

peace be with you

weekly devotional

from the desk of Rev. Marta Wheeler

SAINT PAUL BENSON

The Invasion

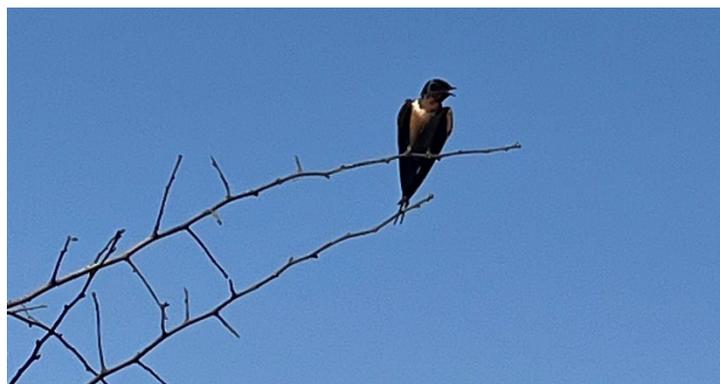
At a monastery known for silence
I cannot recall being greeted so
boisterously on a sultry Monday
when the sun is high at quarter past four.

In particular, one loudmouth will not
let up, despite my yearning to hear
the water emerging from the base of
the fountain and gaze at iridescent
rainbow showers sprinkling down in swirls.

Maybe though, I have it wrong this time?
The vocal one seems to be chastising
me for invading its space of quietude!

Muting this cell phone that could interrupt
my train of thought, then hiding it in a
macrame bag, I begin to sink
into the metal chair painted blue
that causes my tailbone some pain.

Then wisely, I draw into silence.
At once the formerly rowdy bird is
appeased
and sings a softer, sweeter composition.
So then, who was I to invade their space?



June 15, 2022

Psalm 42

Just like a deer that craves streams of water,
my whole being^[c] craves you, God.

² My whole being thirsts for God, for the
living God. When will I come and see God's
face?

³ My tears have been my food both day and
night, as people constantly questioned me,
"Where's your God now?"

⁴ But I remember these things as I bare my
soul: how I made my way to the mighty
one's abode,^[e] to God's own house, with
joyous shouts and thanksgiving songs—a
huge crowd celebrating the festival!

⁵ Why, I ask myself, are you so depressed?
Why are you so upset inside? Hope in God!
Because I will again give him thanks, my
saving presence and my God.

This is Our Father's World



This Sunday, I'll be observing Father's Day with my own dad's ornery smile lighting up the room of my memories. It wasn't infrequent that he would break out into song or tell a story that made us laugh. Our dad was sensitive and got choked up at weddings or a song that touched his heart. One sideways glance and we knew to straighten up, not out of fear, but because we didn't want to disappoint him.

From the time I was young until a few years ago, my dad would remind me that we know there is a God, because of ALL this beauty around us. Then he would smile as though he knew this with all his heart. His face still lights up my memories.

Through the people's tears, the Psalmist is asked, "Where is your God now?" Even when life is tough, it helps to open our eyes to the beauty of loved ones and nature and offer a prayer of gratefulness when we're ready.

We honor you for the differences you've made and give thanks for the love you've shown that has shown others the character of our awesome God.

With loving prayers for you and yours from all of us,

Marta

Rev. Marta Wheeler