

Blooming in the Cracks of Life: Sacred Everyday

Mark and I turned the corner in downtown Westfield on our way to a restaurant when it caught my eye. In a skinny crack of the sidewalk amidst a sea of concrete bloomed a velvety fuchsia petunia. Beauty stood out in the midst of the sparse environment.



Now I love flowers. Whether it's a beautifully tended garden, a colorful display of potted flowers, vining plants creeping up a trellis, or a wild riot of wildflowers, I'm always looking, smelling, touching, admiring. But I didn't expect to see one here.

And I realized that's what life should be like.

We spend too much time waiting for the perfect setting before we bloom. We think when I have...when I get...then I'll really do what I'm supposed to do. I'm always waiting for something to happen before I take action.

- An updated house worthy of HGTV before I invite the neighbors over.
- A promotion at my job before I start giving to charity.
- A visible position at church before I start

