

The Dirty Window

Imagine looking through a dirty window your entire life, staring at a blurry silhouette you've never clearly seen.

Instead of cleaning the glass to discover who is out there, you do exactly what you've been conditioned to do.

You run to the safety of the crowd.

You find comfort in letting human hands sculpt the image for you.

A Sunday sermon. A brilliant scholar. A theological commentary or a piece of Bible software.

You let everything and everyone—except the One standing right outside—define and mold His identity.

And based on that secondhand info, you believe.

It's just human nature, isn't it? Why bother cleaning the window once you've already bought into the description?

Humankind has already got you all "knowed up" about the image on the other side.

Before long, you get drafted by that very same crowd to pass the tradition down.

You go out to teach the next generation, telling them exactly who is standing outside their dirty windows, too.

It becomes an endless cycle of institutional echo chambers, passing down secondhand info to people who need a firsthand encounter.

But what if...

After years of crowded pews, academic arguments, and external voices, you finally decide to wipe the grime off the glass?

What if the window clears, and the figure standing there is a complete stranger?

You slowly unlock the latch.

You push the window open and speak to Him face-to-face.

And as you hear His voice for the very first time, an agonizing confusion grips your soul:

“Who are You? I’ve never heard this before!”

What if?

the weathered soul.

~bly

