

***Fifteen days...***

I feel the tag-team nemesis of complacency and apathy plotting against me;

Fasting and early mornings are an inconvenience and burgeoning nuisance.

So easily annoyed in my self-denial this saint I am;

So easily distracted from my nearness to Him, in my focus on me.

***Fifteen days...***and sadness surrounds

In the darkness of me I examine my weakness; the frail flesh that always disappoints,

Driven by awareness of my own deceptions, the mirror of my soul screams at me:

Self-Righteous! Sinner! Idolater! Guilty!

And my spirit is poor.

***Fifteen days...***repentance resounds

The purpose of the fast evidences itself as a searing light exposes the macabre me

Echoes of the Apostle call from the recesses of my memory, "Who will deliver me?"

The promise of rest looms in the distance

Hope is the fuel for a weary sojourner

The desert is wild and relentless; loneliness, doubt, uncertainty, and fear surround

"Who will deliver me?"

***Fifteen days...***weakened and tempted

Hungry for redemption I call out to my Lord; "Draw near to me as I draw near to you!"

He replies, "I am here"

***Fifteen days...***renewed and remembering

With prayer and fasting my soul is refreshed;

Strengthened for the journey, Savior removes the blindness of my sin

Eternity's hope, the promise of never-ending union with the Trinity,

And my wandering heart is set back to task

Complacency and apathy defeated this day, ***Day Fifteen.***