

Story Is

We find ourselves in story.
We lose ourselves in story.
Story is a compass and a map.
A lighthouse through the storm.
An ocean of possibility.
A beach of buried treasure waiting patiently to be unearthed
And discovered.

Story is medicine.
Story is wine.
Story is the cup cradled in hands just learning to hold
And hands weary with years of holding generations of hope
And wisdom.

Story is the recipe that changes with each new pot.
Cooked with love and seasoned to the taste of the revolving table.
Story, like time itself, moves along with us
And beyond us.
New in each moment.
Held in an ever moving frame of memory
And hope.

Story is a tree with walking roots.
Ever willing to deliver shade, and protection, and fruit
To wherever we are in our journey.
Story is both witness and prophet.
If we just sit a moment
And listen.

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