

PRIDE AND JOY

I have four of them! Full of life, bounding with energy, each creative and vibrant. Their shape and style, all different from each other, suggests something special, unique, and divinely inspired. Often they seem to live in their own world, determined to stretch my patience to the breaking point. Yet, I love them, beyond all measure. After all, they are a part of me, for we share the same source of life, the same beginning and end. From time to time, I am even measured by them, sometimes in pure vanity, echoing their style and character. Perhaps such is not in appropriate, for they come by it honestly!

What amazes me is that they typify our spiritual journey both in those wilderness moments of pure abandon and of ultimate discovery, yet also those tame comfortable organized times of assurance and routine. They represent those happenings, that force us to grow and accept who we are while at other times enabling us to dream dreams and to live to the Glory of God as those created in the image and likeness of the divine.

My children... heck no, I am talking about my four cowlick hairs that are my pride and joy.

NJP