

The Shack, by Wm Paul Young

Mackenzie, it's been a while. I've missed you. I'll be at the shack next weekend if you want to get together. – Papa

Mack's heart was suddenly penetrated by unexpected joy. A sunset of brilliant colors and patterns played off the few clouds that had waited in the wings to become central actors in this unique presentation. He was a rich man, he thought to himself, in all ways that mattered.

Mack was speechless. In a few seconds this woman had breached pretty much every social propriety behind which he had so safely entrenched himself. But something in the way she looked at him and felled his name made him equally delighted to see her too, even though he didn't have a clue who she was.

"Don't ever discount the wonder of your tears. They can be healing waters and a stream of joy. Sometimes they are the best words the heart can speak . . . This world is full of tears, but if you remember I promised that it would be Me who would wipe them from your eyes."

This is not a revolution that will overthrow anything, or if it does, it will do so in ways we could never contrive in advance. Instead it will be the quiet daily powers of dying and serving and loving and laughing, of simple tenderness and unseen kindness, because if anything matters, then everything matters.