

Blowing on the Embers of Hope

“A bruised reed He will not break, and a smoldering wick He will not snuff out.”

Have you ever tried to start a campfire by rubbing two sticks together? That takes effort and practice. Maybe you have tried to revive a fire that has burned out and gone cold through the night as the damper's air gives the room a chill. You stir up the ashes to find an ember or two still glowing. Then you have to take action. Add some flammable items like newspapers, cotton, or dried twigs. And with a steady stream of air dispersed from your lungs you hear the sounds of crackling, the stirring of hope, and the promise of a renewed fire. You feed it more wood and a steady stream of air and soon a small flame appears and with it the promise of a blazing fire is at hand.

This morning, I heard a sister in Christ declare on Facebook that her biological blood sister had declared that in this season of loss, that they were blowing on the embers of Hope. You see their mother, Nancy Guthrie, as been missing now for three weeks. The hope of her return is waning even as they know that God is able to perform miracles. But they long to be together with their mother once again. Even if it is just her lifeless body that is returned. So they are blowing on the embers of hope, stirring up the faith they hold on to, adding to the embers with prayer, scripture, and fellowship. And they are calling on the Spirit of God and God's people to fall afresh on the embers they are so closely guarding, feeding, and fanning. They know that her future is secure. That even if she has died, she is safe in the Father's arms but sometimes you want miracles to be answered here on earth.

It got me to thinking; how many of us are blowing on embers of hope, striving to reignite the flames of faith? How many are trying to do this on their own. Too worn out to look for the things needed to get the flame going. Too tired, too confused, too discouraged to seek after the twigs of scripture and prayer. Too ashamed, too despondent, too prideful to call on the people of God, let alone God Himself to breathe new life upon our embers of hope.

It is my hope that if nothing else gets through to us this Lenten season, that we will realize we are all broken. We are all in need of a savior. We are all calling out for renewed hope. And believe it or not there are people of God who are longing to breath new life onto your ember of hope; all you have to do is humble yourself and ask. If you want to cry out to God and feel the power of His people when they pray, take the extraordinary step of asking. There is a prayer box on the table at the side of the sanctuary. You can drop a note in the mail slot. You can call the pastor directly. You can share your name or lift the need without a name. God knows who you are. And He is ready to blow on the embers of your hope. Remember, “a smoldering wick He will not snuff out.”

“May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in Him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit.” Romans 15:13

Blessing, Pastor Polly