

## What if?

What if.....

We weren't afraid to give each other hugs, even strangers?

We were generous to a fault to the needy.

We didn't turn away from upsetting things.

What if.....

We learned to love, even the unlovable, unconditionally?

The Democrats and Republicans actually worked together?

Israel and Palestine shared the land?

Extra food was given away instead of being thrown away?

What if.....

People actually said what they meant.

Gentleness was abundant in the land?

Things and possessions didn't mean more than people?

In short, what if we could love like Jesus did. Would the world be different or would we be crucified too? We are all such lovely broken pots and the only way that we can communicate to each other is through words. Sometimes, words aren't enough. It just doesn't seem possible to express emotions or dreams or fears. Sometimes the words don't come, or the wrong word at the wrong time pops out of your mouth. I remember clear back to when I was 3 telling my mom that I really wanted to be good, but I just couldn't. I long for a time and place of peace and contentment, loving and acceptance. My very soul cries out for Jesus. My mom used to tell me that God always said yes or no, but sometimes he said wait. Waiting is hard.

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