

Texture

The road was empty, the air was still and my motion was constant. Beads of sweat formed on my brow and ran down my face from under the helmet's embrace. The heart pumped its endless flow of oxygen rich blood through my body as I thrust my legs from side to side in a skating motion. Speed was not the essence, but rather a steady cadence as the kilometers rolled by while on the in-line skates. The rhythmic pattern, afforded me the luxury of a simultaneous journey to the inner reaches of my mind to a state of reflective pondering.

I became aware of texture, the essence of that over which I was traveling. Every imperfection of the road, every minute change of the tarred surface vibrated through my legs. Nature's natural shock absorbers did their best to smooth out the ripples and bumps, but there was always a trace, a flutter that suggested that I was riding upon yet another different textured surface.

I believe our faith has texture and that each of us, as we roll along our road of life feel the nuances and differences between them. As we look to others, and indeed within ourselves, we see the subtleties of faith. It is precisely those differences that makes the knowing of one another, and our own mind, so rewarding and albeit, at times, frustrating. Christ seemed to know the textures of faith, as did Paul. Though neither speaks directly to the phenomenon, each in his own way captured it through the people that they met, the stories they told and the grace they imparted.

Take time to reflect on the texture of your faith, those moments when all is smooth sailing or those times when the road gets a bit rough. Christ is likely present, shaking the complacency, the apathy, a bias so as to nurture and prepare one for the future challenges. Texture - the surface of life we travel on!

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