

April

From the Vicar

I'm not usually bothered about getting my hair cut but earlier this month I was in a real quandary about it all. My usual hairdresser has given up, she used to come to the house, and so I had to go out and find a new one. Not an easy thing let me tell you. For me it's a bit like changing your dentist or your doctor. You get used to a particular person, the way they do what they do and more to the point the price they charge.

Well after putting it off and putting off I knew it was time to let someone else loose on my hair - also the fact that my Mum said that my hair was looking really nice meant that I had let it go far too long and that my waves and curls were beginning to reassert their natural dominance. Despite what my mother says big hair on my head is not a good look! Sorry Mum!

So with trepidation I went off to the salon where my wife goes, I wandered in and knew who I was to ask for - she wasn't available, not that day or for the next three days. I simply could not wait that long, the world was not ready for hair that long. So I walked out of the shop and down the road and into the next salon I came to, true it looked a bit trendy for a cleric, all black leather sofas and flat screen TVs, everyone who worked there was younger than me and they all looked like they could do with a descent hair cut themselves - (why do people in trendy hairdressing salons all look like they have just had their heads rubbed with a towel?? Beats me)

Anyway I was in and they could fit me in then and there so I just said, "Wash and cut, please." Trouble was I forgot a critical question. They sat me down, had a chat with me about what style I had my hair - by now a forensic, if not archaeological exercise - then they sent me to the back wash. I sat down, leaned back and suddenly the foot of the chair started to rise, just like a dentist's chair, then without warning the seat back began to undulate and massage up and down my spine. It was only then I knew that something I should have asked earlier. As my feet rested, my back was massaged and my head was taking on the sweet smell of apple scented shampoo I thought to myself, "Uh oh! I don't think this is going to be cheap!" And sure enough it wasn't, I mean it really, really wasn't. But do you no, it was the best haircut I've ever had, from start to finish, from the service to the resulting cut, it was simply the best ever.

My old hairdresser used to come to the house, do a very short dry cut with clippers and that was that, 15 minutes for £5. It was a good cut, fantastic value and I had no complaints. But this new place is wonderful, expensive but wonderful. I came out feeling special, I'm sorry but I did! I felt like I'd been looked after and tended to. I felt like I had gone in a mess and come out lovely, well at least a whole lot better than when I'd gone in. Yes it was jaw droppingly expensive but I actually felt I'd got more than my money's worth. When I told people they said I was mad to have paid so much, when they found out where I'd gone they weren't surprised, apparently it is well know for being expensive.

"They called the apostles in, beat them, and told them not to speak in the name of Jesus again. Then they let them go free. The apostles left the meeting full of joy because they were given the honour of suffering disgrace for Jesus. Every day in the Temple and in people's homes they continued teaching the people and telling the Good News—that Jesus is the Christ." From Acts chapter 5 verses 40 to 42 (The book of the Bible that tells of the earliest beginnings of the Christian church.)

It is expensive being a Christian, it can cost you a great deal; the earliest followers of Jesus knew that. They left jobs and family, they were beaten and imprisoned and murdered. In the 21st Century we can face ridicule and censure at work or socially, we can find people dismissive of what we have chosen for our life's pattern. We can find that things we did before we now cannot do or know we should not do and that can make us unpopular. Lifestyle, attitudes, relationships, work and investment ethics, pastimes may all need some degree of change when we ask Jesus into our hearts to be our Lord and Saviour - **BUT** - as the disciples in the book of Acts knew, as Christians throughout the ages knew, as those Christians living around you know: the cost of being a Christian is nothing compared to the joy of being a Christian.

Despite everyone's shock and protest at the cost of my hair cut and having to make savings elsewhere in order to afford it I've already been back.

In the Love of Christ. Rev. Rob Hinton Vicar of All Saints.