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Trinity Musings #42: from Rev Brian Goodings trinityminister@bmts.com
Serving Trinity United Church: Collingwood

Never thought I'd say this but...I kinda' miss Donald Trump. I know, like booze and cigarettes, he wasn't really good for me but I think I'm suffering a mild form of withdrawal since he left office. He was, among many other things, a huge distraction and entertainer extraordinaire.

What else did we talk about every day? The weather is boring and it's hard to get interested in the miniature NHL. I think we liked being appalled by him and were rather sanctimonious about ourselves.

Like the really scary "Joker" from "Batman", I found him intriguingly disdainful but, at the same time a very complex character. Trump was certainly not purely evil but he had a malicious streak and a real penchant to offend and sometimes actually injure people. There was nothing out of bounds for him...if he felt it, he said or did it. He was an outrageous but, at the same time, mesmerizing character.

As much as we might have tried, he was as hard to ignore as a car accident.

Now that Joe Biden, with meme-mittened-crusader Bernie Sanders, has chased him from the White House, Gotham City appears to be safe again.

But we know there's a lot of money to be made with sequels and Trump will return. His departure from the scene was as odd and unconventional as almost everything else about him.

If you haven't seen it, Donald Trump left the White House in a helicopter with the tune "YMCA" (by The Village People) blaring from the speakers on the lawn. Really. What could that mean? Is it a cleverly disguised message to his not-so-secret army?

Much of what we saw in his character could have come from the comics. As we know from Marvel-world, Superman can withstand bullets and Donald has a pardon-cape to protect him and his gang from prison and even impeachment. Stay tuned for the next episode. He'll be back at least in one form or another. (same Bat-time same Bat-channel?)

I'm really relieved he no longer has access to nuclear bombs and has ceased wreaking havoc upon world order, but I have to admit the news of the day has become boring as all heck since he left.

It really is, as many have noted, Groundhog Day every darn day. Ennui and feelings of lassitude are increasingly common (Note: when I'm bored I look through my thesaurus for ten dollar words like these).

This week my big decision was whether or not it's time to unplug my outdoor Christmas lights. I'm "that guy" on your street who puts them up far too early and just keeps them on far too long.

I managed to put in two whole days fretting about this decision and finally asked Andrea for a ruling. This Saturday, when the Leafs are playing Edmonton (again and again and again...talk about Groundhog Day), the outdoor Christmas lights at 43 Duncan will go dark.

Then I will have to take them down and store them and that will take around a week to think about how and when I'm going to do that...and maybe I should wait until the snow melts a bit because...ZZZZZZZZZZ.

I've become as boring as my worst/best sermon. Even my dog lies down and rests her head on her paws when I talk to her now. After twelve years of my company, she's heard it all before too. (She wouldn't be a good candidate for the Victrola ad.)

This Covid thing is getting old for all of us and we are tired of hearing about it. Seems like a lot of people, besides me, are getting cranky too. I haven't seen any new "beauty-rocks" on the trails and almost all the "We Support Frontline Workers" are buried in the snow. We all want this to be over.

Hope you forgive the sailing metaphor, Woody, but our good-ship-Canada that had been sailing along so merrily and rapidly towards the Promised-Land of Vaccines has hit the doldrums.

We're stuck and it feels like we're moving backwards, not forwards. "Variant strains of the virus"... "lab shut downs"... "reduced shipments"... "Governments regulating the shipment of vaccines"...blah blah blah...

All frustrating news, and our indignation and anger are rising. (I wouldn't want to be the crooked-couple who got caught in the Yukon vaccination scam last week.)

This waiting time is hard and boring for the majority, but very dangerous and even deadly for others. At the risk of sounding preachy (ministers are the ones who really need to hear the sermon), this is the time we need to get and stay with the program.

We should remind ourselves that the break to free us from this frozen-time, is still being measured in months, not years. Is it really unbearable for most of us to have to wait until August for the vaccine? Our elderly and most vulnerable neighbours should come first and other people in the world who are poor may not see vaccines until five years or more.

So in the meantime...we need to find things to do that improve our lives and the lives of others. Remember when we were so excited about doing this stuff in the spring?

So, the first thing I'm going to do is to quit complaining about being bored. The second thing is to read and think about why we have such a fascination with villains. The third thing is to think about what I can plant in my garden for birds and yeah...squirrels. And the fourth thing is to figure out, once and for all, whether that killer-bird that raids my feeders is a merlin, cooper's, or sharp shinned hawk. (I've taken to calling it "Donald" because there's distinct flash of orange to it.)

Spring is coming and so is the vaccine...just takes time.