

Who am I?

I've asked myself this question for years now and I still see through a glass darkly. I am guided and shaped in the midst of my own perplexities. One fact counters the next, but this list is true. Everything else is still on the table.

I am loved by Christ . . .
often wrong
rarely strong
seduced by grace
fixed in place
soaked in tears
racked in fears
a mix of duality
I long for centrality
homesick
heaven bent
wounded, limping
yet surprisingly steady and quite unrelenting
rebel some days
deceived by the haze
this maddening, saddening, dazzling maze.
sick and then healed
with mercy revealed
faithful, bold, and perfectly formed
wandering, timid, disfigured and scorned
enigma, riddle, mystery, clue
firm, unchanging, promised, and true.