

Matthew 5:13 Amp "You are the salt of the earth, but if salt has lost its taste (its strength, its quality), how can its saltiness be restored? It is not good for anything any longer but to be thrown out and trodden underfoot by men."

I remember one girl in high school that stood out among the rest. The only way that I can explain how she looked to me was that she was always "clean." Whenever I would picture her, she would be sitting on a rock near an ocean, the wind doing wonderful things to her hair, her face shining in the sun. (Those are some pretty weird thoughts for a pimply-faced, gas-pumping motor-head, who spent most of his days wondering about things like where the ocean was, if there really was one.) She had an untouchable beauty that set her apart, so much so that I needed to find out what made her so beautiful.

After dating her a couple of times, (I remember that she knit little covers for every knob and handle in my car) I saw no value in anything that she stood for. We had no common interests, so I joined the rest of my friends who called her "too weird to date." I even had to pick her up from church a couple of times. How weird is that!

As I look back, however, her quiet life stood out as a light would invade darkness. She frightened me with her unspoken purity and her continuous joy. My filthy mouth was silenced in her presence even though she never told me not to swear. She was the most beautiful, friendliest, most loving, courteous person I had ever met. I wanted to be different than what I was when I was with her, but had no clue how to change. She scared me with her integrity and unquestioned acceptance.

In my insecurity and life of purposeless floundering, her kind of quiet peace was unattainable as far as I was concerned. She never had a hard word for anyone, always served everyone, and expressed words of love that I could not understand. Her life was so bright that I had to flee from it, so that I could function in the way in which I wanted.

She died in an automobile accident in our senior year of school. I had to leave the funeral early because I had nowhere to place the joy that everyone had through their tears. I could only cry, something that I rarely did. How could they be smiling?

Some twenty years later, after I had embraced the love of Jesus, I finally understood how brightly her light was shining in my dark little world. She was a rare diamond in a world that honored only costume jewelry, all because of her love for a Jesus that I did not know then.

Let my life glow with Your love, Lord – Jim Corbett