

HOLIDAYS

The Garden Party's over; our labours well rewarded. We can now look forward to that other annual event, the Summer Holiday! Or can we? A holiday's not all holiday. I spend much of my time, **a.** taking parties of children abroad, and **b.** wondering why!

There was the time we flew to Majorca, but they put us down at Barcelona – fog at Palma, the first for 17 years! And there was the emergency landing at Luton, all fire engines and ambulances.

The lad who asked if we were in Bonn. Now my Geography's poor, but his was non-existent, he as suffering from amnesia!

Negotiations with a Belgian supermarket manager over a 'lifted' penknife for a younger brother.

The broken pane of glass. The broken bed. The torn sheet. The burnt curtain ...

The home-sick, the sea-sick, the love-sick and the plain sick ...

And 'they' say, 'A change is as good as a rest!' *They* must be joking!

On the other hand, Shakespeare was right when he wrote,

'If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work.' *

A holiday is a corruption of a Holy Day, a time to side-step the everyday, and meditate upon less Earthly things. For us a time of preparation for a new year of service.

* Henry VI part 1 - Act 1 Scene ii

Howard Brayton

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