

St James News: Thought for the day – Monday 15th June 2020

Whitby Abbey - Rev John Marshall

Whitby Abbey is at the top of 200 or so steps (I may have exaggerated) up from the harbour. Beside the remains was a hostel where as a sixth former I took part in a geography field trip. I remember the steps as we had to carry a member of our party back, having been tricked into having a drink too many.

Whitby Abbey is important in the life of the church. Hilda the Abbess chaired an important synod, at which Northumbria decided to follow the Roman church and date of Easter.

She also encouraged Caedmon, thought to be the first poet in English. He received a call from God, while a cowherd, (who couldn't sing) to sing a song about the creation of all things, this fragment remains.

Now must we hymn heaven's Guardian
Might of the Maker and his mind's wisdom
Work of the glorious Father; how he, eternal Lord.
Made the beginning of every wonder.
He made first, for the sons of men,
Heaven overhead, holy Creator
Then the mid-earth mankind's Guardian
Eternal Lord, Almighty God –
Made for man's dwelling.
- The Lion book of Christian Poetry

The views from and of Whitby Abbey are stunning.
Perhaps we can praise God for creation.

Bible Verse: All things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made. - John 1:3

Song: How great Thou art - you can listen to it [here](#)

O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder
consider all the works thy hand hath made,

I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
thy power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee,
how great thou art, how great thou art!*

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When through the woods and forest glades I wander
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur
and hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:

And when I think that God, his Son not sparing,
sent him to die – I scarce can take it in
that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
he bled and died to take away my sin:

When Christ shall come with shouts of acclamation
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
and there proclaim, 'my God, how great thou art!'