



## Mid week study—prepared by Rachel Wyatt

Contents:            Personal reflection on a 'Strange, but Beautiful Week'.  
                         Bible Reading—Psalm 8  
                         Questions for contemplation and discussion  
                         Song attached



I have three wonderful children who are such a blessing to me, an incredible husband (*don't let that go to your head Rob*), a lovely home in an amazing part of the world, a church family who I love deeply, precious friends who have seen me through thick and thin, fabulous Christian parents.....I could go on, but you get the idea. I have much to be thankful for. And right now, the world over, people are suffering terribly. And I am not. But life has changed this week in our house, as I'm sure it has in yours. So, as lockdown begins, I feel a bit "wobbly". I'm trying to keep life as stable and easy as I can for my family, and keep a distant eye on my parents. But it has sometimes felt a bit hard, to be honest; a bit weird.



**So yesterday I asked God for a blessing  
and some encouragement.**

Strange, but beautiful flowers!

I felt a bit guilty – was it alright to ask God for a blessing? Was it selfish to add myself to the long list of prayers when so many others are suffering terribly? But then, when my kids ask for a cuddle, when they're feeling wobbly, I don't say "No, Get over yourself," I love them, so I squeeze them. And I reckon God is probably a lot more loving, and better at this parenting thing, than I am.

Anyway, I went on with my day and forgot about that little prayer. I washed up, mopped floors, got baffled by Dan's English homework, did a Joe Wick PE workout (then felt like I was going to pass out), decided against an Oti Mabuse dance workout because I couldn't take the kids embarrassed/pitiful stares any-more!

### The joy of paddling!



Then as dusk fell, Rob, Dan and I went for a walk up the road into the countryside. We stopped at a beck and Dan waded into the freezing water, delighted at how deep it was. For a few minutes I got to watch my son being a child again, completely immersed in the joy of paddling, all his fears about people he loves getting ill, or worse, put to one side; all the stresses and strains of trying to do his school-work at home, isolated from friends, forgotten. He was a child again and I was so lifted at the sight of him having fun once more.

I felt God so close, giving me that blessing I'd asked for earlier in the day.



When his legs had lost all feeling from the cold, he scrambled out and we set off for home. The stars came out and we chattered about them for a while.

Then a flock of starlings appeared, moving like a piece of fabric being wafted in the sky, more spectacular than any dance group – how do they choreograph it so perfectly? And then bats started to fly around us, eating the midges for supper. Dan was mesmerised by how close they were coming to us. He was asking us lots of questions about them, and about why the sky was different shades of blue, and we were just living in the moment, astounded at the beauty and complexity of God's creation.



Flock of Starlings

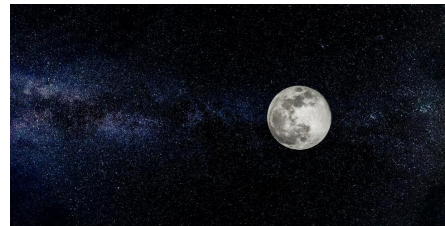
**And I felt God so close**, giving me that blessing I'd asked for earlier in the day. The blessing wasn't a Tesco delivery slot, and it wasn't a way to let my parents hug their grandchildren safely, nor was it all the answers to Dan's difficulties. It was something that made me lift my eyes up. God hadn't made all those small earthly difficulties disappear. He'd put them all back in perspective. He opened my eyes, once again, to all the incredible things he's designed to bring Him glory, and me joy. He'd given me an experience that made me love Him and worship Him in the stillness. He'd put on a show for me, comprised of starlings, bats, planets, and a little boy whose heart had been lifted. He said, "Rachel, I know things are a bit stressful, but look up; look at what I can do. Look at what I've given you. I've got you."

## Blessing in Buckets!

These are difficult times, but let's not let them consume us. Let's take time (and many of us have a bit more of it right now) to just look out of the window and drink in the spectacle God Has created from his glorious riches. Or if your sight is impeded, just listen to the sounds of life around you and be thankful. Hearing my boy living in the moment and being astounded by God's creation was a real wake up call. And I got my blessing in buckets.

## Bible Study: Read Psalm 8

David felt worshipful towards God as he looked at the stars and planets in Psalm 8.



- ◆ In verses 3-5 David is blown away by the fact that the God who made the universe cares about people. *How have you been touched by God's love and dedicated care this week?*
- ◆ There have been some extraordinary stories of kindness and compassion unfolding this week – *which ones particularly touched you?*
- ◆ Verses 6-8 talk of us being 'rulers' over God's creation. A ruler is supposed to use his/her authority wisely under God – *do you think we do rule wisely over creation? What could we do as a church to take this responsibility more seriously? Is there anything you feel you could do on a personal level?*

- ♦ The psalm talks of the majesty of God (Verses 1 and 9) and also the fatherly aspect of God's character (verse 4). *Do you find it difficult to see God as both your King and your Father? Think of some other names God is given in the bible - what do they tell you about His character?*
- ♦ [Read Matthew 10 v 29-31](#). God loves, notices and cares for every single sparrow he made, and yet you are worth so much more. He is holding you, and your worries in his hands right now. Take time now to mediate on those verses. *Praise him for his love and tender care. Tell him what's worrying you.*
- ♦ **Pray** for our nation, and beyond – pray for healing, and that people would turn to Him right now and receive Him as Lord.

A **song** that has helped me through many “wobbly” times is “Trust in You” by Lauren Daigle. It talks about how we can sometimes feel bewildered by circumstances, but that God *can* be trusted, even in those times. The bridge goes as follows:

“You are my strength and comfort  
 You are my steady hand  
 You are my firm foundation  
 The rock on which I stand  
 Your ways are always higher  
 Your plans are always good  
 There's not a place where I'll go  
 You've not already stood.”



Give it a listen. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vXMPNXXnCl8>

God bless you all. xxx