

## Clarity Past Prime—Peace in Epiphany ©

On the day I was ready to learn, ready to finally listen, I had already reached my prime. Bridges burned and hearts broken in my wake, I wore my regret like tattoos in full sleeve for everyone to see. I wondered, was my arrival at clarity poetic justice or existential irony? Here I stood, broken by the club of clarity...shattered upon the anvil of life's truths realizing the wounds I bore, inflicted by others, and wounds I had inflicted upon them might never be healed.

Where do I go? What do I do?

In the silence I cried as hurt poured out in rivers with my tears from places deep within my soul. I cried until my sobs turned to silence and in the cacophony of quiet I heard His Voice; *"Come to Me."*

My soul walked toward the Voice and He shared with me His water...knowing my soul was parched. He invited me to drink deeply and gave permission to take with me all the water I could carry. At that moment there was a refreshed sense of even more clarity; I realized my nakedness and I felt no shame. Seemingly unaware, I had discarded my garments of guilt and cast off my robe of regret as they stood now in a mound gathered at my feet. Relieved of my shame and free of my past, I started to gather His life-giving water... but was soon shocked with panic as these precious rivulets of healing slowly seeped from between my fingers, falling from my hands, to soak into the ground. A feeling of frustration fell upon me almost as oppressive as the shame that had so recently been lifted. As I looked up from the soaking ground, I caught the eyes of my Comforter. He looked at me with knowing in His eyes... He felt my frustration, understanding my weakness, and conveyed His reassurance to me as I stood before Him empty-handed, naked, and broken.

Looking deep within me, the Healer asked; "Why are you naked?" I answered; "My Lord, the wounds of my sins are many and deep. I could not bear wearing them any longer, so I removed them and cast them aside." He answered me saying, "My son, I dry the waters of the oceans, I bring rivers to the desert, and it is I who turn ashes to beauty." All this He said as we both looked upon the garments of my past that I had discarded into the heap on the ground.

I stood, looking around, trying to make sense of the thoughts swirling in my mind. I was free in my nakedness. I felt no shame in His Presence, but standing there I was slowly beginning to understand what He was making known to me with His not-words-words. And then...epiphany.

I realized my garments of shame were vessels of redemption in themselves. I was not able to carry His healing, living, water in my hands, but if I put on the clothes of my dread that had once held me in bondage they could be used to become the very vessels I would use to carry His healing water back to others! What had been used to accuse me before could now be proclamations of freedom!

Quickly, I put on my old garments...the dust of shame and regret still lingering on them; I put them on, every one. I jumped in fully clothed into the pool of water that was His redemption, His reconciliation, His restoration, and His Love. The waters of God consumed me—soaking into the sins and scars of my past. In an instant I was full; dripping to excess...no more was there dust of shame, no more reek of regret. My clothes were cleansed as was I. I stood by the pool of glory and started to walk, every step that I took leaving a puddle of His Passion in my footprints. And, Now I understood anew; There was clarity past prime and peace in my epiphany walking in newness with Him.