

For me, Sennybridge, in Wales, is synonymous with misery. However, during a “comfort break” in my preparations to go out on exercise from the battlecamp there, I noticed two inscriptions carved into the wooden door of the cubicle: “Who dares, wins! [signed] SAS,” and just underneath, “Who cares who wins - as long as there’s a party afterwards. [signed] RCT [Royal Corps of Transport].” And so, fortified with this contrasting wisdom, I returned to the field with the thought that one day it’ll all be over; and now, of course, it is - as far as Sennybridge is concerned, anyway...

Some of us are focussed intensely on what’s here and now (and necessarily so, or nothing would ever get done), some of us are more laissez-faire, knowing that the summer will follow the spring, which has followed the winter, and so on. It seems to work out well enough, one balancing the other. I’m not going Buddhist on you, but then perhaps we do have things to learn from other philosophies - if we have a reasonable degree of confidence in where we are in our own relationship with God (but that’s for another month).

That’s why sometimes I dare - and sometimes even win! - and sometimes I shrug my shoulders and think to myself, “Will it really matter in, say, another 50 years’ time?” That’s why it’s good sometimes to jump in and dare to become involved with the life of our community, and sometimes to think, “The annual Chelsea tractor tussle will be gone soon enough...” After all, the former will provide the structure by which the latter will provide the means of viability for the Burnhams life.

Jesus said, “I have come to give you fullness of life;” a saying that you’re going to hear a lot during the current incumbency. On one hand, not one long party, but on the other, not one long tussle, either. Puzzled? Come and join us.

Graham