

Sunday Morning Reflection from God's Treehouse

Many Waters Cannot Quench Love

SCRIPTURE

*Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.
(Song of Solomon 8:7)*

MESSAGE

Madeleine L'Engle writes of **the power of the heartbeat of love** in her famous children's book *A Wrinkle in Time*. Also in her "Time Quintet" is *Many Waters*, in which twins Dennys and Sandy accidentally touch their scientist father's computer and find themselves whisked back in time to the days of Noah and the Ark. The reader is quickly immersed in beautifully written fantasy, solid theology, and allusions to the books of Genesis and Revelation.

This morning, I invite you to reflect with me on the heartbeat of God's love as we deal with the aftereffects of many waters. We start with Genesis 1: *In the beginning, God...* Pause right there. First, God. First, God loves us. First, God gives us all good gifts.

*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth...
And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters...
And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so...
And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters he called Seas: and God saw that it was good.*

Our loving, eternal God entered into the chaos of the universe and made peace. Whether you take the Bible literally or as God's inspired Word told through the experiences and understandings of the many writers over time, it is God who creates, orders and sustains. In the story of Genesis 1, we learn, as T.S. Eliot pens, "God is the still point in a turning world.... there, the dance is." God's love endures through chaotic, rushing waters, and God's love remains constant in the aftermath. In the incarnation, life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, we find hope and purpose through the power of God's great love.

Clergy friends from around the country have been checking in on our church during Hurricanes Helene and Milton. We are closely bound as we support one another in caring for our flocks. The Rev. Dr. Pamela Morse, co-pastor with her husband Rev. Earle Morse on Sugarloaf Mountain in Western Maine, sent me the poem below, which spoke to her of the trauma endured and resiliency shown in Siesta Key Chapel's congregation by the power of the love of Christ.

Disaster

When the flood waters scrape it all away
we recoil at the knives
of what once was, or should have been,
that is not,
the jagged edge of what we wanted
and still want
but can no longer.

And yet all of that (yes, so dear,
which is why the rich man went away grieving)
is the camel that couldn't pass through the needle's eye.

But you have.
Maybe shoved, but you have come through,
yes, with sorrow and trauma, but through
the needle's eye of loss,
into this world.

You, whole and alive, are here,
along with so many
who have also been drawn
through that same needle's eye,
drawn on the thread of grief,
by the hand of love.

For love has also come through. Love is unburdened,
and passes through any needle's eye,
through any wall, through any grave.

Let yourself be stitched, then,
with all the others, in life's fabric.
The whole wounded world needs your love,
the torn fabric needs the thread of your grace.
That is why you are here.
Amidst the mourning, the picking up of pieces,
the starting again,
keep loving.
In the end, it is all that survives disaster,
and all that redeems it.

Steve Garnaas-Holmes, www.unfoldinglight.net

SONG

The song in my heart this week is *Oceans (Where Feet May Fail)*, with lyrics by Hillsong United. I invite you to [click this link](#) and immerse in God's heartbeat of everlasting love.

*You call me out upon the waters
The great unknown where feet may fail
And there I find You in the mystery
In oceans deep my faith will stand*

*And I will call upon Your Name
And keep my eyes above the waves
When oceans rise
My soul will rest in Your embrace
For I am Yours and You are mine*

*Your grace abounds in deepest waters
Your sovereign hand will be my guide
Where feet may fail and fear surrounds me
You've never failed and You won't start now*

PRAYER

Holy God, we give thanks for your steadfast presence bringing peace amid the turmoil. May your Spirit move in your children, breathing hope into the places that feel broken. Quiet our souls with your constant reassurance that you are with us in the chaos and uncertainties, guiding us toward healing and restoration.

Grant us, Lord, not to be anxious about earthly things, but to love things heavenly. Remind us to hold fast to that which shall endure; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

*Grace & Peace,
Pastor Ruth*