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Here's Hope
by Rev. Jerry Rea

Maybe...

You see something that makes you believe "...well, maybe." We think, well, maybe this could happen. Maybe the possibility is there or is real. Maybe the circumstances just might fall into place. The puzzle may actually work out. That, my friend, is hope.

Where does that hope come from? What could make it happen? This is very important, for without hope you don't move in any direction. You become a ship at sail without any wind. You watch for a breeze. But, you feel only doldrums. You anticipate even if you can't "see it happening." You desire what may seem a remote possibility. You pray against all odds. Then, you begin to live in that faith.

Faith is believing without seeing. Faith is trusting even when the winds are against you. Faith looks beyond this place of turbulence to the calmness that says all is right. Faith looks over mountains to the goal on the other side. Faith even (sometimes) makes you become a mountain-climber. That type faith prays as if it believes (truly) that mountains are movable and nothing is impossible! What is the secret? There is really no secret. We simply exercise our faith, and God does the rest.

Sometimes all that process begins with the word "maybe." Just as a child begins to walk with a tiny step and a stumbling gait, so the impossible begins with maybe. Just as the Scripture says, faith really *is* tiny. It really *is* too much to hope for in the midst of what our eyes see and our ears hear. It really *is* the size of a mustard seed. It was one small boy with loaves and fishes that fed multitudes. It was a simple word of command from the mouth of Jesus that healed the leper and raised the dead. It is the mouth of babes that offer perfect praise. It is a single voice of testimony like a tiny drop of water that brings a tide of belief. Or maybe we might just call it a "maybe."

And then I want you to think about yourself. You think yourself tiny, and in the big picture you *are* tiny. You are very, very important to God, but you are just one person in the mass of humanity. No one sees you and no one cares. If I understand the gospel, you don't have to be important to be loved by God. Furthermore, you don't have to be important to be used by God. Maybe, all you have to be is a tiny seed, or a tiny drop, or a small voice. Then God blesses and the seed becomes a grain field. You *are* a seed. But that's all God needs.

I'm just a seed!
Jerry Rea