

Just Because You Can't See The Sun Doesn't Mean It's Not Shining

Anathallo

Heavy through my body. Pummeled but hopeful. Turn my heart toward Your statutes and not toward selfish gain, turn my eyes away from worthless things (Psalm 119:36-37). The still and silent contender speaks words like bullets punch the air, soft yet with weight enough to run me through. My soul, wait in silence (Psalm 130:5). Now my heart is troubled and what shall I say? Father save me from this hour? No it was for this very reason that I came (John 12:27). The shadows of the valley, light eclipsed and unseen, yet existent even inside myself. Do not be afraid only believe. Glory strength never scathed me like that. I'm at a loss for even contemplation. Only awe and the prospect of distant possibilities. But for now, since I cannot see let the Spirit's plea inside my mind (heart) radiate. "Father glorify Your name" (John 12:28). But for now, since I cannot hear (see), let the aching flesh be silent, still, and wait. And I reach my hands underneath the faucet, turned clockwise to its end, and I hold my dirty hands under for a drip.