

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 it's the warrior of that quiet revolution
– She's the one who breaks free.
She's the one who is no longer alone.
Friendships are forged in the heat of a shared
journey,
on the anvil of shared trials
and shared pains.

And though separating those friends
it feels like a tearing, ripping, dismembering
with no hope of healing.
But actually, it's a stretching, a pulling.
It's growing pains in love.
Growing in love always hurts.

It's the warrior of that quiet revolution who finds
meaning in her life
beyond the numbers of inches or savings or likes.

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.