

3rd place

Silence, like darkness, is awesome.

It's big; it's encompassing; it's overpowering.

Some seek it; most avoid it.

I'm still wrestling with the concept of silence as an absence of "something"

or an addition of "something."

But that's of no concern now.

What matters is that there is a silence between us!

Not the kind in which loved ones are comfortable in the silence of each other's presence;

But rather a silence riddled with fear...

As if somehow breaking it would demand more energy, more involvement,

more happenings.

But such silence, bearing the fear of the unknown,

balances the excitement of what may be...

Like the silence in which roots grow to give strength and life...

or the silence of the waiting Babe in the womb...

or the silence of nature before the volcano erupts...

or the silence in the "eye" of the tornado.

How wise a God to design silence as part of process...

whether it be birthing or growing or passing.

I don't know what the silence between us is doing,

but I look forward with excitement to its *breakage*.

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