

Personal Reflection – August 11, 2024

I Live Towards

Being 93, I live towards. Towards not What, but Whom!

Quiet days on the back porch, a glass of wine in the evening (to cheer the heart of man), a long, good, grateful sleep, awakening to a new day towards.

On my red front door there's a small plaque: This Is an Alleluia House. That says it all.

I liken my prayer these days to the moment, at seventeen, when I first fell in love. I could not get Tommy's face or name out of my mind. All day, just Tommy, Tommy, Tommy. You remember such a moment. I hope you do.

Prayer for me these days is breathing out and breathing in. I read Walter Brueggemann and cherish every word and phrase. Beautiful! I watch an opera and delight in the joy of the music. I welcome King Red, my cardinal, and his beautiful family to breakfast at my feeder. I FaceTime with my friend Janet who lives and works in Tanzania.

I cherish moments of Shekinah (Hebrew for: the felt Presence of God). Wow! Tears well up when Shekinah occurs. So, I know it is not towards What, but towards Whom.

And, towards Where... Home.

--by Jane Vella