

The Kite

We start as a tree, but the kite comes into being by the Master's work of transformation. We must be cut from our support of the earth. The roots will not be used in making us into kites. That which is kept must go through many transformations. Part must remain intact, but be finely cut to the right shape for the frame. Another part must be ground to a pulp, to make the paper to cover these frames. He will assemble us and prepare us for flight.

Our immediate destiny: To fly the heavens while still tethered with that slender string to this world. His breath of glory lifting us into the heights. Have we reason for pride? Only the Master, Maker and Flyer has the claim of accomplishment.

God starts with a gift. It is not part of us, but is given to make our flight sure and stable. It keeps us balanced. The Tail! The glorious tail with its so many knots. Sixty six to be sure! So many workers who tied each knot.

As long as we let the Master fly us, all will be well! His skill and wisdom will keep us safe. Ah, but we living kites have our own will. We might decide we look better with the lower thirtynine knots of our tail trimmed off, or maybe no tail at all. Maybe we don't like the string of control and wish to fly elsewhere, then our danger draws nigh.

In our longing to see other trees set free, we might venture too near their branches. We hope to transform them, but alas, our way is not the Master's. Our end? Hanging snagged in a tree. No longer flying the heavens, displaying the Master's glory, nor the delight of the trees whose life flows from the earth.

Alas, the kite caught by the tree is no longer able to be directed by the Master's hand. Beware the tree whose life and strength is founded in the earth where his roots hold fast! Beware the branches who would tangle us, beat us and shred us! We must stay on the line where the Master would fly us.

Part of the glory of the kite is that it is the fragile thing that it is, while flying victoriously over the great pull of the earth.

Sometimes the gusts of God's glory blow so mightily we pray God hold back a degree, lest the thin paper on our frames be torn from its framework, or thrown into a dive and crash.

Something interesting about kites, when you see numbers in flight, they're all facing the same direction unless they're showing off or in trouble.

Soar the heavens, on the gentle breeze, in the light of the Son. Let our bright colors beautify the skies for all to see. Whoever will look up!