

## Feeling Blue

*[thoughts overheard]*

Today I discovered I'm coloured! No. There's nothing racial about it. I'm not black or brown or white. I'm a whole rainbow of colours!

I met Rose this morning, just as I was getting on the bus. 'Hello!' she called. 'Are you all right? You're looking blue this morning.' 'I'm fine', I called as she walked on. 'Blue?' I thought. 'Blue? Me? Looking blue?' I glanced at my hands. They sometimes go white and have a tinge of blue when I'm really cold, but today was warm and sunny. I expect Rose meant I looked sad. Well I admit I didn't have an ear to ear smile for getting on the bus. It's a serious business when the driver's shouting 'Hurry up!' and you're worried you'll upset him with not having the right change. I suppose I could have been looking a bit 'blue'. I was thinking about the news this morning – another earthquake in Turkey – two more soldiers dead in Afghanistan and all those children in Somalia.

I had to squeeze on to a seat in the bus with a large young man. He had the bigger share and half my bottom was dropping over into the aisle. I hung on though and thought my thoughts. Wouldn't it be a laugh if we really changed colour with our moods! I grabbed the bar, nearly pressed the stop button, and looked around. There wasn't a single smiley face on the bus. If everyone turned the colour they looked it would be like an outing for ancient Britons all covered in woad this morning!

It's amazing how many pink people spend a fortune making themselves brown! Even old Mrs. Clements in the packing department. She overdid the tanning this year, Made herself real sore. She was more red than brown – a cross between a pickled onion and a beetroot.

I go red easily. It doesn't take much to embarrass me .... Like last Saturday at the church concert. I hadn't noticed the choir had come in. Suddenly everyone went quiet .. except me who went on talking in a very loud voice. It was a good thing the lights went down. I laughed about it afterwards, but I didn't know where to put my face, except in a bucket of water to cool it down. I go real red, not pink. Pink's a nice colour though. Jane brought her new baby into work the other day. She had him dressed in a beautiful yellow suit. Just his face and hands poking out, all lovely baby pink. I suppose that's why they talk about, *being in the pink of health*. I would have been happier if Rose had called out, *'You're looking pink this morning!'* She ought to be pink with a name like Rose, but then you can get blue roses!

On the bus the big lad next to me stretched to pull something out of his pocket and I really had to hang on. I suppose some people would have turned purple then. I don't get angry like that. It never does any good. But my granddad did. – turn purple, not 'not do anything good.' He had a stroke, poor dear, and used to get so frustrated when he couldn't pick things up in his fingers. He would go through the whole colour range from pink to red to purple and all those shades like crimson and vermilion in between.

They talk about people being yellow too. I think they say coward's are yellow. That was me on the bus. I really ought to have asked that chunky chap to budge up a bit, but I didn't know how he'd take it. He was more than twice my size and I was getting off in a few minutes. I was nearly thrown off a couple of times before that. The driver seemed to speed up to get round the roundabouts, and with me dangling on the edge of the seat ... I expect I've got a bruise, but I can't see it there. I expect it will be all colours. If it was somewhere Rose could see it tomorrow she'd say, *You're looking rainbow this morning!*

Bruises often end up looking green. Now that's another colour for me. They say green for envy. I know I get a bit jealous sometimes. Like the other week when Jack won a holiday in Spain and my ticket was the next number to his.

Funny isn't it! Rose just said that about looking blue this morning and it's been in my mind all day. I was still thinking about it when I slipped into St.Peter's. I like to pop in on my way to the bus some nights. It's sort of like me wanting to say *'hello'* to Jesus. It was a lovely bright evening and as I sat in the Lady Chapel I looked at the window with Mary and Jesus in it. Mary was dressed all in blue. She has such a lovely peaceful face. I felt good just sitting there looking. It was soon time to get my bus and as I left I looked up at the East window and

the Easter picture in the middle of it. I'd never noticed before how full of morning blue sky it is. It's like the window says, *Jesus is alive! There's a whole new day beginning - full of life and hope'*

I just sat down again and thought, '*Blue's a lovely colour to be.* Then I asked Jesus to make me blue, so other people could see all his peace and love through me..

I missed my bus, but it didn't matter. I felt really blue!