**Ascension**

Anyone can break another,

crumble them into a million splintered pieces,

tear them down,

consider them unworthy, small, vulnerable,

sneer and smirk, laugh and letch,

crush them until they are almost unrecognisable.

There is no power in this.

No strength, no goodness, no pride,

nothing to boast about in this.

No.

Strength comes from clawing back all that was shattered,

in allowing others to return lost pieces of yourself,

in repiecing, restoring, remembering…

There is power in stitching yourself back together

especially when your thread is thin but tough,

spun with hope and hard won,

in recognising that you are not alone and never have been,

that what shines through your scars is light eternal,

and they, like you, are taken up in glory.

In realising that God is love and this love is

stronger than you ever dared imagine.

There is power in refusing to remain broken.