

Prayer of a Servant

-Rebecca Braden Nordeman

To be a mirror . . .
To be a true reflection of His light and love as I listen to you -
in every word I speak to you.

When you look into this mirror,
things you may not wish to see may surface.
Honesty unmasked -
blemishes, wrinkles,
heart-wounds, life-scars,
pain-filled eyes, time-worn brow,
bitter injuries both inflicted and endured.
Unbearable anguish . . .
soul-wrenching grief for moments, hours, years
unchangable and irrecoverable.

Look away.
Cover up.
Deny, despise, despair.
Choose.

My hope, my prayer for you
is that you choose to look courageously,
And as you do,
discover the amazing grace and mercy
that has been so freely lavished upon me,
The compassion and forgiveness I have bathed in,
the exquisite lovingkindness offered
even when I walked in shadowlands.
To let you know unquestioningly that I believe in you.
I'm here to share His love - no more, no less,
and leave the judgment to a far more perfect Judge.

To be a candle in the darkness . . .
to offer hope.
To spark a fire . . .
your fire.
To light up that mirror so you see the way you shine!
To set you ablaze to be all you were meant to be . . .
unique in all the world, His precious, special, vibrant child.

Be gentle with yourself.
Shine!
Be free.
Burn brightly in this love-and-light-starved world.

Watering Dirt

A Celebration of Faith, Diversity, Persistence, and Possibility

~Rebecca Braden Nordeman

Others prepared this dark, rich soil
Tilled it with Deep Wisdom,
Grace and Great Love.
I risked the planting,
perhaps just a bit too soon, or
was it just exactly the perfect time?

Sowing those tiny seeds that day,
I marveled that each seed “knows” what it will be –
embraces the wild possibility
that Life will emerge and
it will become exactly as it’s meant.

You can take a baby bunny and put it
into a litter of kittens and that bunny will grow up
thinking it’s a kitten, but
plant a minuscule carrot seed
in the middle of all the onions
or in the spinach patch
and that carrot seed won’t be fooled.
Every single time,
if it survives the planting,
it will come up a carrot.
Vegetables are uncomplicated like that.

So I planted all those seeds –
hundreds of them
so replete with possibility
all that pent-up potential.
Isn’t it just so miraculous?
The wonder of all that uniqueness is astonishing, really.

Squash seeds look exactly alike, but
they know whether to be yellow or green,
crook-necked or straight.

The myriad assortment of lettuce seeds
realize in advance the parts they'll play in salad.

Spinach seeds satiated with latent spinachness.

Onion seeds occupied with onionness.

Carrot seeds chock-full of carrotness.

Radish seeds reveling in their radishness.

And pea seeds so proud of their...

well, you know, the possibility of becoming peas!

And now with unabashed Optimism,
incessant Hope for what it will all become,
I water dirt.

Day after day after day.

Morning and night.

Feeling a little foolish

about all that effort spent in the planting,

not to mention

watering dirt.

Almost a week goes by.

I begin to wonder what the neighbors think
about the goofy lady

Still watering all that dirt.

Then one morning, about the seventh day
or the eighth,

there's this sprout and

it's growing like crazy!

And I realize...

it's a bloody weed!

So I pluck it out

and keep on watering dirt.

Every day I realize again
how much Faith is required

Just to keep Believing
a Miracle is waiting to happen,
And to keep on watering that dirt.

But sure enough it happens.
All that Faith pays off.
After all those endless hours spent
watering dirt
Infinitesimal shoots appear.

First the radishes approach the starting line.
Then the lettuce and the spinach emerge en masse.
Onions look so disappointing – like wimpy blades of grass.
The squashes make a timid appearance,
but I know they'll practically take over the place before long.
The peas peek up en route to becoming skilled climbers.
The carrots always take the longest –
sometimes I have to water that dirt for almost three weeks and
just before I relinquish hope
and give up watering dirt,
they make their arrogant entrance.

Next to watering dirt,
the thinning is the hardest.
One has to pluck out perfectly good stuff
so the survivors can be healthy and thrive.

Springtime gives way to summer.
I remember the devastating day last year when
a hailstorm ravaged the garden early on and
the whole thing looked like it had gone through a
woodchipper.
And instead of watering dirt,
I faithfully watered all that green confetti,
and didn't give up hope.

Gardens are pretty resilient.

So are people.

Life wants to Live.

Living things want to Grow and yield Goodness.

We all need Good and Gracious Gardeners who

believe in our Uniqueness

our Matchless, One-of-a-Kind Potential

believe in the Possibilities.

Wise Gardeners who gently remind us to thin out "good stuff"...

create breathing space and spaciousness

so that True Goodness can emerge.

Mindful Gardeners who will relentlessly pull the weeds

before they choke out Life-giving roots.

Loving Gardeners who will water and feed what is Growing

day after day after day.

Patient Gardeners who Believe in our Becoming

even before there's anything visible.

Gardeners who are Gifts from Spirit

because from the beginning

they have the Courage and the Constance

to keep on watering dirt.