

[PROSE]

When I Run

Sarah Greeson

The talented and graceful dance the samba or waltz; I dance with asphalt. I lace my shoes and abandon worry, distraction, and makeup, exchanging meticulously styled hair with a familiar ponytail. As I glide through the warm breeze on an autumn afternoon, I consciously crunch fallen leaves beneath my toes and imagine that each one boosts my energy and strength. My cranium celebrates; my bones rejoice. On runs when heavy raindrops trickle atop my perspired face, a smile makes its way there, too. Some runs are shouts while others are whispers. Some runs are scheduled appointments while others are spontaneous getaways. Some runs are induced to diminish the pain of a trying circumstance: the morning (and mourning) after hearing that a loved one unexpectedly passed, running tenderly met me. Moments after the boyfriend shattered my heart, running graciously gathered its shards. Most indelibly, my Maker illuminates more of His own heart to me when I run. We converse among the winding paths as effortlessly as a child snuggles onto Daddy's lap. He gifts me with the peace of His presence as my heart beats with intensity. He sings to me a joyful melody, and my arms pump to its cadence when I run.

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