

# A Light in the Darkness

I am afraid of the dark, Lord. It scares me to death, I cannot move - cannot leave this frail candle of your love that I hold. This small light is sure and safe and lights the space around me, but it is so small. I see your fire shining far away, a fire much brighter than my small light. A bonfire warming all it touches. To reach the brightness of your fire, I have to travel through the darkness that surrounds me

But the path is rocky, dark and steep. I fear to travel upwards, I fear I will stumble and fall. No light shows but your fire, my candle, and some few others scattered throughout the darkness. It is so warm here. How can I leave this sanctuary to follow your call further? But is this perceived sanctuary really that, or is it a prison?

I am the candle. Once I had no fire in my heart. My heart was frozen. Then you came and lit my faith. Your sacrifice and grace lit my dark soul. I am no longer a captive of the darkness. You called me to die to this darkness, and then to burst forth with new life into the world of light, becoming like a fireworks display showering the dark night with the beauty of light and of truth.

But - I fear my light will die, as do the fireworks when burnt out by the burst of light. The darkness outside, steel curtains nothing can breathe in, a prison, which lets nothing, move against its will.

But I, I am the candle. Showering the life given to me by your sacrifice throughout my sanctuary, making it a place of light, keeping hate and its coldness out in the darkness, sending my light through, sending it out, to warm all that it touches. This light you have given me cannot be conquered unless I let go of it, unless I drop it. That I will never do. I will tend my flame. I will never become a prisoner of darkness again.

I am that candle, Lord. The flame of faith warms me when I feel faint and cold. As I move through that darkness, towards you, my Lord, my flame grows. I find some of your people, and we share the warmth of our candles, together creating a sanctuary from the darkness. Others come into our sanctuary, searching for the warmth that we willingly share with them - too often they left, not accepting what they have found - searching for something they can see and touch, and they freeze in the darkness, alone. Others accept what you have given us to share, and leave with candles of their own. They join in the journey, and we tend our flames, sharing, moving towards you, and you save our souls.

