

Every storm begins on the horizon.

Not above us, and not all at once. But out there, in the accumulation of small forces that merge into a roar capable of both giving and taking life. The elements find their form and forge across the grasslands with no accounting of what might stand in the way, blind, indiscriminate, ambitious for nothing in particular but ambitious, nonetheless.

And yet, there to withstand the might of today's goliath is the singular shepherd's tree.

Exposed, face up to the fury and still unmoved. The storm claws at the ground in a deluge of chaos but forfeits when the tree holds steady, anchored too deeply to be undone.

One storm passes as another gathers on the horizon, perpetually. This is how the world works. In the days between the tree builds its strength in unseen places, beneath the surface where its roots reach to conquer darkness and fill that space with life.

We, too, find ourselves looking out at the horizon, wondering what might rise before us. And it is here—between the storms—where we must decide whether we will grow tall or deep, whether we will commit to the brevity of now or the beauty of forever. The choice is not made in theory but in action. In the actual reaching one way or the other.

For if we are to grow deep roots, then we must do so in unseen acts. Of courage. Of love. Of grace. The accumulation of small forces—our own kind of storm. Slow moving and powerful. The kindness extended to the undeserving, the helping of a stranger without telling anyone what has been done. Roots grow through bold confrontation with the void, in the turning of foe into friend and friend into family. Monumental fortitude achieved through fractional but intentional movements outward.

Call it obedience to a better nature.

Radical change is not made overnight, but in ten thousand choices pointed in the same direction. Until one day, we find that we are strong. Until one day, we are immovable to all that seeks to destroy and in fellowship with all that gives life.

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