



March 2016

TOTO AND THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

Celebrating madness can disappoint the bank-buzzards,
The ones waiting for the clang of doom's door.

If craziness has come to roost,
Might better function as well as possible.
It is not a question of straight or crooked,
Rigid or flexible.

It is about watching where to step,
Avoiding the loop of someone else's agenda,
And not tripping over one's own neurosis.

It is not by accident we get
Caught in mid-fall.
This is the safety net of friends: those who are frank
Enough to speak the truth.
The hot seat isn't quite so hot
When powered by love.

Life simply doesn't ever disappear.
Beware of road apples,
The state of uncertainty does not take vacations.
Stop, Look, Listen.
There are a number of routes to drive
On the way back home.

Liminal spaces are those interruptions in life for choice making. It appears they pop up in the moment, sometimes when least expected. For those of us who chafe at confinement, rules, whims and anything that smacks of being in lock step, when pinch comes to shove, being tethered isn't half bad. Perhaps the word "grounded" would also work here. Grounded in a being greater than self. The stumbling seems to prevail when there is forgetfulness about what is really important and to whom we belong. We lose sight, miss the mark and alienate ourselves from the Source of LOVE.

To paraphrase Gerald May in "Addiction and Grace," we can and should (don't really like THAT word) do our very best to move in the direction of perfection, however, we must also accept the reality of our incompleteness. That is the empty side of our longing for God and for love. If, indeed we can accept this state of affairs without guilt and self-recrimination, we can invite the flow of God's grace into that spaciousness. Our defects and inadequacies can then actually be the doorways through which grace enters. "We may then begin to appreciate our inherent, God-given love-able-ness."

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