

Psalm 121:1-4

**I lift up my eyes to the mountains—
where does my help come from?
My help comes from the LORD,
the Maker of heaven and earth.**

**He will not let your foot slip—
he who watches over you will not slumber;
indeed, he who watches over Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.**

Again and again my eyes lift to the hills. The landscape is awesome, beautiful, inspiring; dwarfing of problems – wide open to allow stress to escape in one shout.

But my help comes from a greater, higher being. The rolling hills and lush valleys of Yorkshire are His footstool. And as I lift my eyes from my small anxiety-ridden life to the green, peaceful, majestic hills, I know my hope, my shelter, my rock to whom I cling is greater. Greater than the open sky and the warm breeze. And that the comfort and protection found in Him is the foundation needed in my wandering life.

He is watching over everybody in Yorkshire as they enter different areas for Le Grand Départ. They are sheltered by His wings. He is loving us and our families and friends now and for ever – always – long after the bikes have whizzed by and the yellow excitement has passed.

The Lord of the hills, moors, dales, towns, country and people will watch the land. Never sleeping but calling each heart, blessing every going out or coming in – sheltering, holding, comforting. Reminding us when we look to the hills – His hills – that He will shelter and protect all on the A65 (and every road!) forever.

This is what I pray when I lift my eyes to the hills. Thankful that I know where my help comes from. And longing to share that knowledge and security with others.