

There is something totally amazing about the privilege of prayer. We can ask God for anything that comes to our mind, no matter how great or small and have Him understand us. We read in Phillipians 4:6, "Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God." Now this doesn't mean that He will give us any thing that we want; my point is that He is aware and cognizant of our requests, and could if He give them to us if it fit into His plan. To say that it depends on whether he wants to or not ignores the complexity of what God is doing with regard to man.

For example, if we asked God to change a certain hair on our head from gray to black, he would hear us and consider that request. This is just one fact. If you think in terms of a computer, just think how many connections there have to be to know all that God knows, and to be in touch with all of the minds of mankind. It is sort of equivalent to us knowing where a particular molecule of water in the ocean is.

Current computer technology is focusing on connecting many processors together to achieve a computing power far beyond what we know of now. The Internet also is made up of many, many connections between computers and people that know different things. Think how amazing the telephone system is: you can call a friend half a world away and it sounds like you are in the same room. Think about all of the possible interconnections; every person in the world connected to every other person in the world. And yet God is much more complex than this.

It is awesome to think of touching the infinite, as we do when we talk to God. For some reason, I am reminded of the poem "High Flight", by John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds--and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of--wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hovering there  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up, the long delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
Where never lark or even eagle flew;  
and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

This is the sort of thing that gives you goose-bumps, if you really feel the presence of God as the Magee did. But it is a tremendous thing to think that you have touched someone else's life. I had a friend write to me once of how a certain comment of mine had moved them deeply. I tried to think of exactly what that comment was, but I couldn't. I had touched them without even realizing it. It goes back to the idea that we are all connected together, not through the telephone or Internet or radio waves, but as John Donne said, "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the main. . . . Any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in Mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." Whatever we do affects everyone around us. When we run wild and do whatever we want without looking out for others we leave many wounded in our wake. We must be careful not to use our connections in the wrong way. Paul describes the comfort of being "knit together in love" (Colossians 2:2, KJV). This is using our connectivity in the best way. The relationships or connections that we have with both God and man are so precious. We must be careful not to short them out.

Notes on “Touching the Infinite”

Laura Patterson’s comment about compassion.

Awe; Moses?

Radio; tv; action at a distance

Group with projection of power?

(Mat 21:22 NIV) If you believe, you will receive whatever you ask for in prayer."