**Ministerial Meandering**

‘Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits.’ These immortal words have been attributed to so many people I could almost claim them for my own - although I suspect Pooh Bear was most likely to have said them - they sound like his sort of philosophy.

I write these words because if Pam hadn’t reminded me, you wouldn’t have an MM this week at all. My backside and brain have been have been in a complete discombobulation in this run-up to Easter, and I am fusticated beyond my yarrow. Never mind, the Jumblies will come to my aid.

Don’t think for one moment that I am not looking forward to Easter - it is the best part of the year for me - but I have not had the privilege to look after a parish and prepare services for it (*inter alia*) before. So this is a ‘first’ for me. I trust and hope that the result will not deter you from coming to our lovely church again!

One of the things that has exercised my mind over the last weeks has been the impossibility of keeping all parties happy. As the saying goes, ‘You can please all of the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time - but never all of the people all of the time.’

So why not just please myself - and say ‘Hang the lot of you!?’ After all, it would be a lot easier. But strangely…not satisfying. I know deep down in my heart that to just please myself would ultimately not do even that. I would be unhappy and bitter - and ashamed of myself.

Quite apart from the remit of my job (having the ‘cure of your souls’ to attend to) I really rather like you, and that means that I actually *want* to try and keep you happy and engaged and keen to be part of our rather special flock. And that requires effort on my part.

So if I whine and growl and gripe about what I have to do, ignore me - as there are so many of you who make my days brighter and my burdens lighter - and without whom I would be looking into a pit of sadness and emptiness.

How much we need each other! And how much we need to be reminded of that - and how lucky we are to have each other to befriend. Consider that Sheila and I have been here in our house barely a year (not even), and we knew no-one before we came. Now we feel as though we have a fantastic bunch of friends and cannot imagine life outside of Agassiz.

When you and the diocese have decided that we are time-expired, you just may find that we don’t want to move - how d’you like them apples?

So if you see me running around as though my arse is on fire - just pick me up and dunk me in the font - and feed me dark chocolate.

Happy Easter all of you!

Philip+