

The Lakeside



Message in a bottle

Verse of the day for Monday July 22, 2024 - Psalm 139: 1

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Read Psalm 139 for meditation and inspiration.



Dear Lakesiders and Friends,

"The sun will be darkened, the moon will lose its brightness, the stars will come falling from Heaven ..." (Mark 13:24,25).

In one of his novels, E.M. Forster gives us an unusual interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. In rather frightening terms, he describes how the music gives one the eerie feeling that shadowy figures are roaming the earth. And then, in a burst of beautiful music, one hears them swept away -- and the world seems bright and clean again. But suddenly, it happens again: the demons are back, and this time they are going to exercise their evil power to take over the world. And again, in a wave of beautiful music, they are swept away. Then the symphony ends joyously, on a high note, as the goblins disappear entirely.

In our symphony of life, we all experience those spiritual and emotional ups and downs, highs, and lows. The shadowy goblin of death comes roaming around, and we're feeling mighty low. But deep down inside, we know that goblin will be back -- and we're afraid. Then reassuringly, something beautiful breaks through to sweep that away, and our life seems bright and clean again.

It reminds me of the old hymn, "This is My Father's World". Most clearly when in its third section: "Oh, let me ne'er forget - That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet. This is my Father's world, The battle is not done: Jesus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and Heav'n be one."

This is my Father's world,
And to my list'ning ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world:
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world:
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world:
Oh, let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.
This is my Father's world,
The battle is not done:
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and Heav'n be one.

Remember that in the end WE WIN, BECAUSE HE HAS WON FOR US!!

Blessings of Mercy, Grace, and Peace,



Roger

