



by seth emery

It's been hard, of late, to connect with my creator  
Not by any fault of His, it's more that I have become a spectator.

Maybe this is something others can relate to?  
See, if I'm honest about my reality, these a greater disparity  
between what I see and what is actually going on around me.  
There are little glimpses when I clearly see him, feel him,  
but even then, these times seem to be in decline.

It's like, I'm beside him at one point,  
then the very next moment feels like I'm far behind.  
Yet it's in the cold of winter I find,  
a benign, reminder that life won't always be  
from mountaintop to mountaintop, there's those valleys in between.  
In fact to get from one mountaintop experience to another, I must merely,  
Climb down from where the sun's radiant Glory is seen so clearly,  
Into the deep valleys where it appears the sun's been exchanged,  
where the sun's rays have been displaced and blocked off by the mountain range.

But isn't it true, it's only there you realize,  
how much you enjoy the feeling of the sun touching you.  
The feeling of it's heat defrosting your cold limbs in the morning dew.  
The hope that sunshine will soon destroy this caliginous view.  
There is comfort when you feel the Sun.

It's then we appreciate immensely, the short bursts of light that flow,  
Glimpses of light rays beginning to show, a sliver of the hope to see sunlight's glow,  
And when the density of your visible breath grows,  
chilled air rests on your nose,  
your skin embraces the hope of once again feeling the sun.



It is there I stand right now, there in that valley,  
With dark, works of art, on show in this cold, wall-less gallery.  
Oh the irony, for it is there I see  
among these compositions, are glimpses of the son.  
Yet not constantly, for in this place, there are few and far between,  
But these moments of comfort, nonetheless, a welcomed sight.  
Like a blanket, a fire and a friends, on a windy autumn night.

In this valley, my Father reminds me,  
that though these brief warm moments are great,  
not to rely on them as the measurement of my faith,  
For if faith alone was based on experiences, in that way,  
I'd glue my feet to the ground, I wouldn't leave,  
nor would I grow in any way.

Instead I can cherish those brief moments, quiet times of reflection,  
Reading, journalling or amazing worship sections.  
See, it's unwise to rely on mountaintop times,  
To be the only way I can be touched by the Son.  
He is there, yes, but he lives in the pain,  
The bruised knees, sprained ankles and muddy scum.  
Therefore, through the grind of life, one step at a time,  
cautiously climbing through the harsh landscape,  
I can still seek the sunlight, but stay present as I climb,  
not simply trying to make an escape.

It is in the valley, I hear a small whisper, yet clear articulation.  
Where the creator speaks into the darkness and says to his creation...

*"Don't guilt yourself into a ritualistic time of devotion  
If you think that will get you closer to my throne.  
Talk to me while in the valley, in boring life, with raw emotion  
in conversations, as you head to work, or stay at home.*

*Involve me in the menial tasks  
and you will experience the warmth of my son's light.  
This is pleasing to me, You are pleasing to me,  
not just your actions, but your genuine desire for my life.  
You can not let me down if you are always looking to me,  
Enjoying me, as you walk, not just when you 'arrive'.  
Because it's in the valley your belief is seen, true faith will thrive."*



It starts to dawn on me, though obvious if I look back on my years,  
In the dark valleys, sleepless nights and life stages of depressing atmospheres.

I AM has always been here.

With no need for a veneer, to just appear as the mess I am,

In whatever place I am, Oh, the freeing peace.

To miss this truth is as comforting as the heat of a candle,  
in a cold winter's breeze.

Never quite fulfilling the heart's desire,  
wanting to be truly warmed yet lacking the fire...

He gently interrupts my thought. "There's more to be said"

I brace myself as His words wash over my bowed head.

*"In this loaded down season, don't just cruise in neutral,  
But don't polarize, creating times only to seek my approval.*

*What's your motive, to connect each morning?*

*Why add another burden of feeling like "you have to".*

*Feeling like you are missing out is a correct warning.*

*But I only want you to connect, because your desire is true.*

*Not because you think it causes me to have more love for you.*

*You are accepted, free from guilt, no condemnation is found in you.*

*Enjoy me, not out of duty but because you choose to.*

*Make the most of the moments you can pull away, silent bliss.*

*But don't beat yourself up over the chances you've missed.*

*I also exist in hectic life, in chaotic community and todo lists.*

*Hear this, valleys won't last forever.*

*You will briefly be back on mountainous heights,*

*Only to refresh you enough, however*

*to head back into valleys and mountain ranges called life."*

I've found that each are needed, not to mix and make one the other.

there is purpose for both, highs and lows to be discovered.

To make the most of the sun's touch when mist hovers

Yet not force or pretend the rays are still touching when darkness covers.

Whether in the valley or safe at home, the father has shown

I'm in his heart, drawn by the son, shaped by spirit, I'm known

I can not become an un-child, once adopted I am never alone.

Oh the freedom found,

even the darkest valley can not remove me from being His own.

seth emery

2017

