

You may be amazed to discover that as a young boy I had a real talent for soccer. Not as good as each of my brothers, but there was talent there. Not so talented that I could get into the school football team. But talented enough to enjoy hours, and hours, and hours ruining my best shoes kicking a ball around on the local field. Talented enough to imagine myself being interviewed on match of the Day having scored yet another glorious goal. Talented enough to engender a love of the game that I shared during my service in East Africa.

I did not have five talents, I barely had two.

But God blessed me with using what I have.

And I am glad.

You may be amazed to discover that I have a real passion for reading and writing, while suffering from dyslexia. Not put forward for English literature at school, I never the less began reading voraciously at the age of 16. Not sent to university when I went to the senior training college for the priesthood. I never the less have a lifelong interest in all the ologys, and isms that might have rendered a degree. Lacking the confidence to send a letter for years, I have been saved by spell check and the invention of the computer.

I did not have five talents, I barely had two.

But God blessed with using what I have.

And I am glad.

You may be amazed to discover that I am not as young as I once was. Where one time I had a crown of jet black curls, now my hair is grey, Steely grey like an elder Pierce Brosnen. The days of running 10 miles are gone, but I am still running. Many of my peers have passed me by, dressing themselves in purple, as I dress myself in the vestments left behind by the last priest. I find that by evening the work fades and I get dozy. Yet I am still working, and enjoying, and living.

I did not have five talents, I barely had two.

But God blessed with using what I have.

And I am glad.

Indeed to the man who has more will be given.

Thankfully I have scratched around life with a limited level of talent, and have thus not been overburdened with more.

Christ in the parable is concerned not with how much talent a servant has, but that whatever potential is there is used and developed.

You may never have played for Real Madrid  
You may not have set your working world alight with your quality's.  
You may not now have the physical powers that came with youth.

But you have talents

You have talents

All that is required is that you use them

Five talents

Two talents

One talent

There is no excuse

Comparison is pointless

Use what you have to the very best of your ability

And you will be blessed.