**Slide 1 :** So this is St. James’s Church in the heart of Piccadilly, London. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren – opened in 1684 and has been serving the heart of London for over 330 years. It’s a lovely Church. Walk inside and **Slide 2:** It’s full of light and elegant space. It feels like a sacred space, where holy things should take place – worship and prayer. At least this is how it normally looks. However if I was to put all of us into coaches this morning and we were to travel up to London – exciting – and we were to walk into St. James’s Church Piccadilly (that is rather than to go into the shops on Regent Street or something like that ) we would see this (**Slide 3).** The artist Arabella Dorman has created an extraordinary piece of installation art in the Church called ‘Flight’. In 2015 more than 3,600 died by drowning in the Mediterranean. They were desperately trying to escape war as their homes had been destroyed – their lives left in tatters. Dorman wanted to do something to mark these terrible facts. So she approached the Greek Government who let her have one of the boats that had come ashore on a Greek beach earlier on in the year. It was packed up and sent to London and winched into place in the roof of the Church. A reporter from The Guardian newspaper wrote this: ‘

As the congregation filed in, everyone looked up at the long grey object hanging under the vault of this beautiful Wren church – a frail rubber dinghy, overturned as if sinking down into the depths. Three orange lifejackets are falling from its safety into the void: two adult-sized and one a child’s. The child’s has fallen further into the abyss, almost out of reach of desperate parents. Watery light plays on the boat, the perversely joyful sunny water of the Aegean.

In fact, the people who crossed the sea in this particular boat made it to the Greek island of Lesbos. They were very lucky. 62 people set out from Assos in Turkey to cross six miles of turbulent sea in this boat made for just 15. Dorman, a war artist who has worked in Afghanistan and Iraq, went to Lesbos this summer because she knew that the crossing is used by refugees from the conflict zones she has visited. When she got there, she said, “I found it overwhelming”. This relic of a rough crossing, salvaged from a beach scattered with lifejackets, is her attempt to bring the crisis home.’

There’s something else about all of this – the central part of a Church – the part where the congregation sit is often called the Nave. The word Nave means boat. So here we are in this Chapel this morning – this boat. Setting out into the journey of whatever 2016 holds in store. What will that journey hold? How will we cope if things go wrong? What happens if the boat capsizes and we fear that all is lost? What if the journey is calm and pleasant and we have a good following wind to take us where we want to go? How will we help others on the boat if their journey is more troubled than ours?

You see what this means? We don’t go out into these journeys as lone individuals striving against the elements by ourselves. We are never alone. Even those 62 people (**Slide 4)** sat in that boat on the sea – 62 people crammed into a boat that was only ever meant to hold 15 were not alone.

Thousands of people over the past year have been moved to help these desperate refugees. They have donated their time, money expertise, they have welcomed new people into their countries – the boat that is their land.

We have so much – and we need to be prepared to share the gifts we have. We’re in Epiphany – the celebration of the wise men bringing their costly gifts to the Christ Child. What gift can we bring? How can we share our boat with others? What can we give that others may simply live?