

Faith ~ Midweek Reflection # 44, April 15th, 2009

“Immortal, in - vis - i - ble, God only wise, in light in- ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes,
most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days, almighty, victorious,

thy great name we praise.

Un - resting, un - hasting, and silent as light, nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rul - est in
might; thy justice like mountains high soar - ing a - bove

thy clouds, which are fountains of good - ness and love.

To all life thou giv - est , to both great and small; in all life thou liv - est, the true life of all;

we blos - som and flour - ish as leaves on the tree, and with - er and per - ish ~ but
nought chang - eth thee.

Great Father of glo - ry, pure Fa - ther of light, thine angels a - dore thee, all veil - ing
their sight; all praise we would ren - der, O help us to see 'tis on - ly the splen - dor of
light hid - eth thee,

(Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise, Walter Chalmers Smith, 1824)

“ So justice is far from us, and righteousness does not reach us. We look for light, but
all is darkness; for brightness, but we walk in deep shadows, Like the blind we grope
along the wall, feeling our way like men without eyes. At midday we stumble as if it were
twilight; among the strong, we are like the dead. We all growl like bears; we moan
mournfully like doves. We look for justice, but find none;

for deliverance, but it is far away.”

(Isaiah 59: 9-11 NIV)

Faith is the touching of a mystery, it is to perceive another dimension

to absolutely everything in the world. In faith the mysterious meaning of life comes alive.

Beneath the simple, explicable, one-dimensional surface of things their genuine content

begins to shine To speak in the simplest possible terms: faith sees, knows, senses the presence of God in the world.

(Faith, Alexander Schmemmann, Celebration of Faith

Do you ever find yourself vacillating between confidence, doubt, fear and conviction? I know that's a rhetorical question. Of course, we all do. I find myself more and more experiencing these emotional states, sometimes in succession and often somehow all mixed up together, as if they were all part of the same quality. What holds me together

at times like these is the gift of faith, the kind of faith that Alexander Schmemmann writes of. A faith in Walter Chalmers Smith's Immortal God who is so often hidden by the splendor of His own majesty. I am trusting still in the fountains of God's goodness and love which I have been so fortunate to drink from all of my life!

"You are generous to me, dear Lord; you have taught my soul to trust you. I have crept beside you and found shelter in the shadow of your wings." (Psalm 57 Stephen Mitchell's A Book of Psalms Selected & Adapted from the Hebrew, Harper Collins, 1993

May Christ "Easter in us, be a dayspring to the dimness of us" (Gerard Manley Hopkins)

Under God's Mercy,

Howie