

A Holy Place.

We are blessed to be able to stay on Holy Island in Northumberland. Each evening we slip through the dark, dimly-lit village streets to the old parish church for Evening Prayer. We are often almost blown through the churchyard by the strong icy wind sweeping down from the snow-covered Cheviots. As we open the sturdy door, the peace from the ancient walls wraps itself about us like a welcoming presence. Our feet echo on the grey flagstones as we make our way to the softly-lit chancel. It is a holy place sanctified by the saints through the centuries.



Our own chapel here in West Kirby is very different. It is quite modern but there too, as we gather each morning and evening for prayer a sense of peace enfolds us. It is good to have a holy place. Recently we met a minister who has made his garden shed a holy place. He shares it with the lawn mower but at the other end, he has placed candles (not necessary but sometimes helpful!), a table and a cross. He says quite simply that without the shed he would find it difficult to be disciplined in his prayers.

Perhaps for some of us, it is not practical to have a holy place that we can enter each day. There is another very special place where the Lord Jesus comes with his peace and his holiness and that is our heart. He comes with all his grace turning out the debris, the wrong thoughts and so much else that makes our heart anything but holy.

We need to guard our heart; the Lord God Almighty has chosen it as his holy place.