

The Rock on my Path

I am walking alone up an isolated mountain track.

After some time of quietness

I see a large black rock across my path.

I don't know whether to go around it,

attempt knock it over, or try and shift it from my path.

I stand there just looking at it.

It is over-powering,

reminding me of the things that have engulfed me in the past.

Some that will still try to crush me.

But then I see Christ standing beside the rock.

He is dressed in a white robe, and
covered in light.

As he looks at the rock it crumbles.

Reaching out his hand to me,

he guides me through the rubble,

up the mountain path, towards a waterfall

which cascades into a still pool.

We gaze together into the pool.

I know he understands all the feelings I have,

and he has power to conquer any evil that would hurt me.

Now I can continue along the path,

free to help others who would travel with me

Free of my fears.

Thankyou Lord.