

I want to introduce to my Holy Spirit.

Anchor, confidante, truth teller, wild companion, peace bringer, joy bringer, laughter giver, adventure guide, permission giver, word giver, electricity jolt, compass Home, red flag raiser, rescuer, mischievous sidekick, tear catcher, stabilizer, freedom bestower, connector, anchor, defender, friend. And the list will grow. It is growing right now.

Yet there are times it feels like:

It's really quiet - are you even there? This is frustrating. Please show up. I can't feel you. I can't hear you. Why didn't you show up? I thought you were supposed to be my advocate - my helper - I need you - Is this all a joke?

But then - I pause, I wait and you bring me into the living room - our home. You eventually sit beside me and whisper reminders in my ear and lull me back into safety and love.

- Holy spirit as a house guest - the best kind. Comes in, at home in the midst of our mess. No judgement, no shame. Just love, curiosity, calm nudges of wisdom and a gentle presence. Moves about the different parts of our heart and helps us rearrange for a better fit. Holy Spirit will sometimes sit quietly, other times will break out in mischief, laughter and dance when joy is needed. Wraps us up when we are weeping in desperation. Some days there's good conversation, and other days are more quiet. Spirit goes around our house gently reframing our stories, straightening the pictures that are crooked on the walls, and hangs new memories. Holy Spirit never gets tired, and has neverending capacity for all of our needs. Always Forming. Filling. Moving - even when we're not aware.