

# Leaving Ourselves at the Altar

*Written by Kelly hall and Phuc Luu*

There is heartbreak in letting go  
Turning our face from the place of our birth  
But not wanting to forsake life in Eden  
For a land stained with blood  
Haunted by the cries from a field  
Where we've done violence to one another

We've wandered so far from that country of origin  
Marking ourselves with a burden  
Yet protected and provided  
Repeating in a mantra:  
Even though I walk through the deepest, darkest valley,  
I fear no evil

When we cannot look any deeper  
When there is none who can peer into the inner parts  
The depths where we dare not go  
Our hearts are anointed  
And preserved  
To not be of want  
To eat from the fruit of light  
And not from darkness  
But to walk again on paths of righteousness

I've brought sacrifices to the altar  
Holding on to the very things  
I was there to give up  
Clutching even to pain  
Sometimes that's all you have to hold on to  
And giving up your image is too great to ask  
Keeping your feet stuck in the ground  
Preventing you from moving forward.

When I thought I had my vision  
Claiming to see  
My blindness returned  
Another taste of the fruit of good and evil  
A veil of darkness fell over me

But there is an invitation to receive vision again  
Blind eyes made open  
In the dirt and the mud  
The pools of Siloam that wash over us allowing us to move forward  
From the ashes of the altar to the place of our promise

And we look in these waters  
Seeing ourselves for the first time  
Learning our own faces  
In the waters that saved us  
As though we were remade in another's image

When we run away, goodness and mercy pursue us with tenacious love  
The kind that travels to distant lands  
To meet us right here in this place we're at  
Putting together the pieces of our life  
To make us one  
again.