

SAVE ME FROM THE SHALLOWS

I used to think the shallow end was the safe end.
When I was learning to swim, I feared depth.
How much greater the risk of drowning in waters
that could
consume me.
How terrifying to reach for footing and find yourself
falling,
flailing, sinking, struggling to stay above
the surface.

And while that may be true of water,
it certainly is not when it comes to the soul,
the heart, the spiritual life.

God, save me from the shallows.

Of all the evils that await me,
that prey upon me,
the most terrifying—the
one most likely to devour me,
is the shallows.

Our lifetime is made up of milliseconds,
infinitesimal moments of intention
shaping the person we become.
Tragically, the attributes we most detest
are the ones least likely to be tested.

God, save me from the shallows.

It's very easy to become an impatient person.
It takes no effort to be self-centered.
But to become the mystic you were as a child,
to have a heart enlightened,
to be full of compassion, wisdom, and love—this
requires discipline, dedication, and depth.

God, save me from the shallows.

I planted some rocket and lettuce in a pot outside
our home.

I chose them because we have little space,
and they only need shallow soil to grow.
Their roots are small. They don't go deep.
Cynicism is like that.
So are lust, indifference, judgment, and distraction.
They thrive in shallow ground.

God, save me from the shallows.

I don't think social media is inherently evil,
in fact, it's served me well over the years,
but I do think it's like a shallow patch of soil.
You can't grow deep roots
if you spend all your time there.
Don't let shallow activities rob you of depth.
Don't let their stimulation fool you into thinking
they are anything more than a temporary high.
Read books.

Pray.

Ask real questions.

Sit in silence.

Take time to be alone.

Get lost in conversation.

Leave your phone at home.

Seek depth—for
yourself,

for your children,

and for theirs.

The generations below us
will one day need elders,
sages and guides.

We must be there to meet them when they arrive.

God, save me from the shallows.

—JOSHUA LUKE SMITH

THIS POEM IS FOUND IN
THIS IS THE MAIN EVENT

A EXPLORATION OF HOW TO ENCOUNTER
THE EXTRAORDINARY IN AN ORDINARY LIFE.

[LEARN MORE](#)

