

Light Which Flows

A light is seen amidst the fog and freezing mist
Small and dim yet still it penetrates the darkness
It carries with it a message that consists of but one word...hope

The memory of the violent storm and raging seas,
The bone-piercing thunder and the endless maddening of darkness, made
only worse by sudden fits of lightning; are but a distant memory with the
glimpse of this small and seemingly fragile light. And weak though it may
seem, it is strong enough to diffuse the darkest of nights.

Insufficient though this small and dim light may seem, It flows through
the obstacles of the darkness and refreshes the battered soul with hope.
Though it may seem that light is far away and impossible to obtain...even
in the middle of the ocean on the darkest of nights, lights shine brightly
upon every shore. Though they may be out of sight they shine just as
bright whether we are aware of it or not. Just as the sun and stars continue
to shine, though they may be veiled by the clouds.

So too, is mercy a light that shines never to die and never to doubt. Even
though the storms of life may rage and mercy be far from view, like the
sun that eventually breaks free from the clouds; the light of its embrace
blinds us at first sight and enfolds us in the warmth of its richness and
fullness of life.

Mercy flows as light within darkness... It penetrates and deadens the fear
and anxiety of the cold and bitter darkness of our lives and of our world.
Casting aside indifference as dust in the wind, mercy radiates the very
essence of God.

Light, which flows like a river of peace upon our wounds and cascades into
the unknown depths of our souls. Light, which fills the dark and empty
voids of our hearts. Light, which makes all things new.

Mercy flows not to be contained or dammed up as a reserve. Mercy must
have the freedom to flow forth in order that it may live...

Mercy we will know not, if mercy we withhold...