

This Week in Kailua-Kona: Sword



A week or so ago in our small home group, someone asked about the sword you see here.

I passed it around the group so each person could get the heft of it. I've had this replica of Alexander the Great's sword for over 20 years. The meaning has changed with the seasons. Over time I've used it to:

cut down others with sarcasm or slashing humor,
cut a selfish path before me to insure my own success,
cut off clutter or people that slowed me down,
cut out feelings with sharp-edged thinking.

More recently, the Spirit sword within me has been used to:

cut away calluses that guard my head from my heart
cut off the illusion of needlessness
cut open a willingness to expose my heart
to a stranger (or even a friend).

Most recently I've given back the Spirit within me Her own sword
to shape my deeds and words, each one, as a gift to others.

You too have been entrusted with a sword, for better or worse.
How have you used it?
How will you now use it to shape whatever time you have left?

The Sword is the only offensive weapon listed in Ephesians 6,
that famous passage on spiritual warfare.

Love's sword is difficult to wield well.
When the Spirit guides His sword within me,
then this double-edged weapon
cuts open unknown spaces within me,
cuts out empty conversational filler,
cuts back the fears i face into manageable size, and
cuts open an inviting, protected space for safe relationship.



“Love is a language that all speak,
Even the men in black armor, the ones jangling handcuffs and keys.
What else are they so buffered against, if not love's blade, sizing up the heart's familiar meat?
The heart sliced open, gutted clean—love, naked almost, in the everlasting street.

...

Oh Lord, is this the trouble you promised?”

—Tracy K Smith, United States Poet Laureate, 2017.

