



Pastor's Page

“Tower of strength”

Just a little over 13 years ago I ascended the tallest building on earth – the CN Tower in Toronto which stands at 1,815 ft and 5 inches! But being scared of heights, it was a major decision to embark on this intrepid mission and when the big day arrived my prayer-life went into overdrive! Deciding against ropes and crampons I plumped for the lift! However, as we approached the giant monstrosity I put all politeness behind me and pushed my way into the lift first. You see the lift had glass doors and soared up the side of the tower through a glass shaft allowing you to watch the view as you ascended!! Not for me thank you! I faced the wall and rejoiced in my smallness of stature (all I could see when I turned round was the coat of the bloke behind me – Halleluiah!) In 5 minutes the ordeal was over we were at the top of the tower where we could go into the safety of the Restaurant. At this point I began to love it, in fact I became so daring that at one stage I forgot myself and almost glanced out of the window!

Following a wonderful meal I nipped into the *gents*”. When I returned a couple of minutes later, my party had gone!!! There was now a completely different group of people sitting at the table where I'd just left them! I panicked as I thought “I can't go back down in that lift on my own...,I'll be able to see out of the window!!” As I contemplated calling the Samaritans suddenly my friends reappeared from around the corner still sitting at the same table where I'd left them which, like the rest of the restaurant, (excluding the conveniences) was revolving!

Now unlike me you may not have a fear of heights or lifts (I don't like either) but I'm sure, like me, you've had the experience of feeling overwhelmed by life's circumstances. I've been with people this week who've wept uncontrollably because life has become “too much” for them to bear. A neighbour of mine died last Sunday leaving his recently widowed mum now without her eldest son. And on Friday I joined with 500 others at the funeral of a vicar's wife who died unexpectedly having suffered for more than 30 years (on and off) with manic depression. And on a worldwide scale the disasters in Burma (cyclone) and China (earthquake) leave us understandably reeling by the sheer size of the catastrophes and asking “Where is God in all of this?” There are no easy answers.

Two days after the Twin Towers disaster on September 11 2001 a construction worker who was helping with the rescue operation found several perfectly formed crosses planted upright in a pit in the rubble of the heavily damaged Building 6 of the World Trade Centre. The large, cross-shaped metal beams just happened to fall that way when one of the towers collapsed. The worker explained, *“The crosses are just steel debris that came from the north tower and went right through the roof of Building 6 and destroyed the entire centre of it”* He went on to say; *“When I first saw it, it took my heart, and I just wept”. - it helped me heal”*

The cross of Jesus proves God's love for us and in trusting him we find salvation and help in times of trouble. The bible says; “nothing in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord”. (Romans 8:39)

Believe him, follow him, and find him to be your daily tower of strength.