

In a word – GUILT

Guilt is an inner feeling of dissatisfaction with life, with our inner self. It is common to all, yet we go on with life dissatisfied, looking for something somewhere to get rid of that feeling.

Some decide to fill their lives with loud music – all day, if possible, so that they can ignore it. All the many aspects of materialism - entertainment, greed, pride - can be used to silence the nagging interior voice. If we can, we silence that voice by whatever suits us best. Whatever may happen, we are unwilling to admit to a feeling of guilt – yet that is what it is.

“What have I to feel guilty about? I’m as good as the next man. I’ve never done anyone any harm – not that I can remember. (I’ve successfully silenced the voice that says the opposite.)” But denial of reality gets us nowhere.

The reality is that we have all fallen short of the standard of perfection of life that we were designed to experience. None of us matches the perfection of life of Jesus Christ, not Ghandi, not Buddha, not Mother Teresa. Study the life of Jesus of Nazareth and forget the idea that He came to show us how to live our lives – He was so totally successful that the effect is to show us that we can’t live that way. Remember that faked advert showing a man leaping from the top of one tall building to the top of the next? Jesus made it – no faking. Everyone else has fallen short, by a lot or a little, but probably by a lot more than we are prepared to accept.

Whether we are willing, or whether like a few people we are so totally convinced of our unworthiness that we are in a permanent state of depression, there is one answer to our need. It is the forgiveness of God Almighty. When He has forgiven you life is satisfying at last. That forgiveness is available, promised, for all, now, as you read this. Jesus loves each one of us that He died so that we can be forgiven. Once we are prepared to admit that we are guilty before Almighty God, and ask his forgiveness, we find peace with God, and peace within ourselves

The Rev Peter Barratt

Died in the services

Little Alex was staring up at the large brass plaque that hung on the side wall of the church. The plaque was covered with names, and seemed to fascinate the seven-year old.

“All those names,” he said to the minister. “Who are they?”

“Well, they were people who used to go to this church,” explained the minister. “This is a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the services.”

Soberly, they stood together, staring at the large plaque.

Little Alex’s voice was barely audible when he asked, “Which service, the eight o’clock, or the ten thirty?”