

## When the Walls Fall

When we are afraid,  
when our egos feel threatened,  
we build walls-  
plans, attitudes, pretenses,  
carefully carved images of  
the person we want others to see, of  
the person we want to be.

But sometimes  
God seems to hold us still while  
unpleasant circumstances,  
stressful relationships, or  
overwhelming obligations  
push on those walls,  
washing away our plans  
and hoarded defenses,  
chipping away at  
our carefully carved image, until,  
out of frustration or fatigue or failure,

The walls fall.  
We find ourselves exhausted and naked,  
vulnerable to whatever  
is waiting there to take us.  
But what has been pushing  
so persistently  
turns out to be  
the hand and heart of  
our gracious and gentle Father.  
And what rushes in,  
when the walls fall, is

The peace of God,  
flooding in and all around us,  
filling every crack in our defenses,  
saturating every inch of ourselves  
left exposed to Him,  
refreshing, renewing,  
re-creating us in the image of Jesus.  
We're no longer walled in by fear,  
but we're guarded, we're kept,  
we're cradled in  
the love of Christ

When the walls fall.

Hymn: [Be Still, My Child](#)

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