We Are the Fingerprints of God

We are the fingerprints of God in this life, pressed into clay, swirled with purpose, each ridge and whorl a signature of something larger than ourselves.

With our speech, we shape the air—words like seeds that root in hearts, blooming into gardens or thorns, depending on the soil we choose.

Our actions ripple outward, endless, touching shores we'll never see, each gesture a brushstroke on the canvas of another's day.

Even thoughts, those secret things, change the architecture of our souls, building temples or prisons in the quiet chambers of the mind.

Be careful, then—we carry divinity in clumsy hands, leaving traces everywhere we go, marking this world as holy or profane.

For we are not our own alone; we are the evidence of grace,
the proof that something sacred still moves through ordinary space.

Guy Lindsay