



REFLECTIONS

September 17, 2023

**Where can I go from your Spirit?
Where can I flee from your presence?
...If I rise on the wings of the dawn,
if I settle on the far side of the sea,
even there your hand will guide me,
your right hand will hold me fast.**

Psalms 139:7, 9-10

Always There

TREES

*I think that I shall never see / A poem as lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest / Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day / And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear / A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain; / Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me, / But only God can make a tree.*

Joyce Kilmer

The sun had a special glow that day, grass greener, sky bluer, aromas sweeter, and life brighter. "How can anyone not believe!" my friend exclaimed. "Just look around." It was a turnaround for my friend.

Until that day my friend could only see science at work each day. He simply could not envision the sun frozen in the sky, or water instantly converted into wine, or a person dead four days raised from the dead. Of course, science is always at work. But that day I think my friend must have had an awakening. God controls science too.

So I wonder if:

My friend might have read *Trees* that day,
To awaken him in such a way.
All the world seemed different now
Than the way he'd seen its daily bow.
"Just look around at wonders near,
And not know God is always there."

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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