

Living the Seasons at Home

Based on the lectionary reading for this week

May 30, 2021 – *Creator, Redeemer and Sustainer*

Lectionary Readings for this Week

Isaiah 6:1–8 the focus for this resource Psalm 29 Romans 8:12–17 John 3:1–17

Read

Isaiah 6:1–8 or the story “God calls Isaiah” over the page, from SeasonsFUSION.

Something to think about, talk about, or do

God’s presence is both mysterious and resonant with power. We can encounter God in many ways. Each time we do that, the meeting can be very different. God’s love for us is constant, but different times and moods cause us to connect with God differently from time to time. God, who is the powerful creator and keeper of all life, invites us into a relationship and opens our lives to purpose and service.

To reflect on in your own personal devotion time:

When was the last time your experience of God left you in awe, wonder, repentance, and rejoicing?

Do you have a posture towards God that says: “Woe is me!” or “Here I am send me!”

What fears and self-doubt hold you back from God’s call?

Together this week

Share ways you feel/experience God all around and deep within. Share ideas of what you think God sounds like, smells like, feels like (for example, God feels like a big hug, and so on)..

Prayer

We lift our hearts and minds in praise to you, O God.
We lift our voices and sing, holy, holy, holy are you,
the whole Earth is full of your glory. Amen.

God Calls Isaiah

Based on Isaiah 6:1-8

It's a quiet day in the temple. I sit quietly, and breathe deeply, allowing the smell of the incense to fill my lungs. The setting sun streams in through a window, reflecting the gold of the mosaics. Music floats in from somewhere, and the shadows of carved angels dance on the walls in the candlelight. My old friend, Isaiah, sits next to me and suddenly speaks in the silence.

"This is just like the night God called me to be a prophet," he says.

I remember when Isaiah first told me he was a prophet, a special messenger for God. God sent him many dreams and visions, and he used them to help our leaders and our nation to live in God's way. But Isaiah hasn't told me this story before. I look into his wise and weathered face, waiting for him to continue. His eyes have a faraway look as he begins his story.

"I remember it so clearly," he said. "It was the same year that King Uzziah died. I was in the temple, and it seemed like a dream, but I wasn't sleeping. I had a vision of God! God was sitting high above me on a throne, like a ruler, and the fabric of God's robes filled the temple. All around there were winged creatures; the large, fiery ones called seraphs had six wings. They used one set of wings to fly, and with the others, they covered their faces and feet. I heard them sing to one another 'Holy, holy, holy is God; the whole earth is full of God's goodness and beauty.' The sound of their voices was so magnificent it made the whole temple shake and the sanctuary filled with smoke."

Isaiah looks at me and chuckles, "I have to admit, as amazing and exciting as it was, it was also quite scary. I was worried, very worried. I remembered the things I had done and the things I had not done. I knew I wasn't good, honest, or holy enough to see God with my own eyes. I cried out, 'Oh, no! I am doomed! I am a foul-mouthed sinner from a whole sinful and foul-mouthed family, but I have looked upon God!' I realized none of us is perfect, so I called out to God, 'I am sorry!'

"I trembled in fear, and, in my vision, I saw one of the seraphs fly down, take a piece of burning coal from the altar and fly toward me. I squeezed my eyes closed, prepared for the worst. Then, I felt something touch my lips. It was like a cleansing heat. It was God's forgiving love.

"I slowly opened my eyes, and deep down and all around I heard God ask, 'Whom shall I send as a messenger to my people? Who will go for us?' I knew God was speaking to me, so I shouted out that I would do it. 'Here I am, God; send me!'"

Isaiah's voice echoes around the temple, and I realize I've been holding my breath. I let out a deep sigh and stare at my friend. I understand deep down why he shared his story with me. None of us is perfect, but God loves us and calls us every day to be our best selves. "Here I am, God," I whisper in the darkness. "Send me!"