

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Reflections

Many months ago, we were sitting at the breakfast table when my youngest asked, “Mommy, why is God invisible? Is it because He’s so ugly?” (They do “give ya pause,” don’t they?)

And after my initial double-take, I was quick to counter with my own mind-boggler...“No. It’s probably because He’s so bright and beautiful!” (After all, what are mothers for?)

The ensuing silence seemed the perfect time to slip in a bit of knowledge—one doesn’t often get the chance—so I added, “Take the sun, for instance. Without it, the plants wouldn’t grow...and we couldn’t see a thing! But it’s very, very bright, and if we were to look directly at it, the brightness would hurt our eyes.”

“We can’t look at the sun?” she asked.

“No,” I answered, “and don’t even try it!” I added as I watched her edge toward the window. “That’s why people who study the sun look at its reflection. If they looked directly at the sun, it could blind them.”

There was another silence while this revelation sunk in...

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“And God is much, much brighter and much more powerful than the sun. So maybe He doesn’t let us see Him because He doesn’t want to hurt us.”

“Oh...” she pondered.

(Could it be that I had actually “won a point”?)

And the silence which followed actually allowed me to do some thinking about God...and time to wonder if the only way to “see” Him is by looking at His reflection; for

“No one has ever seen God; the only Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he has made him known.” [John 1:18]

After all, Simeon described the baby Jesus as

“A light for revelation to the Gentiles.” [Lk. 2:32]

(But, one doesn’t get much time for contemplation in this household...)

And, suddenly, a small hand tugged at my sleeve; and after a cursory glance at her own plate, she made a point of staring at the empty chair next to her and

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announcing in a very determined voice, “God will have bacon and eggs for breakfast this morning, Mommy.”

“Oh?” I question. “And how can you be so sure?”

Her surprised look was truly angelic as she pointed out, to me, what was perfectly obvious to her...

“Why...I asked Him!”

(Just try getting “one up” on them...I dare you!)

And, even now, I can’t help but wonder “who was reflecting whom.”

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