

As we are getting closer to the Anniversary of 9/11, I had a thought, which I am trying to formulate as I am typing.

Where is God in your life? How does He show up daily? Sure, we visit Him weekly, sit thru the lessons, the Gospel, the Sermon, sing, pray and leave. I am sure He hears and appreciates our singing and praying. But where is He on Monday? Where was He on Tuesday morning on Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>?

He was there. He was there with everyone who realized what their fate was on those planes, and turned to prayer. Reached out to their loved ones and left loving messages. He was there in the buildings, when after the first mass of confusion and fear had settled in to resignation of their probable fate. He was there with all of the First Responders, who put their lives on the line, to do the impossible and try to save as many as they could.

He was there in the aftermath, in the impossible task of searching for anyone alive, and then, that becoming painfully clear there weren't any more survivors, it became a loving task of trying to locate remains.

He was there at Trinity Church in NYC, where First Responders could find respite. They were fed, they were given shelter, they were given a place to sleep, they were the hero's of the world and certainly hero's of God.

I remember standing at Trinity, reading the pleas for help finding loved ones. Tears streaming down my face, when a Catholic Priest happened by and gave me love and prayers, which he didn't have to do – God was there then too.

Someone asked me why Trinity was spared after such a horrific act. I told them that God had plans for Trinity and that day, when so many people died, His hand came down and covered Trinity, so it could provide a service of solace to the First Responders and yes, the thousands of people who came by to stand outside and pray.

God was there that day. I know, I felt His presence.

Fast forward 23 years. I have felt God's presence with me many times, and most of them outside of the physical building of St. Paul's. Don't get me wrong, there are times a Reading strikes something in my heart and I know, without a doubt, that God wants me to listen and learn. I have felt God's presence, when we gathered together to lay hands on someone being baptized, I have felt God's presence, when the other members of the Choir and I would sing a special Anthem. I have felt God's presence when people thank me for parking them safely behind the church and let them know they can use the facilities.

But mostly, I have felt God's presence outside of the building, when I am doing something for someone else. When I withhold judgement, when someone does something I don't

agree with. When I remember, even when I am discouraged and yes, even angry, that I am to “love my neighbor as myself”. God is there always.

These are the things we should say, when someone asks you about God. Don’t tell them about St. Paul’s, don’t tell them how you are a good member in standing, don’t tell them how long you have been a member – those are nice, but not important to God.

Tell them instead, how you felt God’s presence deeply when taking in the beautiful vista, called our world, when you least expected it. Tell them, how you felt the power of prayers, when something was going on in your life, and you asked for prayers and received them abundantly. Tell them, you see God’s works in action at the local Food Pantry or at the Clothing Exchange.

Tell them where God is in your life daily. Even when you are walking a walk that you are not prepared for. Tell them, God is there holding you up in his loving arms.

Tell them.