

Fridge Gravel/Rucksack Scraps

I recently came across a new phrase - "fridge gravel". In case you, too, have not heard of it before, fridge gravel is what you find when you empty out your refrigerator to clean it down and have sorted out the big things you will use to make meals, and the unidentifiable things that need to be thrown away. It's the bits of food that have been saved - maybe a couple of spoons of gravy, a couple of slices of corned beef, or a single, slightly withered, carrot and a single spring onion, or the last teaspoon of cranberry sauce at the bottom of the jar, left over from Christmas. All of it safe to eat, but none of it enough to use on its own.

In the Newton fridge, it is often dried out scraps of cheese, too hard to grate or slice but fine for making a fondue, once you've patiently waited for it to melt. The other fridge gravel gets chopped, mixed with lentils and becomes a soup, a stew or a curry, like the rucksack scrap curry made at the end of a week's youth hostelling tour of the Lake District. Several of us, strangers till that evening, fearful of adding to fridge gravel at home, combined our scraps into a curry with the strangest of ingredients, some black pudding, a kipper, six inches of Cumberland sausage (from the Ambleside butcher who sold by length, not weight), some couscous and a packet of Vesta beef curry (that dates it!). A memorable final meal in the Lake District, for all the best reasons, the assorted company and the odd ingredients in what turned out to be a very tasty and enjoyable curry!

Nothing looked terribly promising on its own, and no doubt some wouldn't have given the well-travelled ingredients of that evening meal a second look but simply to have thrown them away.

I know many people who don't think they are particularly useful to God, but when they are with others He takes all their different 'small' gifts to make something wonderful. Think of those first disciples Jesus chose... formerly from a variety of jobs, and from a range of positions in the social hierarchy and on the political spectrum... together they became the start of the Christian church. Without them, there would have been no Christianity today. Christ Church folk are as varied as the disciples and our spiritual fridge gravel/rucksack scraps, given to God, can become part of something surprisingly good.

"For if the willingness is there, the gift is acceptable according to what one has, not according to what one does not have." 2 Corinthians 8:12

Prayer

What shall we offer our good Lord, poor nothings for His boundless grace? ...O multiply the sower's seed and fruit we every hour shall bear.

Roger Newton - borrowing heavily on a Facebook post by **Gee Cross Methodist Church**.