

18<sup>th</sup> January 2024

## Restless

**“This restless world is full of chances,  
which, by habit's power, to learn to bear is easier than to shun.”**

John Armstrong, *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744)

I've been restless. It isn't a physical restlessness, pacing around, not able to settle to anything. Nor is it a mental restlessness, my thoughts shooting this way and that. It's a spiritual restlessness, questioning, reviewing, reassessing. I don't really know where it's going to take me, but it feels like a healthy place to be. “To learn to bear is easier than to shun.”

There are times when I know where and what God is, and I get glimpses of depth and renewal. And there are times when I have no clue. But that's OK too. I'm in a liminal space, a waiting time, in – as a friend described it recently – a kind of portal, a passageway from what has been known, to what might be out there. Interesting times ...

A friend gave me a book which, to be honest, I hadn't had time to look at. Rediscovering it has been useful. It's *Meditations of the Heart*, by the American author and theologian, Howard Thurman. Thurman was “Dean of Chapel” at Howard and Boston Universities for over 20 years and has written more than 20 books. In 1944, he co-founded San Francisco's “Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples”, the first integrated, interfaith congregation in the US. In *Meditations of the Heart*, he offers insights into what he's discovered as he emerges from restless times. He writes this:

*I do not seek the comfort or guarantee that all my tomorrows will be safe and sure, that strength will be mine at a single time to carry all my need in the days ahead. This would be much too much for such a one as I. I rest this day in God.*

*I put in a single place all the pieces of my erring ways, the urgent thoughts, both good and bad, together with my rights and wrongs ... Here they lie where all is loss, and all is gain, for they are mine. As for me, I rest this day in God.*

*I do not seek to cast aside the burdens which are mine, to find some easy way to lift the heavy load, to shift to other backs what has found its way upon my own. They are mine, shaped and fashioned in their own sure place. Why? I am never sure. But this I know: I rest this day in God.*

That pretty well sums up where I am. So I'll just dwell a while in this place of rest, until my restlessness insists that I keep moving on ...

### **A prayer for today**

*Loving God, still my restless heart, as I rest this day in you. Amen*