Dust on the horizon, hoofbeats to the ear, and rolling, billowing black clouds of dark, dark energy gather behind. A storm is coming, you’d best be braced, for those with guns and horses to run you down will come, come for you, and seemingly supernatural jabs of jolting lightning, electrify every square single speck of the distance between. This is arguing weather, and it’s a storm on horseback with weapons you’re getting. Angry, as if provoked, angry as provoked, angry because provoked. It doesn’t particularly matter, really. Those who’ve armed themselves laugh inside. Your reaction is what they wanted, when they saddled up to ride. Your anger confirms their power, which they fear they don’t have, except when you validate it and not them, as you do now, because these people, on horseback are six inches tall, shadows sixty feet stretched, and merely voices that pierce like needles six inches but the thunder is the sound of your heart and the lightning you see is your fear. Deep breath… and calm.

Reflective Practice: Formation and Supervision in Ministry