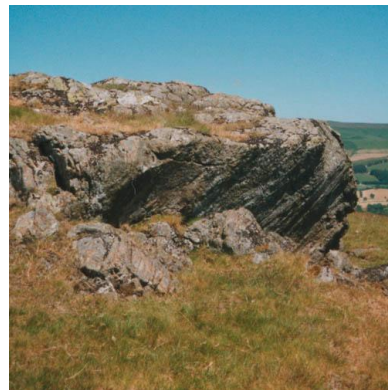
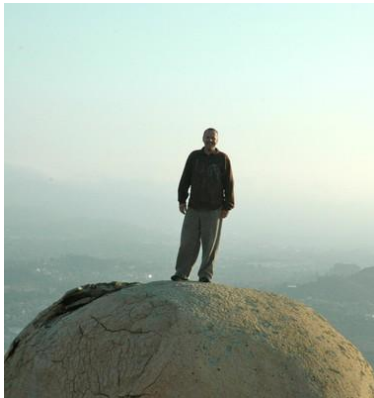


A rock: a symbol for our faithfulness as well as God's faithfulness

He is the Rock, his works are perfect,
and all his ways are just.
A faithful God who does no wrong,
upright and just is he.
Deuteronomy 32:4

So I will call you Peter, which means "a rock."
On this rock I will build my church, and death itself will not have any power over it.
Matthew 16:18



Idea:

Collect pebbles and write on them a Bible reference about God being a rock. Use these as part of worship or meditation on the faithfulness of God.

Cairns

Eternal pilgrims we,
on the sometimes broken
sometimes silken
path
we call our lives.
Longing pilgrims we,
hungrily seeking
stones and rocks
all shapes and sizes
to point the way.
Blessed pilgrims we,
when the stories of our lives
sometimes broken
sometimes silken
are deemed cairns
by the one who truly listens.
Grateful pilgrims we,
gathering stones and rocks,
and with the one who truly listens
patiently creating
a cairn of balance
that reaches toward
heaven.
Wise pilgrims we,
as we bless the cairn
bless the sometimes broken
sometimes silken
path
we call our lives,
and know that
heaven is the gift
of welcoming
the broken and the silken
with equal measure.
Jennifer (Jinks) Hoffmann

Stones

Today I came to a shining beach
covered with a litany of stones;
gravel, pebbles, boulders, many colours,
each one like a word of praise
and the whole, a triumphant song.
As I picked up stones at random,
feeling their skin against mine,

and absorbing the loveliness of them,
I thought that I was a bit like that beach,
with every stone a gesture of love
from a person who'd cared about me
at some time in my life.
From the moment of conception,
when God spoke and I was,
love has shaped my being
and the givers are still with me,
contained within their gifts,
people who've laid a litany of loving,
stone by stone, word by word, touch by touch,
showing me the truth of my existence.

For a long time I sat on that beach,
adding to its song, my own gratitude,
and when I shut my eyes and tried to imagine
what the beach would look like
without all those shining stones,
I understood in a new and deeper way,
the meaning of my life as gift.

Joy Cowley

The House on the Rock - (Matthew 7: 24 – 27)

You know, I have this feeling
that the wise man who built on the rock,
had previously built a house on the sand.
He'd learned that sand meant wasted effort
and solid rock was the way to go.
How much wiser that man was
than the one who built on the rock
simply because he didn't know
the sand was there.
Mind you, for people like me,
that wisdom is hard won.
I built several houses on the sand
before the message got home.
Maybe that's why I value rock so much.
At times, I've heard people say
that they don't know why God
allows the pain of sin in this world.
Well, if I substitute sand for sin,
I think I have something close
to an answer.

Joy Cowley