

Keepers of the Flame

Across the room, I see the sparkling eyes of kindred spirits, here to connect, refresh and take refuge from the journey that has no right answers.

The journey that has no right answers, one of doing God's work, in our humanness, powered and sustained by the invisible foundation, the invisible help of his spirit.

Connected by a calling to ask Beautiful Questions in any sea, inspired to stand firm on the ground with our eyes focused on the horizon and notice the invitation, the invitation into the unknown, the unknown that we care enough about to have our hearts broken.

Into the unknown that we care enough about to step off the familiar shore into the visibly rough seas where freedom lies.

To have conversations inspired by a courage led spirit, conversations where there are more questions than answers.

Buoyed by the sense of belonging, we march on growing younger towards death, in a duality of grief over our ever-mounting losses and of joy for our newfound beginnings.

Across the room, across the table, I see the sparkling eyes of kindred spirits; accepting the invitation into the unknown with an eager curiosity, Hearts on Fire and held by the Keepers of the Flame, asking the next Beautiful Question.

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