

“A pebble on the lake”

I arrived in Penn Station early one Fall morning. Apparently someone received the wrong information as to the hour of my arrival because I was told that a car and a driver would be there to meet me. No one was there of whom I knew. I soon discovered that loneliness is not a matter of being by yourself. Loneliness is being in the crowd and nobody recognizes you. Loneliness is having people look at you and they do not pay you any attention. They do not speak to you and they look in the other direction when you come around. Loneliness is a matter of loneliness of the heart and an abandonment of spirit—especially when others seem to have strength and they will not share it with you or laugh with you. It is not a matter of age either. Children can suffer from loneliness as much as adults.

So, I came out of the station and the sun was still in her hiding place. Darkness still had the world in a cloak of empirical blackness and there in that aloneness and colorless zone, I walked on the sidewalk to a bridge near the train station. The bridge crossed a body of water and I stopped on the center of that bridge. I noticed that the backside of some of those beautiful buildings that made up the New York City skyline were gray and fragile looking. Some of the paint had long lost its aesthetic alluring power which made the ugliness of gray come through. Some of the cement had lost its cohesiveness and this was apparent by signs of crumbling concrete. Everywhere I looked, I saw ugliness and wanting to get out of what I was in—I got into something else. I stood on top of that small bridge and looked down on the water. I saw boats tied to the pier. Wanting to participate in some free activity, I reached down and retrieved a pebble that rested on top of the pavement. I threw the pebble into the lake and I looked down and

witnessed the pebble hitting the water below. Where it fell a circle formed, then another circle, and another circle, and another—and I kept looking at circles form within circles and circles beyond circles. All of a sudden I saw waves coming riding each others back. As I looked up, I saw lights on the side sending their reflection light and I saw the reflection light shining through the waves as they rode each other's back as the wind blew droplets and all of a sudden that made me see a small rainbow through the mist. One pebble on a lake covered the lake and I said Towner “that's it”. You really do not have to have too much faith. You really do not need to be on top of the mountain to receive revelation. God breathes on the common place and gives it a quality of the eternity. So, the next time you find yourself on the backside of hope and on a bridge overshadowing the lake of promise, and you are wanting joy to arrive but its is late, stand of the bridge of hope. Pick up a pebble of faith and drop it on the lake of your soul and before you know it, the circles of promise will cover your whole life.

The word is drop a pebble on the lake. Jesus had just left the wilderness of temptation (**Luke 4:1-13**) where evil had cut across His soul and threatened His life. He then went into the synagogue and He laid down His soul before God. God, with the tip of His finger, touched the center of Jesus' soul and like the effect that a pebble has on the lake Jesus could only cry—“The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me,...(Luke 4:18 NRSV)”.