



# REFLECTIONS

February 7, 2021

**For you created my inmost being;  
you knit me together in my mother's womb.  
I praise you because I am fearfully and  
wonderfully made;**

*Psalms 139:13-14*

## Vocare—To Call

Buried somewhere in storage lays a scrapbook of my high school days. Besides a few small medals and mementoes noting a handful of achievements, there isn't much of importance there. Napkins from banquets I don't otherwise remember, photos from our Senior trip, and articles about the best football team our school ever had fill most of the pages. (I wasn't on it.) But one page is dedicated to a newspaper photo unrelated to those days. The photo captures only the sky and a few clouds. It is notable because the photographer captured an instant in time when clouds formed an unmistakable image of Jesus.

Think about it. A cloud-formed image sketched across the sky so one might imagine a voice from heaven say, "*This is my Son, whom I love; with him I am well pleased.*" (Matthew 3:17) Or maybe in the wonder of that photo hearing Jesus say, "*Follow me.*"

Looking back today at the path my life has taken, I believe Jesus must have led me down it. I see now the many stops and turns we made along the way, the institutions that taught me, the jobs that fed me, the bosses who trained me, and the people and happenings that introduced me to life's realities. And they all finally led me to the place where I could see for the first time how fully my travels prepared me for my calling—*vocare*.

Frederick Buechner explained *vocare*, "[as] the place where your deep gladness and the world's great hunger meet."<sup>1</sup> Or like the composers wrote, I found "The Wind Beneath My Wings." *Reflections* dated March 26, 2006 describes the wind as "the passion of your heart and that's what makes you fly." So, when I discovered how God intended my giftedness to serve Him in my work *and* in my personal life, I found my calling. Then like Dorothy searching for home in the *Wizard of Oz*, I discovered I had been there all along.

Now, about adding the photo of a cloud-sketched Jesus to my scrapbook, I don't recall my thoughts then. But I believe I saved it because I felt Jesus calling *me*. Then unknowingly, I followed him down the path to the *vocation* God planned for me before the world began.

So, if you're wondering now why I felt called to tell you my story. It's not because it's my story. It's because Buechner said if I tell it right, you may find in it a bit of your story too.<sup>2</sup>

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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<sup>1</sup> Frederick Buechner, *The Hungering Dark*, New York: Seabury, 1969; San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1985

<sup>2</sup> Frederick Buechner, *Telling Secrets*, San Francisco; Harper & Row, 1991

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