

# The You and the I

## Lucy (Diverse Church)

When I was younger I was scared a lot  
not that I cared a lot  
not that it mattered ... really

I told myself I was silly  
I was lucky to have the life I did forget all  
the strife I hid

So hid I did in the smallest of spaces  
where angry faces couldn't reach me  
or teach me a lesson.

I guess I'd discovered less about safety  
and more about not being found.

The sound of peace is not silence. Under  
the stairs a desk, a bed, inside a closet,  
or a locker  
with my head and knees sticking out.

Nobody sees how you're trying to  
disappear  
if they're not really looking.

And just like that squashed wasn't right  
it wasn't enough to wear down the rough  
or wear out the tough, or the absence of  
love.

No reason or rhyme I started to climb.  
I perched on a roof or a ledge daring life  
to let me live, or fall,  
or fly.

But far from flying,  
I fell into feelings that my brain couldn't  
decipher,  
My eyes wouldn't cry over,  
my heart longing  
to  
be  
still.

I will never understand  
how the flicker of faith that felt futile,  
forgotten,  
forged from something broken, soldiered  
on.

The sound of silence is not peace, but oh  
my goodness it could be.

Holy and blessed are more than rules  
and handshakes;  
hurt and hate and church is more than a  
room;  
God is more than I know.

Yet sometimes I'm slow to find him loving  
and not irate.  
Refuge and shelter are more than places  
and spaces;

their faces and names and are you all  
right;  
and  
you  
are  
all  
welcome.

Rest and safety are more than feeling  
and kneeling to pray;  
they say you're valued and cherished and  
loved.

You are more than enough.

Your safety is key -  
your right to be -  
to exist without erasure and be seen.

There are people in my life  
who have taken more than I had to give.  
Who have hated and hurt me for wanting  
to live.

There are those who have lied, or  
cheated, or died.  
Friendly lies have cut me to shreds.

The sound of silence is not peace.  
For in your silence I don't know what to  
hear.

Your community for all seems sincere  
enough.  
I bought into it before and all,  
but now you see me, know me,  
you judge me, and limit it.  
All are welcome but come when you're  
well  
and then put on a face;  
a facade is hard to maintain  
if it's covered in shame,  
if I cannot come as I am  
broken  
scared  
proud  
and gay.

There are places I've been that have  
offered relief  
only to see  
the door  
slam shut

But there are those in my life  
who have stretched out a hand  
who have heard me,  
dreamt with me,  
and planned a better way.  
There are those who stayed  
when they didn't know what to say; stood  
firm in our faith  
and questioned and doubted,  
but I never did doubt  
If I was fully seen  
and accepted  
as I came  
to DC

Don't get me wrong - it's not all about me  
My story it isn't unique;  
we're all looking, longing, living  
in search of a place full of...  
breathing a sigh as we walk through the  
door,  
walk to the more that a loving embrace  
has to offer.

We want to walk through the door to a  
friendly face  
that offers comfort and warmth  
the gift of rest and renewal  
to walk in as strength  
not quite ours  
not quite lost.

To be at peace,  
at home,  
not alone,  
to be where we are

who we are  
wherever we've been.

We find it here:  
the you, and the I.  
Don't stop looking for your tribe.

It's in a sofa by the open fire  
reading, singing, dancing, inside.  
It's in a forest path  
breath taken by activity  
and awe at the world outside.  
It's in being the way from the outside cold  
and the rain and the wind.  
No need to hide away from feeling  
unsafe.

It's in a laptop in the company of others  
who know your journey,  
or one just like it.

Connect late or on time,  
you're always welcome,  
you're  
always  
welcome.

See.  
Places come and spaces go  
as we roam about this planet  
we call home.  
But listen to me carefully,  
let's share fully because, folks,  
we are sanctuary.