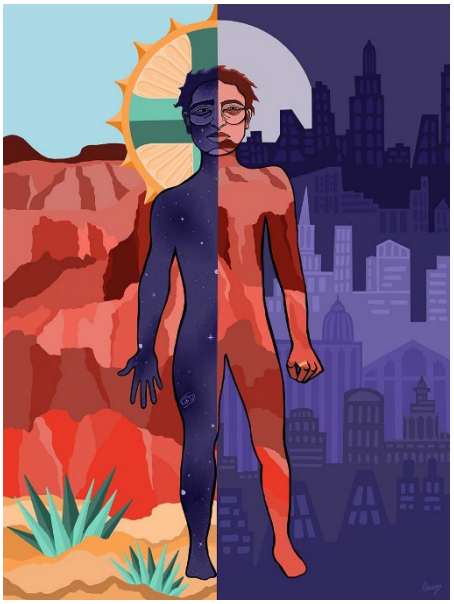
LENTEN READING

The Wilderness Is A Place Of Mystery & The Unknown



It's only in the wilderness that you can see the stars.
That's what city living has taught me.
We can shine a light on the things we want to see—
Fluorescent and bright, lighting up dark alleys.
However, it's only in the wilderness that you can see the stars.

And it's only in the dark of night that the questions come.
What is my purpose here? What does God have to say to me?
What does God have to say to suffering?
The sun falls and my doubt rises,
For it's only in the dark that the questions come.

So like Nicodemus in the night,
I will throw my big questions at the sky.
And my voice will reverberate among the stars,
And my questions will echo throughout the dark.
For there in the night, my words form constellations.
And there in the wilderness, my prayers form galaxies.
So even there in the unknown, I trust that I am found.

A light shines in the darkness, friend.
So if ever you're in the wilderness,
Look up and find the stars.

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Poem by Sarah Are Speed
Graphic image by Lauren Wright Pittman
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