

The Wedding Feast is Ready

The wedding feast is ready, but those invited were not worthy

This is pretty much a repeat of last week's sermon but in a different form

The wedding feast is ready

There was once a young man who had a mad stifling crush on a girl in his year. She spoke to him in a friendly manner. He relaxed when he was with her. They were friends at school, and he would have liked to spend more time with her.

But she had friends with sharpened fashions and sharper voices.

He had friends with standard jokes, and cruel responses.

He spoke to her and avoided the point

She spoke to him and would only hint

The wedding feast was ready and although both were invited neither proved worthy.

The wedding feast is ready

There was once a young Father who watched the cooking programmes with eager interest. Things that did not seem impossible. Ingredients that were not so expensive. Kitchens much like the one controlled by his wife.

He had curiosity but little practice

There was opportunity but little time

Things were produced that already fed the family

The thought of failure had a most unpleasant taste

The wedding feast was ready and although he was invited he never proved worthy.

The wedding feast is ready

There was once a pensioner who had gathered years, and counted money. His favourite phrase was "how much". Born in poverty there was a deep subconscious fear. This had ironically stimulated great success. The money was there safely locked away.

He had the wish for sport on TV

He liked to take a ride in a taxi

He needed to visit his sister in Torquay

He counted the money instead

The wedding feast was ready and although he was invited he never proved worthy.

The wedding feast is ready

Wait

These are the good old days

Wait and see

Recognise the feast

Prove worthy of the feast

Take the risk

And get involved.