

September 1, 2004

*I sat in my blue kayak on the quiet lake under a brilliant sunny Carolina sky and reflected...*

***My Choice***

I could live today, in the face of this mad world, as a cynical, bitter old woman, without hope, without faith, saddened by the failure of love. I could disavow faith in God as naïve in the face of what science teaches, and rail at the heavens for the pain of nations. I could see it all as vain and empty...

And then I die and discover, I was wrong!



I choose to believe and to hope, to live a sweet life. I choose to live in celebration of memory of Him who wines and dines us all, to continue to love in the face of failure, and to bless God and the created universe as beyond my comprehension, but utterly benign and for me...

And then I die and discover, I was wrong!

