

Where Are You Hiding, God?

By Elizabeth Zartl

Three, two, one . . . I'm coming!" I take my hands from my eyes. Where are You hiding, God? I would like to find You. I look for You in my room. Are You hiding in the dresser between my pants and socks? I don't see You there. I look for You in the bathtub. Are You hiding in the bathtub under the washcloth and my little rubber duck? I don't see You there. I look for You in the garden. Are You hiding in the grass next to the flowers and the dragonflies? I don't see You there. Why can't I find You God? I sit down under a tree, wishing I could see God. Then the wind blows a leaf down on me. There You are! I've found You! You are in the leaf touching me. You are in the wind that sent the leaf down onto me. You are in the flowers and in the speedy dragonflies. I **can** find You in the garden! You are in the smallest drops of water that drip from the washcloth and from the little rubber duck. I **can** find You in the bathroom! There You are! I've found You God! You are in the mirror on my dresser. I **can** find You in my room! You are here, and You are always inside me.

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