

THE QUIET HOUR

The God of Order

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Recently I was on holiday and walking along a forest road found a peculiar object in my path. It was shimmering like silver but also looked dark like velvet. When I stopped to look more closely it turned out to be an intricate web of gossamer silk, the home of a spider, with a hundred droplets of morning dew on every strand until the little nest appeared in the morning sunshine to be full of reflected light. I knew that could I but examine the web, it would reveal metres of carefully spun thread, each the product of a tiny spinnet, each a miracle of precision—and about the whole thing, a pattern.

Sometimes, while you are reading, a small red dot travels swiftly across the page. A tiny insect no bigger than the head of a pin travelling in a hurry. Yet this insect has a blood and digestive system laid on throughout—just like I do.

How often we see things—leaves and flowers, drugs and fluids, clothes and fabrics—and miss the pattern of their construction. This is not surprising, of course. We cannot often spend time examining everything minutely, like a bank clerk who wants to find an excuse for rejecting a soiled note, but it is a good thing to stop occasionally and realize that here is 'pattern', an orderliness in the common things of life, order in the ordinary.

If we find such 'order' and 'pattern' in the fabric of creation, in the bodies we have to treat, in the minds we have to guide, can we not say that God of Creation, is a God of Order? If this is so, then, within my own life I must first admit this order, realise this pattern, and submit to a design which weaves spirit and flesh together and marries thought to action. Here I am as part of a pattern which flows from God's power at the centre of things. "Set your mind on God's kingdom and His justice before everything else, and all the rest will come to you as well." Is not a 'kingdom' the domain of a king, where the king's will is put into effect, and the pattern of his designs woven into a fabric? And is not Justice a thing of order, of balance and of fair play? Then to admit the rule of such a God is to line up according to His pattern, to obey Him, to enjoy harmony with His divine initiative.

To live in such harmony implies that my actions be linked to the purpose of His pattern. The psychiatrist works to restore a mental pattern. The ministry of a nurse brings back a patient into a wholesome pattern of bodily health. An administrator or a lecturer gears facts and figures to a pattern. The responsibility of those who acknowledge God is to fit their output to His pattern, for He has a purpose to which all life is geared, and to reject His pattern and His ways means to deny His design and leads to an 'odd man out' existence. So :—

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.
I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

(A.L. Waring)

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou would'st have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

(J. Ellerton)