

### **Felixstowe and other Docks – Rev John Marshall**

When we go to East Anglia, we like to go to the lookout point by Felixstowe Docks and watch the activity – the huge container ships are loaded and unloaded robotically – a stream of lorries head into and out of the port. We love to watch as a huge ship is manoevered by the fussy tugs. And I wonder what the goods are in the myriad containers, and where they are going.

At this time we are grateful to the sailors, dockers and all involved in transporting goods and food.

In the Bible we are shown the difficulties of life at sea in the stories of Jonah and the voyages and shipwreck of St. Paul.

At Primary school we learnt the poem

Cargoes by John Masefield

Quinquireme of Ninevah from distant Ophir

Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine

With a cargo of ivory,

And apes and peacocks

Sandalwood, cedarwood and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus

Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores

With a cargo of diamonds,

Emeralds, amethysts,

Topazes and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,

Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,

With a cargo of Tyne coal,

Road-rails, pig lead,

Firewood, ironware and cheap tin trays.

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We may have to think carefully about cargoes.

Let us give thanks for those who go down to the sea in ships; for all those who allow life to go on ; and let us thank God.