

Restored, Refreshed...

(a reflection)



Take some time to just sit in stillness.

Let the quietness slow you down, your body, mind and spirit easing together into a place of reflection.

My soul thirsts for God, for the living God Psalm 42.1

*Using your imagination and slowly reading the following words,
listen in on the writers reflection as they walk down to the sea edge.
Imagine you are there too, witness to the wild seas and breaking waves...*

Read slowly and allow God to refresh and restore you as you reflect and pray.

I hear the breaking waves before I can see them,
a continuous roar, the backdrop to one wave after another falling on the shore.
The sand is compacted and easy underfoot, a path has been made by hundreds of sea lovers,
wave watchers and the beach obsessed before me.

I remember the first time I came here, through the dunes, the sea still hidden but so so loud.
It was as if I'd come to see a person, they were waiting for me,
and when I hurried out through the dunes down on to the beach
the sight and sound of the sea took my breath away.
Not just the power of the breakers but the beauty too.
And the familiar sense of the glory of it.

A tangible feeling of God in it,
God the creator all over it.
Even the breath I was breathing, sea, ozone and wild air, was God too.

**Earth-tamer, Ocean-pourer, Mountain-maker, Hill-dresser,
Muzzle of sea storm and wave crash,
Far and wide they will come to a stop,
They'll stare in awe, in wonder.** Psalm 65.5

That sense of power, danger and beauty
mingled with the sound of a call, a creator call, is beguiling.
I move nearer before I know it, as near as I dare to the edges,
the repeated refrain of the waves a melody I recognise
from somewhere deep within me.
I can't hear my own breathing now,
Just the roar, the wash, the wild wind.

The sum of who I am, all those moments have caught up with me here,
the forgotten stuff, the fresh today and still on my mind stuff,
who I am is laid bare here before my God. No hiding, no pretending.
Such a complete relief to be here.

All my longings lie open before You, Lord.

My sighing is not hidden from You. Psalm 38.9

A patchwork of thoughts, the broken template of life,
echoes of days that were darker than I'd ever known,
And a legacy of sadness I just can't heal.
And fading memories,
they all get caught up in the wild waves and sea spray,
And the breakers do their work,
to disqualify the trophies of these moments.

All your waves and breakers have swept over me. Psalm 42.7

The air is charged with the oxygen of life, carried by the breakers,
elemental and yet gentle with who I am today.
I let it do it's work.

It takes my breath away,
but then gives it back.
Breathing deeply, slowly, deliberately,
I'm praying, standing before God,
listening and tuning in to Him again in this thin place.

Don't be afraid, for I am with you. Isaiah 41.10

Perspective changes and I feel a balance return.
I'm put right.
These vast breaking waves that began so many miles away,
secretly and deeply hidden in the ocean,
were designed to fall for me, here today.
A God of love who knew me before I was formed...
And these breakers have broken a spell of my own making.

**My frame was not hidden from You
when I was made in the secret place.** Psalm 139.15

Could God have planned this lovely moment?
His design to break me free from my ragged self,
to restore a beautiful balance,
wild, untamed waves
releasing freedom all about me.
In a moment of understanding I glimpse a picture of who I might be,
a future me, free and forever okay.
The wild power I'm caught up in feels like God,
sounds like eternity and looks just like freedom.

For freedom, the Messiah has set us free. Galatians 5.1

And in the surf that rolls there are memories of joy,
mirrored and reflected, stirred and created.
Newborn and bright, joy mingles in it all.
Soul restorer, my bedrock, consoling sea, reaching deep.

At my feet I see a tiny sea glass pebble,
it's worn and fashioned into a smooth and lovely shape by these relentless tides.
I pocket it and look back at the mountainous sea.
Every now and then I glimpse the horizon...

Be still and know that I am God. Psalm 46.10

Bring your reflection to a close with your own prayer...