

CREATIONTIDE DAY 2

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass.

All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the night-jars
Flying in the ricks, and the horse
Flashing into the dark
From Fern Hill, Dylan Thomas

You have made the moon to mark the seasons;
the sun knows its time for setting.
You make darkness, and it is night,
when all the animals of the forest come creeping out.
From Ps 104

Sunlight dapples the grass and lights up the interior of the Church of st Peter and st
Blaise, Somersal Herbert, Derbyshire

This church is a member of the Small Pilgrim Places Network

