

Chance

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By Elsa Day



The toss of a coin, or a ball over the line, that extra goal scored.

Some will argue about the latter being chance. Think of the amount of time spent in arduous training, honing skills pushing every fibre of bodies, the concentration, determination, expectation and then exaltation... or desolation.

Well, we soon will know the answers (as I write this Thursday of last week) of the Wimbledon final and the winner of the European Cup.

A bit of me longs for England to win the football cup, if for no other reason than not having to watch Bobby Moore lift the cup for the 'nth interminable time. Yes, I was watching the match, every moment of it, all those years ago. Why? Because my brother Gordon and his family were staying with us, and he is a fan. He will have watched every moment of this year's match, as will his sons.

Chance? Skill? Or will the win depend on a pair of lucky socks as talked about on the TV!

As I looked at the crowd in Denmark a short while before the semi-finals, they were so sure, so certain they would win, and I wondered what it would be like if their team lost. For every winner in these games there is always a loser. It will be the same when the Olympics gets under way.

Do we all start out thinking we are winners only to become disillusioned by life? Why do some have all the problems and other relatively few? Or maybe we have lived a charmed life for most of our days and then

our world comes crashing down.

We have all asked this question, “Why?”

I have been reading the book of Job and life was like that for him: all was wonderful and then everything was lost. He couldn’t make sense of it all. Where had he gone wrong? What more could he have done?

One line in a song from the musical *Sound of Music* always makes me cringe, when Julie Andrews sings, “somewhere in my youth or childhood I must have done something good^[1],” when she looks at her good fortune in finding love. “Tell that to Job!” I want to shout, “he was a good man, and he thought this was enough.”

“What can I do to be saved?”

Jesus’ answer, “Believe on me, and you shall have everlasting life.” There was a price: Crucifixion... There is proof: Resurrection... There is Certainty: His Gift for each of us, His Holy Spirit.

Everlasting life? Change not Chance, All New, We’re Home, Pain-Free, Tear-Free, Suffering Ended.

Seeing God’s Glory, seeing Jesus Face to Face, Colours never imagined, Singing like nothing we have ever enjoyed before and hearing God laugh!

Winner-Loser. Don’t take a chance on your future, trust in the certainty Jesus offers.

^[1] *Something Good*, Rogers & Hammerstein, 1959 (1965)

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