

Ever felt the earth shake beneath your feet? I'm talking about literally shaking, not that sensation that may have accompanied your first brush with romance. I mean an earthquake kind of shaking. I only recall one such experience when, as a child living on the West Coast, the dishes rattled and pictures on the wall were more skewed than usual following a "small" earthquake. It was enough to impress itself upon my mind for life.

What brought this topic to mind was the tragedy we heard about this week. A Quebec family, thought to be in their basement watching a sports event, suddenly felt their whole world shudder and collapse. Although their home was located in what was considered a low-risk area for landslides, we're told that the ground beneath their house gave way and the lives of a couple in their 40s and two children were snuffed out. I can't even imagine the horror of it all and I pass on my deepest condolences to family, friends and the entire community.

The news of that tragedy led me to thoughts of a prairie town where we once lived. The ground there moves, too (although thankfully I haven't heard of a similar disaster). Sidewalks heave, walls creep up and down and the earth, heavy with clay, sticks to your shoes like polish. So much for standing on solid ground!

Solid ground is even more illusive when it comes to life's circumstances. Though Christians are as subject to life's tragedies as those who choose not to follow his ways, the promise of God's faithfulness brings comforting stability.

"He is like a man building a house, who dug down deep and laid the foundation on rock. When the flood came, the torrent struck that house but could not shake it, because it was well built." Luke 6:48