

2005: I Am Your Window

In the springtime of my life
I saw a window of belief before me
And so like a child
I shattered it in my vain and foolish attempt to touch the heavens above
And as the shards of my belief lay all around me
I bled unknowingly
From a wound I thought I'd inflicted upon myself
And I shivered when I experienced a world, cold of without Your love

Only late in life
Did I set out to repair the red-stained pane
I waited till autumn's shrinking day
Long past the emerald light of May
And the golden rays of summer days

Shard by shard I picked up the pieces
Reflecting upon myself in the fragments
Wondering what to do with them
For some shards, like prisms of color,
Mirrored rainbows of unfulfilled promises I never noticed in me before
But what I mess I'd made of it all by not believing in me
And still somehow I suspected You were there behind the darkness within me
Encouraging me to fit my puzzling beliefs back together again

So I worked through cold and empty nights
In a winter of disbelief
I was a clumsy apprentice with an Artisan
And when my pane was nearly mended
And I felt I could say at least "I like myself"
Even if I couldn't yet say I believed in me
The view through the window looked so different from the one unbroken
Now more like a web of broken dreams

Another spring has come
And in this new light
My designs hang mysteriously transparent in Your house
Reflecting down on hallowed ground
Beside other webbed windows
That also shimmer with Your light

We are Your windows
Stained glass in the Synagogue of life
What I'd thought was a tragedy -
A fatal flaw that shattered me

And made me shake my fist at fortune
And sow all manner of forbidden fruit -
Has become a joy

For You have illuminated Yourself through me
And I have become diaphanous to my own desires
Like a window I illuminate each day
Diffusing my pattern upon this hallowed temple ground called Earth
With Your light