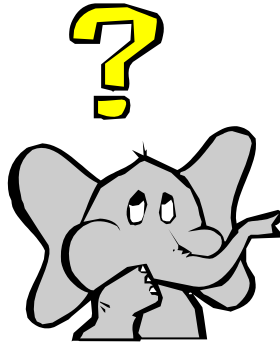


HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED.....

There are many things which happen in the world that we do not question, perhaps because we are trying to come to grips with the things that seem to “just happen” to ourselves, whether by luck or bad judgment. Last night I took a dusk-time walk down the garden to the Black River, and in the still air I listened as the Redwing Blackbirds noisily settled themselves down among the bulrushes; I listened to the peepers in the marsh singing their evening song as darkness settled into the world in which we share. This morning I awoke early (in the fives) to the sound of the birds singing, and in particular the song of a robin perched high on a tree. I know that by the time the sun is fully above the horizon the birds will have entered into the business of their day, searching out food; building nests; feeding young. They have a cycle of life that always begins with song and always ends with song; it is their instinct and I wonder why? Perhaps this is something we might learn from them.

Sitting on my desk I still have inspirational author Eckhart Tolle’s book called: **“Awakening to Your Life’s Purpose.”** I say “still” because usually when I have read a book it either goes to the bookcase or is passed on to a family member or friend to read. This book is different. It begins to answer some of the “wondering” questions that invade our conscious minds and even those that may challenge us at rest. Tolle encourages the reader to understand that during their life they spend a large proportion of their time thinking about what might have been; dwelling on past events, particularly seemingly negative ones to the extent that they lose an appreciation of the present moment. The same is also true of the future and wondering what it might hold for us. Tolle encourages his reader to accept that **“your entire life journey ultimately consists of the step you are taking at this moment. There is always this one step, and so you (should) give it your fullest attention.”** Putting this thought into slightly different language it was Leo F. Buscaglia who said: **“God’s gift to you is life itself. What you do with it is your gift to God.”**

Speaking about ‘gifts,’ a couple of weeks ago I had a wonderful surprise. I had been thinking about extending the length of our dock to cope with low summer water levels, and replacing some of the very well worn sections. Had I paid more attention to the location of these future dreams I would have seen the pleasant surprise which floated into our little bay and parked itself beside our rather worn out dock. Not one but TWO beautiful new dock sections arrived at Robb’s Landing, and the best part of it was that they even came complete with a canoe perched on one of the sections. A gift from heaven for a country pastor? Hardly, because I only became aware of this ‘gift’ when my



neighbour Bill arrived one day and asked if he could check out the river at our 10/20. On reaching the river it was only then that I saw the new arrivals floating at ease and moored neatly beside our somewhat ‘rustic’ stretch of timber that takes some imagination to be identified as a mooring dock. The joy on Bills face was a treasure to behold.... and then the real story unfolded.

One day following the spring thaw Bill decided to check out HIS waterfront . To his great distress he discovered that his two beautiful new docks and the canoe which had been laid on top of one of them were gone... vanished... disappeared without trace. Then began what might go down in the annals of the South Marysburg history books as one of the greatest pieces of detective work this area has seen. Sgt. Gaw watch out! This painstaking work of investigation took Bill all the way to the mouth of the Black River and all points in between, ending up I believe some days later at Pastor’s Rest (the Robbs). I wish I had been a fly on the wall when Bill was questioning his neighbours. It might have gone something like this... “Have you by any chance seen two sections of dock and a canoe recently?” “Well no, but why do you ask?” “Well I live on Black River and my docks and canoe have disappeared.” “Oh really, that’s bad luck. Did they sink in these high water levels?” “No, I don’t think so.” “Well they are not here. Have you checked with the coastguard. Better warn them of a possible shipping hazard.....”

As you might imagine the sight that befell Bills eyes of his two beautiful docks AND canoe neatly moored at Robb’s Landing was somewhat embarrassing to me in its implications, particularly when one considered the rustic state of the ‘dock’ beside it. Thankfully, being the good neighbour that he is, Bill generously refrained from making any comment about motive and promised to return to take them back to their rightful location a half mile upriver past the lighthouse at Crouse Landings. The thought did cross my mind of billing for mooring charges but was quickly quashed when I gratefully considered that I hadn’t received a non-social call from the said Sgt. Gaw!

Have you ever wondered indeed????

Blessings,
- Pastor Ian.