

A LETTER FROM REV FRANK

Greetings, people of Milborne Port,

The world has opened up to me. Yesterday I was fitted with two hearing aids which I am getting used to. When my ear itches I go to scratch it but find that it is full of plastic. I have discovered that the clock ticks, that scratching my head makes a row, that I can no longer pretend not to hear my wife asking me to do something. I can proudly answer the real question and not the one I think I heard.



This month the year turns. Autumn turns to winter, the shortest day heralds the newness that will come with next year. Traditional music wins the battle for our attention. Old stories are told again, and we find them still fresh. In the last throes of the year we remember the birth of a child. What might have been an insignificant birth would have passed by like any other, but people were looking for something to change their lives. They had been searching their traditions; some were looking at the stars. Like the seeking of all lost things their searching led them to the most unlikely place. The old promises of God became flesh in front of them, expected but still surprising.

The people of what we call The Holy Land were weary of occupying armies and harsh government. The one they welcomed was not out to change their enemies but to change the world, including themselves. The angels sang (we think they had trumpets), the earth shook. Culture was going to be shaken. As a son he was harsh to his mother, claiming his independence. As a friend he loved. As a fellow he bore responsibility for human nature. The world did not like the suggestion that its government might be characterised by love and punished him horribly. After all this time we still look to him for inspiration and as a part of God we can have faith in and be joined to in the eternal task of building a world of opportunity and peaceful coexistence.

This December, prepare for Christmas by weeping for our brothers and sisters in places like Ukraine, Russia, Palestine and Israel and the hungry lands. Pray that common humanness will win through, pray that we may learn the lessons of conflict, follow the shepherds to the lowly places and the wise men to starry hope. Sing your hearts out in love for the child who surprised us and grew into a man who challenges us. I can hear the world afresh, what a gift.

Frank Wright