

God's Piao

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Outside my window a gulmohar tree is just showing the first signs of its rich red blossoms. By the time this page is printed the petals will have unfolded into a glorious crown of brilliant blossom. A visitor to Delhi, looking at the trees yesterday asked me "How is it that when the ground looks so dusty and dry, the trees are so green?" I find a similar question coming into my mind whenever I see the melons and kakaries growing in the dry sandy river beds. "How is it that when the water has disappeared and the fiercest heat of the year is beating upon our heads, the ground produces some of the most refreshing fruits?"

There can be only one answer: 'Things are not as dry as they appear.' The dry grass with its layer of dust and shallow roots is not a true indication of the condition of the ground beneath. There is more in depth than appears to the eye!

The hot weather often brings a dryness to our place of work, too. The fans (if they are working) blow hot air down upon our heads. Dust settles everywhere. We find it hard to keep up our pace in life, and people tend to get cranky. The dryness creeps even into our souls. We become dry, discouraged, even a bit cranky ourselves at times.

This is the time, then, that we need the lesson of the trees and summer fruits—not to let appearances of dryness around us blind us to the fact that there are resources and refreshment near at hand.

These resources are to be found in the lives of our friends, our superiors, our colleagues and our patients. Behind apparent hardness there is a person with needs much like our own, and it is that person whom we serve and help by our own approach and action. Helping another to feel a sense of hope, a reason for trust, a comfort in sorrow, is to help them draw upon a source of nourishment and life. Here, then, are resources to be discovered in the lives of other people and for the benefit of other people. But how about ourselves?

We need also to put down our own roots, deep and alive, gathering the nourishment that God Provides within us - just the right sort of nourishment when we need it most.

LORD of life, of grace and power!
You are not unmoved by my desire
Nor ignorant of my predicament.
I thank you that there is within this world
A wealth of buried riches,
Goodness, kindness and, most costly, love.
All these are of your hand,
And speak of You to Me.
And deep within there is the spring,
Entering from the rock itself
Out of which my life is formed.
Lead, lead me to that ever-flowing fountain,
Help me, in faith, to bring my dipper to the stream
That I may drink and be refreshed
Myself, by You; and others, too, by You!