



fledge
flēj: to grow the plumage necessary for flight



Tracking the Source

We huddled into a small, crowded room in Monument, CO. Fifteen of us rested into disjointed rows of seats to hear the music of **Andrew Peterson**.

I discovered Andrew in the late 90's. His name came up in a music store as I shared with the owner how much I missed **Rich Mullins**. The owner handed me Andrew's first CD. And I was hooked. I found in him a kindred spirit.

Today is 2007 and I have many of Andrew's songs packed in my head, songs I often play in my living room to the audience of a lamp, a coffee table, and a corgi or two. (Lady Lucy is desperately fearful of the guitar and retreats to the furthest corner of the house.)

My chance to meet Andrew finally came at this small house-concert where the few of us gathered around to hear our favorites. He

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opened with Rich Mullins' song, "Hello, Old Friends" which spilled old memories into my soul.

As I quietly sang along to most of the songs that evening, I reminded myself this wasn't just another playlist on the iPod. This was *live*. These songs were sung 5 feet from me by the songwriter and singer himself. The songs that have stirred my heart were spilling out of the heart that made them. I have tracked the songs to their source.

That's one of those strange sensations we have in life, when someone who is far comes near. It is a universal feeling, validated by the amount of money people throw at gossip magazines like People, just to get a little closer to the celebrities they have come to love on the silver screen and in the television.

I've had similar feelings with famous objects too. In 4th grade we learned about the Rosetta Stone. I remember the picture of that stone very well. And I remember the day my mother took me to the British Museum that same year where I saw the Rosetta Stone on display. Barriers surrounded it, but I still managed to stretch my 10 year old hand to touch it with my fingers.



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But for a couple of mummies I don't remember paying much attention to anything else in the museum on that visit. But I do remember returning home and telling my classmates, "You know that picture in our history book of the Rosetta Stone? Well, I touched the source."

One day I hope to stand spellbound on Golgotha.

Similar feelings have been evoked in visiting the Vatican, the Liberty Bell, Mount Rushmore, the

Roman Forum, the Isle of Delphi, and the Wittenberg door where Martin Luther nailed his "95 Theses." I had been to the source and my imagination replayed what I knew about those places. I walked on the same stones, in the same sands, and sat under the same sky as the most famous of antiquity.

I can imagine that when the day comes that I get to visit Israel, that I will find myself even more speechless. I'd love to sit by Jacob's well and replay the scene where Jesus tells a Samaritan woman about living water. And one day I hope to stand spellbound on Golgotha and look at the place where God answered the problem of evil in the wounds of the Man from Galilee. I will imagine the words still floating in the air, "Father, forgive them, they don't know what they are doing."



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I will have tracked the story to its source. I will have stood upon the ground where meaning was given to memory.

As I ponder this, I continue to think about tracking all things back to their source. The laugh of a friend, the sunbeams from the sky, the waving of leaves in an autumn breeze, the suckling of a child at a mother's breast, the love of lovers, the emotive power of music, and the gentleness of sharing your abundance with one in need. All of these too have their source in one unifying person.

When the gates of heaven are parted wide to bring in all friends of God, I know when we turn toward the Throne we will see a familiar face. It will be familiar, not because we have seen it before, but because in it we will see all the things we have loved for so long as earth-dwellers. In him we will understand the fountain of joy, laughter, promise, grace, love, and life itself.

In him ... the fountain of joy, laughter, promise, grace, love, and life...

We will have tracked all good things back their source of God himself. And when we are with him, we will know that all the stirrings of beauty, truth,



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and goodness we found in musicians and museums as we tracked the earth were mere hints of what it means to be finally home.

Got questions/comments?

Feel free to **email us.**

or

Join us for Ask! LIVE Wednesdays 6-9PM

Bring any question or puzzling life situation



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