

Vision II

Lord, do I really want to let you into my life? To let you come fully into me, to let your love permeate my actions?

I hear others singing of the peace and joy which you bring to them. I see them run dancing through the streets sharing your love with the city. And I watch as ashes transform into sunshine; broken people becoming prophets of joy; abused, neglected children finding safety and love in the arms of strong people; flowers breaking through filth and smog to greet the sun. And I see the rain washing all things clean, giving life, transforming the world around me.

But that rain comes from tears.

Joy does not live without sorrow. Lovers often see the beloved die. Prophets often dance and sing on burning coals. Men often destroy what they do not understand, and only you, Lord, truly understand love. Even you, Jesus, you yourself were broken before the world rejoiced with you on Easter morning.

Is this joy you offer truly worth feeling the pain that comes before it?

And so you answer me with the touch of your hand. A most painful spot in my heart, long hidden, becomes quiet. A scream ringing in my ears that I would not acknowledge becomes still. And I listen and I see.

I see a crippled child painfully accepting his lot and pulling himself out of bed for the first time. I see his determination to succeed, to live a full life. I hear a deer call mournfully for her lost fawn, and sounds of joy as they are reunited.

I see a woman painfully giving birth. I see that pain forgotten as she holds her first born close to her heart. I hear a siren bringing one of yours, Lord, to a hospital where doctors work to no avail - and I hear a cry of joy as you call him by name and he runs into your outstretched arms.

Life does not come without pain, and joy does not come without life.

Lord, I do not want to walk through life as if dead, I want to be alive, to feel. If that means I shall feel pain, then so be it. But it also means I shall be filled with your Joy.

Lord, teach me to dance.

