



J. P. Lee

GOD

In The Mist

2

The search for God in the mist continues.
J. P. Lee, author of *God In The Mist*, *Dusk To Dawn* and
On The Road, takes you on another journey
to encounter the God of mystery and surprises.

GOD In The Mist 2



J. P. Lee - a Colombo Plan scholar, Singaporean dental surgeon, author and publisher, has written other books on childhood trauma and the healing of memories too. His first publication *Dusk To Dawn* was an instant success, having sold 10,000 copies just in Singapore and Malaysia. Lee has also written two epic novels, the first in 2002 - *Curse Of The Green Dragon (A Hakka Story)*, and its sequel in 2004, *Breaking The Curse Of The Green*

Dragon (A Hakka Story) - stories about the constant battle between good and evil, stretching five generations.

A good attempt by the author, struggling to share his spiritual journey, synthesizing his prayer experiences and trying to make sense of the world of suffering and sin. His personal struggle over the years has helped him to understand that it is God's grace that has led him thus far as he shares that journey. I am sure readers who share his struggle will relate well to this book - *Fr William Heng, CSsR.*

Other titles by J. P. Lee:

- Dusk To Dawn
- Come, Come Fly With Me
- Curse Of The Green Dragon (A Hakka Story)
- Breaking The Curse Of The Green Dragon (A Hakka Story)
- On The Road
- God In The Mist

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GOD IN THE MIST BOOK TWO

My dear Friend, the previous book that I wrote – *God In The Mist* – deals with finding God in all things by centring on the word “God” while praying, but leading first to the discovery of myself before the discovery of God.

In this second book, through an extension of God’s grace, I shall share my daily meditation and related God-experiences, with special emphasis on a breaking of the word “GOD” for your reflection.

When I pray earnestly, the usage of words becomes less necessary; when I pray often enough, it becomes unnecessary. Praying silently, I enter into a domain without familiar sounds, surrounded and held by the friendly residents of the township of Silence. I am brought before the reigning king in the king’s court. I kneel and bow; and I am pardoned even before I can confess my faults and failures for in here, Silence sits on a throne.

*Silence in the morning mist;
A flickering of grass – a symphony,
Echoing the whiff of whispers;
A humming stream of living water;
The breath of God breaking the dawn,
Bringing greeting to a brand new morn,
Just waiting to be discovered.*

*Silence waits for the dawn to wake;
Be still and sleep, oh, busy head,
To let rest my soul amid the bliss
Of distant bells, swaying and chiming
The distinct melodies of Truth.
Ah! Truth is a double-edged sword;
Oh! I’m slain, knighted to serve the King.*

*Mercy and Blame embrace and kiss.
And as the mist begins to clear
Soft wind spirals into my ears.
What I hear, I understand.
Now I know: All this turmoil –
I could do something about it.
Oh, if only I would.*

Although the voices of silence are comforting, they can also be commanding and uncompromising. Silence is not a place to choose what I want, but rather a place to receive and accept instructions without a signed document. A stamping of the seal of God's Holy Spirit will suffice. Words become obsolete; lessons are taught and imprinted in the spirit. Once learnt, a 'scroll' of proficiency is awarded, lodged in my heart so that, by the prompting of the Holy Spirit, I may flow and resonate with the Word of God as I pray.

It is here – in the heart – when we first met and thereafter, where we always shall meet (God and Prayer). It is my safe place, God's chosen sanctuary for me. *"Here in the stillness and silence of your heart is where we always shall meet,"* a gentle voice proposes. *"For it is here that Truth resides."*

Proclaiming the truth is heartening, yet alarming, for it is a rather lonely and unappreciative undertaking, because only very few want to listen to the truth. I am given a painful task because proclaiming the truth is not a popularity contest. Often, I have to put my foot in my mouth, but I gradually learn to accept the sneering, mockery and criticism that follow.

On this, I have frequently complained to God:

*"So why then do you send me all these,
To defy me, such ones I can never please?
What from me do you desire?
Why choose me first from among them
When you know this same fire,
In their hearts, I can never set aflame?"*