

Monday Meditation – September 14, 2020

*It is worth remembering that the time of greatest gain in terms of wisdom and inner strength is often that of greatest difficulty.* Dalai Lama

I started thinking about strength recently, physical strength, since it was that time of year to store our four-section floating dock on shore. My husband, Don, has it engineered quite well so the two of us can attach wheels to three of the sections and pull them onto shore using an electric winch. Then we jack them up and put them on blocks to keep the floats off of the rocky shore. Pretty slick operation. I feel so “strong” pushing the lever on the electric winch and being in control of raising each hulk out of the water! It does require a little brute force at times, turning them 90 degrees so they are parallel to shore, but nothing we can't handle. The last section we “piggy-back” on top of our permanent section. In fact, each time we launch or haul-out we are so grateful that we can still manage on our own. We're not too old...yet!!!

This year I was especially conscious of, and thankful for, all the tools that made this task possible. The wheels, the levers, the chain-fall, the winch, the portable battery pack, the jack...and our basic knowledge of physics that results in a successful outcome.

Then I realized that I only need this level of physical strength two days a year, launch day and haul-out day. What about all the other days? What kind of strength do I need to handle a life-threatening diagnosis? What kind of strength do I need to cope with life's new restrictions due to Covid? What kind of strength do I need not just to survive, but to find joy, to find meaning in my life during these difficult times?

We might all wonder....What “tools are in our toolbox” to keep us mentally and emotionally strong?

Today I would like to share just one tool with you...inspiration we receive from others. We have all read inspirational stories that give our spirits a lift, and today I would like to share how Horatio Spafford was inspired to write the 19<sup>th</sup> century hymn, *It is Well with My Soul*, during a time of great difficulty.

Not only is Horatio's story inspiring, but the method by which it is told is so rich in talent that every time I experience it, I give thanks to God for the awe-inspiring gifts with which He has blessed us, talents unique to each of us.

The narrator is the British actor Hugh Bonneville, who Downton Abbey fans will certainly recognize. It surprised me to learn that he has a degree in theology from Cambridge University. This performance takes place in Temple Square, Salt Lake City, Utah, December 2019, with the Tabernacle Choir....pre-Covid.  
Happy Christmas in September!

Please click on this link. <https://youtu.be/ReApJymYSiw> for the YouTube video.  
or Google search for Hugh Bonneville, It is Well with My Soul.

Any dry eyes out there????

Since this hymn isn't in our Common Praise book, I have included the verses.

*It is Well with My Soul*, written by Horatio Spafford and composed by Philip Bliss

When peace like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

*Refrain*

It is well, (it is well),  
With my soul, (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!  
My sin, not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live:  
If Jordan above me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life,  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!  
Blessed hope, blessed rest of my soul.

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
Even so, it is well with my soul.

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Peace and strength, Bernadette