

REFLECTIONS

November 11, 2007

He performs wonders that cannot be fathomed, miracles that cannot be counted.

Job 9:10

Miracles

The three men knelt peering into the dark pit of an old cistern hidden beneath the tailor shop's concrete floor. The shop had been closed during the war years while the owner served military duty. The owner was now preparing to reopen the shop and the old cistern was first on a long list of items in need of inspection. But darkness in the pit prevented the trio from assessing its condition. To gain a better view, one of them struck a match unaware that over the years a pocket of gas had built up inside the cavern.

"It's going to blow! It's going to blow!" one of them shouted. Springing from their knees, they rushed for safety. Two of them ran to the back of the shop and found shelter under a large overhang. But the third man bolted toward the front only to be trapped by a locked door. The explosion dropped him to his knees, face to the ground as heavy pieces of the concrete floor erupted and fell heavily around him.

As the rain of particles from the blast subsided, he lifted his head to find heavy boulders of concrete surrounding him. The spot he had fallen in fear offered no safety from the devastation; yet like the other two men, he walked away shaken but unscathed.

Most likely some would choose to call him lucky. But I believe he was blessed by a miracle. Miracles did not cease with the ascension of Jesus. And miracles are not limited to wonders that run counter to natural laws. Miracles are inexplicable works that defy high probabilities against them. Miracles are the works of God's unfailing love.

Daddy came home that day covered with concrete fragments and dust. His hands were shaking and his voice rose anxiously as he told Mom of the event that should have left me without a dad. Later, he would take us to the explosion site. He showed us the tiny space that for one critical moment God had covered with a protective shield. A large concrete boulder rested only a few inches from the spot my dad had buried his head with his hands. And even at my very tender age, I felt the miracle from God's unfailing love.

My mind drifts back to the tailor shop explosion sometimes. I think of what might have been but for the grace of God. It helps me see miracles of God's love unfold before my very eyes when a speeding motorist runs a red light just before I drive into the intersection, or when unexpected help arrives just when needed most, or when a person declared terminally ill is cured, or when a rainbow marks the end of a gentle rain.

I give thanks for miracles, the special blessings of God's unfailing love.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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