CONNECTIONS

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Category: Observations

I had an interesting day yesterday. I drove up to Leeds for the morning service at City Evangelical Church, where my friend Helen Robertson was being commissioned to go to PNG to work with Wycliffe.Â The service was great and Helen seemed to be encouraged and ready to start on her new adventure.Â From my point of view, the day was fascinating because of all of the connections with other parts of my life which came out...

- As I drove in to the church, I realised that Sue and I had once visited a house just across the road when we were trying to find her a place to live for her year at Leeds Polytechnic. The house has long since been demolished - but Sue didn't live there in the end.
- Inside the church, and waiting for Helen and the minister to arrive, I glanced (as I do) at the 'World Mission Board'. There was a photo of a couple we had helped lead a youth group with in Southampton in the early eighties and another couple whom we taught on a language learning course and who we used to meet from time to time in Africa.
- Then a chap introduced himself to me and mentioned that he'd just made a comment on Kouya Chronicle the night before. It turns out he works at the Oakes, a Christian Youth Centre that both David and Sam had enjoyed a great deal.
- After the service, I was approached by an African gent who was interested that I had mentioned living in Ivory Coast. It turned out that he had been very involved in literacy work in Wobe a language closely related to Kouya. We had a great chat about people we both knew in Abidjan and in the Wobe area. We realised that we had undoubtedly met at some point in Abidjan, though neither of us could actually recal having done so.
- Someone else mentioned that they had been involved at Above Bar Church while we were in Africa and remembered getting news from us and the odd telephone link up in the services.

All in all it was a fascinating couple of hours. But there was another connection which remains with me.Â As I drove through Yorkshire on the M1 (north - then south a few hours later) the Emley Moor TV mast was visible on the Pennine skyline. Emley Moor is just above Sue's home town of Huddersfield and can be seen from all over the town. Now that her parents are no longer with us, we don't have a lot of reason to visit Huddersfield, but every time I drive on the M1, I glance over to the hills with a mixture of thankfulness for good memories and sadness.