

All Things Praise Thee

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After Holi one can reckon on a change of weather. Until then the woolen sweaters are still in use and a shawl comes in handy. But now that April is here we can get the fans dusted and the iced-water boys will soon be collecting their 5P per glass (or is it going to be 10P this year?). It happens all so regularly, part of the clockwork precision that we find throughout nature—a regularity that makes it clear that Nature's Creator must be a God of order; so orderly, in fact, that even apparent disorder suggests a pattern.

The men of old used to observe these things just as we do, and came up with the delightful thought that by stars and moon appearing in their appointed places at their various times they were obeying their Creator and, therefore, were praising Him, contributing to His honour, fulfilling His purposes.

Praise him, sun and moon,
Praise him, all you shining stars !
Praise the Lord from the earth,
You sea monsters and all deeps,
Fire and hail, snow and frost,
Stormy wind fulfilling his command :

Well, I must say when the *luh* wind from the west is blasting, I find it difficult to find much to commend it, but at least it makes me aware that I am involved in this Routine of Nature. The order of things involves me. Even the Duty Rosta stuck up on the wall is evidence that there has to be order, if things are to be usefully done. Routine daily duties are irksome and a change now and again is welcome—but when it comes to catching a train when we go on holidays, how upset we would become if the railway system should slip out of its daily routine !

All of us would like to do the things that bring praise to God. Most of us, I would suppose would feel that we contribute to God's dishonour at our peril. If God, then, is a God of order, and if our orderliness fits in with His system, how about that tedious 'Morning Round' or the boring duty of checking stores and writing out statistical returns" ! DULL ROUTINE ! or so it often seems. But these duties take on a new look when we sense that they are part of Divine Routine.

This might be the point to ask whether all our routines are linked up to such Divine Routine. I think not. Sometimes it appears that various Forms and Proformas have been steadily invented and produced through the years and continue to be churned out even though the purpose of their 'invention' has long since ceased to be served. What is the good of a Time Table for a railway line that has been closed down ? A routine review of the usefulness of routine—Forms and Duties—would not be out of place once in a while.

So, without pushing Routine for Routine's sake, to remember that routine in the office, on the ward, and even in matters of 'off-duty' chores (for example, writing that weekly letter to your relatives or to the children) can fit in with Divine Routine is a help. To realise that by being in the right place at the appointed time, I myself am praising God, is quite a thought. I cannot deny that a change comes in useful, but at the same time it is a grand to realise that 'order' in my life is to God's Praise. —Not that I score too well on my performance, but the thought that there is Reason behind Routine helps me a lot.

All things praise Thee ! Lord, may we.