

Into the Wilderness

The reading of the gospel for this Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, is about Jesus going into the wilderness. This year, that story feels quite real and present. I was in New Mexico last week (if you were following me on Facebook, you saw a lot of posts), at places like this:



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Yeah. I know. It was amazing. I'll post more later.

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One of the places that I stayed was [Christ in the Desert Monastery](#), which is at the end of a 12 mile dirt road. My companions and I were grateful it was dry weather, because it would be easy to get stuck on that road without a 4-wheel drive. On our first evening, after vespers and dinner, it was time for me to walk back to the guest house, about 1/8 - 1/4 of a mile. But there was no moon and it was DARK. As in, can't see your steps without a light (I had a flashlight). So I walked back, feeling the presence of the night and the dark. I turned off my flashlight a couple of times to enjoy the stars that seemed so many and close.

The glimpses I had of the guest house lights were hope-giving, and truly needed (even though I had done the walk by daylight). When you are in the wilderness, any little sign is important.

Maybe someone in your life is going through a wilderness time, or you are. Let's be sure to send light to each other so we don't lose hope in the dark.