Star Ash

Family / Testimonials

Fuente: LCBLOG

White pinpoint in the night days of life's rough voyage
Long had i searched for that lonely glitter,
that far off tip of a last hopefilled straw.
But my tight'ning gaze soon smoked out millions and billions more from their dark holes,
drowned out my little anchor,
a precarious world plunged back to chaos.
So much information, lights – how fast fell my star to the invisible chains connecting skies and sands in this inscrutable complex called "earth".

i lost my way on these seas.

Until. she reached my ship.
my star, i realized, it was never it, but her – yes You.
Many mundane lights of money, sex, fun, values too can catch the eye
O'erpower scent
and pass both ears
to fill our head,
Sponge drench the skin,
wrench wide our mouths to cry a worthwhile cause
– sad stories of our fallen stars.
But You reached in.

You brushed my heart. my tattered sails You stitched and blew on homebound breezes
While we danced and sang a love i swore would shame that starlit sky.
Just us two. Simple, right? Ha, how complex…
more intricate than creation's web is a single human heart.
One more were we: too much for me.
my failures I've confessed, as did you yours,
but faults and crimes –ours, others' too – rained hard and swamped our fearless boat.
we bailed the flood, midst smiles and tears.

Until. she broke
(as frail love must in this life or when it ends)
dare not say died – i'd never let her sink beneath the waves,
but slid myself that way in broken boat.
her cut-free anchor pulled my shapeless ship down to the deep,
the empty pit of my heart.

There was no beat there.
No music laughter warmth
Just dry cold quiet
on the bottom of my ocean floor.

i couldn't breathe such salty air.

i bared my skin
and flared my nose
and cleared my ears,
curled wide my lips – come, salt sea! past my splintered heart-torn doors!

But ere such end my eye first caught a glitter on that ocean floor – a small gold cross.
she'd worn it – dropped like my fallen star
from heart to heart.

i didn't stir, could not, not with that heirloom cast away. Years passed away
in silent healing tears – both His and mine till at last my breath ran out

It's strange. The mightiest peak of earth's sky crumbles
to beauty of true love's embrace, and now fades to simple This?
A cross and leather cord? Yes, I can pick it up.

So light unlike the crushing weight of midnight stars
so plain beside the thousand-sided gem of our emotions.
This golden wood I can carry,
the figure on it too – a simple God who knows the simple rule of love
– who came, and died, but rose again from ash for Me

on My heart's sea floor.

So I finally set Him round My head, over My heart.
And I was home. A safe, sure shore I always knew I'd one day reach.
My heart was finally full, with Him.
He My north star all along, My love, deep fallen to My heart to guide Me. Home.

Now I sail for other broken boats.

Human life is a journey. Towards what destination? How do we find the way? Life is like a voyage on the sea of history, often dark and stormy, a voyage in which we watch for the stars that indicate the route. The true stars of our life are the people who have lived good lives. They are lights of hope. Certainly, Jesus Christ is the true light, the sun that has risen above all the shadows of history. But to reach him we also need lights close by—people who shine with his light and so guide us along our way. (Pope Benedict, Spe Salvi, 49)