

## Gazing At The Temple

### Description

[RG090411](#)

Psalm 77:13-20

A gentle breeze wafted on shore from the Caribbean Sea. It was near sunset, the sky and waters were painted with rosy pink, peach, azure, and gold. The temple was empty except for an old man tending the cremation fires nearby. We walked past the statues of gods. Some entered the temple as I walked on to gaze at the beautiful sunset and the lapping waves. The carved images that enthralled some held little attention for me. The beautiful scene called my thoughts to a higher plane.

I thought of the God before whom the waters writhed, the clouds poured down rain, thunder boomed, lightning flashed, and the earth trembled. He is the holy God, the God who performs miracles. There is no other.

Guide me, Mighty God, over this quaking earth, by your path through the mighty waters, following your unseen footprints as one of your flock to that final fold.

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