

Weekly meditation by Teri Lubbers

You Made Me Sing

I used to be shy. You made me sing. I used to refuse things at table. Now I shout for more wine. In somber dignity I used to sit on my mat and pray. Now children run through and make faces at me. ~ Rumi, "The Essential Rumi

I am very fond of flowering things: gardenias, hibiscus, geranium, chrysanthemums, day lilies, daffodils, tulips...the list goes on and on. I love watching how the bud, that will become a flower, appears and grows and then slowly begins to open up. Once open, how long the flower lasts depend on the particular plant. I get to enjoy some flowers for days and days, while others will open in the morning and be wilted by evening. They are all beautiful, however long or short they last, offering fragrance and beauty whether anyone's watching or not. I like to think they do it for sheer joy.

These lines by Rumi make me think of flowering things, things that unfold in their own time. I used to be painfully shy, an invisible wallflower. I used to decline things that others offered: appreciation, help, joy, encouragement, love. I used to think that devotion to God was a very serious business – gloomy almost, obligatory hard work that never quite measured up – and certainly not very joyous, the way children are.

I don't think that any more... Life is more than an endurance contest, more than just getting by. Life is singing and drinking, praying and loving, laughing and crying. Life is learning how to surrender to that which is greater than us, and yet is somehow also our truest selves. Life is like children making faces and inviting us to play. Simple.

Prayer: God, help me to take life simply as it unfolds. Don't let me take myself too seriously, lest I miss your joy. Amen.