

You hypocrite, first take the plank out of your own eye  
and then you will see clearly  
to take the speck of sawdust out of your brother's eye.

'Never, never, trust a Tory,' tweeted the Bishop of St David's,  
passing judgement on the majority of her diocese.

Others have since weighed in passing judgement on her,  
including the Secretary of State for Wales  
and perversely a hypercritical Archbishop of Canterbury  
who confessed he was deeply embarrassed by her  
and found her 40,000 tweets totally unacceptable.

The Bishop of St David's has now gone off sick for six weeks.

We're at it all the time, judging each other's specks of sawdust  
with planks in our eyes galore,  
straining out the gnat but missing the camel  
as Jesus memorably says elsewhere.

We've become a culture of contempt,  
a politician, a bishop, a scientist, whoever, hardly finish  
their sentence before we analyse it and find it so wanting.  
I blame the media, the News.

When I was a boy we kept it in perspective,  
the BBC News was on at ten to nine,  
ten minutes of facts with solid, dependable Richard Baker,  
a brief interruption to our nightly TV diet of Z Cars,  
the Black and White Minstrels, Ask the Family,  
topped by Roger Moore in the Saint.

Now the News, or rather analysis of the News, goes on for ever.

They once asked people shopping in Bridgend at lunchtime  
on a Sunday what they thought of some international crisis,  
as if anyone so desperate as to hang around Bridgend towncentre  
at high noon on a Sunday had any opinion worth sharing.

Oops, there I go judging folk again.

‘Judge not, that you be not judged,’ urged Jesus.

We really ought to stop, it’s a very bad habit indeed.

All those people judging Jesus ended up

with the world’s most innocent man nailed up on a cross.

Please, please, please, stop crucifying people.

As well marking the day He was crucified by not eating meat,

maybe we ought to stop judging, just for a day.

Meat-free Friday; Judgement-free Friday,

We can back-bite, we can gossip, we can destroy on other days

but keep Friday clear of rushing to judgement.

And if that begins to make us feel better,

as it really should, the ultimate detox,

maybe we can extend the habit to Sunday as well.

Judgement-free Sunday, instead gossiping the Gospel like

Mary Magdalene and her sister spice girls gossiped the Gospel,

surprising a death-obsessed, miserable world with resurrection.