



Pastor's Page

On the Move

We were talking about our respective jobs, when I used the line about only working one day a week. Responding to this one of the holiday-makers gave an even more disparaging view of a Christian Minister saying "Six days invisible and one day incomprehensible!" It was one of the funniest lines I've heard for quite a while. But at the risk of sounding as if I'm trying to justify myself please allow me to fill you in on my whereabouts over the past 10 days in which I've been invisible (but hopefully not totally incomprehensible!)

Well on Thursday 31 May I headed off to Manchester Airport to board a Boeing 757 bound for Samos in Greece. Leaving my parents house at 4.15am I thought I was in plenty of time (the flight was 7.00am) However, I couldn't find the off-site Car Park in which I booked my vehicle, (the map was incomprehensible!) and by the time I had located it I was seriously behind schedule. Then as I waited in reception the young lady who was booking me in continued to fall asleep whilst doing the paperwork (truly!) The driver kept shouting for her to wake up which she'd do for about 5 seconds before returning to slumberland! When she eventually finished and took my keys off me I was even more seriously behind schedule. To add to it all this, the driver was just strolling around the office with no apparent intention of driving anywhere. I really tried to be patient but after 5 minutes of this inactivity I politely said, "Are we going to the airport I've got a plane to catch" The man then muttered something incomprehensible to which I instinctively said "thanks" and went and sat in the minibus and prayed hard. Eventually (I think he was waiting for other passengers) we left. He then drove to terminal one, pulled up and said "Anyone for terminal one" There was a deafening silence followed by a feeble chorus of "Terminal two" Not a single person on the minibus was going to terminal one we were all going to terminal two!! I took another sedative and prayed harder!! Well, we eventually arrived there, (I was now an hour behind schedule) we checked in fairly quickly. What a relief at last I could relax a little. Heading off to buy a newspaper and get something to drink, I discovered that I hadn't got my wallet on me. I'd left it at home!! "No!" Thought I. I couldn't go back, I checked my cases in. (Who said holidays are relaxing!) Thankfully I had taken out plenty of Euros so I just had to hope that I'd be ok. However, mild paranoia had set in as I thought "Samos is practically in Turkey, I bet they use Turkish Lire there!" But you'll be pleased to know Euros are the common currency in Samos so I was ok.

Well despite this unpromising start I had a great time on the Greek island leading a Christian week for the *Mastersun* organisation. The guests were brilliant and one man (a retired headmaster) who described himself as an agnostic came to most of the evening meetings and many of the early morning prayer meetings. He also told me that he was going to think hard about all the things that I'd said in the talks, which he'd found "very helpful". This encouraged me greatly. (Pray for Phil). It was wonderful also to sing God's praises looking out over the Aegean Sea to the mountains of Turkey where Islam holds such sway. The many soldiers dotted around the Island reminded me of the spiritual warfare in which we're involved and my thoughts turned often to those three Christian leaders who were recently murdered by Islamic extremists in Turkey.

God doesn't want Christians to be invisible or incomprehensible, but salt and light in this beautiful and dangerous world. (I hope you get this message and I hope to see you soon!)

10th June 2007