

# Psalm 121 – a reflection by Valerie Anslow

Another day and my eyes are drawn to the mountains, rugged, Alpine peaks, rock exposed and permanent. I search among the forest of evergreens and then to the mountain again where the path disappears into mist.

I lay still, shallow breaths and stare at the painting hung on the wall...a window on another place and probably another time when everything was perfect and I was managing.



Why are my eyes drawn to the mountains?

Is my help found there?

If I search among the rocks and crevices will I get the answer to the puzzle that has become my life?

When my eyes follow the pathway that disappears into the trees, will I get back to how I was?

No! Laying inert and searching among the hills will not help. My help comes from getting up and putting back the curtain to reveal a beautiful, if somewhat unruly garden where I feel, inhale and see again the divine, the explainable wonder of creation, growth and abundance.

It is where I look forward to the changing seasons, the die-back and decay of leaves and my favourite, the perennials, that appear each year, fresh and hopeful.

So when I sit at my desk and find my eyes drawn to the view outside the window and sit with pen poised and ready, my thoughts invariably turn to God who has been my rock, my permanence, my sure foundation.

Why look to the hills when he is with me all the time? He listens and when he speaks it is always what I need to hear, whether it be words of comfort or reproach. When did I stop looking to him and stare into the hills instead?



My resilience comes from the Lord  
Who made heaven and earth.  
He will not make me stumble or fall  
Instead he will lift me and carry me  
Through the valleys and climb with me  
To the mountain top.  
I can live freely with Him who lays no burden  
That is too heavy to carry.

For His grace is unforced; given not earned.  
He calls, we respond,  
And when the load is too much,  
He whispers, "Come to me."