

## OURS IS A STORY OF FAITH

I hadn't walked in the mornings for weeks, not since the snow started. So I walked into the wind and it numbed my cheeks and forehead, and I leaned against it and addressed my questions to the silver winter sun softening the ice on Monponsett Pond. What happened? Why am I so often sad and disappointed in myself? How come love has its dark side and feelings hurt and truth isn't kind? Where is hope, to whom shall I turn, what is faith? What shall I tell them, I said to the torn clouds, what shall I tell these good people who struggle as I do and fail just as often?

And it seemed that the soft silver sun and the sound of the wind said, speak the truth, simply, speak your truth.

And so I say ours is a story of faith and hope and love. I say it is our need for one another that binds us together, that brings us limping and laughing into relationships and keeps us at it when we otherwise might despair at the fix we are in. I say it is the holy we need, the eternal beyond our comprehension, and one place we can find it is here, working and worshipping together. And I say there is a transcendent value worthy of our loyalty, upon which we may set our hearts, and its divine manifestation is love.