

The destruction came
In the wee hours of the morning
Under a full moon
With a loud, banging crash.
This time would be different.
This time there was an understanding
That this too was experience
That must be endured ... explored
To try to figure out what on earth
GOD is doing with my life.
The metal box that held so many years,
Decades in some instances,
Now would be melting into the flood
As ice and snow melt into the mud
All around me now.
And yet what is melting away
Is just the physical manifestation
Of those years... what others can see...
Not the actual way the events
That brought them into existence
Shaped and formed me in the experience
Of their creation.
Those things can't be shaken.
They have shed their perishable existence
For whatever is imperishable
In my own existence.
And I stand in awe
Of what GOD is doing in my life.
THANKS BE TO GOD.

Merrill Ann Gonzales 3/12/15

