

Early one morning when it was still dark outside, I took a walk to the beach with my five-year-old granddaughter to watch the sun rise. We were in our white nightgowns, sitting in the sand at the water's edge, still and quiet, like the sea. In a moment, the sun burst forth on the horizon, bright, golden, glorious.

"Ohhh, Maama," she said softly, "look what God has made."

"Yes, Alex, look what He has made," I whispered back. "And the One who made that sunrise loves you ... and the One who made that sunrise loves me."

We sat there in quiet again with not even a seagull squawking, feeling as though we were the only people in the universe. Then suddenly,

silently, a few feet in front of us, two large stingrays surfaced. One a short distance in front of the other, they glided gracefully in a kind of oceanic ballet. Beautiful, extraordinary, as if creation had heard our comments and responded with an encore.

The next day news came of a different stingray story, a tragic tale, not graceful but deadly. The world mourned the loss of the Australian naturalist, the much beloved Steve Irwin, and many questioned why. No easy answers came.

Life is a mystery with days of sunshine and days of storm clouds.

Yet, it is still true, the One who made that sunrise loves you.

And the One who made that sunrise loves me.

M.H.B.

