

Living with Motor Neurone Disease - A Spiritual Perspective # 27

Had the joy of watching my team in the FA Cup last weekend!

Playing at Peterborough meant an away game was closer for me than a home one. Heather and I took the short trip, and after being squashed into a tiny lift, then herded into the 'wheelchair pen' we settled for the game. Actually being raised higher did give us a brilliant view of the action. And it was an exciting game, despite narrowly losing.

Anyway, during the game the man next to me kept elbowing me in the side. As he had some challenges controlling his upper limbs, I assumed this was involuntary. Being a very polite individual (of course!) I didn't look his way, or comment, in case of embarrassing him. Only towards the end of the game did the penny drop. He was deliberately digging me in the ribs, inviting me to share in the excitement happening in front of us. Before I knew it he was high-fiving both Heather and I! What a lovely, engaging man!

Funnily enough I delivered a talk the next morning on the hope of Advent. One of my themes was to do with staying alert. Goodness me, how much had I needed to hear my own ponderings!

It's struck me afresh how communicating well, with one another, can be fraught with misunderstanding. How much better to be alert enough to see the good in others, when it's right under our noses.

Go well.