

The Corner- Melinda Poitras

The Corner

She slams through all three doors to get to her parents bedroom. Tears fill her eyes. Not heartbroken tears - she didn't even learn how to cry those till much later - no, these were tears born of anger. You know the kind. The kind that starts in your heart and boils your blood and crowds your veins until it overflows and spills out of the corners of your eyes. She slumps into the corner and fumes. She is there because her father didn't like the way she threw her napkin down.

The way she threw her napkin down.

Her mind struggles with the ridiculous unfairness of her reality and she cries many more bitter tears before she settles down to truth:

There are worse things than standing in the corner - no matter the reason.

Maybe, just maybe - her father knows a lot more about the dynamics of napkin throwing than she does.

*She is surrounded by the scent and sight and sound of everything that makes up her parents lives. She is in the place where they live out their days, she is hiding in the recesses of the inner sanctum. And even in the corner - **she is safe.***

*She quiets because she knows that in a few moments it won't matter. When she finally leaves the corner she will run straight into the arms of her father. **Because there is no place better.***



*She forces herself to attend student body prayer. To will her body to walk down the stairs. To discipline her mind to focus. To bind her thoughts to the place they belong. She changes positions several times - restless, unable to break through, until she finds herself in a corner of the room. She prays for a little while and then lifts her head to move when the invisible force stops her, the silent voice urging her to stay - **there is a lesson here. Wait.***

*Her befuddled mind searches for the lesson. Her thoughts scramble at a concept just beyond her reach until the tangled grasp of reason stretches out in quick motion and pulls light from the hazy clouds. She is called to live, and love, and laugh, and to do all this with joy - **even in the corner.** (Attitude dahling - attitude!)*

*Her mind struggles with the bitter unfairness of her reality and she sheds many more bitter tears until she **finally** settles down to truth:*

*There are worse things than standing in the corner. There are thoughts higher than hers. There is wisdom greater than words. She is where she belongs, and even in the corner **she is safe.** And at the end of it all she will run to the arms of her Father - **for there is no place better.***

"I've been studying Hebrews 12, where the scripture says, "Do not make light of the Lord's discipline." Make light means two things in the original: To shrug off, or to despise. Don't resent God's discipline. Don't rationalize, don't walk away, don't tune it out. Pain is an intervention, and God is the One calling the meeting." - Brad Huebert