

You have turned my wailing into dancing.

—Psalm 30:12a

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17

My favorite nights growing up were the ones when my dad would push aside the coffee table, and we would have dance night. To this day, dancing is one of my greatest joys.

Dancing doesn't always come easily. Earlier this year, I learned of the Memorial Day floods in West Texas. Twelve people died, many homes were damaged and lives were permanently changed. Dancing amid such heartbreak feels at best, draining, or at worst, insensitive.

However, amid these moments when God's presence is hardest for me to see in the world, I move. When I sway, the dance helps me integrate the world's many hurts with the rich beauty of our incarnate lives. I move until I can feel the beat of God's love pulsing through my veins.

Dancing reminds me that Christ lives within us and that our tender hearts are the ones that must be stirred to heal a hurting world.

—Lura Steele