

“Let us go elsewhere”

They were all looking for him. His popularity had never been so strong. The Apostles were enjoying all the reflected respect. Things were going well and in a certain direction.

“Let us go elsewhere”

Lots of you have been walking on the Moors and high up into the more rugged parts of this country. On a warm clear day it can be beautiful. On a cold crisp day of winter it can be dramatic. On a windy challenging day it can teach demanding.

However in all honesty, on a cold misty wet day it can be miserable.

When the flood has found a way through the waterproof clothing. When the rain has run down the legs and into the boots. When your glasses are all steamed up and your fingertips numb.

There is at this point a possibility that the journey must continue because the other side of that storm is the Bed and Breakfast were you are to spend the night.

Dangerously there is also the ridiculous pride that collects mountain peaks and trails. That attempts to prove the pointless supremacy of skills and material. That sees nothing through the mist. That feels nothing through the cold. Walking in this confusion you must ask

“Why am I doing this?”

If the answer is I do not know. Then perhaps there is room for exploration.

But if you are being dragged along by circumstance, pride, the perceived expectations of others.

There are occasions when the bravest thing to do is to recognise the reality.

To make a choice

Perhaps like Christ to proclaim

“Let us go elsewhere”

There they are on a Welsh Beach. Small children, buckets and spade, carefully wrapped sandwiches, and the wind, and the cold and the rain.

There they are money has run short and the caravan is far too small for bored and frisky kids.

There they are without even the space for a decent marital screaming fit.

There they are as the initial excitement is dampened and frozen

Laughter turned to tears

Games turned to squabbles

And the proclamation that you will enjoy yourselves

And should be grateful for this memorable event.

Sitting in this cold confusion you must ask "Why am I doing this?"

If the answer is I do not know. Then perhaps there is room for exploration.

But if you are being dragged along by circumstance, pride, the perceived expectations of others.

There are occasions when the bravest thing to do is to recognise the reality.

To make a choice

Perhaps like Christ to proclaim

"Let us go elsewhere"

So much pride

So much happiness

They are getting married

At first the clear and planned priorities.

We will spend what we can afford

This will be a celebration, not a test of our endurance

But we need to extend the guest list

Buy flowers for the bride

The bride's maids

Who need dresses?

Like the wedding dress

The suits for the groom

Or kilt

The presents for the parents

Page boy

Best man

The rings

The cars

The menu

Almonds on the tables

Places arranged

Wedding breakfast

Hotels booked
Arrangements for grandma
Arrangements for travelling guests
Someone to watch children
Someone to watch childish adults
Speeches
Cameras on the tables
Photographer
Arrangements about Facebook
Plans if it's sunny
Plans if it rains
Plans if the plans don't work
Bachelor party's in Spain
Hen party guests
Back to the list again
Rows about spending
Rows about time
Bargains on the internet
Purchasing things that no one needs
Traditions only as old as the commercial world can present

Together in the midst of this production you must ask "Why am I doing this?"

If the answer is I do not know. Then perhaps there is room for exploration.

But if you are being dragged along by circumstance, pride, the perceived expectations of others.

There are occasions when the bravest thing to do is to recognise the reality.

To make a choice

Perhaps like Christ to proclaim

"Let us go elsewhere"

There are occasions when the bravest thing to do is to recognise the reality.

To disappoint some, to surprise others, to swallow your pride

To ask again

“Why am I doing this?”

To refuse to be dragged along by circumstance

To move out

To move on

“To go elsewhere.”