



The In-Between Time

Paul Tournier, in his book "A Place for you," describes the experience of being *in between*. Between the time we leave home and arrive at our destination. Between the time we leave adolescence and arrive at adulthood. Between the time we leave doubt and arrive at faith. It is like the time when the trapeze artist lets go of the bars and hangs in mid-air, ready to catch the hand of another. It is a time fraught with uncertainty, danger, excitement and hope.

For church and nation, we also sense that we are on this journey. The reset button has been pressed and we have yet to sense where exactly we are heading. We have to let go of the trapeze bar but unlike the artist, we are not

quite sure as we sail through mid-air, if there is another bar in sight or who will be grabbing our hands.

The old hymnal favourite, "I don't know about tomorrow" is apt. I have sung this since I was 13. Forty three years later, I still don't know! Weather forecasts have since improved and I can now know with some confidence whether it will be sunny or rainy tomorrow. Beyond that, not much else.

Yet another reset button has been pressed and I am flung into mid-air. Many questions flood my mind but no one can really answer them. I wonder if I still have the "can do" pioneering energy that I had when I first walked into St James' Church in 2001.





The energy, enthusiasm, a bursting spirit as I embraced my first experience as a Vicar and spiritual father.

Now flying through the air, there are some moments of trepidation as I face a giddy world and trying to see if there is a trapeze bar to grab or if someone is waiting to grab my flailing hands.

Someone shared Psalm 16 with me recently:

⁵*The Lord is my chosen portion and my cup;
you hold my lot.*

⁶*The lines have fallen for me in pleasant places;
indeed, I have a beautiful inheritance.*

⁷*I bless the Lord who gives me counsel;
in the night also my heart instructs me.*

⁸*I have set the Lord always before me;
because he is at my right hand, I shall not be
shaken.*

Amen. This is still true, as the same hymn goes, I may not know about tomorrow but *I know who holds my hand.*