

THE KEY

Robert Fitt, 1977

I am a stranger in a strange land, washed upon its ever virgin shore on waves of mighty prayer and soulful meditation. I had not known that this other world of spirit, so better than my own, lay so near.

Looking backward I feel perplexed. For in the Sodom of each day the beckoning glimmer of Christ's quiet beacon passed unnoticed by my sin-dimmed eyes until the still, small voice of Spirit—like distant bells, jewel flecked by shimmering droplets from the mist—dropped gems of thought-speech in my mind, persuading me to seek my God.

Now, here I lie, a fledgling venturer upon the crystal beach of a new world, uncertain, fleshy, while—looking landward—I find a puzzle of tree and stone and sky still hiding God's horizons from my mortal view.

Yet, in my search I sense a glimmering of glory, a joy unknown before, to such as I, who Jonah-like would hide within the belly of uncertain fleshy darkness, swallowed by contentment, digested by desire, until God's grace impells me upward and outward and washes me upon His Son-lit shore. Impressing me, all the while, to search, to seek—explore.

But this I know. If I would please my yearning heart by searching thus—and triumph in my search for God—I must begin my journey on my knees; and as midnight yields to dawn; my open, willing, mind awaits the glorious moment when the light of Christ will guide me on.