

What are you running away from?

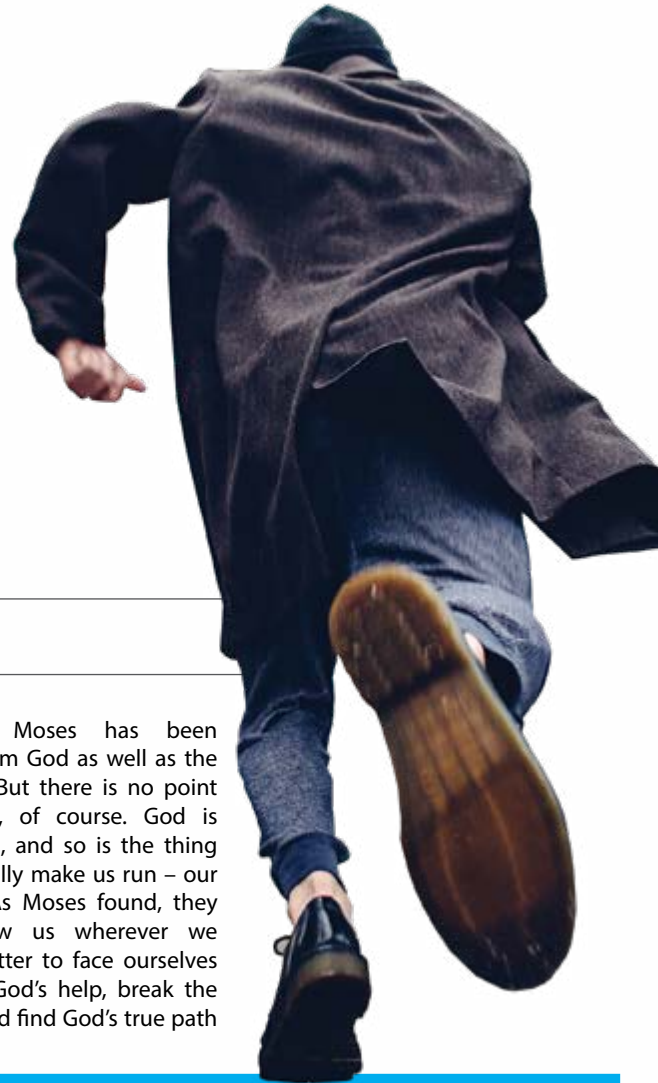
Heather Smith *reflects on* Exodus 3:1-15

The writer of the letter to the Hebrews tells us that Moses chose not to be known as the son of the daughter of Pharaoh, but rather to “share ill-treatment with the people of God” (Hebrews 11:25). He must, then, have known his Israelite father. Later we learn that his name was Amram, a descendent of Jacob’s son Levi.

In today’s reading from Exodus we could easily miss the fact that

when God calls Moses he says, “I am the God of your father” (Exodus 3:6). Only then is it followed up with the information that this is also the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The God who speaks to Moses, then, is very close to him – the God of the family. It makes it seem odd that Moses asks for a name. This is a God Moses knows well and whom he has chosen to follow by throwing in his lot with the Hebrews, rather than with the Egyptian royal family.

Perhaps Moses has been running from God as well as the Egyptians. But there is no point in running, of course. God is everywhere, and so is the thing that generally make us run – our own self. As Moses found, they both follow us wherever we go. It is better to face ourselves and, with God’s help, break the patterns and find God’s true path for us. ☺



God, who has sustained your people through the ages, help us to know ourselves and to turn to you, in good times and in bad. Set us on the right path, that our lives may be a reflection of your goodness and truth. Amen.

Back to university

by Tabitha Francis

Oh my goodness, what have I done?!

I’m twenty-six years old. I have a good undergraduate degree and I’ve had a stable job of four years that pays and supports me well. I have never dreaded work, knowing I would be spending each day with friends and working

for a charity that I’m passionate about. Yet for some reason, I guess people call it vocation, I’ve taken the plunge and decided to go back to university.

Graduate medicine. That’s what I’ve decided to do. Or, more accurately, what God has called me to do. I’ve not even started and it’s already been a huge trust exercise. People have tried to warn me off it, saying, “You don’t want to work for the NHS,” and “Do you really want to lose all your free time?”

Yet here I am, following God’s calling, and all I can do is believe that God will carry me through... ☺

Walking with Poppy

by Gillian Cooper

I’ve broken a toe and I’m waiting for it to heal. Walking is all right so long as I keep going. Unfortunately Poppy’s idea of a walk is to stop and sniff a corner, go back to sniff behind us, walk on a bit, then stop and ask for a treat. So walks with her have become a bit of a challenge.

Eventually, of course, I lose patience and march her along, wishing I had kept up her puppy training a bit more conscientiously.

But I have to empathise with her, because I know that I too, in a different way, have a tendency to get distracted, to take steps back when I should be going forward, to concentrate on small things and miss the bigger picture. Fortunately, God’s patience with me is infinite, and God has all the time in the world to wait for me to be ready to move on. ☺

“Worrying is arrogant because God knows what He’s doing.”

Barbara Cameron (born 1949), author