



REFLECTIONS

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**Flesh gives birth to flesh, but the Spirit gives
birth to spirit.**

John 3:6

Birth

Oh, the mysteries of human life. Beginning in the womb, a spirit filled creation nestles into a comforting place there. Its needs met, food, shelter, and safety, it grows and adapts to the world that surrounds it. Even when Mom sometimes jostles it around a bit, a secure world provides the perfect place to develop and grow. That is until...

Uncontrollable forces jar the tiny being from its resting place. threatens its safety and disrupts its peace. Questions swirl. Is the world ending? Is existence ceasing? Or is the movement a removal from one world into a new one?

Struggles follow. It grasps for safety, but the powerful force expels it from its secure world into a cramped passage, squeezing breath and restraining motion. Unfamiliar sounds heighten anxiety. Then...,

It's over. Birth, the finale of development and growth, delivers a spirit from one state of being to another and from one world into a new one. Light, whiter than ever seen before, and space, more than ever known before. Sure safe hands draw the newborn close, and warmth from a comforting body snuggles with love warmer than any felt before.

New life begins.

I wonder if death may be like that too.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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Your comments are welcomed and encouraged. Richard may be reached at richard@reflectingthesavior.org