Some Mornings

Some mornings arrive like a gift I already opened —
coffee, quiet, the Word still warm from yesterday,
eggs in the pan, the air still holding its breath.
I want that morning. I know that morning.

This one came different.
No reason I can name, just a weight
sitting where the gladness usually sits.
People, problems, the noise of being awake —
I didn't want any of it.

But I got up anyway.

Not because I felt like it.
Because getting up is its own small prayer,
and He met me in the moving,
not before it.

One foot down, then the other.
The coffee didn't taste like joy yet,
but I drank it.
The Word didn't lift me yet,
but I opened it.

And somewhere between the pouring and the reading,
between the pan and the porch,
I felt the old self come back —
quiet, unhurried, like it had been walking toward me
the whole time I was walking toward the day.

Some mornings you feel your way into gladness.
Some mornings you just show up,
and gladness finds you there.

R Guy Lindsay