

Diving In . . . Living Water

Christal Bell*

I dive into the ocean. The ocean is wide, but my faith is deeper.
As the water trickles down my soul, I am refreshed by the assurance of knowing that the waves though they ebb and flow, the one constant is The Almighty.

The Divine Creator of oceans and rivers, streams and brooks is the One who allows me to float. So I float.

I float above the negativity.

I float above the toxicity.

I float above the crashing waves that tell me to do more and more and more and not take sabbath . . . and just float.

To float. To be present with one's self. To have peace in the midst of the storm. I float above circumstances.

I float above uncertainties.

I float above doubts.

I float above fears.

I then rise. I rise above . . . because when I broke forth out of Mother's Womb, water came.

It is the same water that refreshes our souls when I am thirsty.

It is the same water that refreshes faces when they are spent from the day's journey. This fresh water. This living water. This well of abundance.

I allow all of it to encompass my soul.

* Rev. Dr. Christal Bell is Pediatric Staff Chaplain and ACH Bereavement Coordinator, Mission and Spiritual Care Advocate Children's Hospital - Oak Lawn, Illinois. Email:

revchristal@gmail.com

With arms open, hands up, I welcome the refreshment of its bounty.
With arms open, hands up, I receive all the blessings from The Almighty.
With hands up, palms down, I release fears, uncertainty, and worry.
With hands up, palms up, I am thankful for the bounty that the Divine One has given me. With arms wide, hands down, I push down those things that are not for me.
Those things that are toxic and negative to my body, my mind, my spirit, I push them deep into the ocean's current, never to be brought to my sacred space again.
With hands up, palms up, I give thanks to the Creator who uniquely crafted me and you for this moment and space in time.

I thank the Creator for this gift called life, broken forth from a watery womb.
Knees bent, head down, I bow in submission not because of patriarchy principles or misguided theological constructs, but I bow in honor to the One who created me knowing that the One has my best interest at heart.
The One to whom I bow never leaves.
The One to whom I bow created the water.
This is why I bow.

As the waves and ripples of life continue to flow around me, I will remember this sacred thought and moment.
I go down to the ocean's edge and I come up.
I go down and I come up.
I am new.
I am free.
I am fearless.
I am refreshed.
I come up from the ocean. The ocean is wide, but my faith is deeper.