



Pastor's Page

“The Inside Story”

It was Friday, it was 19th September and it was **x-ray day!** As I considered what I should wear for this auspicious occasion I decided that it was crucial for me to don matching socks! You see I was having a hip x-ray and I feared that odd socks might spoil the picture! And so with pink form in hand and lovely brown matching socks on show I headed off to my local hospital. I'd been persuaded by a friend of mine to do this after I commented on a pain that I had in my lower back following a game of squash a few months ago (a silly game to play when you're over 28!) So my GP arranged for me to have a hip x-ray even though he said I was too young for hip problems!

As I arrived at the reception in 'outpatients' I was asked my name, date of birth and address. I got all three questions right and was immediately rewarded with an attractive-looking hospital gown! I was then told to strip down to my waste, put on the gown with the straps fastened at the back and place my clothes into the basket provided. Strangely I obeyed these orders without asking the woman for any form of identification or proof that she had been CRB checked! I then walked into the waiting room with my little basket in hand and straps fully strapped! Sitting down I waited for 25 minutes in the wrong waiting room! I then went to the right waiting room and did some more waiting! After about 5 minutes I was called on and told to go into a small changing room where I was to remove my trousers and place them in my now very full basket! Feeling quite exposed I was then led into the x-ray room by a young lady who asked me the same three questions as before (I wondered what I might win this time) but sadly no prize was on offer. However, as she was adjusting the equipment and explaining what position my legs needed to be in I suspect that it was just sheer professionalism that stopped her from saying “nice socks!” In five minutes the whole thing was over and after getting dressed and reluctantly returning the gown to the costume department I headed for the exit. All quite painless, but the hardest thing was being told it would be 10 days before I could meet my GP to discuss the findings!

The hospital experience was mildly embarrassing (the gown didn't match my socks!) but the wait is far worse because as I wait my imagination works overtime! The prominent thought that fills my mind is “what might they discover?!” There's no hiding with x-rays! This is largely why I dislike doctors and hospitals, I fear that once they start looking “inside me” they may find something wrong and I'd just rather not know! But God looks even deeper inside of us and sees things that are very wrong. Jesus said “For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, sexual immorality, theft, false testimony, slander. These are what make a man unclean” (Matthew 15:19,20) The bible also says that these things, if not dealt with, will kill us! But God's solution was to allow them to kill Jesus instead of us in order that we may be forgiven and receive new life. God did this because he loves us. That's one big difference between the Lord and my very nice doctor!

So it's good to look deep inside ourselves and remember that Jesus is the only one who can sort out the problem of sin in our lives. And dealing with this issue puts the issue of hip problems, hospital gowns and matching socks into perspective!

21st September 2008