

RECONCILIATION

My father and my God, when I think of reconciliation, I think of restored communication. I think of being in an abusive hurricane, where the severe winds have raped the landscape. Raped in terms of unwanted destruction, as in a violation of my personal rights to own, keep and defend my property. I reflect on how vulnerable we are at times in the hands of nature.

Then comes the calm, nature's ravage subsides into the warmth of life, that flourishes with nature's beauty, the passing days bring the deception that I can do all things, after all, "did I not survive the last storm, all on my own." Even now in the calm, I can barely remember in the midst of the storm, when I called on you Father, for reconciliation.

Father in the calm, is that not when we should have deep reconciliation, that sustains and perpetuates fellowship, through relationship?

I know better than to seek refuge in your arms only in times of despair, I know better than not to seek refuge in your arms only in times of prosperity.

I know that in all situations, I must have, and be in communication, with you to take refuge in your propitiation that is the truth of the atonement of your Son's sacrifice. The reconciliation of your judgment, that becomes a throne of grace, at "The Alter" of your infinite mercy.

My son I am here for you at "all times," and in particular at "all times," I have provided every situation that is tailor made for you. It is your willingness at "all times," and in every situation to serve me. That very tenacity sustains you through our relationship that is designed to build in you the capacity to understand, commit, and respond actively to my righteousness.

It is the reconciliation that I look forward to; it is our restored communication on a daily basis that longs to captivate my best interest for you. It is in the reconciliation that expresses my true love, which translates into choices that divide hate, and discrimination into decisions of love in action, against the poor in spirit.