

## **RECTOR'S PINT**

We have now entered what is called 'ordinary time' in the Church of England's calendar. Basically, these are periods when there are no major festivals. The longest of these begins on the Sunday after Pentecost (Trinity) and lasts until the beginning of Advent.

It is not that nothing happens, but we can't point to festivals as useful teaching aids! So instead of doing that I thought I would tell you a story, something that happened to me recently, although I really don't come out of it at all well.

I could blame the washing machine, which sprang a leak. I disconnected the inlet hose, threw it on the back seat of the car and headed off to Homebase. On the way I stopped at Asda to refuel the car. I was in a bit of a queue, and as I waited, if I wondered if I might need a whole new hose? I couldn't reach and so had to get out of the car and open the passenger door to have a look.

I need to explain at this point that I was driving a perfectly adequate Vauxhall Meriva, it had plenty of life in it even if it was a little scuffed. However, in a moment of design madness someone had thought that it was a good idea to build 'suicide' passenger doors as they were known in the 1950's, ones that have the hinges at the back and not the front (like London Cabs).

I became aware that the queue to the pump had cleared and I could now fill up, I got back into the car and moved forward.

I had not closed the door! The thing was virtually ripped off as it made contact with the very sturdy steel post that you will find next to every fuel pump. The car was found to be 'uneconomic to repair.' I am now driving a very nice little 4-year-old Skoda Fabia estate. It is a rather vivid blue and does sort of make me feel that I have last emerged as a sixty something vicar! (Apologies if you drive one and that image upsets you!) In truth, it is a very good car.

Faith is no guard against stupidity! I was reminded of a friend of mine who, many years ago proudly went for a ride on his new bicycle when, as he was careering down a very steep South Wales hill his front wheel detached itself from the bike. He had forgotten to tighten the quick release nuts. He told me that for some reason the one thing that went through his head as he realised that he was facing catastrophe was a New Testament verse 'What is seen is temporal, what is unseen is eternal'. I am afraid that I had no such deep thoughts, but I wasn't facing serious injury or death, only humiliation and hurt pride. My friend got off lightly in the circumstances.

I do take comfort that God still loves me, in the ordinary times of life, and even in the moments of my own stupidity.

The washing machine, you will be pleased to hear, is working perfectly.

*Simon*