

"The Skipped Stone"

by Scott A. Madoulet

At times, I have moments of extreme clarity. I am able to see just how crazy I really am. I see how the hurtful things I've said and done to others also damages me. I see how my insane actions have driven me to this place - this brokenness.

I clearly comprehend how my whole life has been a great selfish stone, tossed into this puddle we call the world. I recognize the senseless turmoil, anxiety, and pain I've created for everyone I have ever loved. I understand how I have splashed my will and swamped the lives of those closest to me. Likewise, I see the ripples from my self-centered actions affecting people far removed from me, people I don't know and probably never will, people yet to be born.

I openly acknowledge that I dove in head first, however blindly, and now I may drown. I see how far I have sunk, to the numbing bottom, with the light way, way overhead. I see that the lives

closest to mine, the ones I have swamped and overturned, may also drown, unless someone throws them a life preserver. Sadly, from down here, under the pressing water, looking up out of the darkness, I cannot help. I can't even help myself. I'm a stone.

One day, many seasons from now, when I'm older - if I'm able to hold my breath that long - I hope to redeem myself and that the water will ebb. Once again, I will find myself on the shore, washed clean and warming in the sun. When that day comes, I pray I'll be content with just being another grey stone on the shore, and not think myself precious, as selfish stones often do. God willing I'll be found useful.

END