

Excitement was building as I prepared for the 14 hour trek to northern Canada with my brother Andy. A notoriously heavy packer, I knew traveling space was going to be limited so I grabbed an un-read, ultra-thin book called *God's Trombones: Seven Negro Sermons in Verse*.

To pass the time while Andy was driving, I took out that little book and read aloud The Prodigal Son sermon. James Weldon Johnson did a nice job of expressing that story in different ways and we enjoyed several of the phrases including the beginning ... "Young Man – Young Man – Your arm's too short to box with God."

Arriving safely after the long drive, we hurried about some tasks at our newly-acquired family farm. Worry on a number of fronts invaded my sleeping and my waking.

My mind was still clenching several logistics as we made it to our "adopted" church home up north -- St. Andrew's in the Pines (Mattawa, ONT.) Worship was going fine but my head was still trying to solve many logistical issues as the lay pastor started her sermon...

*"I found this little story about the prodigal son in a book and wanted to share it this morning:
Young Man – Young Man – Your arm's too short to box with God..."*

I caught my breath and said a little thank-you prayer as I 'put away the boxing gloves' to enjoy worship and the day ahead!

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