

Sometimes, things, just don't work out right. Sometimes, they are just, all wrong.

The car won't start. The left front tyre is flat. The motorway is jammed.

Sometimes, when you least need it, things go wrong. How often does the internet go bung, just when you need to send that vitally important email? How often does the printer go on the blink, when you have that special thing that needs to be produced right now?

Things even get mucked up even when the planning is careful. How many wedding reality TV shows have there been? Wedding meltdowns, they make great television. My Big Greek Wedding. Bridezilla. Mother of the Bride, or Groom for that matter.

There are so many things to get right, and seemingly so much at stake.

The License. The Minister. The venue. The ceremony. The music.

The dress. The dresses. The suits. The colour. The fabrics. The length. The style. The cut. Hire or buy?

The wedding party. Who's in, whose out? The invitations, who's in and whose out? The gift register.

There are the flowers. The flowers for particular people. The colour of the flowers. The kinds of flowers. The number of flowers.

There is the catering; the number of courses. The type of food to be served. The Vegetarian, Vegan, Dairy and Gluten free possibilities. Fish or fowl. Poultry or Pork. Dessert. Then the grog that there is to be provided

The sitting plan. The table decorations, size, colour and texture. The font and type of the menu. The number of knives and forks and spoons that will be needed and what sort should they be.

Then there is the honeymoon...

There are details up the whazoo for a wedding, and whenever there are details like this, there is always the possibility of something going wrong. Most of the time these are tiny catastrophes and almost no one knows that they've happened.

The page boy turns right instead of left. The invitations are 1/2 a centimetre bigger than they should be. We got Marlborough Salmon for our entree instead of Akaroa.

Stuff that doesn't really matter. Perhaps the bride and groom, or the wedding planner might fuss a bit, but most of the guests wouldn't even have noticed.

But sometimes, things, just don't work out right. Sometimes, they are just, all wrong.

The ceremony is over; the bride and groom have kissed, the wedding party has been seated and the breakfast has begun ... when the MC comes to the happy couple and says...."sorry, we're out of grog!"

And not just in the sense that we can put money on the bar and vavlaa the beer is frothing and the wine flowing.

No, we are out of grog. This pub has no beer. This well is dry. This wine barrel is empty!

All of the planning has been for naught. All of that anticipated worry has come home to roost. All of those possible fears have materialized. This is going to be a disaster.

Until an unknown guest works some magic. No one knows how he does it. Most don't realise he has done it. But suddenly, more wine. More partying. And praise for the party hosts.

Our reading tells us, "This is the first of Jesus signs."

The first big thing he does in the gospel of John is provide a wedding couple, with a little magic.

How often do we plan? How often do we dream? How often do we hope that everything will go ok, will be alright? And how often do things go wrong?

And when this happens, how often have we wished for a little magic to occur?

Our reading tells us, when we have drained our cellar dry, when our mini tankers hiss air, there is another cellar, we can draw on.

The sign here, is that Jesus wedding couple magic ... is ours too.

His wine, ours to drink. His life, ours to share. His glory, ours to proclaim ...

Sometimes, things, just don't work out right. Sometimes, they are just, all wrong.

But then, sometimes someone works a little magic.

Thanks be to God. Amen.