

Hope

Holding Vigil - the physical presence of Hope.

Micah 7:7 But as for me, I watch in hope for the Lord, I wait for God my Saviour.

The tiny droplet of water on my window pane,
Held there for a moment and then trickling down into others
as it journeys down to the window ledge.
Larger now, part of a greater whole.

Each little drop bursting with reflective beauty
Holding the light and the curved image of its environment.

But not stopping at the ledge,
The little pool of water has begun to drip, drip, drip
Onto the earth below.
The full force of gravity wrestling with the structure and surface tension holding it in
place.

The splash, displacing sediment,
penetrating the ground or rolling on over its surface
Travelling further, gaining momentum, or pooling
Soaking, percolating.

It drains, seeps, sinks changing the texture of the earth through which it travels.
It's tiny impact wearing away at stone, even stone.
A minuscule contribution and yet able to carve great canyons in its place in the whole...

The trickle, to the brook, to the stream, to the river.
Each with its song, its course, its flow.
When does it become ocean?
This little raindrop?
When did it becoming the living water?

Where will each tiny drop of hope in the Lord travel?
Will it evaporate and become part of the bigger whole before running its full course?
Or will it contribute to the great seas its belief and mystery and wonder
by its flow.
Cyclical in contemplation and in action.

Julie