Mid-week reflection

Wednesday 6th May 2020

It seems a long time ago now that we shared a very unusual Easter. Probably the first time for many years that we did not enter the church building over the Easter period. But we know the story so well -we know the good news that follows – that we were able to live through an isolated Holy Week in the knowledge of the joy of the resurrection. But what if we had been there at the time, watching Jesus suffering on the cross and not knowing the outcome? We often talk about that when we look at the Christmas and Easter stories with the children at school. We know the end of the story – we know that Mary got to Bethlehem and Jesus was born safely. We know that Jesus died, but also that he rose from the dead. When you know the ending you really can’t un-know it and so it’s really difficult to walk in the shoes of those in the middle of the story.

But now, we are living through times where we have no idea of what the ending will look like, or when it will be. We are the characters in the story and it can be pretty uncomfortable at times.

As you know, I like to run, and one of the upsides of the current situation for me is that I have had more time to go for longer runs. One of my favourite routes is through Romsley, up to Walton, to Clent and back down Uffmore Lane. Pretty hilly, but I like hills! If I’m feeling really radical, I run the route in reverse which gives it a totally different feeling with a completely different view. The first time I did this I started running down the hill from ‘The Sun’ towards Dominic’s house and kept thinking how steep it was and how I really wouldn’t want to run up it. Then I thought – hold on – I do usually run up it and it’s really not bad at all, in fact slow (but not too slow!) and steady and I get to the top without too much effort.

I think that’s where we are at the moment. We’re climbing the hill, slowly and steadily a day at a time. Sometimes it’s more of an effort than at other times, but we’re getting there. And when we get to the top, we’re going to look back down in awe, and wonder how we managed to get there because it looks so steep.

I think this is where our faith kicks in. The readings on Sunday were well known ones about sheep and shepherds. In Biblical times shepherds led their sheep from the front rather than being herded from behind. The sheep trusted the shepherd and followed his voice. Just like the sheep, we know the voice of our shepherd and we are able to follow him, trusting that he will lead us the right way. In the Good News Bible translation of Psalm 23,**‘**He gives me new strength. He guides me in the right paths, as he has promised.’

So, if we hit a bad day, or a bad patch, we know that we are being led around all the humps and bumps by our very own Good Shepherd that gives us hope that we will be able to reach the top of the hill together.

Sally Spencer