

## The Look



There were few words this morning. We sat and watched the clouds. I have always loved beautiful cloud formations and their constantly changing patterns. Pillows of white crossed our window in quick succession. Behind them lay heavier clouds, full with the threat of rain today. Those layers of darkness matched my sombre mood. There have been sad incidents lately – friends moving on heavenwards and sorrows to share, against the steady drumming of evil across the world. I had shared with him again the perennial question of personal and vicarious suffering.

I was reminded that the clouds were of the same composition. The difference between light fluffy and ominous dark is the quantity of moisture they hold. The word was spoken gently, *The rain is a blessing of the earth. Often, the darker the cloud the greater the blessing.*

A picture of his Cross came to us, portraying the moment of greatest agony as the darkest clouds blotted out the day - the awe-ful moment when evil seemed supreme - and yet the point of God's greatest blessing on all people for all time.

But that picture was quickly overtaken by one of recent, devastating floods in Bangladesh. One thought accompanied the picture – what about when there is too much of that blessing? How can blessings be associated with floods - with death and pain, hunger, disease and homelessness?

His look is one with which I am becoming familiar. It is probably not unlike the look Job observed when God asked him – *Who are you to question my wisdom? Where were you when I created the universe?* The look must mean - *I'm sorry there is so much you cannot understand of the greatness of God's works and master plans, but God is love - trust me!*

And I do. Because I have known God's love I have to believe that every victim of what seems to me nature's cruelty, is loved, and God's love for them could be proved through me whose heart is too often closed to human need – too often reluctant to act sacrificially for my fellow beings.

I wish I could have come away with a complete rational explanation. How can I grasp the mind of God with my limited wisdom? Better that I have the memory of his look. He trusts me to trust him; to go on believing that the darkest clouds may have the greatest blessings and to continue working to that end with him.