

Most Precious



I entered His Office this morning with words from Psalm 139 flitting across my mind – *You know my thoughts, even when I'm far away!*. Words are not so important in our meetings. How could I ever hope to find the right ones if they were? He knows my thoughts even when the words don't quite fit.

He was aware today that I had been thinking with concern – concern verging on annoyance – about the way in which a mental health problem had been seen by a professional person - who should have known better. Sometimes mental health is still viewed as close to criminal, '*unclean*', or even demonic. The casualties of social and family life are often feared with that dread, arising from ignorance and misunderstanding. My experience is that so many people in these positions are crying out to be loved, gently, carefully, with compassionate understanding. That may be my over simplification of some very complex personality problems, but my Lord showed me how these emotionally charged people are most precious to him.

The sick, complex, violated people he met were his priority – top of his '*to do*' list. They were the ones who first caught his attention – the most fragile – the most precious people.

Without a word, he took me to the Bible window. I knew immediately where we were. He was meeting up with the rest of his disciples, in a field below the tree line. The three who had been into the hills with him stood together, still looking dazed – waking from a dream – emerging from a cloud of mystery. They had seen their Master transfigured by the glory of God and before having time to assimilate the experience had been dragged back into the crises of everyday.

I saw it all as I recalled the story. [Mark 9] His priority was not organising a church – a shrine, or engaging his men in detailed theological discussion. First for him was a child in desperate need, a distraught, helpless parent, and the faith-ability of his co-workers.

He anticipated my question – *How do we change social systems, and ingrained prejudice?* His answer was the same as he gave to his first followers - *'some things – only by prayer!'*

I turned to my contemporary, life-window. I saw the elderly woman in a crowded A & E department, lying, eyes closed, on a trolley in the corridor. The view changed to a reluctant family in the food-bank queue, then to a line of patients, seated against the day-room wall, staring at nothing, their faces empty of all but fear. Then there was the beggar under a railway arch, clutching a syringe, and a distraught, mind-shattered young mother paralysed by her anxiety And I heard him say again - *the most precious! Only by prayer!*

I left without more words only those still circling in my mind *Most Precious.*

