

## GLIMPSE

Who am I?

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Let me throw something at you. "*Jection*" is not really a word; it needs some help such as a preposition to precede it. "Sub" "pro", "de", "re", and "ob", all assist to form definite meanings. Subjection is literally to "throw under". To be dejected is to be "thrown down". To project is to "throw before or ahead". The old movie projectors threw images ahead of itself onto a screen.

We are in a constant process of projecting or revealing ourselves. Others can know us quite well even before we begin speaking. We are throwing ourselves in front of others by how we walk, eat, by the clothes we wear, by how we hold our hands, arrange our hair and even by our attempts at not revealing ourselves. We can wear "power suits" or raggedy sweatshirts and blue jeans.

We can do this deliberately of course, wanting to make a certain impression. The inner question is whether we want to allow ourselves to be known, or just our pretended self.

Our homes, apartments, private rooms and offices are quite accurate displays of our personalities and self-images. If you were to visit my office you would have a clear picture of which I am or think I am or want to am. There are pictures from all over. There are statues, toys, tea cups and various plaques and stickers with cute sayings. The room is not messy, but not ordered strictly either. The chairs and couch are used, but comfortable. I'd say I just described myself, come to think of it. I am not sure how I have come to be this way. The bigger question is whether or not I like and accept the "am" enough to allow you to come close enough to sit in one of my chairs and be comfortable yourself.

I would imagine you know certain persons who let it be known that they don't want to be known. They most likely do not know this about themselves, but they meet you at their door and deal with, rather than relate with you. Their uncute saying-sticker is, "Stay off the grass!" They may not know they are projecting a frightened self which can appear selfish. We would like to invite them back into

their own real house-self, but we reverence what we do not know about them and maybe what they don't know either.

What a joy to be welcomed into a place where the person has welcomed her/himself. There are always healthy boundaries, but not much defensive fencing or protective projection. The sink might be full, papers spread around, dust on the windowsills. My older sister would always fuss with my father about his personal appearance and the space around his chair when her latest boyfriend was about to arrive. His usual response was that if this fellow was going to like her, he would have to like her father. The man she eventually married did just that and very well.

Jesus went around inviting people to be more comfortable in their own houses by His visiting them. "I must stay at your house" (Luke 19). This is God's intent, to help us come home to ourselves where God has already pitched a tent. There is no room in each of our houses where God is not there yet and is comfortable. Jesus does not mind the dust, the imperfectly-formed teacups, the humanness from which we tend to run and from which we can hide. Yes! He loves us the way He finds us and loves us enough not to leave us there. God made this "bonehouse" and raises it up even while it has flesh. Loving this body-life is the only way to allow others to enter, know and love. It is only a glimpse and we are always projecting.