



Resource Centre

From our Churches

Author: Arlyn Friesen Epp

Church: Mennonite Church Canada

Date: 2005

This resource is part of a larger **From Our Churches** archives available as an inspirational resource to teachers, ministers and others of Mennonite Church Canada. Posted by permission of the author. Permission to reproduce and distribute is granted.

Hearing God Elijah's Story

1 Kings 19:8-14

It must have been 150 km/hr - maybe more. The likes of such wind I've never seen. At first it only whisked the ground, lifting dust and swirling debris at the foot of the mountain. But then the storm! Dark heavy clouds in the valley. And the increasing gales. Like I said: 150 km/hr. Exposed on Mount Horeb, I lay on the ground prostrate clinging for a foothold. The wind nearly swept me over. I crouched low. An avalanche of rock passed by.

I was alone.

It could have past as a small tremor – at first. I felt the earth twitch. But the rumbling became more intense, as if the mountain was experiencing a seizure – its steady anchor suddenly pulled, like a cork bobbing in the sea. I felt adrift. There was nothing to hold on to. Nothing solid. The earth quaked.

Again, I was alone.

Fire? Had I not seen enough? I ran for safety. But the brush, at my heels, kept burning. And the canopy above me – the flames danced from one treetop to the next in a satanic pattern. I could barely escape the falling ashes, the billowing smoke, the intense heat.

I was still alone.

Then, as suddenly as the natural disasters appeared, the earth became calm. Silent. Like the morning after a night's rainfall. And the droplets have rested on the spider's webbing – clinging, still. As quiet as the prairie grass reaching toward the large curvature of the sky. Like the pause on the seventh day of creation.

I stood amazed.

No longer in fear, but in awe. No longer at risk, but at rest. No longer alone, but with God.