

Grains Of Sand

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By Jenny Watt



A few months ago, I wrote a Midweek Musing called [*"Where Art Thou, Lord?"*](#). I thought, maybe, I would find the answer to that question, but it is still not clear to me.

I think, for me, it's a question of Faith. My Faith used to be strong and steadfast, I felt secure in my belief. I don't know exactly what happened. I didn't decide to put my Faith to one side, wrap it up carefully and perhaps come back and look at it later. So, what happened?

When we first came to Clare, I came to the church regularly, joined in joyfully. I don't think I ever made a conscious decision to stay away, I just drifted, family, work, health affecting me. Why?

If you're by the sea in summertime, you can sit on the beach and take handfuls of soft, silky sand, letting it slide away and drift between your fingers.

Maybe that's what happened to my Faith, it just drifted away like those grains of sand.

But, if you've been on a beach all day, you'll know that however hard you shake your clothes and empty your pockets, however hard you stamp your feet, when you get home, there is still sand in your shoes, sand sticking determinedly to your clothing.

Perhaps Faith is like those grains of sand, whatever happens there is still some left - grains of Faith, seeds of Hope.

When my husband died, I realised that I had missed my Faith, missed hearing hymns, missed prayers,

missed spoken words of sincerity.

On the death of my sister the following year, I could feel myself metaphorically looking into the palm of my hand and seeing there the imprint of those grains of sand. Were they the seeds of Faith?

I was invited to join in the Baptist Zoom services (thank you!) and I rather hesitantly did so, quietly sitting in the corner of the screen, disappearing quickly at the end of the service. But it was all still there, the hymns, the prayers, the spoken words of sincerity.

Sometimes I felt myself captivated by a hymn. *“Be still, for the presence of the Lord is shining all around”* and a feeling of calm would spread over me.

Then I realised through a letter (thank you!) that I was indeed a real person, not just a little square on a screen and I began to feel more involved, more of a participant.

In some I definable way, my Faith was beginning to return. Sometimes I look at the palm of my hand and there is nothing there, but quite often I feel those grains of sand, imprints of Faith, and I have Hope. I have Hope.

(Photo by [Hassan OUAJBIR](#) on [Unsplash](#))
