Green Things

Faith, they say, is a seed that grows. It swells, and as a mother I can say that things inside swelling are not always pleasant. But what sort of growing is always pleasant?

It swells. And as a mother, let me say—growing things can pierce inside, an ache most pleasant, but what sort of growing is always pleasant? Blood happens, and ribs crack as time passes.

Growing things can pierce inside, an ache most trying. Young things can die and be cut off as blood happens. And ribs may crack as time passes and thorns pierce through. A young plant is fragile.

Even in trying, young things can die and be cut off when waves of pain move through you, as your insides hurt with thorns piercing through. A young plant is fragile and if you hold back the water, it will soon die back.

When waves of pain pass through you, when your insides hurt because you have been stretched too far to keep giving forth your waters, the bud will soon die back. It will soon seem to die, but anything green lives still.

Because you have been stretched too far to keep a bud alive over winters of creeping doubt it will soon seem to die. But anything green lives still and if you see green in the stem you cut, it lives.

A plant that lives over winters of creeping doubt is a things that can still grow. *Cut it. Cut it.* If you see green in the stem you cut, it lives. *If you see that green inside, the Word still lives.*

—Sarah Dunster

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