

Space for Grace?

I sit with ashes from last year's celebration of Jesus' arrival to Jerusalem

Criss-crossing my forehead;

The last 'hallelujah' walk,

Or ride, in Jesus' case,

That led to this smudge of ash.

The solemnity of crossing my forehead

With a remembrance of waving

And then criss-crossing palm fronds

Into symbols that mimic my forehead's imprint

Leaves me unsettled for the journey ahead.

I'm dusted with a trail of soot of and to that very cross.

Historical tradition of the ash

Furthers my discomfort.

"For you are dust. And to dust you shall return" -

So says the storyteller in Genesis.

I see why we stock up with revelry and joy

The days before,

And Shrove Tuesday frees our hedonism in full force,

To revel in a happy dance

In one fell swoop.

But then to become another call to contemplate our wanton ways

For the next 39 days.

And now I sit with ashes

Criss-crossing my forehead,

Beckoning my Holier Spirit

To attend to the walk

Toward the, once again, palm celebration.

To honor all that occurred from this day onward,

Before we become Maundy,

Before we absorb the 'command',
Before we are told
Again
To
"Love one another as I have loved you."?
What will I do
In a perpetual search for
Space for Grace?
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