

DANCING

They're dancing, Father, and posting it online.

It began with one isolated family
Performing bizarre dance routines,
For the enjoyment of others.

It was not skilled,
But it was entertaining—
And that was the point.

Now the videos proliferate:

families
workmates,
emergency workers,

Dancing for our entertainment.

Some people have a resilient spirit, Father.
Circumstances which cause some to despair
Cause others to blossom,
Finding joy in little things.

When we find ourselves falling,

Some people splat—

remain on the ground, shattered;

Others bounce,

lifting to new heights of elation.

Is my faith resilient, Father?

With you

every day is new,

every moment an opportunity,
every event a possibility,
every blessing a reminder of your abundant love,
every setback a lesson in trusting you.

Yet sometimes, I allow myself to splat.

Remind me always of the higher heights and greater joys
that await

When I bounce back into your arms,

Content in the knowledge

That I live in your care.

I know what it is to be in need and what it is to have more than enough. I have learned this secret, so that anywhere, at any time, I am content, whether I am full or hungry, whether I have too much or too little. I have the strength to face all conditions by the power that Christ gives me. (Philippians 4: 12–13, GNT)