

The Broken Window let the Wind in.

“I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.” Ezekiel 36:26

In the shadow of my darkest days, I stood before a window, old and cracked, inside a house I made with my own hands. Every wall was erected by worldly influence, my hurt, my sweat, my tears, my tangled thoughts, my aching longing to isolate, and all the heaviness I carried. This place wasn't built on anything solid. Its ground sank beneath me, and what I used to build it was frail, rotting, never strong enough to last. Inside, it was cold, empty, hard were its surfaces, it was starving of love. I was alone. But I stayed in that house, tucked behind its walls, safe and in danger all at once. My fortress.

Day after day, I found myself at that broken window. Through its busted glass, I could see a wild meadow, flowers spilling color everywhere, birds flying through the sunlight. I watched them dancing across the sky singing while doing so, but their music never reached me. The sun spilled over everything, but its warmth couldn't soak into my skin. I saw blossoms of red, gold, and purple but I couldn't breathe their sweetness in.

I stared out at all that living beauty, heart aching to step outside, but my body wouldn't let me go. But as time slipped by, the cracks in that window stretched wider. With each passing day, I noticed the growing thin lines becoming bigger fractures. Then one morning, a tiny sound slipped through: a bird's faint song, soft but commanding, drifted into my ears. I pressed myself closer to the glass, and though the sun still couldn't directly touch me, I felt a hint of its heat. I began to feel again, the warmth piercing my chest softening places once hardened by decades of trauma.

However, I longed to be close enough to those flowers that their roots lay deep beneath my feet. So close I could touch their scattered seeds and grow with them. Then, on a day when my heart's desire to smell the roses was the most intense it had ever been a powerful rushing Wind came. It howled and swept through the cracks shattering that window into thousands of pieces, and for the first time, I fully felt it. Stirring on my skin was proof that the world outside could still reach me, that I could live amongst its beauty. Psalms 34:18 says, “The Lord is close to the brokenhearted, and saves the crushed in spirit.” That day my hard heart finally broke and I experienced the nearness of our Savior. He gave me a new heart and a new spirit. He saved me.

Friends, sometimes we find ourselves living in isolation, hiding and existing in places we've built up that keeps distance between us and the Lord. I urge you not to fortify these structures, your hearts. Do not try to artificially seal the cracks that God will use to penetrate your inner man. As you long to live as His creation surrounded by beauty and life be open to Him coming in and transforming you.

Heavenly Father, thank You for planting deep in each of Your children's hearts a desire to know You, to live with You, and to follow You. Bring us all out of those dark places and keep us in the light. It is there that we experience all the joys and blessings that You want to give us. I pray that we all see Your glory, smell the rich aroma of Your grace, hear the small voice of Your wisdom, taste the sweetness of Your mercy, and feel the gentle caress of Your peace.

In Jesus name, Amen. Samad Green