

## A voice on the street



Moments before coming to His Office I saw a news clip of a devastated city – the central square in total ruins – bodies left lying after the explosion – and a voice, calling ‘*God is great!*’ Anger, pity, frustration, grief, all made me want to shout back, *Yes God is great, but not like this! God is great, but you can’t know him.*

My Lord took me to the Bible. I looked at him in astonishment. His face was grave – more sad than I think I have ever seen before. I read in only two chapters of First Chronicles, how a total of eighty-seven thousand armed forces were slaughtered and thousands of horses brutally crippled..... then again of whole towns in which not a soul was left alive. And all, it seemed, wrapped up in songs of praise to God!

Quickly he turned the pages till I could hear him speaking his own words .... God’s words .... *But I say to you, Love your enemies. Pray for those who persecute you.* Then I saw again the hand that turned the page – still scarred – eternally scarred with wounds that speak of the love-pain which feels the death of every fallen soldier and shares the sorrow of those who lose so much. Such agony in the heart of God – a Cross of suffering from before the beginning of time – and always.

No more was said, but I tried to grasp this awful travesty of institutional religion which does not know God, and the terrible responsibility of telling the world that God is love and can be known – in Jesus Christ his Son.

Leaving, I wanted to say, *Let me share your sorrow, just as you share mine,* but ..... He knows I thought it.