

STEP BY STEP

By Grace Marestaing

All of us walk a path –

Sometimes the way is gentle and smooth,

Our being hardly registering the forward movement.

We walk in the balmy, lulling warmth

and gentle breeze.

At times we walk out of habit,

unengaged and complacent,

as if we've seen it all before.

Fellow sojourners, we walk – step by step.

Sometimes the way turns rocky and hard,

and the path is steep and difficult.

The storm comes and we duck our head into the

freezing wind and stinging rain.

To stop the forward motion is to give up,

so we walk on – because we must.

Taking the leading edge of the storm head on,

we suddenly feel alone

and desperately look for a place of refuge –
for cover of answered questions,
for provision of looming needs,
for the stilling of fears and anxious thoughts.

The places of safety are there if we lift our head
just the slightest bit and look –
The crevices that would give us shelter,
the markers that point to hope are there –
if we'll just look.

They say we are courageous, the supporters
and observers of our progress.

Oh, if they only knew that God and they
are the source of light in the storm.

They speak the prayers we cannot voice.

They pull us forward, help us fight.

They keep us moving – step by step.

So we walk on.

© Grace Marestaing 2003 Used with permission on page 331 *Dear God, They Say It's Cancer*