

Each day I am writing in response to the experience of being in Israel, "walking in the footsteps of Jesus". I am posting once a day but starting a day late, because of the adjustment to the rigours of travel.

"And the evening and the morning were the first day." Genesis 1:5

I know that there are moments in the faith journey of such power and wonder, that faith seems to bud, flower, and bare fruit in minutes.

The first miracle of this journey is far more simple. Complex experiences involve so many factors, the truth is, we cannot recognize them all. Simple things involve single factors. I learned that when I was 16 Years old studying flowers in Science class.

This was a simple experience. The plane taxied onto the runway. The engine revved to a dull roar. This plane (they call it the Dreamliner) rifled down the runway and leapt into the sky. Suddenly it banked. We had achieved 8,000 feet in a few minutes. Our ground speed was 300, plus mph and climbing. In the west the sun was setting.

It was not the most spectacular sunset I have ever seen. It was the only one I have ever viewed at 8,000 feet going 300 mph (ground speed).

In minutes the sun was gone. The balance of our trip to Israel, "walking in the footsteps of Jesus", was made in darkness. We tried, Barbara and I, but we could not sleep.

Eventually a rose line appeared, separating the sky from the cloud and whatever else was below us. The light grew. The dawn....this day, the 29th arrived.

And there it is....a miracle so simple you could blink and miss it! The distraction of a television programme, or a video game could have prevented perception. There are so many rational ways to explain what I saw. But I saw it. And I felt His power.

It is a simple thing. For one on a faith journey it is a marvellous reality. God set the earth in motion. The sun appears to set. The darkness descends. The morning comes with what we call the sunrise.

The simple miracle is the constancy of God's grace. Days begin and end. Night falls and then ebbs away as a new day begins. Evening and morning define this first day of my current journey.

All I can think of as the breakers of the Mediteranean crash on the shore below us, as we descend towards the runway in Tel Aviv is the line of the old hymn, "mine eyes have seen the glory." Evening and morning....this first day. The Lord, and Barbara and I, we are in this holy land.

Morley Mitchell,
Sent in the love of Jesus