

A Blessing for the Journey

May your eyes never lose their wonder.

May your heart remain soft enough to be interrupted by love.

May you never become so certain that you stop listening...

...or so hurried that you stop noticing.

May every table become a place of communion.

May every stranger remind you that no life is ordinary.

May every season—even those marked by grief—

...teach you that roots often grow deepest where no one can see.

May you become the kind of person whose presence feels like shade on a hot afternoon,

...like rain on thirsty ground...

...like a lamp quietly left burning in the window for someone trying to find their way home.

And when people leave your company, may they not be impressed by you.

May they simply discover, perhaps without even knowing why...

that hope seems a little more believable...

that love feels a little closer...

that life seems a little more alive.

And perhaps, somewhere in the quiet of their own heart...

they will remember the words that began this journey.

"Tell me who you go with... and I'll tell you who you are."

...And perhaps Heaven will whisper, "Tell Me who you have become... and I'll tell you who has been walking with you."

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