



Life. The most sacred of the old myths hint at it and the highest of prophets dream of it in their visions. You know, Lord, that we cannot be satisfied gnawing at the stale crusts tossed from the bandwagon—which, they assure us, will bless us with meaning and plenitude. Yet you made us for life!

I'm not blind, Lord, and there's no way I could pretend that things are as they should be. I see my struggling relationships, the times I've been betrayed and those when I've betrayed others in spite of my best intentions. I see hatred and manipulation on every side. Yet I still seek life! In spite of any anger at you for allowing evil and in spite of the evil I myself cause, I still seek life. I still hope to find it.

Open my eyes of faith, Lord. I've been searching for life and for meaning in the things of this world—in an empty tomb—and I'll never find it there. Because life is where you are. Life is who you are.

Let me live! For I have not yet tasted life.