

## Oil of the Spirit

Psalm 23:5

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; you anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

I come today

And bow my head so full of thoughts

Making the passageway to my heart – the cup of my soul

Blocked from the peace You long to give me

Into the silence

Where You are – holding the oil to anoint me

“Can you hold your head up and back a bit?” Jesus asks.

“If I pour the oil on your bent head, the oil will flow the wrong way.”

When I keep my head bowed

Silence deepens to a stillness

“Why is your head bowed?”

“What keeps you from looking into my face as I pour?”

“What enemies bow you down?”

Before I can think

His questions lift my head

To look into eyes that are like pools of love and joy

“That’s it!” He says with satisfaction

“Now bend your head back,” He instructs me.

Warm oil pours over my hair

With his other hand he combs it through

Until my hair, my very head feels immersed in softness

It spills over – down into my heart

My cup overflows

My enemies are far from me

He bids me sit at the table He has prepared