

Thoughts from the Prayer Corner No 7



[Luke 11:11-13](#)

*“Which of you fathers, if your son asks for a fish, will give him a snake instead? Or if he asks for an egg, will give him a **scorpion**? If you then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!*

I wonder as you look at the image of the seagull above and the verse below, what emotions they invoke?

Perhaps tenderness, vulnerability, dependency, fragility of life even, and trust for the chick.

for the adult, wisdom, nurturing, protection of and no doubt weariness from continuous scavenging for food to provide.

I wonder how many of these descriptive words resonate with us in the situations that we find ourselves in at the current time, or maybe there are other words.

It may seem strange to find a picture that many of us would associate with the season of Spring rather than the season of Autumn that we are currently entering into, and yet, to find ourselves in new situations, learning new skills, taking on new responsibilities, being led and taught by those with more knowledge and wisdom than we might possess is not confined to physical seasons but dependent on the leading of the Holy Spirit, if we will allow Him to do so.

With the advent of lockdown, many of us have had to become more tech savvy at a faster rate of knots than perhaps many of us would have thought possible. Perhaps the Lord is calling you into new areas and ways of service. How will you respond?

Below is a photograph of a banner that occasionally hangs in the back of Church and the story from which it was formulated.



Eric watched as the sun rose in the sky, the darkness penetrated with streaks of warm oranges and yellows, dashed intermittently with light blue. A day which held the promise of full warmth and light, but, felt very differently to Eric. He felt quite cold and afraid as his mother had told him that this was to be the day when he must try to fly.

Day after day he had been exercising and practising – stretching his wings to see how far they would reach and lifting them up and down to strengthen all the muscles in readiness for today.

Eric's mum was preparing him to leave the nest. At that moment she was so close, her warmth reassuring and calming. As she took flight, she whispered to Eric "have faith and trust". Immediately, Eric was aware of a loss of comfort and protection, he felt lonely and not a little sad, his mother's reassuring words falling on the barren land of his imagination, for that moment.

Inching forward, Eric took his place on the edge of the nest. Looking upward, he was familiar with the continually changing shape of the clouds. Normally he would enjoy watching them, but today..... Looking down, he panicked. There was nothing below but the odd tuft of grass and jagged rock that jutted out from the cliff face, until they met with the shimmering water, which was a long, long way below. If only he could step back into the comfort of his nest and hide himself away forever, but he knew that this was not the way to go.

Meanwhile, Eric's mother was circling around the rocks below remembering her first flight. Having taken this path before, she was only too aware of how difficult it would be for her son, and her heart ached for him.

Looking upwards, she saw Eric stretch one foot over the nest whilst gripping hard with the other. She knew that if it were at all possible, he would cover his eyes with his wings! Watching intently, she saw him step out.

Over and over Eric tumbled towards the river. He had seemingly forgotten all that he had learnt. She knew that her timing had to be precise, too early and Eric would not have the chance to find his own wings, too late and the results would be tragic.

Moving quickly to intercept Eric's flight, she was delighted to see that somehow, Eric had managed not only to get himself the right way up and found the use of his wings, but had also discovered an air current too. As Eric relaxed, confidence growing, his movements became more graceful.

Seeing his mother just below, Eric landed gently on her back. He was so tired, both physically and emotionally, but secure in the knowledge of his mother's love and her readiness to be there to catch him.

This may only be an imaginative story but within it lies the trust, faith and LOVE between parent and child. Does this remind you of the relationship of God the Father to us His children?

<https://youtu.be/pN4tPkX0MG0>

The Lord's my Shepherd (I will trust)

Margaret