

TT 13 Day 48 (Church Festivals)

Sunday mornings have taken on a new look in the lockdown. At about 10 am the Guvnor moves his laptop, iPad and Kindle into the dining room and sets them all up like a City trading floor ready to take part in the 1030 am church service relayed via Zoom. One shows the Rector and around her all the faces of the 'congregation', another displays the Order of Service and the third is a back-up in case of technical failure of either of the other two. He positions them where natural light is at about 2 o'clock and selects a neutral background, usually the large chest of drawers with a few unostentatious ornaments on top checking that no-one has left a copy of Mein Kampf or Che Guevara's memoirs in shot.

Incidentally, the Guvnor was looking up the latter (Che) the other day as an episode of 'My Family' reappeared on Lockdown TV featuring Robert Lindsay and who he remembered vividly from the television programme 'Citizen Smith' that went out in the late 1970s. Lindsay was 'Wolfie' Smith, (named after Wolfe Tone), the young Marxist urban guerrilla who led the Tooting Popular Front in South London. With his cries of "Let me go; I have Rights to right" and then, just after all the lights went out, "Power to the people" he attempted to raise his game from being the unemployed serial layabout and petty criminal whose plans fail through apathy, ineptitude and general uselessness.

Che Guevara, on the other hand, was the real deal during the Cuban Revolution and, like so many zealots, uttered the occasional really bon mot amid all the atrocities he orchestrated. For example: "I don't think you and I are very closely related, however, if you are capable of trembling with indignation each time that an injustice is committed anywhere in the

world, we are comrades, and that is more important".

Few of us would argue with that. Anyway, back to the present day and the Zoom service. It was Pentecost and after the service was over the Guvnor made coffee and began reminiscing: "I could not help but be taken back to the days of 'Whatsisname', erstwhile Rector of a Parish near here. He tried to explain how, when the Apostles were visited upon by tongues of fire and via the Holy Spirit, were able to speak, and be understood, by the many diverse nationalities and tribes in their own languages.

The Guvnor remembers how he would mount the pulpit steps, produce his sermon taken directly from the internet, remove all capital letters and punctuation marks, extract paragraph headings and then, after throwing all the pages into the tumble drier effect of the tombola drum and a final scrambling of all the words through the Enigma machine, he would deliver the Queen's English in a way that no English, Scottish, Welsh or Irish person present in the congregation could understand. We were never sure which 'spirit' had been visited upon him".

Back to the present, in preparation for this Sunday our Rector had proposed: "I would like to invite you to wear something that is red, yellow or orange to help us fill our Zoom screen with the flame of the Holy Spirit". Naturally, it wasn't a competition, but the Guvnor compared his tie to Brian's shirt. Brian won!

