

There is a Witness
(Love Divine 1st)

For much of last week, there was still a lot of talk about the typhoon that hit us 10 days ago — and an amount of griping and complaint too. Maybe some of that was more attributable to the fear and shock brought by the ferocity of this recent storm, so much stronger and destructive than most other such visitations in the past number of years. It was a day that'll be remembered, one of the very few occasions when the normal business of life in HK comes to a complete stop. It'll be remembered by families and individual people too, who lost not just most or all of their possessions, but the lives of relatives, children, friends: let's remember them in our prayers. By comparison, how trivial and even ingrateful are our complaints and the inconveniences, cost or dragsery in mopping up floors or repairing and replacing things damaged in our comfortable & pretty-secure flats and houses. Berating or blaming the Royal Observer for not telling us how violent the storm would be is, in a way, something like the primitive urge to find a 'scape-goat', to kill the bringer of bad news. We don't like to be so frightened of the sheer power of wind and water, or to be reminded of how fragile and weak we really are despite all our progress and science and taming of the power of nature. Pride is still the insidious sin and temptation at the root of all human vices and the vices of humanity: tho', looking around the world we live in, surely there's so much going on that's no cause for pride at all. Maybe every so often we need s.th. like Ellen to remind us all of our place before God and in relation to His creation. We are so much more in His hands than we normally ever think about, than so many of us even care to admit.... → MP 687, 2