

**“The heavens are telling ...”****Bible reading: Psalm 19**

The heavens are telling the glory of God,  
And the firmament proclaims his handiwork.  
One day pours out its song to another,  
And one night unfolds knowledge to another.  
They have neither speech nor language  
And their voices are not heard.  
Yet their sound has gone out into all lands  
And their words to the end of the earth.

Went out last night to give the NHS a clap. Standing in the dark, feeling rather foolish (who was going to hear us?) — but then the neighbours came out, and lights appeared up the street, and somebody let off a few fireworks, and the clapping started to echo from all around. A lovely simple gesture — street after street connecting up to send a wordless message of support. Communication without words. Connectivity is part of the problem (it's how the virus has spread so quickly around the world). But it's also part of the solution.

I would have stayed out to watch the International Space Station passing over, but my dinner was getting cold. Maybe tonight — it'll be visible at 7.41 pm for four minutes (so I'm told — social media connections again!). I'm old enough to remember looking up at the moon outside my student digs in Jericho (Oxford) and finding it hard to believe that there were men up there walking around on it — a global moment of connectivity.

Psalm 19 lifts our connectivity to a different dimension. It opens with a burst of music (Haydn's *Creation!*). The majesty of the heavens — the sky at night, the blazing glory of the sun at noon — connect us with the glory of God. There's a message there for us — communication without words — if we just open our doors (or windows) and look and listen. A message about awe and wonder, first of all: about reverence, respect, responsibility for this world — God's world — that we're part of. A message about keeping in tune with God's law — that is, God's way of doing things, God's vision for a just world shared with all its creatures.

Normally we're too busy, too smothered by the barrage of messages generated by the human biosphere, too comfortably immersed in the multiple connectivities of our own day-to-day lives, to tune in to nature's message. Suddenly, when everything stops, we can hear the birdsong — marvel at the spring flowers — bask in the sunshine (isn't it lovely to feel *warm?*). Take a picture and share it with friends. Turn it into a Wow! prayer and share it with God. Enjoy the moment.

Peter's hymn choice this morning was very apposite (another bit of connectivity ...). “Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him” echoes Psalm 19 (you can find it on YouTube). Here's another song I like, connecting the psalm with Paul's words in Romans 8.18-25 (look it up!). This is from a song called ‘On tiptoe’.

I walk with you, my children, through valleys filled with gloom,  
In echoes of the starlight and shadows of the moon:  
In the whispers of the night-wind are gentle words for you,  
To touch you and assure you it's my world you're walking through.  
*And all creation's waiting on tiptoe just to see  
The children of God come into their own.*

God bless,  
Loveday