

For the Misfits

If you've ever felt under a microscope but at the same time observing the observer, I'm with you. Scrutiny, whether my own or from the outside, has led to unseen growth but amazing change. And, leads to more scrutiny. This rant is about the desire to shine, but feeling dim. The truth...Jesus said it best. We are the salt. No, not the misfits, all of us. It's the pepper, the sharp bite of scrutiny, that breaks way to the pure bliss of the ocean. Salt water stings the eyes but heals the skin.

I'm not sure whether I chose to be a misfit, or whether God chose me. I prefer to believe the latter, but also revel in my own ability to be different. The apostle Paul wrote the motto of my ability, "Be not conformed to the ways of the world, but be transformed by the renewing of the mind." He is the author of the majority of the New Testament and a misfit in his own right in my scrutiny. He wrote my favorite words and my least favorite words in the biggest selling book in the world. Paul, I know how you feel. We, the misfits, are yin yangs. The ones looking through the microscope, unaware we are looking back (but with sense of peculiarity) might never know the why of the yin yang, the cause of the misfit. Although, these scientist try to observe without realizing they are being observed, to find ways to cure what needs to be cultivated, prevent what God chose, they are the ones we misfits need to cultivate; need to know God chose. Observation and scrutiny. Perhaps other labels for free will? Meaning, I hope God chose us to be what we are, to accept and love. A dilemma or a gift? I choose both.