

Forceps of Love

Transformation began when the seed of curiosity and inquisitiveness found warm soil to bed in, beckoning you to grow, grow, grow—calling you into the light. In the hidden place, questions like multiplying cells erupted. New life was called forth, pleading with you to come into the light. But something was stuck, holed up, unable to turn and squeeze through. Ignorance kept sucking you back where it was comfortable, warm, and known. Everything outside called out—come. “Come and see. Breathe in this new revelation, this air forged by proof.” Humility, like contractions, pushed you forward. And just when you thought you were almost out, something held you back. Hands and feet, turning, elbows out, hands up, limbs in all directions. And that’s when help came—pleading, begging, asking you to come. “You are almost there.” And then you reached out, but you were sucked back. Something kept calling you back. The unknowns are scary. You were comfortable in your known. The fear of cold and being exposed drew you back to the warmth of familiarity. But that place was no longer your home. You no longer fit there. You don’t belong there; you belong out here, in the light, where you can see and be seen and be known and know others. Others, too, knew you were there and that you were so close to the light. And then you felt it, the firm grasp of love, like forceps around you. A gentle tug, a quick pull, and you were free. And the light, it was so bright. You cried in joy, in relief to no longer be wedged with ignorance. You are no longer part of that world. You no longer fit. Expand and live in the light of truth.