

Meditation 9th February 2021
How are you? How are you feeling?
Here I am, Lord!

Every day, many of us will be saying to people we meet on our daily walk -"How are you?" Neighbours may greet us with -"How you doing? Alright?". And what about the answers?

"I'm fine!", "I'm good", are the most usual replies.

Or "You know, like everyone, just taking things day by day".

On phone or Skype/Whatsap calls with family and friends, with whom we can be more open and honest, we may ask –"How are you feeling?"

On any one day I might say to those I love and trust -

"I'm sad, I'm down, I'm angry, I'm frustrated, I'm guilty, I'm lonely, I miss my daughters and grandchildren, my siblings. I'm anxious. I miss getting away for a holiday to new places".....

And we talk about it, we share those feelings and then we try to move on and counter those negative feelings with more positive emotions. Sometimes, if there is no-one else to talk to, we try and work through those feelings, we try and think through things ourselves and count our blessings. A more difficult thing to achieve....

We share small moments of happiness - The sweet sayings of an innocent little one, how patience can bring a better day, how joyful we feel when the day is sunny when bright light shines on sparkling snow. The excitement and wonder when the birds return to the feeders and "Yes – that is a Goldcrest!" The relief when we receive our vaccine.

The longer days and signs of Spring are coming, confirmed when we espy the opening snowdrops in the snow and the swelling buds of the daffodils.

I have found it helpful to return to those very familiar verses in

Matthew's Gospel, 6, vs 25-34

Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or drink; or about your body... Look at the birds of the air... Are you not much more valuable than they? Therefore, do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.

The psalms also are a comfort

Psalms 94, vs 19

When anxiety was great within me

Your consolation brought me joy

Psalms 38, vs 9

All my longings lie open before you, Lord,

My sighing is not hidden from you

And in **John, 14, vs1**

Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God, trust also in me.

BBC Radio 4 is a great companion to me – sometimes it makes me cross and I shout at the radio but often I gather suggestions that are helpful.

In a discussion about coping with restrictions and isolation, especially at times when the weather does not encourage you to venture outside into the healing balm of the natural landscape, it was suggested that cloud-watching was very calming and takes you outside yourself. So, sitting at a

window or lying on the floor and gazing at the sky through a skylight or Velux window, you focus on the skyscape before or above you for five minutes. Very quickly, you tune in to the moving clouds, the changing light...

Maybe like a child you start to pick out the shapes of animals or birds in the clouds.

Cloud-gazing takes you to another world where you may become refreshed and capable of moving on, capable of hearing God's call to all of us, to be able to answer the question...

*Here I am, Lord. **Is it I, Lord?***

I have heard you calling in the night.

*I will go, Lord, **if you lead me.***

I will hold your people in my heart.

The words of the hymn *I, the Lord of sea and sky* seem to fit in with some of the thoughts gathered here, so I attach a YouTube link to an arrangement of the hymn

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=endq52Jw7ag>



I, the Lord of sea and sky
I have heard my people cry
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save.
I, who made the stars of night
I will make their darkness bright
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Refrain

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night
I will go, Lord, if you lead me
I will hold your people in my heart*



I, the Lord of snow and rain
I have borne my people's pain
I have wept for love of them
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone
Give them hearts for love alone
Who will speak my word to them
Whom shall I send?

Refrain

I, the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame
I will set a feast for them
My hand will save
Finest bread I will provide
'Til their hearts be satisfied
I will give my life to them
Whom shall I send?

Refrain