

When Dark Days come

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I have vague memories of television or radio growing up. The same for newspapers, school, life at home and so on. Its as if someone took huge slices of my early years and erased them. An eraser of ones life isn't something to laugh at or rejoice in. I've had struggles remembering things since I was a child and the world I lived in was quiet and yet filled with noises called my fears for I lived in a place few could go. Fears were seeing new things and new people in a scary light. No matter how quiet I was there were those who set a course towards me when young to find ways to 'meet me after school'. And it didn't have just after school but in class, after class and on the way home and during summer holidays.

After awhile I just went into my own world and began to discover the joy of reading books. I went into a place where there were stars and adventures with science fiction and fantasy. But I soon found that there were those bullies who arose once again and castigated me for reading those type of books. Who called me a dreamer and people who cursed me. I found jobs that allowed me to work alone. Radio disc jockey, writer, gardener in a rose garden, a single missionary, a single person. And so it went in my life. At every avenue there was a door and at every choice there was a wall. There never seemed to be many ways out and the town I lived in soon dried up for jobs so I became a prospector searching out rocks and fossils striving to find things that didn't involve people. I went out and did things on my own and tried to live in a world where I didn't have to interact with people much.

And so it went and I moved to another city and again got a job where I was pretty much on my own. I cleaned shop and drove cars. And during this time I struggled with my voice which continued to lead me even further away from the world. And again circumstances caught up with me and I was injured and this injury lead to discoveries of things wrong with my body. And each problem and each injury lead me further into silence and aloneness beyond my control. And now at the age of 47 and a half I find myself bombarded by spiritual warfare of spirits trying to silence me and trying to keep me quiet. And a war of those around me trying to take my parents away in sickness and in

sorrow. I see it and I understand that it is death.

Yet as I see these images of my life and a father who was taken into the hospital (a regular occurrence for mom, dad and I) last night for a small stroke I seek out answers.

Well, I know it snowed during the night. Normally I love looking at the fresh snowfall when its powdery and thick on the branches. I look forward to walking in it and sometimes driving through its depths. I should be rejoicing but we wait the phone call this morning to confirm dads health.

As for my solitary life I see it as a deep valley I've had to go through. Its a valley that is strewn with those we call the multitudes. These are the ones I've seen in my solitary life I call the ones in the valley of decision. Scripture speaks of them. They are the people of the middle lands. Some are those who have been friends and others who waited for me 'after school.' Growing up I spent half my time hating school and fearing to go yet school was meant to be a place of learning and growth.

It was only after I met God that my life changed. Everyone who is a Christian speaks of that life changing moment. For me? Well I was raised in a Christian church where there were regular altar calls from the time I was in my mothers womb. I came out practically praying and shouting. All right maybe just crying. And even now at 47 I haven't stopped. I still cry a lot. I find tears fill my pillows and I find I weep for the things I've seen in this world. I find myself weak in body and broken like mist upon the strivings of spiritual things.

Its a war I'm in and as a soldier I don't always like the sleeping conditions. And as such I complain. I admit its not a very great thing to do when you complain because you tend to tell everyone to shut up. So I just tell it to Satan and I think he tends to listen.

But when we speak of loneliness we speak of mysteries of self. We are people who God made and yet in the midst of my sorrows I found one friend who stuck close like a brother. It was God. Yet why did my life lead to so many solitary things? What purpose was there for the man who saw the world from the end of a book cover? If there is an answer it would be desire. I was challenged to take the garbage life offered me and make a treasure out of it and I did. And I ended up loving things cast off by society. And that is perhaps the one thing I can say of my

life. That being cast off was something I understood and from that I grew. And being in Gods hands is perhaps the most cherished thing I can experience because he said of me, a castoff, that I was loved. And being loved is the greatest mystery I can imagine for it gives hope against the sorrows of death that more then maybe there is going to be a change.

A change like the one that I just discovered. My father was released from the hospital and they said he was okay and had survived the stroke. What greater love is there than the love of a father. And what greater hope is there but the promise of a better tomorrow.