

A Moment Knocking

There is this moment today, right in the middle of so many things, it is knocking. Almost imperceptible, like a weak longing to hear, to receive. I know it requires an answer and soon. Otherwise, it will pass and all the other many things will take me away. I don't want to be taken away by the many things, not really. The longing is so soft, like the bleating of a small sheep, like a baby mewling half asleep. The many things are loud, pressing, alluring, promising. I must stop – just stop. Give the moment some time to gift me. The Spirit is in the moment, so sweet, so drawing. As I give in to the moment, I find I have heard the Lover of my soul, asking me to open to Him. When I open the door to the moment, the love and grace of God pour through the door like the spring rains.

“Be like those who are waiting for their master to return from the wedding banquet, so that they may open the door for him as soon as he comes and knocks.”
(Jesus in Luke 12:36)

“Listen to me; be silent, and I will teach you wisdom.” (God to Job in his suffering 33:33)

“I slept but my heart was awake. Listen! My beloved ins knocking. Open to me...”
(the lover to the Beloved in Song of Songs 5:2)