

The Sending

If these pages have done their work...

You may discover that very little has changed.

The mountains remain.

The rivers continue to flow.

Morning still follows the longest night.

Children still laugh.

The lonely still ache.

The grieving still weep.

The hungry still wait.

The world still groans for healing.

Outwardly...

Everything may appear the same.

Yet perhaps everything has changed.

Not because the world is different.

Because you have begun to see differently.

Perhaps this has always been the miracle.

The Kingdom does not begin when creation changes.

The Kingdom begins when our eyes do.

Could it be that this is what Jesus meant when He so often said,

“Those who have eyes to see...”

He was not merely speaking about vision.

He was speaking about perception.

Seeing the Father’s heart where fear once imagined judgment.

Seeing belovedness where shame once whispered rejection.

Seeing possibility where despair declared the story finished.

Seeing Christ where others see only strangers.

I have come to believe that every transformation in history began because someone learned to see differently.

Moses saw holy ground in an ordinary desert.

David saw a shepherd's sling where others saw a giant.
Mary saw a promise where others would have seen impossibility.
The disciples eventually saw a cross where the world saw failure.
Then they saw an empty tomb where the world expected permanence.
Perhaps today the Father asks us to see again.
To see every human being as someone already loved.
To see every interruption as an invitation.
To see every conversation as sacred ground.
To see every meal as communion.
To see every sunrise as another declaration that mercy has not grown weary.
To see ourselves not as frightened exiles...
But as beloved sons and daughters learning once again to walk with our Father.
The world does not need more people who have all the answers.
The world longs for people whose presence carries peace.
People who enter rooms without needing to control them.
People who listen before speaking.
People who heal without drawing attention to themselves.
People who forgive because they know they are forgiven.
People who love because Love has first loved them.
Perhaps this is what it means to become an image-bearer.
Not merely believing certain truths about God.
But allowing the Father's heart to become visible through our lives.
Then every place becomes a garden.
Hospitals.
Classrooms.
Funeral homes.
Neighborhoods.
Prisons.
Dining room tables.

Waiting rooms.

Coffee shops.

Everywhere a son or daughter remembers who they are...

The Garden quietly begins to bloom again.

You may never preach to thousands.

You may never write a book.

You may never become known beyond your family or your street.

Yet never underestimate the holiness of an ordinary life lived in extraordinary love.

One quiet act of compassion may become another person's turning point.

One patient conversation may restore hope to someone who had forgotten how to hope.

One moment of genuine presence may accomplish what years of arguments never could.

The Kingdom has always grown this way.

Like yeast.

Like seed.

Like light quietly entering darkness.

Almost unnoticed.

Until one day the whole field is covered with wheat.

The whole loaf has risen.

The whole forest stands where one small acorn once disappeared beneath the soil.

Do not despise the ordinary.

The Father never has.

He entered it.

He sanctified it.

He walks within it still.

So go gently.

Walk slowly enough to notice.

Listen deeply enough to understand.

Love courageously enough to remain present when others turn away.

Forgive freely.

Receive gratefully.
Laugh often.
Weep honestly.
Remain teachable.
Hold truth with humility.
Hold conviction with kindness.
Hold mystery without fear.
And wherever you go...
Leave the fragrance of Christ behind you.
Perhaps someone will never remember your words.
But they may never forget how safe they felt in your presence.
If that becomes true...
Then another tree has taken root.
Another table has been prepared.
Another child has remembered they are beloved.
Another corner of creation has begun to resemble Eden once again.
And perhaps...
That is enough.
More than enough.
For the Creator-Father has never asked us to build His Kingdom.
He has simply invited us to walk with Him.
As He always has.
As He always will.
Until every tear is wiped away...
Every wound is healed...
Every table is full...
Every son and daughter is home...
And Love is all that remains.
Go in peace.

Walk in Presence.

Live in Love.

Welcome home.

“These pages are not written to eliminate mystery. They are written to invite us deeper into it. I have come to believe that truth reaches its greatest beauty in holy tension—not the tension of contradiction, but the tension that refuses to diminish one aspect of God to protect another. If, at times, these pages leave you with more wonder than certainty, then perhaps they have accomplished exactly what I hoped.”

Your Friend,
Carlo Griseta

I AM still here...

[<<< PREVIOUS](#) --- [NEXT >>>](#)