

Lent third Sunday B
Money changers

There are often things which are out of place.

A Burnley football club supporter in Ewood Park.

A bottle of tomato ketchup in a five star Michelin restaurant.

A pair of high heels on a football field.

Money changers in a temple

But they had a role to transfer the coins with Caesar's idolatrous image upon it.

It had just got out of hand

Begun as a service that crept into the temple grounds and grew out of all proportion

It was just out of place

Like the person who climbs into their car at the end of the day, but does not leave behind the work of the day. Who picks up the children, taking care but concentrating upon the last decision made. The last job to be finished. Greeting the partner and preparing a rushed meal, before dropping the little one at dance class. Concentrating upon people who are not there. Even having silent conversations with colleges who are not there.

Physically in one place, mentally in another

Your home is a Temple

Throw the money changers out

All that worry

It is just out of place

Like the person who is really angry. Maybe you have tooth ache. Maybe you did not sleep too well. Maybe someone has done you a real disservice.

But it is not the fault of the shop assistant you were so rude to. It was not the responsibility of the politician spouting on the radio that you swore at. Worst of all your partner was responsible for putting the bins out not resolving issues with your golf partners. Indeed your children are playing, not praying in a Cistercian monastery. So they are going to make noise.

Anger from one place, subjected to another

Your life is a Temple

Throw the money changers out

All that frustration deal with it

But not here

It is just out of place

Like the news first thing in the morning. Putin killing the innocent to maintain his position of power and insecurity. The consequence of political manipulation as Palestinians have nowhere to live, or even exist. Global warming affecting the middle classes, as the snow on the Pyrenees, is rubbish this year.

All of which you place upon your shoulders.

Then you moan, and worry, and undermine, and do nothing

you have a vote

you can get involved

you can do a certain amount

However

You shall die, and so shall I, and all that will remain of us is love.

If you attempt to do your best

That is enough

The weight of the world is in the hands of God not yours

Your ability's are a sacred Temple

Throw the money changers out

All that arrogance that takes on so much beyond your control

It is just out of place

What is the Temple of your days cluttered with

It begins small, and creeps, and grows and can destroy.

Do you take your work home

Do you foist your anger upon the weakest

Do you play at being God

This Lent review

Throw the money changers out

Rid the temple of your heart

Of all that useless, pointless, destructive clutter.