

The Stone That Would Not Sink

Mark bent down once,
picked up a rock,
held it out,
eyes dark and serious.

"Do you know how many I know
who, if this rock proved there was no God,
would tell me to throw it in the lake,
let it sink out of sight,
pretend it never spoke a word?"

Faith wasn't in God—
it was in not asking,
in burying stones deep,
in keeping questions locked away
like a dangerous wind
that might topple the temple.

We preached answers from pulpits,
proof bound in leather and gold leaf,
sang certainty to the rhythm of hymnals,
but some questions don't go away.

They linger, shadow-thin,
like hunger pains beneath a feast,
whispering that there's more to the meal.

I started asking them aloud—
small ones at first,
like cracks in a dam,
then wider, deeper.

Was Phoebe a deacon?
Did Jesus mean what He said
about the rich and the kingdom?
Why do we spend so much
on buildings that keep the world out?

Emails started coming in,
each one sharper than the last,
warnings wrapped in scripture,
rebukes signed with love.

I hadn't stopped believing—
only stopped pretending I didn't doubt.

I found myself on the other side of the door,
outside the camp where the lepers live,
where questions are currency,
and faith is a breathless,
open-ended prayer.