

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT
AGAIN & AGAIN, WE ARE REFORMED

KEEP DIGGING

I can feel change inside of me.
It's a slow burn.
Change usually starts out hot—
Defensive and angry,
A self-righteous blanket
Of, "I am right and here's why . . ."
I wrap it around my shoulders
Like a barricade.
I fight the temptation to lean forward,
To play the challenger,
To argue with confidence.

But in time,
Almost always,
The heat fades.
The air leaves the balloon.
The audacity of it all
Starts to wear off.
And eventually,
What I am left with
Is myself
And a big, open sky.
It's colder here.
It's quieter.
I can hear my thoughts.

And in this big, wide openness
I am able to say out loud,
"Maybe I wasn't right.
Maybe I need to learn.
Maybe it's time for change.
Maybe that's okay."

And if I'm quiet, and if I'm paying attention,
I can usually hear God whisper inside of me,
"Good work, my child. Now keep digging."

