

Passion

By Eydie McDaniel

Passion lives in the arms of Marin Alsop raised into the music soaring out at her request. It glows in the wide eyes and gaping mouth of the athlete straining for a glorious finish.

We see it in the sacrificial flip for a touchdown. Todd Helton dives to the ground to make the catch, driven past ensuing pain by passion. Crowd roars with passion, liberating, empowering, soul stirring passion. Passion gasps before the folding waves in the face of a rose. Passion calls us from the deep silent touch of beautiful eyes. It shows us love and reasons, and answers for our living. In the miracle of life perhaps passion defines all that truly matters to us.

Perhaps we pay its price with a peculiar eagerness. Passion lives and shines and gasps and resounds. It moves us, inspires us and even hurts us.

Petals fall to waves of soil. Tears fall and drift in waves of air. Passion brings us life and lives eternal yet moves forever, from moments to moment, note to note, sound to sound, smile to smile, sunrise to sunset. Our words may inspire passion. We seek to express passion, but we cannot contain it, hold it, control it. Its gift is a glowing moment, precious, fleeting. With great diligence we seek our passion, but passion answers only when it will.

A passionate life well lived, well examined, may remain our quest to follow. We follow, ever follow and never grasp, never keep, never truly own.

Where does the good of life, the passion ever rest? From where does it come? Is it the very hand of God?

For those who never use the word God, passion flows on just as freely as a voice enduring and true. So mystical, so magical, it is, so life giving, so amazing, so inside us, and so beyond us. A life with passion is a life we gladly remember no matter what mountain or valley on which we meet it. Life with passion is life worth living.

Awake now, in the night to understand a most miraculous and difficult accidental experience, the topic passion delivers to me an apt approach to write my healing. I deeply treasure in humbling gratitude, the miracle of being very much alive.

The gift of life, and passion reaches so far grander than the symbols we cherish. It embraces life shared from all the different corners, all the knowns and the unknowns. Praise for passion, praise for life, hand in hand, inseparable, ongoing.