

Wednesday Devotional

05/18/22

Scripture: Matthew 17: 1 – 13

The Road Down the Mountain By: Ruth Senter

Paths to the top of this mountain should be one way. No one ever wants to go down. This path leads to the sun – a place of peace and tranquility. The glory of the Lord breathes in every lodgepole pine and giant fir up here. We have climbed so far I feel almost celestial. Viewed from this pinnacle of majesty, life below takes on different meaning. Why do humans rush to and fro, frantically chasing their tails?

Life in the clouds gives perspective. Authenticity. Simplicity. A log cabin provides our shelter, and a helicopter delivers our daily bread. We fill our cups from glacier runoff and breathe deeply of nature's pure air. No one wears a watch; there's no reason to look at one. We feed the ground creatures – the chipmunks and the marmots – and talk to the white-breasted grosbeak that sits on our table.

Surely this is hallowed ground. I can worship in this place. "Peter said to Jesus, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here. If you wish, I will put up.....shelters'" (v.4). But Jesus pointed Peter to the path down the mountain. As they went, Jesus instructed them about his suffering which was soon to come.

Once home I find a friend in the hospital, a neighbor who is dying, and a man who is drunk, depressed and reaching out for help. "God is a presence, not a place," I say to myself. And so I look at the photographs of my moments on the mountain, remember what God did for me there, but reluctantly agree to live life on the plains.