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No-where to go

I was cycling in the depths of Privett a few weeks ago when I found the lane blocked by a number of people on horseback. Big powerful horses were carrying elegant men and women. The huntsman was resplendent in red, boots were polished, the horses gleamed. As I approached a gracious and elegant lady on a massive and elegant horse bent down and asked me, "Have you seen any hounds?" The hunt was happening without them. They had lost their direction. They were all dressed up with no-where to go. All the effort they had put into preparing had become fruitless. They needed to re-connect.



I wonder if church attendance is sometimes similar. It's easy to become disconnected from the real reason we go. It's easy to lose our direction. There's a story in the Bible about a church in Laodicea (Revelation chapter 3: verses 14-21) which has done just that, it has locked Jesus out. But that story finishes with some really Good News; Jesus does not give up on them. In the same way he does not give up on us, he does not give up on anybody, he waits patiently outside, wanting us to invite him in, wanting to come and eat with us, wanting to give all our lives direction and purpose.