



## Pastor's Page

### **Grounded in Love**

When I was just 14 years old I started driving! A private caravan site in North Wales provided the perfect venue. Having done a little bit of practising up and down the drive at home in the summer of 1970 I was ready for a bigger challenge! So one evening on holiday with my family at our caravan in North Wales I seized my opportunity. My parents and my older brother had gone off to church leaving my mother's car parked at the side of our van. Egged on by my friends (I blame them!!) I found my Mum's keys and opened up the car. We all piled in with me in the driver's seat (I needed a cushion to sit on in order to see over the steering wheel!) Then I started the engine up and with my friends cheering me on we slowly set off down the hill (Oh yes this was a big caravan site!) We headed off towards the shops and site offices freewheeling most of the journey! Then we started to approach a roundabout! This looked pretty tricky; however I decided that the best course of action was just to keep going and not loose speed!! All was going relatively well until I heard the thumping of fists on the passenger car window. It frightened me so much I nearly fell off my cushion! As I glanced to the side I saw my brother frantically running alongside the car trying to keep up with me having just jumped out of my father's car which was now behind us!! My brother was shouting "Stop the car, stop the car, you've had it – Dad's going to kill you!" At this point my Father appeared, ordered me out of the car and said, get back to the caravan immediately and don't you move an inch until I get there!" It took me about 3 minutes to run back to the caravan but it felt like the longest journey of my life!

As my father entered the room where I was awaiting my fate he had already decided the nature of the punishment. "Right" he said, "pack your suitcase" I'm driving you to Bangor station tonight where I'm going to put you on a train and send you back home for the rest of the summer holidays". This was beyond what I could bear. The Lleyn Peninsula was my favourite place on earth and the 6 weeks I spent there each summer was the absolute highlight of my year. I couldn't even contemplate going home – alone. Then as all seemed lost my mum intervened! She started crying in a way that only Mums can and she pleaded with my Dad "Derek, don't do it, please don't send him home". I don't remember much about the content of Mum's appeal other than insisting that I couldn't cook and I'd starve! But what I do remember is her tears - tears for her son! And I remember her prolonged pleading with my father on my behalf to have mercy. And, thanks to mum, mercy won the day as I was allowed to stay - even though I was grounded for a while!

My Mum often played the role of mediator when I incurred the wrath of my Father resulting in reduced sentences! And as I think of this part that she regularly played it reminds me of an amazing aspect of Jesus' ministry. The bible says; Christ Jesus, who died – more than that who was raised to life - is at the right hand of God and is also interceding for us" (Romans 8:34) Jesus pleads before the Father on our behalf. And because of his death on the cross for us we can now not only escape God's wrath we can also discover God's love.

It's great to know the love of a mother but even greater to know the Love of God.

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