



The Cross at the Top of the Hill

As I wind my weary way up Golden Hill, I put one foot in front of the other and plod on, resolutely keeping my head down. I hope that the next time I raise my head and look up, I will be pleasantly surprised by the progress I have made. It doesn't get much easier. Sometimes I meet someone to chat to along the way, taking my mind off the aching limbs. That helps a little, but I am frequently reminded of my weakness.

Now there is a cross at the top of the hill. It looks imposing mounted on the side of the church wall. Now I have a target to spur me onward and upward. As soon as I turn the corner at the end of Newgate Lane, I can look up and see the cross. If I fix my eyes on it, I am given a focal point, and in no time at all I am at the top of the hill.

We all know that in one way or another, life can be an uphill struggle. We have faced this struggle since the fall of man in the Garden of Eden. Down through millennia man has sought to ease the strain of the dilemma by drawing on his own intellect and ingenuity and has found many ways to manage his own affairs, rather than acknowledge God.

Nations have put a lot of stock in human successes. Our knowledge of science has reached extraordinary proportions, and we marvel at our capabilities. In our current world situation in which we find ourselves, the medical experts and government leaders hold out great hope for triumphs in finding a key to unlock the vaccine for the Coronavirus. For now, we are stumped by a microscopic conundrum and we are reminded of our limitations, and maybe, just maybe, our need for God. If God wills, a vaccine will be found, sooner or later. And if so, will the nations of the world glory in their success, or stop to give thanks to God?

As I go forward, I will go on climbing the hill to Calvary and I will keep my eyes fixed on Jesus. His truth stands as a beacon in the face of uncertainty and vulnerability. He is my hope, and as I plod on, not knowing what lies ahead, I will look to the cross and trust. He may not remove my aches and pains, but He will give me strength to face the next day, the next step.



On what will you focus during these difficult days? Where will you go for strength? Keep trusting Christ and stay focused on the cross at the top of the hill.

The words of an old hymn come to mind:

Turn your eyes upon Jesus.

Look full in His wonderful face.

And the things of earth

Will grow strangely dim

In the light of His glory and grace.

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Sarah plans to contact you all during the next week for prayer /concerns/ requests for next week's newsletter. And don't forget to pray for our 'Fives'. 😊

