



ON MY BIKE

By Ian Menzies

During the coronavirus pandemic the congregational newsletter which I produce has changed from monthly to weekly, and is mostly distributed by email or accessed from our website. A few 'hard copies' are distributed to some locals on an exercise-excuse trundle through my neighbourhood on my bicycle. Bike riding in general has sky-rocketed in my suburb, so I am not alone on my travels for long. Family groups wobbling along are common, as youngsters and their parents enjoy an escape from their home for a while. As the weeks have progressed, I've noticed many gardens have gradually been spruced too. Hedges are trimmed,

lawns cut, edges are neatened. I espy small glimpses of lock-down life: a small girl squeals with delight as her mum with a leaf-blower teasingly re-creates the famous Marilyn Munroe effect on her skirt; a young boy over-soaps the family car in a driveway; multi-coloured chalk greetings appear on footpaths and teddies are propped in windows; couples stroll amicably on exercise walks and neighbours stand at respectful distances to chat over fences. A suburb has become a community. Isolation has somehow become connection. The similar and familiar strange reversals of the Easter story echo through my mind as I pedal my round.

Reflection:

*'Tis mystery all: the Immortal dies: Who can explore His strange design?
Charles Wesley, 1707–1788*