**Endings and beginnings**

One of our greatest abilities is the ability to forget. Every night you go to sleep and your brain wipes away non-essential memories leaving us ‘clear-headed’ for the day ahead. Without it our heads would become so cluttered with non-essential memories we would cease to function, our brains would explode and our ears would drop off. I made up that bit.

Dreaming is essentially bringing up all the memories of the day and wiping them clean from our minds. Clever isn’t it?

As a school teacher I used to love September – the start of a new term – and each child would receive fresh, clean exercise books. Books without mistakes, messy writings and red ink (red ink isn’t used so much nowadays – green is seen as softer and friendlier).

By the quirks of deadlines and bank holidays I am writing this just before Easter Sunday, where the message of rebirth, fresh starts and forgiveness is written large in the death and resurrection of Jesus, inviting all of us to put the past behind us and start again; a new term with clean exercise books. But this isn’t an annual event but a daily one. Almost an attitude to life; living in the present that is given hope through a future lived with in relationship with God, rather than being defined by a past lived apart from Him.

As the season closes there is a much-needed break that will serve to put this season behind us – the good and the bad, the great moments and the disasters – and help us all gear up for 2014/15. Full of hope, expectation and anticipation, with a blank page before us.

But there’s still a game to play, and as so often sport mirrors faith: when the lads run out today they will try to forget what has gone on before and just play the game in front of them. Each time they cross the white line it’s a new game, a fresh start, filled with the hope of what might be. A good metaphor for life don’t you think?