

# Reflections

NOVEMBER 2021

## He Likes to Be Asked



In C.S. Lewis's fictional book *The Magician's Nephew*, several people enter Narnia on the day of its birth, including a boy and a girl, a horse, and a Witch. The boy, Digory, is responsible for the presence of the Witch, and Aslan (the Christ figure in the Narnia Chronicles) asks him to undo the wrong by obtaining an apple from a tree in a distant valley, past snowy mountains, that will provide seed for a tree that will offer protection. To help Digory, Aslan makes the horse a winged horse, which Aslan names Fledge, and the girl, Polly, also comes on the journey to help. An excerpt follows.

Now they were over the top of the cliffs and in a few minutes the valley land of Narnia had sunk out of sight behind them. They were flying over a wild country of steep hills and dark forests, still following the course of the river. The really big mountains loomed ahead. But the sun was now in the travelers' eyes and they couldn't see things very clearly in that direction. For the sun sank lower and lower till the western sky

**“Well, I do think someone might have arranged about our meals,” said Digory.**



was all like one great furnace full of melted gold; and it set at last behind a jagged peak which stood up against the brightness as sharp and flat as if it were cut out of cardboard.

“It's none too warm up here,” said Polly.

“And my wings are beginning to ache,” said Fledge. “There's no sign of the valley with a Lake in it, like what Aslan said. What about coming down and looking out for a decent spot to spend the night in? We shan't reach that place tonight.”

“Yes, and surely it's about time for supper?” said Digory.

So Fledge came lower and lower. As they came down nearer to the earth and among the hills, the air grew warmer and after traveling so many hours with nothing to listen to but the beat of Fledge's wings, it was nice to hear the homely and earthy noises again—the chatter of the river on its stony bed and the creaking of trees in the light wind. A warm, good smell of sun-baked earth and grass and flowers came up to them. At last Fledge alighted. Digory rolled off and helped Polly to dismount. Both were glad to stretch their stiff legs.

The valley in which they had come down was in the heart of the mountains; snowy heights, one of them looking rose-red in the reflections of the sunset, towered above them.

“I *am* hungry,” said Digory.

“Well, tuck in,” said Fledge, taking a big mouthful of grass. Then he raised his head, still chewing and with bits of grass sticking out on each side of his mouth like whiskers, and said, “Come on, you two. Don't be shy. There's plenty for us all.”

“But we can't eat grass,” said Digory.

“H'm, h'm,” said Fledge, speaking with his mouth full. “Well— h'm— don't know quite what you'll do then. Very good grass too.”

Polly and Digory stared at one another in dismay.

“Well, I *do* think someone might have arranged about our meals,” said Digory.

“I'm sure Aslan would have, if you'd asked him,” said Fledge.

“Wouldn't he know without being asked?” said Polly.

“I've no doubt he would,” said the Horse (still with his mouth full). “But I've a sort of idea he likes to be asked.”<sup>1</sup>

Let us not take God's blessings for granted, but to instead give thanks to Him and remember to pray for His daily provision.



*“Give us this day our daily bread...”*

MATTHEW 6:11 (ESV)

<sup>1</sup>C.S. Lewis, *The Magician's Nephew*, HarperTrophy, 2000, pp. 160-163.

