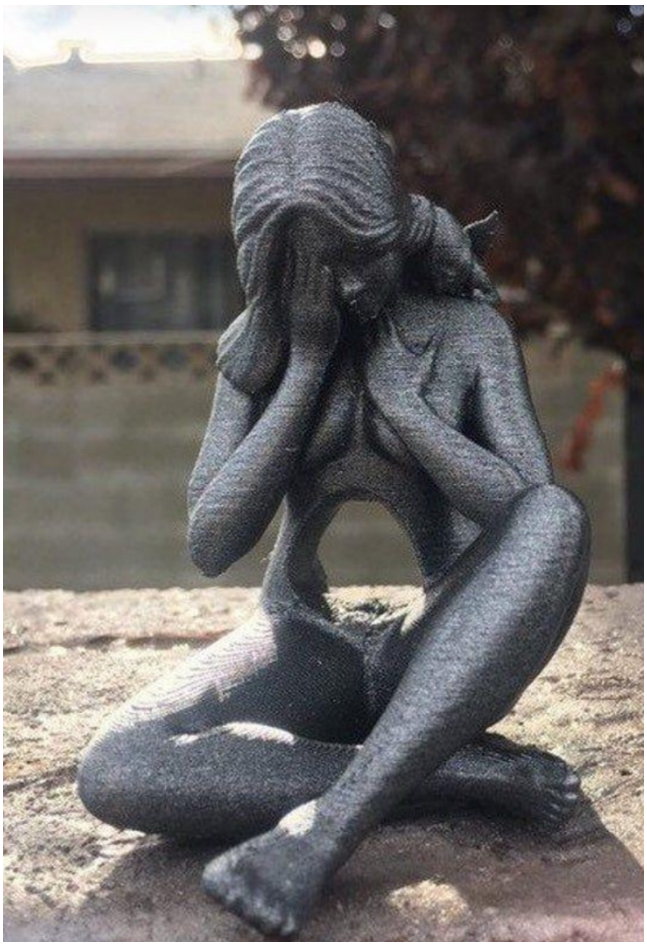
THRESHOLD: hOLes

Genesis 35:11 'I am God, and I am more than enough.' (TPT)

I remember the exact moment our world shut down in March 2020, due to an alleged culprit that would soon take over the world: Coronavirus, Covid-19, or simply, the Pandemic. I remember right where I was and where I had been headed before I was told to go home, that our city was being shut down, that I was 'safer at home'. Little did I or any of us know just how 'unprecedented' and viral the next many months, and even years, would become, as we each lost everything, like jobs and finances, and most importantly, loved ones. We practiced 'social-distancing'; we isolated and locked-down; we adjusted to wearing masks, feeling naked and exposed without. Overnight, not only us Americans, but also the world, crossed over a threshold no one could see even with peripheral vision. We stepped across to a 'new normal', and even today, I don't know if we have been able to adjust. The *old normal*, however, is never coming back.

But, is ***this*** it now? I hear myself ask that; I whisper the words inside still, even though I am not a proponent of Covid—I wasn't then, nor am I now. I hear mankind mutter it while in grocery store lines as they put aside items, they realize they can no longer afford. I see it in our store as shoppers rifle through clothing racks looking for better deals. Even our stretchy pants and easy waistlines haven't gotten the memo that it's high time to be struggling into clothing items other than sweats, pajama pants and leggings. And it is past due to return to offices and work places.

I think the last couple years we as a society grew up. I know for sure I did. We have been forced to. No longer can Mommy or Daddy take the fall or do the protecting or pay the penalty. Because they are affected too. Every ethnicity has felt taken advantage of, left behind, unseen; but the truth is, ***all*** lives matter. We have sheltered in places where we never would've entrusted our souls, to simply find some commonality with humanity. We have pinched ourselves to make sure we have awakened and cut ourselves so we can bleed. This pause in my lifetime, when the world literally ground to a stop and had a rough time getting to spinning again, is maybe the most uncanny threshold I have ever had an opportunity to step across. But, we can't stay here. As we shudder with birth pains, laboring to deliver new life and a new day after a long-awaited expectancy for change and hope and victory, we can be assured of His peace and presence. They say it is in 'the waiting'. So, this time I will praise the Lord (Gen 29:35).



Ps 43:5, 'Why, my soul, are you downcast? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise Him, my Savior and my God." (NIV)