

EASTERTIDE... ©

How quickly we forget the miracle of resurrection and the mystery of our faith.

Christ has come. Christ has died. Christ has risen again.

Tarry... He said.

Wait...for ME

Be filled... Be filled with... ME, Jesus.

Be filled with God; YHWH, the unspeakable name of the uncreated One. The Power. The Presence... Living in You; Living in Me.

I ask; as did the disciples traveling along to Emmaus. Do not our hearts burn when He is with us, but wait... isn't He always with us if He *dwells within* us?

"Behold, I make all things new..."

I wonder, as I examine my soul, how often I live in a continuing state of spiritual renewal. Does not my heart burn with His Presence? Has His "Perfect Love" cast out all fear? Does the assurance of His Indwelling Presence remove my doubt and anxiety? Has my faith grown to support a "born-again" life...is my faith larger than a mustard seed?

Why am I so easily distracted? How can I be distracted from what I am inhabited by? Is there a prescription for Spiritual Attention Deficit Disorder?

Am I inhabited by the I AM?

O, LORD, Crush me and empty me that I might be filled with You. I am in need of continuous reformation. Re-Form my image that I might Re-flect You; a Resurrected image of You, O God.