



GOD'S TIMING

Psalm 90:4

*“A thousand years in your sight
are like a day that has just gone by,
or like a watch in the night.”*

Dear Opal,

This morning, as a new day has arrived on the wings of dawn, it seems only fitting to open this letter to you with the following quote from Thoreau, "Every part of nature teaches that the passing away of life is the making room for another." Certainly, **Ecclesiastes 3: 1 substantiates his words with the following verse, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.**

Consequently, as the mere human mind contemplates this meaty beginning, it seems that one arrives at more questions than answers, that is, if per chance thoughts from the human mind strike a chord that is even able to stand firm as a possible solution.

One given truth we can probably all agree on is that the cycle of seasons exist due to having experienced them in real time. Not only do we literally walk through these cycles designed by the Lord of the Universe, but acknowledge that they are divided into four divisions called spring, summer, fall, and winter; all having characteristics designated to each that are unique and life changing.

Opal, do you recall in the days of your youth, rising free from care on a glorious spring morning when fragrances from lilacs gently floated through the window of your room that permeated the air like sweet perfume, or as you ran through the meadow to suddenly be surprised by a skunk-cabbage with spearheads open and ready to blossom? What a carefree time for a little girl during the impressionable years of her life! Each glorious spring day seemed to be made special for God's little one who was always seeking new and exciting adventures.

Then, as the seasons of spring came and went all too quickly, were you aware that the same mind that made you so curious during childhood had matured in such a way that the perspective with which you soaked in the beauty of the same season was vastly different from those earlier years? It might have been obvious when standing under a tree richly adorned with petals of pink or white that, as a child, was something you quickly glanced at in route to a grapevine swing that was calling you by name.

Consequently, as the seasons came and went, all scheduled in God's good and perfect time, the maturing of your mind prompted the same process as described above, yet contrasting in depth. Perhaps a vivid example of this would have been

after a long soaking rain during a glorious autumnal day that caused the dripping of twigs from the giant trees overhead to dampen your hair, while underfoot, little streams of water carved out irregular patterns with the mission of transporting seeds, herbage, and golden leaves to undetermined locations resembling perfect ingredients for making a comforting tea blend called "Nature's Magic".

Then as the seasons seemed to march by all too quickly, times of deep contemplation brought on the realization that the flora that floated down the slopes after a cloud burst containing ingredients for nature's tea bag would be filled with not only the magic from the plant life visible to the human eye, but were partnered with a blend of both joy and sadness faced throughout the journey, thus, creating a taste that combined the sweet with the bitter; one that could possibly be renamed, "Precious Memories", in this your winter season of life.

In fact, it has been said that after tasting this special blend of tea, man has been known to cry out that just one day **feels** like a thousand years long, as contrasted to Scripture describing a day **being** like a thousand years to God.

Thus, given these extreme opposites, do you think man's description of a single day might be the stimulus for worry and anxiety? Perhaps, King Solomon in Proverbs 20: 24 encourages us to get a firm grip on these human feelings with the words: **"A man's steps are directed by the Lord. How can anyone understand his own way?"** Ouch! Not another question to boggle the already overloaded brain!

Consequently, after many days that were filled with more questions than answers for this writer, words from Psalm 74: 16 encouraged that another path be chosen by committing to memory the following: **"The day is yours, and yours is also the night! You established the sun and moon. It was you who set all the boundaries of the earth; You made both summer and winter."**

Soon after ruminating on this Scripture without any notable progress toward enlightenment, one evening as my husband and I sat quietly on our deck that overlooked a landscape that was filled with the beauty of nature, we suddenly became mesmerized by the song that was being sung by a tiny bird that literally filled us with longing. As its throaty, soprano, notes filled the air, our world was stopped. Nothing could have drawn us away from the rich message that God's

little feathered friend was delivering to a soul troubled by the unsolved mysteries of life. Unable to visibly spot the little soloist, we both just sat in a time of solitude; each allowing our thoughts to simply rest.

Then, suddenly, as if on cue, a quote from Maya Angelou came to mind that spoke volumes. She stated, "A bird doesn't sing because it has an answer; it sings because it has a song."

Meanwhile, the little performer shyly hidden in the nearby tree just kept singing; an act of humility that truly struck a chord. The more we listened, the more at peace we were with the things that were beyond our control. As the concert continued, this writer was even able to, not only determine the number of notes and key in which this warbler sang, but also add lyrics that fit perfectly. (Father, not in my time, but yours, Amen.)

Then, in God's good and perfect time, Opal, suddenly the answer came with stunning clarity. Thank goodness my Creator sees the past, present and future simultaneously. How fortunate that a day is like a thousand years to Him. How else would this miraculous world have a future? How is this writer, a mere human, supposed to solve such weighty issues when she can only focus on the present? After all, if my Creator is capable of knowing when a single feather is lost from a sparrow, then, who better to be in charge of my coming and going?

Finally, not only did I discover that I have a song to sing but you, as well, my friend. Even though you are unable to lead the life you once enjoyed in the outside community, our gracious Father has endowed you with a rich melody to be sung to those within your radius. In doing so, the people in range of your voice and actions will be blessed just as my husband and I were by a tiny bird's song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord.

In closing, let us both commit to memory that we are not to know the place or time things are to occur in the world or even our own lives. As mere human beings, we do not have the capacity to handle it. These things matter because each day should be filled with praise and readiness to follow God's lead by holding to his unchanging hand, so that we can finish the race our Lord has set before us. Let us also internalize how much God enjoys observing a heart that is changing and a soul that is being nourished.

As our closing prayer today, please imagine the warmth of my hand on your forehead as Psalm 139 is read as encouragement that indicates how truly special, we are to the Great Potter that so brilliantly and gently formed us.

Psalm 139

For the director of music. Of David. A psalm.

***You have searched me, LORD,
and you know me.***

***You know when I sit and when I rise;
you perceive my thoughts from afar.
You discern my going out and my lying down;
you are familiar with all my ways.
Before a word is on my tongue
you, LORD, know it completely.
You hem me in behind and before,
and you lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
too lofty for me to attain.***

***Where can I go from your Spirit?
Where can I flee from your presence?
If I go up to the heavens, you are there;
if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.
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.
If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me
and the light become night around me,"
even the darkness will not be dark to you;
the night will shine like the day,
for darkness is as light to you.***

***¹³For you created my inmost being;
you knit me together in my mother's womb.***

***¹⁴I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
your works are wonderful,
I know that full well.***

***¹⁵My frame was not hidden from you
when I was made in the secret place,
when I was woven together in the depths of the earth.***

***¹⁶Your eyes saw my unformed body;
all the days ordained for me were written in your book
before one of them came to be.***

***¹⁷How precious to me are your thoughts,^[a] God!
How vast is the sum of them!***

***¹⁸Were I to count them,
they would outnumber the grains of sand—
when I awake, I am still with you.***

***²³Search me, God, and know my heart;
test me and know my anxious thoughts.***

***²⁴See if there is any offensive way in me,
and lead me in the way everlasting.***

Love and Blessings,

Colene

PS. Do you think my sweet little feathered friend was singing this Psalm?

