

## Caffinated Wezlo

Contributed by Wes  
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Easter Sunday I was a little bit more hyper than I am on a typical Sunday morning. I'm not sure why, but I was really excited to celebrate the resurrection this year (mostly it's because I did more deliberate preparations than I do normally - but that's another topic). Now, for some reason (mostly because I joke about it) people seem to think that when I get bouncy during (or before) worship I've had too much caffiene.

That's not really the case. Actually, the more hyper I am before and during worship the more my nervous energy is working it's way out. My sub-conscious mind goes into over-drive as I wonder about sermon points, prayer requests, how to greet people, if the slides are goign to be OK, who is doing what, and when the Choir is going to show up (or "if they are going to show up," there's a running joke that the Choir is going to sneak out for breakfast one week - I think I'd have to shake their hands if they ever did it). Anyway, I'm like a blithering-idiot before worship (and often during). Now, I used to get the same way before a play (and I'm just putting this together now). About 2 hours before curtain I really couldn't put a sentence together without someone needing to tell me to take a breath. At LMH, the make up crew used to have to force me to look at them so I could hear them say, "Don't move." What can I say, some people deal with nerves by throwing up, I deal with them by going manic. A big difference between my acting days, and my pastoral vocation, is that I don't have a "character" to channel that energy into. When I was playing Felix Unger, Algernon Moncrieff, or Smokey from "Damn Yankees" those nerves exploded into the character (and I knew I wasn't called to be an actor when I began to see that skill diminish). When I'm leading worship, however, I'm me. There is no character to explode into. I suppose I could create one, if I wanted to, but then it wouldn't be me - and there's someone truly inauthentic about preachers who put on the "preacher role" when they enter into the Sanctuary. So, the congregation sees a bouncy, semi-hyper, version of my personality - 'cause that energy has to go somewhere. Interestingly enough, as I settle into the sermon my sub-conscious slows down and I stop bouncing around like a lunatic - then my brain starts saying, "You know, you're really tired." By the time worship ends, I bounce on momentum, because the alternative would be to collapse in exhaustion. It's interesting, but because I don't have a character to channel my nervous energy into, I end up laying myself out before God and God's people week-in and week-out. Tiring as it is (and as much as I need a break) - there is something joyful about that notion. Especially when someone shows me a image like the one above - "Wes as superball..."