



**God of the Ordinary**

**God of the Extraordinary**

19<sup>th</sup> Sunday of Ordinary Time  
13<sup>th</sup> August 2017

“In the 1st Reading, Prophet Elijah was fleeing from a plot to kill him. He ran off to the mountains and hid in a cave. In the Gospel, the disciples of Jesus were battling a storm in the middle of the Sea of Galilee. In both dire situations, God came to their aid. He sought them out. In the case of the Prophet Elijah, God did not come as the mighty wind or as the earthquake or as the fire. He came as a gentle breeze. When Elijah heard the sound of the gentle breeze, he recognized God. He came out and stood openly at the entrance of the cave. In the Gospel, Jesus walked across the

waters, through the heavy seas and the strong winds. The disciples thought that it was a ghost. They did not recognize him.

God comes in the ordinary. I recognise him in the kindness of people, and I have experienced many times how a stressful situation just defuses itself.

God comes in the extraordinary. One such miracle happened early this year. On the Saturday evening after Chinese New Year, I was on the way to the St Anthony's Church at Woodlands and I missed the turn-off. So I had to circle back, through Woodlands Centre, and was trying to find my way back to Woodlands Avenue 1. I finally spied a sign-board pointing right, saying "Catholic Church". I turned into the road. Not being familiar, I was trying

to recognize the landmarks. I knew there was a school just before the Church. Suddenly my car hit a kerb and stopped. I was too busy looking at the buildings that I did not realise that the bus stop just outside the British Council building had been cordoned off. Black and white kerb stones had been placed sealing off the entire bus bay. My car had mounted the kerb stones, and was now straddling, with the left wheels free-wheeling. I could not push the car off the kerb. So I called the tow-truck and sat at the empty bus-stop waiting. A few minutes later, I heard someone calling, "Auntie, is that your car?" I looked up and saw about 10-12 boys wearing purple pants with yellow ruffles. They were part of the lion dance troupe that was to perform at the British Council's Chinese New

Year celebrations later that evening, and the boys had come out for a smoke. The boys offered to push my car off the kerb. I told them not to bother as the car was heavy and the tow-truck was on the way. But they said that they wanted to try. So they came up, and with a great gusto, they lifted my car off the kerb. They went off, refusing to take any ang pow; just happy that they could do it.

When I recognise God in the ordinary, I am grateful. When I recognise God in the extraordinary, I am astounded. My God is a wonderful God. He comes to my aid, and all he asks of me is to have faith: “Why did you doubt?”

*Ros*

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