

Pastor's Patch: The Bridge



My name's Richard. I'm 74. And I've come to realize something about my generation: we are the bridge.

We were born in one world... and grew up in another.

A world where summers meant open windows, the hum of a box fan, and the smell of fresh-cut grass. Where neighbours waved from their porches, and if your bike chain broke, you didn't Google it - you knocked on a door and someone came out with a wrench.

We lived in a world built on patience. We waited for letters to arrive. We waited for the library to open. We waited for our favourite song to play again on the radio - and when it finally did, it felt like magic.

Then, almost overnight, everything changed. Phones shrank. Music became invisible. News arrived before the coffee finished brewing. We learned to type, to swipe, to tap. We learned to talk to machines - and to have them talk back. We've seen milk delivered to the door in glass bottles... and we've scanned groceries without speaking to a single cashier. We've dropped coins into payphones...and we've made video calls to loved ones across oceans. We've known the deep quiet of a world without notifications - and the noise of one that never stops buzzing.

And sometimes, the younger ones look at us like we're behind. But what they don't see is this: we know both worlds.

We can plant tomatoes and write an email. We can tell a story without Google - and then fact-check it with Google. We know the weight of a handwritten letter and the reach of a message sent in seconds. We've lived long enough to understand that you can change without losing yourself. That you can honour where you came from while still learning where the world is headed.

We've buried friends and welcomed grandchildren. We've seen diseases disappear and new ones arrive. We've unfolded paper maps - and followed glowing blue lines on GPS. We've sent postcards with stamps - and emojis with a single tap.

And maybe that's our greatest gift: the memory of a slower, gentler time, and the courage to adapt to a world that never sits still. We can teach the young that not everything needs to happen instantly. And we can remind our peers that it's never too late to try something new. Because that's what we are - the bridge between what was and what will be. And as long as we keep standing strong, the world will always have something solid to cross on its way forward.

Because every generation builds the road a little further - and ours?

Ours remembers both the dirt path and the highway.

#fblifestyle (taken from Facebook)

*The righteous will flourish like a palm tree, they will grow like a cedar of Lebanon;
planted in the house of the Lord, they will flourish in the courts of our God.
They will still bear fruit in old age, they will stay fresh and green, proclaiming,
'The Lord is upright; he is my Rock, and there is no wickedness in him.'*

Psalm 92 v12-15

Darrell Holmes



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