

REFLECTIONS

March 26, 2006

**He mounted the cherubim and flew;
he soared on the wings of the wind.**

2 Samuel 22:11

Roots and Wings

Teenagers are interesting. In the course of their development, they are torn between defining their own identity and conforming to the identity of their peers. We have all been there. It occurs to me that it really takes us a very long time to outgrow that stage of life. We may abandon the hairstyle of the generation, or conform to a more traditional dress code, but most of us continue to avoid the real issue of becoming who we are. We often begin by trying to be someone we wish we could be, or someone that somebody else thinks we should be. But somewhere in our journey, we all finally search for answers about who God made us to be and how we should fit into his great plan. The answer is usually hidden deep in our hearts in the form of our foundation, our giftedness, and in the things that bring energy and joy to our lives.

Becoming who we are reminds me of an old adage that my brother referenced in a tribute to our parents. "It has been said that there are two things parents should give their children. The first is roots; and the other is wings. Our parents gave us both."

Parents provide roots and develop wings. Our roots are the foundation and the grounding we have in our lives. We look to our roots for nourishment, for strength, for points of reference, or sometimes as a place to which we may someday wish to return. Our roots can be an anchor and a home. But roots don't make us fly.

Wings are the delivery systems for flight and it is in our wings that our giftedness resides. With wings we can soar like eagles climbing to heights otherwise far from reach. Wings carry us to the places we go in pursuit of our dreams and in experiencing the adventures of life. But even as we develop them, wings alone can't lift us.

We are lifted by the wind beneath the wings; yet the source of wind stands before us as one of life's great mysteries. We feel the stirring of the wind, sense its direction change, experience the effect of a blustery gust or a threatening calm. But these are not the wind; they are only the forces of it.

The wind is the passion of our hearts. And that's what makes us fly. Becoming who we are will match our roots and wings with the passion of our hearts. That is how we discover who God made us to be and how He designed us to fit into his great plan.

God asks us only to live as He made us. That will bring glory to his name.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +