

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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Mothering Sunday

A new church experience

I left early for my 10:30 am service and stopped off at Porky's which is my ultimate working men's class cafe hoping to have a coffee and a snack or two but when I arrived, the place was full. To the Methodist Church as I entered at 10:20, 10 minutes before the service, there were one or two people sitting in the church. The final number at the start of the service was 12 and they were nearly all retirees including myself of course. Methodist services followed the book, hymn, prayers, another hymn, an address, old and New Testament readings, prayers before final hymn and job done. The whole lasted about an hour. Because it is mothering Sunday, we all got a small bunch of flowers which I dutifully bought home to Françoise who has not been a mother but she can accept flowers.

About the takeaways from the service

You would not expect someone like me to observe everything as other people do. There was an issue of audio feedback from the speakers which resulted in a howl when anyone started to speak. This was very irritating as I am sensitive to all types of noise. I spoke to the operator afterwards and commented about the acoustic feedback and he had no idea what happened, deciding instead just to turn the volume down until it went away. Normally a feedback occurs because the output of the speaker projects onto the microphone and thus causes a loop.

I had a look and realised what was happening. A new television had been installed next to one of the speaker columns and the sound was bouncing back on to the microphone. We had a laugh

about it and you said he would see what he could do about moving things. The redoubtable Eleanor the councilor was there. During the service the minister quoted the words of Jesus on the cross saying my god my god why have you forgotten me. This is a needless use of the vernacular which does not square with the original word from the Greek 'forsaken'. I wonder what she is NOT an expert on. I looked it up afterwards

Forsaken is a deliberate act forsake (v.) Old English forsacan "object to, oppose, refuse, deny; give up, renounce" (past tense forsoc, past participle forsacen), from for- "completely" + sacan "to struggle, dispute, wrangle; accuse, blame" (see sake (n.1)). Related: Forsaking. Similar formation in Old Saxon farsakan, Dutch verzaken, Old High German farsahhan "deny, repudiate," Danish forsage "give up, refuse."

On the other hand, **forget** is from the Old English forgietan "lose the power of recalling to the mind; fail to remember; neglect inadvertently," from for-, used here probably with privative force, "away, amiss, opposite" + gietan "to grasp" (see get (v.)). To "un-get," hence "to lose" from the mind. A common Germanic construction (compare Old Saxon fargetan, Old Frisian forjeta, Dutch vergeten, Old High German firgezzan, German vergessen "to forget"). The physical sense would be "to lose (one's) grip on," but that is not recorded in any historical Germanic language. Figurative sense of "lose care for" is from late 13c. Related: Forgetting; forgot; forgotten.

I spoke to a fellow congregant and said that I enjoyed the simplicity of the service and was great for the absence of screaming children. The lady to whom I spoke said that although they might make a fuss we do need our youngsters because what is going to happen when we are gone? I could not disagree. I think an organization like vineyard is more geared to children because when the time comes for a sermon they are sent off into another room to play under the supervision of a couple of people.

>Home for a generous lunch with produce from our allotment. Watched Men in Black which is over 20 years old. How time flies.

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