

Open Up to Glory

You are the Ancient Door
I take great comfort in this
You are from forever
A true Door, a Door through which I never open
without You being a blessing yet again.

You invite me to lay down beside You in the softest grass.
My left hand is held by You and my right hand
is stretched out to open myself to your glory.

I am laying there for awhile before I notice
that my running shoes are on.
I turn to look at You and we smile into each other's faces.
I don't need running shoes on to be open to your glory.

Before I know it, they fall off my feet
roll down the hill.
My feet are wonderfully bare and I wiggle my toes
in the freedom of resting in the glory.

You pull me closer and my head
with all its thoughts and plans
rests in the glory that doesn't depend on any of it -
it is just there.

The day turns to night and we are beneath the stars
Beautiful lights that sparkle in the darkness
That's like us.
You came into my darkness,
brought me into your light,
gifted me with your glory, the glory of the Only Son of the Father.

I can rest in it...
the glory.
I realize in this sacred moment
that it is in resting that I open up

to the glory that is here.
I am lit up without doing a thing.

I wiggle my toes again...
look up at the stars in the sky,
sigh in deep contentment.
How lovely is the glory of God.

Psalm 24:7-10

Open up ancient gates!
Open up, ancient doors,
and let the King of glory enter.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty,
the Lord, invincible in battle.
Open up, ancient gates!
Open up, ancient doors,
and let the King of glory enter.
Who is the King of glory?
The Lord Almighty - he is the King of glory.