

seeds of faith



In the dirt and the dark and the muck of her sin, she bravely sows seeds of His word. She buries them deep in the mess and the mud. Hands dirty, soul scarred, heart broken. She waits by faith for His truth to take root.

Cold and storms. Ice and sleet. The elements pound the seeds planted deep by faith. It is the season of Lent of the soul. Waiting, weeping, hoping, striving. Ages and seasons.

Finally.

Darkness gives way to sunrise. Death gives way to life. Seeds of suffering, watered by tears, groan and grow. Against the odds, in the dark of the earth, they push through the debris of seasons past.

Because He is stronger. Because He rose from the ground. Because His death brings life. A shoot comes forth delivering hope. Buds, blossoms, fruit. It is finished.

Great suffering yields great fruit.

Mary Kane