THE QUIET REVOLUTION

BY TONIA GUTTING

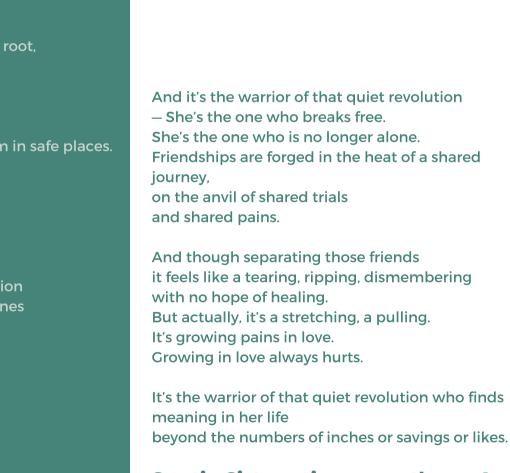
A revolution doesn't start loud. not the ones that really count They start with a tug at the heart, a catch of the breath. a whispered prayer.

Oh sure, there are times that call for turning tables. yelling truths, whipping evil.

But most times it's not. It's the quiet revolution that takes root, sinks down to the knees. and reaches out. stretches. out of the defensive comfort zone because you can't build a kingdom in safe places.

It's the quiet revolution that cups the face. holds the hand. wipes the tear.

The Spirit stirs in the quiet revolution the Spirit of no color crosses the lines of all colors and dwells in them and bodies are healed communities restored. lives begin again dreams begin again hope begins again





And though separating those friends it feels like a tearing, ripping, dismembering

But actually, it's a stretching, a pulling.

It's the warrior of that quiet revolution who finds

So stir, Sister, stir one another on!

Because it's the warrior of the quiet revolution. She's the one who knows the very heart of God.

