

When we were small
By Rebecca Speiran
5/26/19

A long time ago when we were small
(God you were never small at all)
but we were smaller than a mustard seed
smaller than a speck
in the eye of a man behind you at Starbucks,
breathing down your neck and
elbowing you in the early morning pre-coffee darkness

We were small and thought only of walls
We saw walls around Jericho and
We constructed walls around your Holy face
Hid your words behind a sacred door
Guarded the gates
Locked you away
From gentiles and
Most women
And people who couldn't read -- and

We built walls around our hearts
Your mirror held up to our bruised life
Shone too bright in early morning eyes
Blinking awake for the first time

Walls hid our blackened eyes from you
Hit by the world or
Ourselves
And you knew

Exactly what you were doing when you sent your son to die
And your holy words say a veil was torn
And the door to that holy room where we locked you away fell down
We fall down on the job sometimes but you
Snuck outside the walls

You know church isn't a building, it's a mindset
Where the people around you are family and
God runs in their veins and
That's enough to connect you across any divide and

You called people to break out of the holy room
High mountain safe Sunday places and you saw

The places they should go

And when you said go

They went

Into burning buildings and pharmacies and studios

And offices and farms

You planted them in the unexpected wilderness of the suburban shopping M\mall

They are like wildflowers pressed in the pages of a textbook

They are clouds parting to show the sky

They show up where no one thinks to meet God

They are your face for people who don't know how to look

For people who don't know how to ask (and also those who do)

2/00

Read at Annual Conference By Kelsey Burns