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SAFE AM I

I remember exactly what we were doing on September 11, 2001. I was working in my home office; my husband was watching the morning news. It was, to all appearances, the regular beginning to an ordinary day. It wasn't to remain that way.

"Linda, come here," Hubbie called. I clocked out of my on-line time tracking software and headed down the stairs to the living room. "There's been a terrible accident," he continued.

Now you have to know Hubbie to realize that he's a man of few...as in very few...words. I hurried because only something serious would prompt him to call me. I still can see the images of planes flying into the Twin Towers.

As our neighbours to the south commemorate this horrendous event, I can't help but think of how things have changed (again, common knowledge but bear with me). In contrast to the couple of questions we used to answer when crossing the Canada-US border, I recall a business trip to San Francisco and more recently, Miami, where every part of my being, as well as my belongings, were open to inspection. Trust has been replaced with suspicion, confidence with a deep sense of vulnerability. Security, homeland and otherwise, has become the US's biggest source of spending.

Be it national or personal, each of us struggles with fear of some kind. Remembering this somber event reminded me of a song we used to sing back when I was in youth group: *"Safe am I, safe am I, in the hollow of His hand....no foe can harm me, no fear alarm me, for He keeps both night and day."*

"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand...and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" (Isaiah 40:1-13)

Need a hiding place? Trust the hollow of His hand!