

**M**y mind constantly communicates with me in analogies.

## **THE LIGHT OF MAN AGAINST THE HEAVENS**

One by one we gathered and sat in the white summer chairs on the wide wooden deck outside the great room of the lodge, drawn to watch the lightening display just beginning to the south. The sky darkened more and more ominously, hiding even the blackening clouds from view as evening closed in around us. Awe and fascination filled us with wonder as flash upon flash of intense lightening bolts cut and slithered across the sky in great sideways brilliant arcs, perhaps culminating in a jagged downward fork. Then we would wait, listening intently for the expected rumble of thunder that we knew would follow, counting the seconds until the ominous roar would meet our waiting ears as we attempted to gauge the distance separating us from the approaching storm. A great sigh rose from the ravine hidden by the towering evergreens and now quaking aspen trees in front of us, as the wind gathered momentum. The wind was rising strongly now as it neared our haven under the sheltering overhang of the A frame roof line. Are we grounded, we wondered? Are we too close to the metal umbrella standing closed through the center of the adjacent garden table or to the metal of the patio door frame behind us? Our counts told us that the brilliant sky rending jags of light seemed to be coming closer to us, filling the sky with daylight bright light but just for one startling flash at a time. Nervously one lady got up in alarm to go inside but was persuaded to stay, with words of reassurance that she was safe where she was from the storms threatening power. The growing swish of the wind rose louder as it forced its way through the now yielding swaying trees.

Look a firefly! someone cried. All heads turned to the spot indicated but too late to catch a glimpse of the bright spot that had appeared in the trees beyond the wide expanse of lawn that surrounded the balcony where we sat enthralled with nature's display. All eyes peered into the now inky darkness and yes, here and there glimpsed the momentary wonder of the fireflies glowing briefly along the band of trees that edged the grass. We were fascinated as we were treated to the spectacle of these random bright tiny lights, hanging like miniature lanterns and glowing in the darkness along the rim of the woods. Then once again the air was rent with the mighty brightness of incalculable voltage that suddenly tore through the heavens, turning night into day, startling our watchful eyes and nerves with the lightning's sudden reappearance. Then darkness once again surrounded us, lit only briefly by the tiny points of light in the trees.

Soon driving rain drove us scurrying back indoors, to the protection of the sheltering roof and welcoming rooms, safe from the onslaught of the heavens.

It was as if we were seeing the brief bright lights of enlightened men providing momentary guiding light to others, against the truly awesome magnificence of the conquering light of God.