

# The Sacred Pause

Based on Psalm 19

The Psalmist sat on a rock by the stream and his gaze moved from the billowing grass of the meadow up to the vast blue of the sky. A panoramic view engulfed him, first, making him feel so very small, but then, with heart swelling, so very big in this very beautiful world. Who could have made a sky so big or so blue? Who had the power to change the shape of the clouds, or draw a storm onto the mountain? Who could command the sun to move across the sky? God. Only God could have done all that. It was as if the earth itself was singing His praise:

*The heavens are telling the glory of God;  
and the firmament proclaims his handiwork. (v1)*

The Psalmist paused in his thinking, and realized how lucky he was to be part of this earthly majesty, how sure and safe he felt, knowing that his God had the strength and the power and the creativity to not only make this beauty, but to keep it steadfast, for His chosen people. His laws and His commandments; His rules and His regulations; all

designed to keep the people of the earth, working in harmony, living together peaceably, thriving and succeeding.

A sacred pause.

Of course, you and I know that real life is not quite the same. Climate instability, ecological disasters, loss of rainforest and wildlife diversity are all very real. And we, the chosen people, continue to fight one another, see children go hungry, and thousands become displaced because of political or corporate intrigue. The Psalmist would have been shaken from his naval gazing, had he seen with his eyes, what we see every night on the evening news.

And yet, this is not all that there is to say on the subject. I suspect that each of us, at some point here and there over the rhythm of life, could point to a moment, where it felt that the earth stood still, and the beauty or blessedness of the moment was something you wanted to capture and treasure forever. Perhaps it was a quiet moment in your garden, with the sound of bees buzzing, in that moment, intensified, or the hue of the marigolds, magnified. Perhaps it was in the chaos of grandchildren squealing as

they opened Christmas presents. For just a second, your heart sang with delight at the absolute joy in the room. Perhaps it was a moment in worship or in prayer, where you distinctly felt, the close presence of your Creator, lifting you up.

A sacred pause.

Today, we find ourselves midway through the Lenten season. First we were invited to begin the journey towards the cross, and contemplated what un-needed baggage we might leave along the way. Last week, we were reminded that a journey to the cross can often bring troubles to mind, before the clarity arrives; with a nudge to not linger too long in the difficult places of life. Today, we are given a chance to pause.

Perhaps you pause to find that sacred place within you. To remind yourself of all that you have accomplished over the years; the insights, the stretching of your ideas, the firming up of your values and beliefs. It is such a wonderful gift to come to a place in life where you really know who you are inside, and what you stand for.