



Lenten

Reflections

The Divine Intervention

March 19, 2017

Scripture

Exodus 17: 3-7

In those days, in their thirst for water,
the people grumbled against Moses,
saying, "Why did you ever make us leave Egypt?
Was it just to have us die here of thirst
with our children and our livestock?"
So Moses cried out to the LORD,
"What shall I do with this people?
a little more and they will stone me!"
The LORD answered Moses,
"Go over there in front of the people,
along with some of the elders of Israel,
holding in your hand, as you go,
the staff with which you struck the river.
I will be standing there in front of you on the rock in Horeb.
Strike the rock, and the water will flow from it
for the people to drink."
This Moses did, in the presence of the elders of Israel.
The place was called Massah and Meribah,
because the Israelites quarreled there

and tested the LORD, saying,
"Is the LORD in our midst or not?"

Our Scripture Reflection

How many times have you felt during a time of need that God was absent? What do you do during those times? The Israelites certainly had that experience according to our text from Exodus. They complained. Why? Because they forgot. They forgot that God had earlier delivered them from bitter slavery in Egypt and from certain death at the hands of Pharaoh's troops by parting the Red Sea. Forgetfulness appears to be a major source of our spiritual malaise. The next time you find yourself in one of those experiences of spiritual turmoil, pause and think: If God has been there for me in the past, why do I not believe that He will be here for me now? An old Negro spiritual has the words, "I can't believe He brought me this far to leave me." And He never will!

Food for your Journey

When I was in the Boy Scouts, I had the opportunity to go to Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico. For 10 days, our platoon hiked through the mountains and valleys of this beautiful place. All our food was dehydrated, so access to water on the trail and at the various camping sites was important.

One day as we passed other platoons on the trail, we heard that our next campsite was dry and no water was available. Looking at our map, we decided to hike an extra three miles to another camp where we heard there was a natural spring. When we arrived at the camp, we were told that the spring was yielding about a quart of water every two hours. Each platoon would have a two-hour time slot to collect the water (which wouldn't be sufficient for our needs).

I remember how our entire platoon sat by that spring, watching each miniscule drip fall into our small collection pot. The time between each drip seemed like an eternity, during a two-hour period that seemed to last forever.

In that time, we learned not only about patience but how we had spent our lives taking for granted the simple necessities of life.

—G. Andrew Engelhart III

When I cannot understand my Father's leading,

And it seems to be but hard and cruel fate,

Still I hear that gentle whisper ever pleading,

God is working, God is faithful, ONLY WAIT.

—L.B. Cowman, *Streams in the Desert*.

A Prayer from the Heart

Precious Lord, Be with me when I am lonely and afraid. Help me to know that You are and have always been with me. Amen.