminded of an old Adrian Plass quote, from the end of his second "sacred diary"; *"There will always be just a few people around in every generation - people who, when the tongues have stopped, and the prophecies have ended, and the kangaroo hopping has come to a standstill, and the*



religious posing and posturing fools nobody any more, will still be ready and willing to genuinely share the burdens of the little people who are close to them, committed to the staggering eternal truth that we are one body because we all partake of one bread.

Thank you for reading. The blog will be updated at www.frostmartinhazel.org Have a good month.

Hazel X Martin



Joni & Daniel



Latin Link

