

Impossible?

Friday evening we went down to the sea, the great one people call Michigan. I can't believe people actually think that thing is a lake.

A Southwest wind pushed the water, and pushed, and pushed until it drove it at just the perfect angle and pitch. The perfect angle and pitch for what? Why, for body surfing and boogie boarding of course. A favorite summer question around here is...

"Dad, how's the wind?"

Because southwest winds of ten to twenty knots usually translate into a clear sea and good rollers (rollers are ideal waves to those of you unfamiliar with great lake or sea surf lingo).

The waves were almost perfect but that's not all. The sun slipped steadily down towards the great water. The closer it got, the larger and more fire orange it turned, and the deeper purple the rain drenched skies to the East became. Off to the South, a good way off, far enough for gazing with wonder and no fear, lightning danced amongst the dunes of the Great Bear. Suddenly, from our viewpoint in the water, bobbing in rollers four to five feet high, dodging them by diving under them when they turned over in crushing force, roaring as they cascaded over, a child yelled.

Don't panic, it wasn't a scream. One of the dynamic duo pointed excitedly at the Eastern sky, now a purple seven shades darker than Lent.

"Look! Look! Look!" He yelled over the roar of the smashing pounding water around us.

Emblazoned like a robe of many colors struck a rainbow across the deep Heaven. It was an atypical rainbow, colors deeper, richer, more vibrant than what one normally sees. Full of majesty.

The rainbow sign. Setting ball of fire to the West. Heavens becoming more purple, almost black by the second, like something out of a science fiction movie about another planet. Lighting dancing like great shard creatures of the sky. Wind now turning North, whipping the tops of waves, adding the planet's breath fresh from the true place, the utter North, to the scene.

What do kid's see in television? Lord, it is so much better out here, swimming and screaming and wallowing in the great wonder of Creation. Nothing one could see in a glass tube about things that aren't real could ever come close to a moment like this.

And yet, the power of the tube draws and draws and temps and temps and pollutes minds and seems to be mostly the work of agents of the enemy. And causes this parent to worry and worry. How can I ever get them to see? How can I ever get them to understand? How can I ever get them to realize what is, versus what isn't? How can I get them to ask what God wants versus what they want? He, Who allowed them to be.

In searching the various places I go, to figure out what to put in these columns (like daily life, readings, experiences, conversations) I struggled this week until I stumbled on something He said to His apostles long ago. He said...

"For man it is impossible. But for God nothing is impossible." Matthew 19:23

Maybe that's the answer to many questions.

Clement