

A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE WRITTEN AFTER IT RAINED

Wet & Dry

It has been a long time since my young sons have had the fun of jumping and splashing in puddles. Over the last few weeks there has been great joy as hope has been restored by the substantial rain fall we have experienced. It means we can move on into the recovery phase of the drought. It is true we still have to cope with the financial effects and the rebuilding of the stock numbers but now the rain has come we know we have passed half way. As we do we think of the many people throughout New Zealand who have stood with us. From the many Blenheim people who came and stood in our bare paddock at the drought service, to the many people through out New Zealand who have given gifts of time and talents (some people in the deep south even sent fruit cakes). By these actions we have known that we are not alone and this knowledge has helped us as we as a district have wrestled through the drought.

The rain has come in the quantity that we so desperately needed and now we look to the spring with hope. As we do we are mindful that our joy over the rain is not mirrored by others. We read of the home owners whose houses have been damaged by water and mud. With concern we think of the pastures that are flooded and the stock that have been lost. Rain to them has not brought hope and a smile.

There is a famous story about a man who was travelling when he was beaten up by some thugs and left dying in the gutter. While he was lying there different people went by, the first two went quickly by not wanting to get involved. After all, what had this man's situation got to do with them. Perhaps they were thinking of the many pressing things that they had to do in their own lives. While the third man even though he was under no obligation, stopped, putting himself out by helping in what ever way he could. The challenge of the story is to do likewise. (Luke 11:30-37)

As we rejoice at the rain and the ending of the physical drought, the challenge is to remember those who have listened to this story and learned from the last mans actions. Because their efforts, though they might have seemed small, helped us when we were hurting. The challenge is for us to go and do likewise. May we not forget this as we join the children in their laughter as they splash through the puddles.

Rev Martin Harrison