

Thought for the Day 27th April 2020 – from Angela Birkin

Reading: Exodus 19

Meeting God, hearing the words of God can be scary.

On the day the Israelites met with God at Mount Sinai there was thunder and lightning and thick cloud, and God descended on Mount Sinai in fire. The mountain shook violently and when Moses spoke God would answer him in thunder.

Luke tells us that Zechariah was a priest, and perhaps we should have expected him to be used to speaking to God and being spoken to in return, but when Zechariah saw an angel of the Lord in the temple he was terrified and fear overwhelmed him.

Yes, meeting God, hearing the words of God can be pretty scary.

‘But in these last days he has spoken to us by a Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom he also created the worlds.’ (Hebrews 1.2)

Jesus is the human face of God. He experienced the joys, the challenges, the pains of human life, and comes alongside us as a friend and a brother. The disciples were very scared after Jesus was arrested and crucified, but Jesus entered into a locked room, announced peace and the disciples rejoiced when they saw their Lord (John 20.19-20).

What a scary time this is as we continue in lockdown, not yet knowing how or when it will end, and whether we will have to learn to live with Covid-19 for some time yet.

Meeting God and talking with God is awesome but ultimately not scary because God in Christ bore us on eagles’ wings and brought us to himself (Exodus 19.4), and throughout this scary time we are assured of the presence and the peace, the *shalom*, of Christ.

How I talk to God by Kelly Belmonte

Coffee in one hand
leaning in to share, listen:
How I talk to God.

“Momma, you’re special.”
Three-year-old touches my cheek.
How God talks to me.

While driving I make
lists: done, do, hope, love, hate, try.
How I talk to God.

Above the highway
hawk: high, alone, free, focused.
How God talks to me.

Rash, impetuous

chatter, followed by silence:
How I talk to God.

First, second, third, fourth
chance to hear, then another:
How God talks to me.

Fetal position
under flannel sheets, weeping
How I talk to God.

Moonlight on pillow
tending to my open wounds
How God talks to me.

Pulling from my heap
of words, the ones that mean yes:
How I talk to God.

Infinite connects
with finite, without words:
How God talks to me.