**Capturing the moment**

I’m back from holiday and the job that dads everywhere get landed with (along with putting the bins out, mowing the lawn and unblocking the sink) is downloading all the photos and doing something with them.

There was a day when you would return from holiday and send off your films for processing. All would go quiet, and then on a rainy day in October an envelope would arrive and everyone would gather together and look through the photos and remember the good times, and wonder which small child nicked the camera and wasted ten valuable exposures taking a photo of the ground.

Then they would go back in the envelope and into a drawer somewhere. Each year the new year’s resolution would be to put them in an album. For a brief period when scrapbooking was all the rage this did indeed happen, but it hardly touched the photo mountain that has grown in the drawers of most households and there they remain.

Nowadays the photo mountain is even bigger, but it is a virtual one. There must be gazillions of pictures up in the sky somewhere (because that is how it works) taken on people’s phones, ipads and cameras, all instantly uploaded and left there. Too many to delete, sort and process.

For me on holiday I try to strike a balance between capturing events and putting the blessed camera away and living in the moment. Nothing winds me up more than seeing people at a gig or sporting event and instead of actually living it, enjoying it, experiencing it they are trying to capture it on their phones. And at the zoo taking photos of everything – why is that? If you want a picture of a baboon google it – trust me it will be a better picture, taken by someone who knows how to use a camera. Put the phone away and learn to live in the moment.

The famous philosopher and lifestyle guru Ferris Bueller once said, ‘Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.’

You can’t stop time passing any more than you can try and press pause, bottle a moment and hold onto it for ever. Nor do we need to prove to our facebook friends what an exciting life we lead. It’s all fake. We need to learn to live life not record it. As the ever so corny poster says; yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, today is a gift from God, which is why we call it the present.

Let’s hope it also involves a hatful of goals and three points for us! COYG!