

Ecc 9:11

11 I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

(KJV)

We have reached an age when we have seen most of what we are going to see. What comes to us now is but a mere variation of things observed before. The product of our experience tells us that life affords little that can be counted on.

We cannot anticipate the outcome of collision and struggle. The past is insufficient basis for the prediction of the future. Each political season seems to advance those whom we thought would come to nothing. Our stock picks have been a dissatisfaction. Seeming fools possess great fortunes while wise men are in want. Persons gifted with great musical talent cannot find an audience, yet illiterates mouthing doggerel ride in limousines. The markets for obscenity, in all its forms, cannot be sated while honor and nobility languish without a patron. The reasonable expectation is disappointed. The unlikely is crowned with success. Only the rise and setting of the sun seems assured. Who can fathom these things? All appears a vulgar puzzle.

Amid contradiction and uncertainty, we are content to find our shelter under the wings of our Lord. We have an assurance of safety there. He is determined on our well being. If that be true, what can thwart Him? So minute is His management, and His determination accompanied by such power that our ultimate triumph is sure. He has no need for contingent plans. It is all His grand design.

Tonight when the world is troubled, and the un-Godly find no rest, we may enjoy the repose of certainty.

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